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CONTENTS.

OCTOBER, 1908—MARCH, 1909.

	PAGE		PAGE
African Journey, My. (Winston Churchill.) By Lord Ronaldshay	188	Dramas and Diversions. (W. L. Courtney.) By W. F. P. Dumouriez and the Defence of England. (J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley)	273
Amaranthus: A Little Book of Songs. (Bernard Capes)	42	Egypt and its Monuments. (Robert Hichens)	145
American Letter, Our	209, 248	Egypt and the English. (Douglas Sladen)	145
Andrea, and Other Poems. (Gascoigne Mackie)	42	Faith of his Fathers, The. (A. E. Jacomb)	229
Ariadne Diainomene. (E. W. Sutton Pickhardt)	42	First and Last Things. (H. G. Wells.) By Stephen Reynolds	193
Arthur's. (A. Neil Lyons.) By A. St. J. Adcock	142	Folk-Lore of the Holy Land. (J. B. Hanaver)	48
Balkans, A British Officer in the. (Major Percy Henderson.)	277	France, Anatole. "Mother of Pearl"	54
Beale, Dorothea, of Cheltenham. (Elizabeth Raikes)	43	France Since Waterloo. (W. Grinton Berry.) By William Barry	148
Beethoven, The Life of. (Alice M. Diehl.) By George Sampson	277	French Revolution, Romances of the. (G. Lenôtre.) By A. G.	233
Benson, A. C. "At Large," 150; Poems.	273	Galleon of Torbay, The. (E. E. Speight.) By A. F. Major	152
Bonapartes, The Women. (H. Noel Williams.) By Thomas Seecombe	234	Gallery, THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Harold Bindloss, 13; Mr. Perceval Gibbon	121
Bookman's Table, The—		Gautier, Stories by. By Ashley Gibson	49
American Painting, The Story of. C. H. Calfin	103	George in Hanover and England, The First. (Lewis Melville.) By Thomas Seecombe	95
American Sketches. Charles Whibley	61	Goethe's "Faust," 1st Part. Translation. (Sir George Buchanan)	42
Anatole France. George Brandes	138	Gorky, Maxim. "The Spy"	196
Carlyle, The Making of. R. S. Craig	103	Government of England, The. (A. Lawrence Lowell)	52
Cathedrals of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, The. T. F. Bumpus	238	Grahame, Kenneth. "The Wind in the Willows"	190
Confessions of a Beachcomber, The. E. J. Baerle	103	Guesses at Truths. (David Christie Murray)	44
Count Louis, and Other Poems. Henry H. Hoessner	103	Halfway House. (Maurice Hewlett.) By Lewis Melville	274
Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard, The.	201	Harraden, Beatrice. "Interplay"	99
Dickens, Scenes and Characters from the Works of	104	Harrison, Frederic. "Realities and Ideals"	147
Diwan of Abu'l-Ala. Henry Baerlein	159	Hearn, Concerning Lafcadio. (G. M. Gould.) By Arthur Ransome	147
Edda, The Elder or Poetic. Ed. by Olive Bray.	158	Heart-Smiter, The. (Mary E. Mann)	99
Enchanting North, The. J. S. Fletcher	62	Henley, The Works of W. E. By V. Y.	137
Highways and Byways in Surrey. Eric Parker	238	Hewlett, Maurice. "Halfway House"	274
In a Street—In a Lane. N. W. Byng	160	Hichens, Robert. "Egypt and its Monuments"	145
India. Victor Surridge	283	Hoffmann, Stories by. By Ashley Gibson	49
Irish Poems. A. P. Graves	159	Holland, The Journal of Elizabeth Lady. (Ed. by Earl of Ilchester.) By Lewis Melville	153
Ken, Thomas, and Izaak Walton. E. Marston	159	Holy Graal, The Hidden Church of the. (A. E. Waite.) By William Barry	271
Leaf and Tendril. John Burroughs	60	Holyoake, A Descriptive Bibliography of the Writings of George Jacob. (C. W. F. Goss)	50
Letter-Writers, The Great English. Ed. by W. J. and F. W. Dawson	239	Human Nature in Politics. (Graham Wallas.) By John Adams	104, 274
Lilies of Eternal Peace. Lilian Whiting	201	Human Woman, The. (Lady Grove.) By Joseph Clayton	192
London, Memorials of Old. Ed. by P. H. Ditchfield	284	Ian Maclaren. (W. Robertson Nicoll.) By Hector Macpherson	99
London Visions. Laurence Binyon	201	Interplay. (Beatrice Harraden)	99
Native Poems, and Others. W. H. Davies	238	Irving, Henry, The Life of. (Austin Breton)	77
Piccadilly to Pall Mall. Ralph Nevill and Charles E. Jerningham	200	Italian Renaissance, Courts and Camps of the. (Christopher Hare)	279
Poe, Poems of Edgar Allan	284	James II. and his Wives. (Allan Fea.) By Thomas Seecombe	40
Poe, Some Poems of Edgar Allan	201	Jefferies, Richard, His Life and Work. (E. Thomas.) By Thomas Seecombe	280
Poe, Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan	239	Josephine, The Empress, Napoleon's Enchantress. (Philip W. Sergeant.) By F. G. Bettany	46
Rossetti. Frank Rutter	283	Journalism, A History of English. (J. B. Williams)	230
Seventy Years Young. E. M. Bishop	238	Lafayette, The Wife of. (M. Macdermot Crawford.) By Frank Hamel	143
Simples, A Book of	159	La Touche, Mrs. "Letters"	227
Spirit and Dust. Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert)	61	Letters from the Raven: Lafcadio Hearn. By Annie Matheson	48
Sullivan and his Operas. B. W. Findon	62	Letters of a Noble Woman, The. (Ed. by Margaret F. Young.) By Arthur Waugh	227
Sword and Blossom Poems. Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake	61	Little People. (Richard Whitting)	150
Triburn Tree: Its History and Annals. Alfred Marks	284	Lollardy and the Reformation in England. (James Gairdner.) By George Sampson	144
Triburn Songs. L. Nicholson	64	Mann, Mary E. "The Heart-Smiter"	99
Triburn, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza. A. F. Calvert	284	Masefield, John. "Captain Margaret"	44
Victorian and Other Papers, Early. E. S. P. Haynes	102	Mathilde: A Play. (Adolphus Alfred Jack)	42
Warp and Woof. Edith Lyttelton	61	Memories of Half a Century. (Ed. by R. C. Lehmann.) By J. A. H.	229
Books, Notes on New	64, 104, 160, 202, 240, 286	Miss Charity. (Keble Howard.) By Coulson Kernahan	98
Books of the Month, New	66, 104, 203, 240, 288	Mont St. Michel, and Other Poems. (Rowland Thirlmere)	42
Booksellers' Diary, The	9, 88, 166, 222, 249	Morris, William. (Alfred Noyes.) By Y. Y.	224
British Diplomacy, The Story of. (T. A. S. Escott)	52	Mother of Pearl. (Anatole France)	54
Brontë, The. Life and Letters. (C. Shorter.) By Thomas Seecombe	152	Murray, David Christie. "Guesses at Truths"	44
Cable, Hall. "My Story"	136	Napoleon and his Fellow-Travelers. (Ed. by Clement Shorter.) By William Barry	189
Captain Margaret. (John Masefield.) By Arthur Ransome	44	Napoleon, The Sisters of. (Joseph Turquan.) By Thomas Seecombe	234
Carr, J. Comyns. "Some Eminent Victorians"	194	News Notes	1, 69, 114, 161, 205, 243
Catherine de Medici, The Later Years of. (Edith Sichel)	52	Ninon de l'Enclos, The Real. (H. Kendrick Hayes.) By F. G. Bettany	279
Cather and his England. (G. G. Coulton.) By Arthur Waugh	94		
Cherton, G. K. (Anonymous.) By William Barry	91		
Cherton, G. K. "Orthodoxy"	91		
Cherton, Jan. The. (Leo Frobenius.) By Stephen	228		
Cherton, THE BOOKMAN, December No.			
Cherton, Rebellion in the Roman Empire. (B.			
Cherton, By T. E. Page	47		
Cherton, BOOKMAN PRIZE II, 74, 119, 165, 223, 270			
Cherton, Mrs. Gaskell	98		
Cherton, (W. H. Chesson)	39		
Cherton, Marie Madeleine, Countess. (Lilian Rea.)			
Cherton, Hamel	143		
Cherton, "De Libris"	150		
Cherton, Deceased. (T. A. Cook and G. Nickalls)	45		

Novel Notes—

	PAGE
Adventurer, The. Lloyd Osbourne ..	58
Adventures of Louis Blake. Louis Becke ..	282
Altar Stairs, The. B. Lancaster ..	237
Angel Esquire. Edgar Wallace ..	56
Anthony Cuthbert. Richard Bagot ..	57
Before Adam. Jack London ..	57
Betty Brent, Typist. "Rita" ..	283
Beyond the Skyline. Robert Aitken ..	282
Bomb, The. Frank Harris ..	198
Bond, The. Neith Boyce ..	198
Burden, The. C. A. Dawson-Scott ..	57
By Faith Alone. René Bazin ..	199
Children of the Nile, The. Marjnaduke Pickthall ..	101
Colonel Stow. H. C. Bailey ..	200
Daughter of France, A. Constance Elizabeth Maud ..	156
David Bran. Morley Roberts ..	199
Desire. U. L. Silberrad ..	237
Further Experiences of an Irish R.M. E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross ..	55
Gay Lawless. Helen Mathers ..	101
Ghost Kings, The. H. Rider Haggard ..	236
Golden Precipice, The. H. B. Marriott Watson ..	157
Great Miss Driver, The. Anthony Hope ..	102
Green at Greyhouse. R. Warren Bell ..	59
Green Ginger. Arthur Morrison ..	281
Green Mummy, The. Felix Hume ..	60
Hand of the Spoiler, The. G. Sidney Paternoster ..	282
Heather o' the Rivers. W. Harold Thomson ..	60
Henry of Navarre. May Wynne ..	235
Hester Lane. Annie S. Swan ..	57
Hilary on her Own. M. Barnes-Grundy ..	102
Imperial Richenda. Rosamond Langbridge ..	156
Joan of Garioch. Albert Kimross ..	199
Joyce Pleasantry, and Other Stories. G. R. Sims ..	235
Lady Letty Brandon. Annie E. Holdsworth ..	235
Last Shore, The. Vincent Brown ..	58
Laughing Matter, A. Shan F. Bullock ..	59
Leading Lady, The. Archibald Eyre ..	60
Leonore Stubbs. L. B. Watford ..	155
Lewis Rand. Mary Johnston ..	199
Life Class, The. Keighley Snowden ..	56
Long Arm, The. E. Phillips Oppenheim ..	237
Lost Angel, The. Katharine Tynan ..	59
Love's Magic. Mrs. Fred Reynolds ..	236
Magnate, The. Robert Elson ..	56
Man who Lived, The. Beryl Tucker ..	282
Maurice Guest. Henry Handel Richardson ..	58
Mayoress's Wooing, The. M. Bailie Saunders ..	55
Mirage. E. Temple Thurston ..	281
Over Bemerton's. E. V. Lucas ..	155
Pan and the Little Green Gate. Sylvia Brett ..	58
Paths of the Righteous. L. Dougall ..	101
Patsy. H. de Vere Stapcoole ..	59
Power of a Lie, The. Johan Bojer ..	236
Priests of Progress. G. Colmore ..	158
Prince of Dreamers, A. Flora Annie Steel ..	282
Purple Love. Morice Gerard ..	100
Racket and Rest. Harold Begbie ..	157
Rogues Fall Out. Florence Warden ..	282
Rose MacLeod. Alice Brown ..	56
Round the Fire Stories. A. Conan Doyle ..	100
Salthaven. W. W. Jacobs ..	155
Salvator. Perceval Gibbon ..	157
Sin of Gabrielle, The. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan ..	58
Stranleigh's Millions. Robert Barr ..	281
Sunny Side of the Hill, The. Rosa N. Carey ..	102
Supreme Test, The. Mrs. Bailie Reynolds ..	155
This, My Son. René Bazin ..	155
Thrice Armed. Harold Bindloss ..	156
Totty. Bertram Smith ..	59
Tramping Methodist, The. Sheila Kaye-Smith ..	200
Two in a Flat. Jane Wintergreen ..	155
War in the Air, The. H. G. Wells ..	158
Ways of Men, The. Herbert Flowerdew ..	236
Whither Thou Goest. J. J. Bell ..	200
Wild Widow, The. Gertie de Wentworth-James ..	57
Woman's Way, A. G. B. Burgin ..	56
Wroth: Agnes and Egerton Castle ..	237
Yrивand. Henry Baerlein ..	237
Orthodoxy. (G. K. Chesterton.) By William Barry ..	21
Other Man's Wife, The. (Frank Richardson.) By Ada Levenson ..	146
Panmure Papers, The. (Ed. by Sir G. Douglas and Sir G. D. Ramsay.) By Sir Evelyn Wood ..	75
Parallel Paths. (T. W. Rolleston.) By Stephen Reynolds ..	228
Peacock's Pleasance, The. ("E. V. B.") ..	54
Percy: Prolet and Poet. (A. C. C. Gaussen.) By W. S. Crockett ..	141
Phillipotts, Eden. "The Virgin in Judgment" ..	54
Pitman, The Life of Sir Isaac. (Alfred Baker) ..	232
Poems, New. (R. G. T. Coventry) ..	42
Poems, New. (St. John Lucas) ..	42
Poetry: Two Lyrics from the Welsh. By A. P. Graves ..	264
Poor Man's House, A. (Stephen Reynolds.) By Edward Thomas ..	149
Prophets, Priests and Kings. (A. G. Gardiner) ..	197
Prose, A History of English. (George Saintsbury) ..	231

	PAGE
Queen Victoria as I Knew Her. (Sir Theodore Martin.) ..	50
By Lewis Melville ..	231
Rachel Lorian. (Mrs. H. Dudeney) ..	37
Raleigh, Great. (H. de Selincourt.) By George Saintsbury, Reader, The—	
Authors at Work. By J. K. Jerome, G. B. Shaw, W. W. Jacobs, H. G. Wells, H. Rider Haggard, W. Pett Ridge, Eden Phillipotts, Arthur Morrison, E. F. Benson, To Gallon, H. A. Vachell, Richard Whiteing, W. E. Norris, Mary E. Mann, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, Beatrice Harraden ..	83
Christmas in Fairyland ..	29
Christmas Memories, Two ..	36
Churchill, Lady Randolph, and her Friends ..	123
Crimea, Sidelights on the War in the. By Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B. ..	75
Darwin, Charles. By Edward Clodd ..	211
Dramatist, The Impolite, and the Dramatised Novel. By Sydney Grundy, Louis N. Parker, W. J. Locke, J. H. McCarthy, M. E. Francis, J. Forbes-Robertson, Martin Harvey, Lena Ashwell, George Alexander, Sir Charles Wyndham, W. H. Kendal ..	133
FitzGerald, Edward. By Arthur C. Benson ..	251
FitzGerald's "Omar." By A. ..	257
Irving, Henry, and Ellen Terry ..	77
Jeffries, Richard, and London. By Edward Thomas ..	215
Milton, Foreign Criticism of. By Jane T. Stoddart ..	126
Molière in America. By Y. Y. ..	34
Novelists, Early Struggles of Popular. By Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, F. Frankfort Moore, G. R. Sims, Percy White, Silas Hocking, Edgar Jepson, Cuthbert Hyne, H. C. Bailey, John Galsworthy, Thomas Cobb, Bernard Capes, Joseph Hocking, John Oxenham, Charles Marriott ..	181
Penalties of Failure, The. By Edwin Pugh ..	219
Poe, Edgar A., and Some of his Friends. By John H. Ingram ..	167
Poe, The Life-Story of Edgar Allan. By Mary Bradford Whiting ..	173
Rosebery, Lord, as a Man of Letters. By Hector Macpherson ..	265
Ruskin (John) as a Social Reformer. By J. A. Hobson ..	21
Ruskin—Eight Years After. By W. Robertson Nicoll, L.L.D. ..	15
Ruskin's Position in the World of Art. By M. H. Spielmann ..	17
Ruskin, The Influence of. By Hall Caine, A. C. Benson, W. M. Rossetti, I. Zangwill, Walter Crane, Hon. John Collier, Frederic Shields, James Orrock, R.L., Alfred Russel Wallace, L.L.D., W. B. Boyd-Carpenter, Edward Clodd, J. Beattie Crozier, John Carter, and Dennis Hird ..	26
Realities and Ideals. (Frederic Harrison) ..	147
Rose-White Youth. (Dolf Wyllarde) ..	99
Rossetti, Family Letters of Christina ..	140
Rousseau and the Women he Loved. (Francis Gribble.) By F. G. Bettany ..	195
Russia, Tragic. (Waclaw Gasterowski.) By John Foster Fraser ..	96
Sacred and Profane Love, and Other Poems. (Alfred Austin) ..	42
Saintsbury, George. "A History of English Prosody" ..	231
Scots, The Girlhood of Mary Queen of. (J. T. Stoddart.) By D. Hay Fleming ..	93
Scottish Women, A Group of. (Harry Graham.) By W. S. Crockett ..	40
Set of Six, A. (Joseph Conrad.) By Edward Thomas ..	39
Seven Splendid Sinners. (W. R. H. Trowbridge.) By Lewis Melville ..	233
Shakespeare, The Age of. (A. C. Swinburne.) By G. Saintsbury ..	89
Shakespeare, The Century. By A. St. John Adcock ..	41
Sichel, Edith. "The Later Years of Catherine de Medici" ..	52
Sixty-Nine Birnam Road. (W. Pett Ridge) ..	51
Skipsey, Joseph: A Memoir. (Rt. Hon. R. Spence-Watson.) By A. St. J. A. ..	22
Sladen, Douglas. "Egypt and the English" ..	14
Social Psychology. (E. Alsworth Ross.) By John Adams ..	274
Social Psychology, An Introduction to. (W. Macdougall.) By John Adams ..	196
Spy, The. (Maxim Gorky.) By Edward Thomas ..	242
Talmudic Legends, Hymns, and Paraphrases. (Alice Lucas) ..	77
Terry, Ellen. "The Story of My Life" ..	286
Thackeray, The Oxford ..	93
Threepenny Bits, Some. (G. W. E. Russell) ..	278
Tolstoy, The Life of. (A. Maude.) By Edward Thomas ..	50
Victoria Regina: Her Court and Her Subjects. (Fitzgerald Molloy.) By Lewis Melville ..	50
Victoria the Woman. (Frank Hird.) By Lewis Melville ..	194
Victorians, Some Eminent. (J. Comyns Carr.) By Lewis Melville ..	54
Virgin in Judgment, The. (Eden Phillpotts) ..	193
Wells, H. G. "The War in the Air," 158; "First and Last Things" ..	

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
White House, The Story of the. (Esther Singleton) ..	154	Wren, Sir Christopher. (Lena Milman.) By Francis Bickley ..	151
Wind in the Willows, The. (Kenneth Grahame) ..	190	Yeats, The Collected Works of W. B. By Walter de la Mare ..	191
Winkworth, Susanna and Catherine. (Edited by M. J. Shaen.) By W. E. A. Axon ..	197		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Bagot, Richard ..	3	Mann, Mary E. ..	73
Barker, Granville ..	244	Mathers, Helen ..	71
Barnes-Grundy, Mabel ..	73	Maud, Constance Elizabeth ..	156
Barton, Bernard ..	255	Melville, Lewis ..	72
Bindloss, Harold ..	13	"Midsummer Night's Dream," Arthur Rackham's Illustration, December Supplement.	
Blenheim (after Turner) ..	124	Milton, John, 127; scenes connected with his life and work ..	126, 127, 128
Brown, Vincent ..	206	Milton Tercentenary at Bangalore, Celebrating the ..	247
Browne, Kenworthy ..	255	Morrison, Arthur ..	281
Carey, Rosa Nouchette ..	102	Nash, Eveleigh ..	245
Carr, J. Comyns ..	164	Omar Khayyam's Tomb at Naishapur ..	260
"Chaucer and his England," Illustration from Cheltenham, The Lower Hall, Ladies' College ..	94	"Patsy," Illustration from ..	59
Chesterton, G. K. ..	91, 92	Percy, Bishop, Feeding his Swans ..	141
Christmas in Fairyland ..	129-137	Phonography, The Birthplace of (Isaac Pitman's House) ..	232
Christmas Supplement, THE BOOKMAN, December No.		Pickthall, Marmaduke ..	101
Churchill, Lady Randolph ..	123, 125	Pipe, Hannah E. ..	160
Churchill's New Travel Book, Poster of Mr. Winston ..	117	Poe, Edgar Allan: Plate Portrait, January BOOKMAN, 107, 174, 176, 179, 182, 183; Mr. and Mrs. John Allan, Poe's foster parents, 168; his friends John Neal and J. P. Kennedy, 169; Wilham Gowans, 171; Frances Sargent Osgood and Mrs. M. L. Shew, 172; Mrs. Whitman, 172; Judge Neilson Poe, 174; Elmira Royster (Mrs. Shelton), 173; his mother, 170; his wife, 171; his wife's father and mother, William Clemm and Mrs. Clemm, 170; school at Stoke Newington, 168; residence of Mr. Allan, 175; University of Virginia, 178; cottage at Fordham, 178; facsimile of letter, 170; of poem, 190; illustrations from his works, 177, 186, 184, 185, 186, 187, his tomb ..	191
Clodd, Edward ..	206	Poe's Works, Illustration from ..	239
Colmore, G. (Mrs. Bailie Weaver), and her Dogs ..	117	"Posh" Fletcher in 1870 ..	260
Cook, E. T. ..	2	Poster of "John Silence" ..	7
Courtney, W. L. ..	163	Reeves, Lieut. Lanley Philip ..	71
Cowell, Prol. ..	255	Ripon Cathedral ..	62
Cruikshank, Eliza ..	39	Roberts, Morley ..	199
Darwin, Charles: Plate portrait, February BOOKMAN, 211, 213, 214, 216; homes and haunts, 212, 213, 218, his sons, 217, statues ..	215, 219	Rosebery, Lord, 265, 267, 269, his mother, 266, his homes ..	266, 267, 268, 269
Dawson-Scott, C. A. ..	3	Rossetti, Dante, Christina, Frances and William ..	140
De La Fayette, Madame ..	142	"Rossetti," Illustration from ..	283
Doggett's Coat and Badge, The Race for ..	45	Ruskin College, "Students on the wash up" ..	33
Dougall, L. ..	101	Ruskin, John: Two Plate Portraits, Oct. Supp., 15, 17, 18, 21, 23; with Sir Henry Acland, 25, 28, 31; the Roadmaker, 33; Drawings and Paintings by, four Supplements, Oct. BOOKMAN, 22, 24, 29, 30, 32, 35, 36, 38; his father and mother, 16; his homes, 10, 20, 24, 27, 30, 32, 35, 36, 38; his bust ..	27
Dudency, Mrs. Henry ..	231	"Russia, Tragic," Illustration from ..	96
Edda, The Elder or Poetic, Illustration from ..	158	Shorter, Clement, 118; his Book Plate ..	164
"Egypt and its Monuments," Illustration from ..	146	Skipsey, Joseph ..	226
"Egypt and the English," Illustration from ..	146	Snowden, Keighley ..	5
FitzGerald, Edward, Plate Supplement, March BOOKMAN, 251, 256, 259; his mother, 252; his homes and haunts, 252, 253, 254, 256, 257, 258; his friends, 255, 260; illustrations from his works, 261, 263; menu cards of "Omar" dinners, 262, 263; his grave ..	259	Spalding, Frederick ..	255
Flowerdew, Herbert ..	236	Steel, Flora Annie ..	115
Forman, Justus Miles ..	208	Talbot, A. B. ..	116
"Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.," Illustration from ..	55	"Tempest, The," Edmund Dulac's Illustrations for, BOOKMAN Portfolio, December No.	
Gardner, James, C.B. ..	141	Terry, Ellen, Plate Portrait (as Lady Macbeth), November BOOKMAN; with Irving, 77; as a child, 78, with Charles Keau, 79; with her sister Kate, 80, 84, other portraits, 82, 83, 84, 86, her grandfather, 78; her birthplace ..	80
Gardner, A. G. ..	162	Thackeray, W. M. ..	97
Gautier, Théophile ..	49	Trevena, John ..	144
"Gerard, Morice" ..	116	"Twelfth Night," W. Heath Robinson's Illustrations for, BOOKMAN Portfolio, December No.	
Gibbon, Perceval ..	121	Waite, A. E. ..	272
Gibbs, Philip ..	207	Walford, L. B. ..	114
Globe Theatre in 1613, The ..	42	Watson, H. B. Marriott ..	157
Graves, A. P., and his daughter ..	70	Wedderburn, Alexander, K.C. ..	2
Grove, Lady ..	163	Wells, H. G. ..	8
Halifax, Robert ..	6	Wren, Sir Christopher ..	151
Harris, Frank ..	198	Wynne, May ..	235
Harrison, Frederic ..	147		
"Hearn, Concerning Icaradio," Illustrations from ..	148, 149		
Henderson, Major Percy ..	277		
"Highways and Byways in Surrey," Illustration from ..	238		
Holdsworth, Annie E. (Mrs. Lee Hamilton) ..	208		
Ingram, John H. ..	162		
Irving, Henry ..	77, 81, 85		
Jacomb, A. E. ..	207		
Josephine ..	47		
"Journalism, A History of English," Illustration from ..	203		
Kaye-Smith, Sheila ..	4		
Kennedy, Bart. ..	246		
Kinross, Albert ..	199		
Lafayette and his Family in Prison ..	143		
Langbridge, Rosamond ..	118		
La Touche, Mr. and Mrs., and Family ..	227		
Lohmann, Frederick and Nina ..	229		
Lorraine, Imaginary Portrait of Rupert ..	117		

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO VOL. XXXV.

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES ... 161

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS ... 165

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 166

THE READER—

Edgar Poe and Some of his Friends.

By JOHN H. INGRAM ... 167

The Life-Story of Edgar Allan Poe.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING 173

Early Struggles of Popular

Novelists: A Symposium ... 181

NEW BOOKS—

Mr. Winston Churchill's New Book.

By the EARL OF RONALDSHAY 188

The Voyage to St. Helena. By

DR. WILLIAM BARRY ... 189

Betwixt and Between. By

ARTHUR RANSOME ... 190

The Works of Mr. Yeats. By W.

DE LA MARE ... 191

A Woman's Last Word. By

JOSEPH CLAYTON ... 192

Critic and Playwright. By W. F. P.

Mr. Wells's Confession. By

STEPHEN REYNOLDS ... 193

Memories. By LEWIS MELVILLE 194

Human Nature in Politics. By

J. A. ... 194

Rousseau as a Lover. By F. G.

BETTANY ... 195

The Spy. By EDWARD THOMAS 196

Susanna and Catherine Winkworth.

By W. E. A. AXON ... 197

Pen Portraits ... 197

NOVEL NOTES—

The Bond—The Bomb—Lewis
Rand—Joan of Garioch—David
Bran—By Faith Alone—Whither
thou Goest—The Tramping
Methodist—Colonel Stow 198 200

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Piccadilly to Pall Mall—Lilies of
Eternal Peace—Some Poems of
Edgar Allan Poe—The Crime of
Sylvestre Bonnard—London
Visions ... 200 2

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 202

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 203

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The February BOOKMAN will be a Darwin Centenary Number, containing a special article by Edward Clodd on Darwin and his work, and many portraits and pictures of peculiar interest. This will be followed during the year by other Centenary articles—on Edward FitzGerald in March, on Lord Houghton and his Circle in June, on Oliver Wendell Holmes in July, on Tennyson in August, on Mark Lemon in November, and on the literary work of Mr. Gladstone in December. The September BOOKMAN will be a Dr. Johnson Bi-Centenary Number. In other months of the year we hope to issue Special Numbers dealing with prominent living authors. We shall publish in February or March an article on "Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters," and are arranging for an early date a very interesting illustrated number devoted to the life and writings of Miss Marie Corelli.

Hermann Sudermann has surprised Germany with a new novel, which he calls "Das Hohelied" (The Song of Songs). Sudermann began his literary career as a novelist, and his first books were very successful in Germany. Fourteen years ago he left off writing novels and took to giving his message

to the world through the stage. The plays of Sudermann have had a wonderful popularity, but they have not rivalled the stir which his books created, and the interest with which his new novel has been received shows what a loss it was to the public when the novelist turned playwright.

Humorists seem to be getting scarcer every year. We used to make up for our native deficiencies a little while ago by importing a good deal of humour from America, but we have had very little even from there of late, except Mrs. Wiggs and Mr. Dooley. One looks forward, therefore, to "A Holiday Touch, and Other Tales of Undaunted Americans," which Messrs. George Bell & Sons are publishing here at the end of January. It is a book of humorous stories by Mr. Charles Battall Loomis, who enjoys a great reputation as a humorist on the other side of the water and is sure of a welcome on this.

Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing at the end of January "Heinrich Heine: Poems and Ballads"—a new rendering by Mr. Robert Levy of a large selection of the lyrics and ballad poems of the "Buch der Lieder." It is an undertaking to which Mr. Levy has for some years past given the leisure hours of a busy commercial life, and those who have read his translation say he has succeeded where so many have failed in catching the delicate, pensive, mocking, elusive spirit of his original.

For much assistance in producing this present number we are indebted to Mr. John H. Ingram. All the portraits of Poe and his relatives and friends, the facsimiles of his writing and the sketches and photographs of places associated with him, have been kindly supplied to us by Mr. Ingram from his unique and valuable collection of such portraits and pictures, and are his copyright property. Alexander Smith said that Poe was "the most incorrigible blackguard of genius that has appeared in either hemisphere," and the *Edinburgh Review*, praising his work, described him as "a blackguard of mark." That was in the late 'fifties and the mid-'sixties, and we owe it to the enthusiastic devotion and careful research of Mr. Ingram that nobody dreams of disseminating those slanders to-day. When he issued with Messrs. A. & C. Black, in 1874, his four-volume edition of Poe's Works, the ample Memoir with which he prefaced it shattered and scattered once for all the cloud of lying and scandalous stories with which the unspeakable Griswold and those unscrupulous sensation-mongers, his many disciples, had darkened the poet's name; as the *Spectator* said at the time, he rescued Poe "from the reputation of something like infamy." In 1880 Mr. Ingram published the exhaustive and admirable biography that remains, and must remain, the standard "Life of Poe"; it has gone through

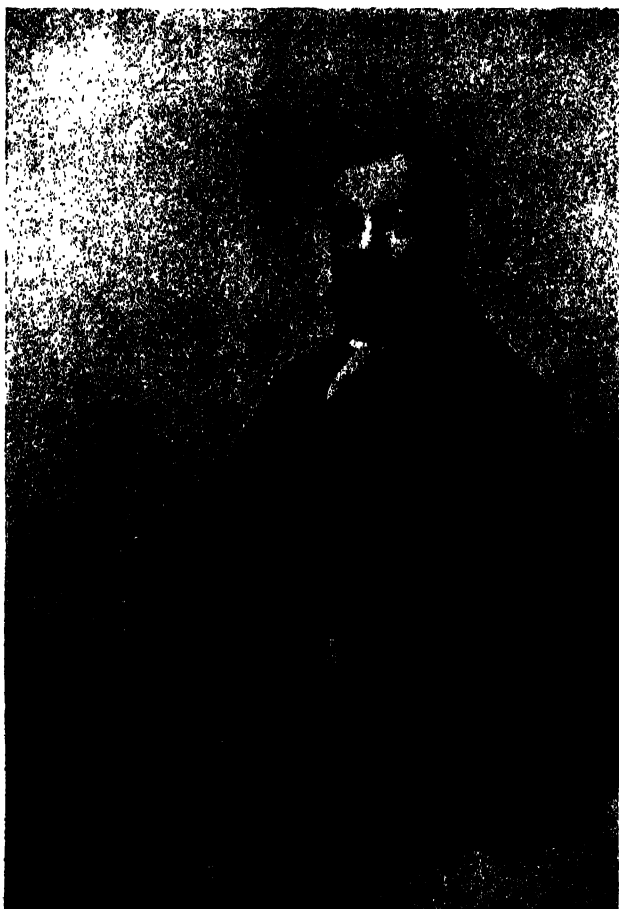


Photo by Edgar Salomon.

Mr. John H. Ingram.
Author of "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe."



Photo by Reginald Haines.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner.

Editor of the *Daily News*, author of "Prophets, Priests, and Kings."

many editions, its accuracy has never been shaken, and every subsequent biographical sketch or article concerning the poet has, admittedly or not, been based upon it.

This were a good life-work for any man, but Mr. Ingram has much other and excellent work in literature to his credit. He edited the "Eminent Women" series of biographies; has edited several editions of Poe's works; and an edition of Darley's "Sylvia," for which he wrote also a biographical sketch of the author; he has written biographies of Oliver Madox Brown and of Mrs. Browning, and, amongst other books, one on Christopher Marlowe that won the high commendation of Mr. Swinburne. He has just written a biographical introduction to a reprint of Poe's Poems for Messrs. Routledge's Muses' Library, and is revising the famous four-volume "Standard" edition of his "Works of Poe," which Messrs. Black will presently reissue. For some years past now Mr. Ingram has been engaged on a Life of Chatterton which is almost ready for publication. At a very early age his interest in Chatterton was aroused by the fact that his mother, when a child, lived amid certain personal friends of Chatterton, and that he frequently heard her talk of what they used to say about him. He has been as thorough and as painstaking in searching into Chatterton's story as he was in

unravelling Poe's; has discovered new facts of importance, and will include in his volume certain poems that were published by Chatterton, but have never since been reprinted.

Apart from the numerous evidences of English and American interest in the Poe Centenary—in France, where Messrs. Calmann-Levy's translations of Poe by Baudelaire rank among the classics, M. Davry is issuing a monograph on Poe, and two lectures that M. Calvocoressi is delivering at the Sorbonne will appear in the *Mercure de France* on February 1. In Germany, essays on Poe's centennial position are announced by Herr Leopold Katscher; Tauchnitz has the Tales and Poems on sale with a new memoir by Mr. Ingram; and Herr Philip Reclam, junior, who includes Poe's works in his "Universal Bibliothek," publishes a memorial article in *Reclam's Universum* for January. From Budapest and Lisbon come translations of the Poems into Hungarian by Zoltan Ferencz, and into Portuguese by Colonel Greenfield de Mello.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing this month "Fair Women of Fontainebleau," by Frank Hamel, author of "Famous French Salons."

Mr. W. L. Courtney has written a new play—one that deals with Brittany and Breton legends—which is at present in the hands of Miss Evelyn Millard. Three or four of the plays in his "Dramas and

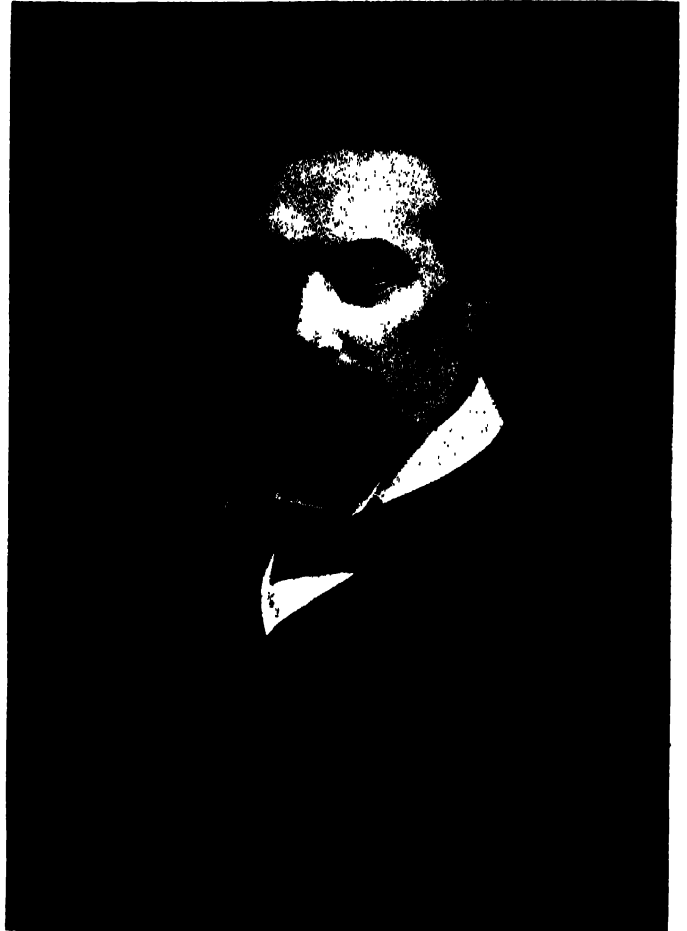


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. W. L. Courtney.

Author of "Dramas and Diversions."

"Diversions" have been put upon the stage. "Kit Marlowe" was produced both by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, at a matinée, and by Mr. George Alexander, who has since frequently played in it. Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced "Undine" at Liverpool, and after touring with it, eventually brought it out in London at the Criterion. "On the Side of the Angels" was presented by the Pioneers at the Royalty Theatre some little time ago, and "Gaston Bonnier" was written for and produced by Professor Hubert von Herkomer at his theatre at Bushey. The first piece in the book, originally called "Charles IX.," was written for and accepted by Sir Henry Irving. He announced his intention of performing it after "King Arthur," but its appearance was delayed. He thought of putting it on the stage on two subsequent occasions; and on his death it was, with other plays, bequeathed to his sons.

"Richard Wagner to his Artistes" is the title of a new volume of Wagner's letters which has just made its appearance in Germany. The publication of this interesting work, which includes letters to Karl Klindworth, Lilli Lehmann, Amalie Materna, Hermann Levi, Hans Richter, Felix Mottl, and others, is due to the enterprise of the publishing firm of Wahnfried, and deals fully with the artistic development of Bayreuth. There are altogether



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Lady Grove.

Author of "The Human Woman."

about four hundred letters, most of which have never been published until now. The famous correspondence with Hans von Wolzogen is given to the world for the first time.

In recent years Mr. Comyns Carr's literary activities have been concerned almost exclusively with the theatre, and he is now engaged on a fanciful comedy to be written partly in verse, which he hopes to complete during the next few months. His earliest dramatic essay was a play founded on Mr. Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd." This was followed by an adaptation of Hugh Conway's "Called Back." But Mr. Carr's more important dramatic works have been in verse, chief among them being "King Arthur," produced by the late Sir Henry Irving, and "Tristram and Iseult," presented a year ago at the Adelphi Theatre.

If only every one kept a diary, how much fuller and better even our best books of reminiscences might be! Mr. Comyns Carr kept no diary, it seems, and for such details of incidents and conversations as are contained in his "Some Eminent Victorians" he has had to rely on his memory. "I did once, long ago," he confesses penitently, "make an experiment in that direction, but I failed, chiefly, I think, because I could not make up my mind as to the form and character which such a record should assume. I found the task of merely recording events intolerably dull, and to chronicle

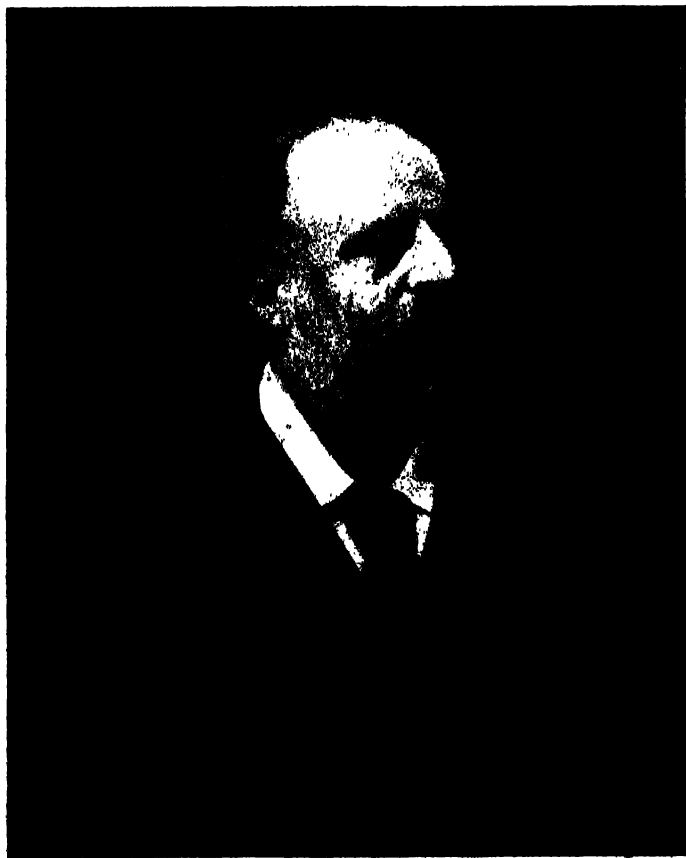


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Mr. J. Comyns Carr.

Author of "Some Eminent Victorians."



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Book-Plate.

Mr. Clement Shorter's new book, "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers," is reviewed on page 189.

the thoughts and reflections which those events suggested proved altogether too formidable. But it is the neglect of the dull diary that I have often since regretted."

Rita's new novel, "The House called Hurrish," will be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

"Conquering the Arctic Ice," by Captain Ejnar Mikkesen, leader of the recent Anglo-American Polar Expedition, is announced by Mr. Heinemann.

We regret that in reviewing "Tan and Tackle" in one of our Christmas Supplements we gave the publishers' name as "Oliphant, Anderson & Revell." It should have been the Fleming H. Revell Co., and we offer our apologies for the error to them and to Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Mr. Heath Robinson's three illustrations of "The Raven" and "The Bells" (an enlargement of one of which we reproduce on our cover) are from the beautiful edition of Poe's poems that Messrs. G. Bell & Sons published last year, and we are much indebted to them for their kindness in permitting us to reproduce them here. Our thanks are also due to Messrs. A. & C. Black for permission to use the illustration from "Arthur Gordon Pym," which originally appeared in their 4-volume edition of Poe's works; and to the Pear Tree Press for Mr. James Guthrie's delicate drawing of "Eulalie," one of his many illustrations to their recently issued selection of the poems of E. A. Poe.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each) on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best passage from English literature expressing or indicating the writer's love or dislike of dumb animals.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

- I. —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS LIZZIE Q. ALLEN, of 15, Glenbrook Road, West Hampstead, N.W., for the following :

ARTHUR B. TALBOT'S TRANSLATION OF
"OMAR KHAYYAM."

"Shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing?"
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

We select the following from the many other quotations received :

FROM POLE TO POLE. BY G. STABLES.
"The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes"—*Nursery Rhyme*.

(Miss E. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, London, W.)

TWO ENGLISH QUEENS AND PHILIP. BY MARTIN HUME.

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."
The Beggar's Opera.

(Miss May Trayler, Wembdon Road, Bridgwater.)

ADVENTURES IN A NOAH'S ARK. BY A. W. B.

"Water, water everywhere."—S. T. COLERIDGE.
(John M. Judd, 31, North Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.)

- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best six mottoes for the New Year has been awarded

to MISS N. PEEL, 15, The Grove, Whitworth Park, Manchester, for the following :

1. "Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind."
R. L. STEVENSON.

2. "If thou hast friends give them thy best endeavour,
Thy warmest impulse, and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,
The time is short."—HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

3. "A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those I live with."
STOPFORD BROOKE.

4. "Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentlier sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."—BURNS.

5. "Our best is bad nor bears Thy test;
Still, it should be our very best."—R. BROWNING.

6. "Do the Duty which lies nearest to thee! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer."—CARLYLE.

Very good selections have been received also from Mrs. Leslie (Eddleston, N.B.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss Winifred Du Vernet (Wandsworth Common, S.W.), Mrs. H. Caby (Fordham), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Mrs. John R. Young (Mablethorpe), L. A. Wilks (Scarborough), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), and others.

- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to M. WINDEATT ROBERTS, of Chudleigh House, Bideford, for the following :

SOME EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BYWAYS.

BY JOHN BUCHAN. (Blackwood.)

The essays collected under the above somewhat misleading title are the work of an able journalist. Mr. Buchan vindicates the eighteenth century from the false charge of stagnation, and shows it to have been, for Scotland at all events, a period fraught with the gravest of issues. He champions its unpopular statesmen, and his sound and kindly judgments are dictated by a rare good sense. His style is the antithesis of what he calls, in an article on the subject, "the apocalyptic style," or "a suburban sublimity"; but he is always instructive, sometimes entertaining, and occasionally suggestive.

The best of the unusually large number of other reviews submitted are these :

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME. BY LADY PRIESTLEY.
(Kegan Paul.)

Charming is a word which can be misapplied in literary criticism, but it is the term which gives a true conception of Lady Priestley's book. As the daughter of Robert Chambers, she moved in the brilliant literary and scientific circle for which the Edinburgh of her girlhood was famous. As the wife of Sir William Overend Priestley, M.D., she enjoyed the friendship of scientists and celebrated personages. This volume must deservedly take a high place among recent autobiographies. It refreshes, elevates, instructs, and amuses the reader.

(Miss E. A. Stevenson, The Valley, Trinity, Brechin.)

TOGETHER. BY ROBERT HERRICK. 6s. (Macmillan.)

"Together" is a book to be read with discrimination. It gives a vivid picture of American society, but one is not always sure of the author's standpoint—whether he writes as prophet or merely as looker-on. The end of life is self-expression. The weak and incapable must go to the wall. The husband is the provider, and can only work at his best when he feels the spur of necessity. This is the justification for the wife's extravagance. Marriages are generally ill-advised. The remedy is to get back to the simple life of the plains.

(Thomas E. May, 46, Killigrew Street, Falmouth, Cornwall.)

We select for special commendation the reviews sent in by the Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), D. Sill (Redcar), Miss Kathleen Comber (Hoylake), Mrs. A. M. Sykes (Huddersfield), Mrs. T. S. Boldero (Bexhill-on-Sea), Miss Godley (Chapelizod), G. E. Wakerley (Nottingham), and F. Harold Buss (East Dulwich, S.E.)

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MISS MOLLIE KENNEDY, Dashwood Road, Banbury.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 1 to February 1, 1909.

MR. SRS. A. & C. BLACK.

LANCASTER, SIR E. RAY (Edited by).—A Treatise on Zoology. Part I. First Fascicle. Fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net, paper; 15s. net, bound.
SCHECHTER, DR. SOLOMON.—Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology. 7s. 6d. net.

Cambridge University Press.

ARISTOTLE.—Nicomachean Ethics. Book VI., with Essays, Notes and Translation by L. H. G. Greenwood.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XI. The Growth of Nationalities. 16s. net.
GREGG, J. A. F. (Editor).—The Wisdom of Solomon, in the Revised Version, with Introduction and Notes.
JENKINSON, F. J. H. (Editor).—The Hypericæ Famina. 6s. net.
VERNON, MRS. H. M.—Italy from 1494 to 1790. (Cambridge Historical Series.) 5s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ARNOTT, S., and R. P. BROTHERSTON.—Gardening in the North. 2s. net, paper; 2s. 6d. net, cloth.
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Spanish Jade. 1s.
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MARSH, RICHARD.—The Interrupted Kiss. 6s.
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HOLLIS, A. C.—The Nandi: Their Language and Folklore. With Introduction by Sir Charles Elliot.
SMITH, GEOFFREY.—A Naturalist in Tasmania.

MR. SRS. T. & T. CLARK.

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HASTINGS, JAS., D.D. (Editor).—Dictionary of the Bible. Complete in one volume. 40s. net.
JORDAN, PROF. W. G., B.A. (Kingston, Canada).—Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought.
LAW, REV. ROBERT, B.D. (Edinburgh).—Tests of Life: A Study in the First Epistle of St. John. (The Kerr Lectures.)

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THE READER.

EDGAR POE AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

BY JOHN H. INGRAM.

THE allegation that "Edgar Poe had no friends" has long since been refuted. Embittered as his career was by sorrow and misfortune, it was as frequently brightened by the kindness and fidelity of friends. There was a fascination about the poet which attracted and preserved the sympathy of persons of most diverse disposition, and it is useful to know something of these people, as their characters and positions throw sidelights on Poe's:

"In companions
That do converse and waste the time together . . .
There needs must be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit."

A man's first and best friend is generally his mother, but Edgar Poe's died ere he had completed his third year, leaving three infants to the world's mercy. The elder boy was taken charge of by his grandfather, General Poe, whose means had been crippled by heavy charges incurred for his country. The two younger children were adopted by strangers in blood; Edgar, by Mr. John Allan, a prosperous, childless Scotchman, who had settled in the United States. His wife did her best to supply the place of the dead mother, and, as Edgar always asserted, was kind and affectionate towards him. So, at times, was the foster-father, but he was of an uncertain and despotic temperament, and Mrs. Allan's conciliatory influence was not always successful in preserving peace at home.

The Allans having been called to Great Britain on business when Edgar was about seven years old, took the boy with them, and placed him in a school at Stoke Newington. Little is known of the orphan's life during his five years at this school, but his school-master remembered him as "a quick and clever boy," who "would have been a very good boy had he not been spoilt by . . . an extravagant amount of pocket-money."

On returning to Virginia Poe was placed in a classical academy in Richmond, in which city his foster-father carried on business as a tobacco merchant. At the academy Poe mixed with lads of good

standing in society and formed friendships with some of them which endured for life. Several of these school-mates have furnished reminiscences of the lad, all of which are most creditable to his character. As a student, an athlete, and a companion he left a favourable impression on the minds of all who remembered him. Colonel Preston says:

"His power and accomplishments captivated me, and something in me or in him made him take a fancy to me. In the simple athletics of those days, when a gymnasium had not been heard of, he was *facile princeps*. He was a swift runner, a wonderful leaper, and what was more, a boxer." "In our Latin exercises," continues Colonel Preston, "Poe was among the first. . . . He was, also, a very fine French scholar. . . . Not a little of Poe's time in school and out of it was occupied with writing verses. . . . My boyish admiration was so great for my schoolfellow's genius, that I requested permission to carry his portfolio home for the inspection of my mother"—

that lady, it should be premised, being the daughter of Edmund Randolph, the distinguished statesman, whose love of literature she had inherited. Mrs. Preston did not hesitate to praise the verses, and her gallant son deemed she was the first critic to whom Poe's earliest productions were submitted.

The lad was noted for his swimming feats, some of them having been of a daring and even dangerous character. Colonel Mayo, another of his old schoolfellows, recalls him to mind as a handsome, impetuous boy, defiant, not indisposed to fight, but with great mental powers. He describes a very hazardous adventure shared with him:

"One day in midwinter, when standing on the banks of the James River, Poe bantered his companion into jumping in, to swim to a certain point with him. After floundering about in the nearly frozen stream for some time they reached the piles upon which Mayo's bridge then rested, and were glad enough to stop and try to gain the shore by the log abutment to the bridge. To their dismay, upon reaching the bridge they discovered that its flooring overlapped the abutment by several feet, and that ascent by such means was impossible. Nothing remained for them but to descend and retrace their steps, which, weary and partly frozen, they did. Poe reached the land in an exhausted state, whilst



From a daguerreotype, circa October, 1848.

Edgar Allan Poe.



After an oil painting.

The first Mrs. Allan.

Mayo was fished out by a friendly boatman just as he was about to succumb. Both the lads were ill for several weeks."

Robert Sully, the well-known artist, another school-fellow, referring to a distinguishing trait of the poet's character, his kindness and sympathy for the weak or helpless, says he was one of "the most warm-hearted and generous of men . . . he invariably stood by me and took my part. I was a dull boy at learning, and Edgar never grudged time or pains in assisting me. . . . As a boy he was frank and generous to a fault."

Opposite the house where the Allans lived dwelt the parents of Elmira Royster. In due course the adopted son of the one family became acquainted with and enamoured of the daughter of the other. Elmira reciprocated the feelings of the "beautiful boy," as she described him to me. She thought him somewhat silent and sad in his manner, as became an ardent admirer of Byron, but when beguiled into talking, his conversation was everything that could be desired. The young lady, who numbered fifteen summers, found Edgar "very generous and warm-hearted, and zealous in any cause in which he was interested. He was enthusiastic and impulsive," and detested everything showing lack of

refinement. He was passionately fond of music, "an art which in after life he loved so well," and was an accomplished artist, sketching in a few minutes a portrait of Miss Royster herself. Love-making went on, and the young people had vowed the usual eternal vows, including a promise of marriage, when Poe was hurried off to the recently founded University of Virginia, which he entered February 14, 1826. He wrote frequently to his lady-love, but Elmira's father, deeming her too young for such things, intercepted the correspondence, and secluded the young lady until she had attained the age of seventeen, when he married her to a Mr. Shelton.

At the University Poe became as great a favourite with his college mates as he had been at the Richmond academy. Several of them furnished me with interesting reminiscences of their gifted companion, who they found "had many noble qualities, but whose disposition was retiring. He had few intimate associates." Other men at the University with Poe were not impressed so lugubriously by his personality. They recollected adventures he had taken part in where so serious a demeanour would not have been probable. Possibly, he suited his manners to his company, and in "the inhuman dearth of noble natures" adapted himself to the capacity of the ignoble. Surviving officials and professors have assured me he had the reputation of being a sober, quiet, orderly young man, whose behaviour was uniformly that of an intelligent and polished gentleman, and the official records confirm this view, showing that he obtained the highest distinctions the University then bestowed.

His associates at Charlottesville were impressed by his artistic talent and relate how he covered his room there with large crayon copies of illustrations from a volume of Byron's Poems. A characteristic incident of this period is mentioned by a college mate, Mr. Bolling. Whilst he was talking to Poe he noticed Poe continued writing, and when the visitor alluded to this want of politeness, the poet answered that he had been all attention, and proved it by suitable comments, explaining



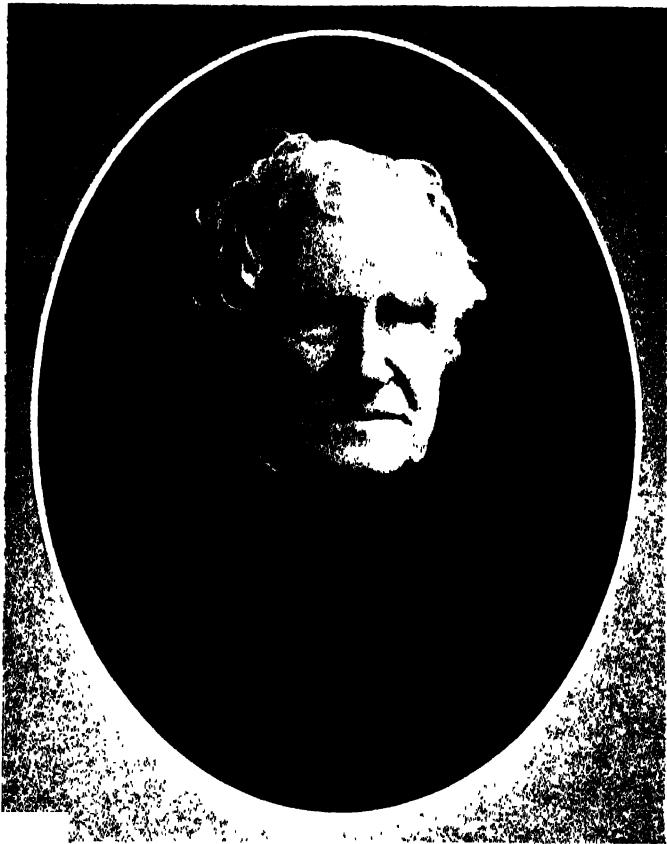
From a photograph of a silhouette.

Mr. John Allan,
Poe's foster-father.



From an old engraving.

**Poe's School at Stoke
Newington, now demolished.**



From a photograph.

John Neal.

"Poe wrote to John Neal, who was then editing *The Yankee*. . . . Through the columns of his paper the editor replied, 'If E. A. P., of Baltimore, whose lines about Heaven—though he professes to regard them as altogether superior to any in the whole range of American poetry, save two or three trifles referred to—are, though nonsense, rather exquisite nonsense, would but do himself justice, he might make a beautiful and perhaps a magnificent poem.'"

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

his apparent discourtesy by the remark that he was trying to *divide his mind*, to carry on a conversation at the same time that he was writing about a totally different subject. The session at the University terminated on December 15, 1826, when, bidding farewell to his many friends there, Poe started for home. The story of his reception may be briefly told. Mr. Allan objected to paying his godson's so-called "debts of honour," contracted during a twelvemonth's residence amongst a number of extravagant, wealthy young men, and Edgar, in a fit of boyish indignation, left home.

The lad's dearest companion in Richmond was a young fellow of his own age, named Ebenezer Berling. This youth had been accustomed to accompany the poet on his walks and visits, and was his especial confidant. Miss Royster, to whom he was known, has described him to me as an interesting, intelligent youth, but as somewhat inclined to dissipation. After his trouble at home, Poe determined to start for Greece, and proffer his services against the Turks. Berling, who was a widow's only child, agreed to accompany him, but at the last moment succumbed to his mother's entreaties, and backed out of his agreement. Apparently he was in delicate health, as he died soon afterwards. The general peace caused Poe to abandon his project.

It was not till after he left the University Poe learnt that his lady-love was married, and why his impassioned appeals had met with no response. Instead of dying of a broken heart, he embalmed the memory of his first

After a painting by Wilson.

J. P. Kennedy.

"Mr. Kennedy [one of the judges in the *Saturday Visitor* competition] was so interested in the successful but unknown competitor [E. A. Poe], that he invited him to his house. Poe replied, 'Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come for reasons of the most humiliating nature—my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary.'"

"Mr. Kennedy at once sought out the unfortunate youth, and found him friendless and almost starving."

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

passion in much melancholy verse, and when, in the course of his wanderings, he visited his natal city, Boston, he published these compositions in his first volume, "Tamerlane and other Poems," gracing the title-page with this significant motto from Cowper :

"Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform."

Early in 1829 he was recalled to Richmond by news of his foster-mother's dangerous illness. He arrived too late: Mrs. Allan was dead and buried before his return. Mr. Allan seems to have lost any affection he might have had for the prodigal, but could scarcely turn him adrift at such a moment. Eventually he obtained a cadetship for him at West Point Military Academy, where Poe was admitted on July 21, 1830, and remained there till March, 1831. The qualities which had made him a favourite in previous institutions also rendered him one at the Academy, although the severity of the discipline and paucity of the recreation there must have jarred harshly upon one of his erratic temperament. It is recorded "the impression left by Poe in his short career at the Military Academy was highly favourable." He might have left with honours, but news from home created a revulsion of feeling. Shortly after his wife's death Mr. Allan had married again, and now a son had been born to him. Poe was speedily informed that he was no longer his godfather's heir, and deeming the army was no place for a poor man, he contrived to obtain his dismissal from West Point.



From an engraving done in Paris. By **William Clemm, Jun.,**
permission of Miss Amelia F. Poe. **at the age of 21.**

Father of Virginia, the wife of Edgar Allan Poe.

He determined to offer his services to the Poles, who were in revolt against their Russian oppressors, so wrote to Colonel Thayer, superintendent of the Military Academy, requesting to be granted a certificate of "standing" in his class, for presentation to the Marquis de Lafayette, at Paris, a sympathiser with the Poles, and who, as a faithful friend of the cadet's grandfather, General Poe, would doubtless interest himself on the young man's behalf. The capitulation of Warsaw put an end to Poe's military aspirations.

He now turned to literature as a profession. Little is known of his struggles until the autumn of 1833, when he appears at Baltimore as the winner of a One Hundred Dollar Prize offered by a local publication for the best tale sent in. One of the adjudicators, John P. Kennedy, a kind-hearted, wealthy, popular novelist, interested himself in the affairs of the young prizeman, whose funds were at a very low ebb. Kennedy gave him free access to his table, "the use of a horse for exercise, whenever he chose; in fact, brought him up from the very verge of despair."

Aided by such a friend, one who stood by him and helped him at many a pinch, as Poe gratefully acknowledged, the poet's state was bound to improve. Through Kennedy's introduction and persistent recommendations, the young author became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*; an appointment which began a series of editorial successes for Poe, whereby he changed a number of effete or moribund periodicals into brilliant and profitable publications. He gained some glory and the publishers much pecuniary profit. It is certainly to Poe's credit that his employer, Mr. White, lost no opportunity, after his wayward editor had left, of speaking well of him, although he did injure the poet's future career by urging him to "stick to the department

of criticism." This suggestion of publishers for whom he worked, to "stick" to the castigation of literary small-fry, created numerous unscrupulous enemies for Poe, and although it did increase the sale of certain periodicals, deprived the public of many priceless poems and stories. Poe made strong friendships with his publishers and editors; and many of them, such as White, Godey, Graham, N. P. Willis, Thompson, and others, were amongst his firmest defenders when, after his death, his honour was assailed by hooligans of the Press. Mr. G. R. Graham's defence of his dead friend was all the more valuable because he had been the employer of Poe's chief assailant, Griswold, and knew the character of both the men; whilst N. P. Willis not only gave Poe such work as he could on his paper, but was always ready to allow him control of its columns for his own uses.

As soon as Poe obtained a regular salary by his editorship he married his cousin Virginia, daughter of his widowed aunt, Mrs. Clemm, with whom he had taken up his abode. No husband was ever more devoted to wife than was the poet to his child-bride, who was only fourteen, and no mother was ever more watchful than was Mrs. Clemm over her nephew. When the poet gave up his post at Richmond, Mrs. Clemm accompanied the husband and wife to New York, and attempted to lessen the household charges by accepting boarders. Mr. William Gowans, a wealthy biblioplist, who lodged with the family, has given a very favourable account of Poe's character. He states:

"For eight months or more I saw much of him."



From a daguerrotype of 1849.

Mrs. Clemm.

'My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.'

Poe's sonnet, "To My Mother."



From an old engraving.

William Gowans.

"An interesting account of the poet's limited *ménage* at this epoch of the story [1837] has been given by the late William Gowans, the wealthy and eccentric bibliopoliast, who boarded with Mrs. Clemm."

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

He was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I have met with during my journeyings through divers divisions of the globe; beside, he had an extra inducement to be a good man as well as a good husband, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness . . . a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness,"

and much more to the same effect.

Many similar testimonials to the goodness, docility, and even sobriety of Poe's character might be cited, but as men who had nothing to do with a literary man's private life have exposed, exaggerated, and dogmatised over the one unfortunate blot upon Poe's escutcheon, and as the poet might well have declared—

"I am traduced by tongues which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,"

it is but fair to allow the accused to answer the charge made against him of intemperance. He wrote on April 1, 1841, to his friend, Dr. Snodgrass:

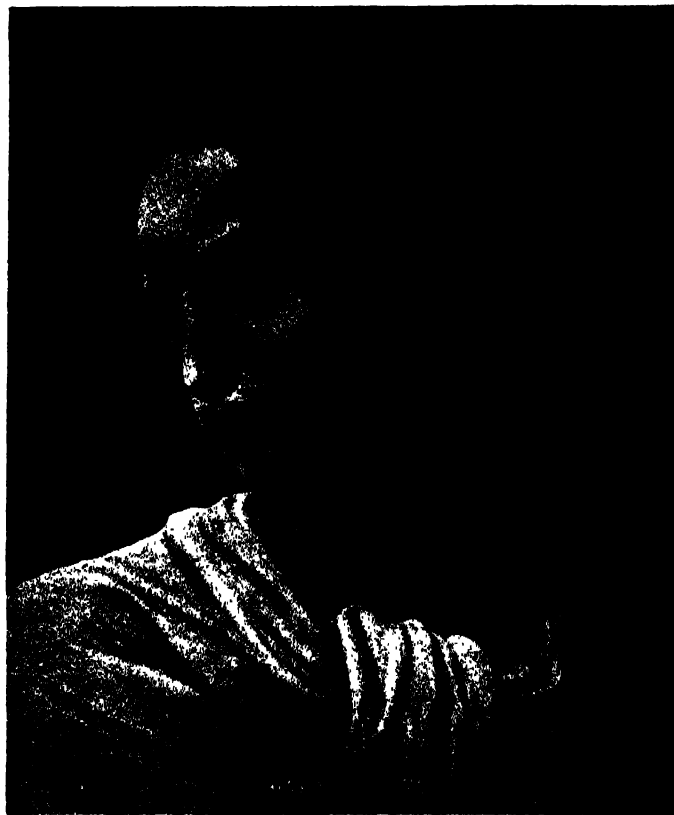
"At no period of my life was I ever what men call intemperate. I never was in the *habit* of intoxication. I never drank drams. But, for a brief period, while I resided in Richmond and edited the *Messenger*, I certainly did give way, at long intervals, to the temptation field out on all sides by the spirit of Southern conviviality. . . . It is now quite four years since I have abandoned every kind of alcoholic drink. . . . My sole drink is water."

At the death of his beloved wife Poe's habits degenerated and at intervals he was absolutely insane; driven so by drink, acting upon a highly sensitive mind and upon a frame physically weakened by actual want. With all the strength of body and mind left to him, the

unfortunate man strove to resist temptation; as he wrote to a beloved friend:

"The terrible agony which I have so lately endured—an agony known only to my God and to myself—seems to have passed my soul through fire and purified it from all that is weak. Henceforward I am strong:—this those who love me shall see—as well as those who have so relentlessly endeavoured to ruin me."

The number of talented women who befriended Poe, especially during the last few years of his life, is remarkable. Stedman pointed out that towards women Poe had "a kind of chivalry, from his childhood, attached to his conception of them"; and Poe was fond of quoting Puckle's dictum, "A well-bred man never gives himself the liberty to speak ill of women." Poe always paid deference to women socially, or as a critic, in the latter capacity often rendering them more praise than they were entitled to. He frequently imparted such intensity of language to his expression of gratitude or admiration that his meaning has been misunderstood by those unacquainted with the fervour of his style, but those who know the poet's true nature agree with Mrs. Osgood, that during the last few years of his life his affection was never diverted from his wife. "I believe she was the only woman whom he ever truly loved," said the lady, and she refers to his last poetic work, "Annabel Lee," written in memory of his wife, as a touching proof of his lasting affection for her. "It is utterly false," wrote Mrs. Clemm, his wife's mother, "the report of his being faithless or unkind to her. He was devoted to her until the last hour, as all our friends can testify." "How happy we three were in our beautiful home!" (at Fordham), she exclaimed. Mrs. Osgood was a woman calculated to arouse admiration by her mental and physical charms. "Not to write poetry,



From a painting. By permission
of Miss Amelia F. Poe.

**Virginia, wife of
Edgar Allan Poe.**



Frances Sargent Osgood.

"Mrs. Osgood, who undoubtedly knew more of the poet's innermost feelings during the last five years of his life than any person outside his domestic circle, said of his wife, 'I believe she was the only woman whom he ever truly loved.'"

(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)

not to act it, think it, dream it, be it, is entirely out of her power," declared Poe, whilst the lady's feelings for him may be gauged by her lines in the *Broadway Journal*, "To —"

"In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heartstrings are a lute."—EDGAR POE.

"I cannot tell the *world* how thrills my heart
To every touch that flees thy lyre along ;
How the wild Nature and the wondrous Art
Blend into Beauty in thy passionate song—
But this I *know*—in thine enchanted slumbers
Heaven's poet, Israel—with minstrel fire—
Taught thee the music of his own sweet numbers
And tuned—to chord with his—thy glorious lyre."

Poe's wife, the innocent Virginia, was as fond of Mrs. Osgood as was the poet, and besought her, when about to travel for her health, to continue to correspond with Edgar, as she deemed her influence had a beneficial effect upon him. Mrs. Osgood treated with scorn the slanders uttered against Poe, and when it is known that a rival for the lady's friendship was Rufus Griswold, it will be understood that they were but too frequently spoken in her hearing.

Of the many ladies who interested themselves in the welfare of Poe and his household, none was less selfish or more helpful than Mrs. Shew. She knew nothing of his literary work or repute, but when told he was in distress, at once gave of her best. From the day she first saw the suffering family, she became their guardian angel. She ministered to the comfort of the dying and the living. The last moments of the fair young wife, who was passing away in consumption, were soothed by her

aid. Mrs. Clemm wrote to this good Samaritan: "But for your timely aid, we should have had no last words—no loving messages—no sweet farewells, for she ceased to speak (from weakness) but with her beautiful eyes." The gratitude with which the poet regarded Marie Louise Shew is displayed in the lines "To M—— L—— S——," to her to whom he owed—

"The resurrection of deep buried faith,
In Truth—in Virtue—in Humanity."

Poe, especially after his wife's death, could not exist without some kind woman's advice and sympathy. Not long after worldly cares had called Mrs. Shew's attention to other spheres of work, the poet's thoughts were attracted by the writings of Mrs. Whitman. In a lecture he gave on "The Female Poets of America," he assigned to her "pre-eminence in refinement of heart, enthusiasm, imagination, and genius, properly so called." Poe was not personally acquainted with her, but rumour averred that after delivery of his lecture, wandering at midnight near where she lived, he beheld her walking in a garden, and he is supposed to have furnished some authority for the incident in his lines,

"I saw thee once—once only—years ago."

An exchange of verses ultimately led to an introduction and a correspondence, on Poe's part of a most impassioned character. The two poets were engaged to be married conditionally, but Poe was accused, falsely or not, of having broken the terms of their

contract, and the lady reclaimed her promise. Although Poe, not without reason, deemed Helen Whitman to have used him ungenerously, the lady herself never forgot that he had been her affianced lover and the object of her devotion. To the last days of her life she treasured the memorials of his admiration, and her home was as "a Mecca of the mind" to all who revered the works and words of the author of "The Raven." The most beautiful offering at the shrine of his genius



From a sketch
by R. F. P.

Mrs. Whitman.



After a pencil sketch.

Mrs. Marie Louise Shew.

"The last days of the poet's wife had been soothed by Mrs. Shew, and the final care of the dead lady's remains was undertaken by that same friend."
(From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by John H. Ingram.)



From a photograph. By permission of Miss Anucha F. Poe.

Judge Neilson Poe,

Cousin of Edgar Allan Poe, who befriended Poe in his later years and was with him at his death.

is Helen Whitman's little book, "Edgar Poe and his Critics."

Probably no one save his "lost Lenore" ever aroused Poe's feelings so deeply as did the lady known as "Annie." His friendship for her, his "dear, true sister," and the aid and sympathy of her family, constituted the brightest beam of happiness in his lonesome latter years. To this congenial and appreciative spirit the poet indited his "most musical, most melancholy" lines, "For Annie," and in his last letter home to Mrs. Clemm was a message of faith and gratitude for "Annie." The lasting impression he made upon

the lady's mind was most favourable, and she declared to me her belief that "he was incapable of a mean or dishonourable act towards any human being." After Poe's death "Annie" was a true friend to his "more than mother," Mrs. Clemm, and gave her a home as long as she desired it.



From a daguerrotype.

**Elmira Royster
(Mrs. Shelton).**

When Poe's engagement with Helen Whitman was broken off, he went South on literary affairs. At Richmond he learnt that his first love, Elmira, was a widow. He called upon her, and in a little while renewed his addresses. She asked time for consideration, but with his usual impetuosity Poe declared, "a love that hesitated was not a love for me." They became engaged. A few weeks later, just before the wedding bells should have rung out their "golden notes," the poet met with an untimely fate. The end came suddenly. Poe's troubled spirit passed away on October 7, 1849.

THE LIFE-STORY OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BY MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

THERE are few modern poets of whom so little is known as the brilliant and erratic genius who first saw the light on January 19, 1809. This ignorance arises not so much from lack of information as from the amount of false information that has been given to the world by Griswold and other of his early biographers. They would have had us believe that Poe was a dissolute being, the child of a couple of

strolling players, who inherited his parents' vagrant and unsatisfactory habits of life.

There is a grain of truth in this story, as there is in most misstatements; but it is not the less misleading on that account. The poet's mother was certainly an actress, touring in the States at the time of her marriage with David Poe, but she was a clever and beautiful Englishwoman, and her husband was well born. His

grandfather, John Poe, was descended from one of Cromwell's Irish officers who went to Pennsylvania in 1745; and his father, who fought in the War of Independence, was an Assistant Quartermaster-General in the United States Army.

David's marriage so displeased his father that he was forbidden the house, and the struggles and privations that he and his young wife endured ended in their early death. The little Edgar Allan, not three years old at the time of his parent's death, was adopted by his godfather, from whom he had received his second name. There can be no doubt that he inherited from his paternal stock the Celtic characteristics of which he speaks in "William Wilson," a tale which is to some extent autobiographical:

"I am the descendant of a race whose imagination and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable, and in my earliest infancy I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed, becoming for many years a source of serious disquietude to my friends and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. My voice was a household law."

It was whilst he was at school in England that Poe came under the care of Dr. Bransby, who found him not a "bad" boy in the ordinary sense of the term; he needed wise watching and careful discipline, certainly, but his caprices and passions sprang from genius and not from depravity. How naturally and purely spiritual his youthful passions were is evidenced by the verses "To Helen," which were written after his return to America.

As nearly as can be ascertained, Poe was fourteen when he first saw Mrs. Stannard; she was the mother of one of his school-fellows, and her beauty and the sweet welcome with which she received him at her house thrilled him with an instant admiration, or rather, an adoration:

'Helen, thy beauty is to
me
Like those Nicean barks of
yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed
sea
The weary, way-worn wan-
derer, bore
To his own native
shore.

"On desperate seas long wont
to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic
face,

Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
To the grandeur that was Rome.

"Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand;
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!"

This is not love; it is a purely imaginative devotion, and yet it is not the outcome of imagination alone. Real grief can only be aroused by real passion, and when Mrs. Stannard soon afterwards died, the boy haunted her grave for months, weeping over it in an anguish of regret for all that he had lost, drowning his soul, as it were, in a wild melancholy the echoes of which are plainly heard in his later lyrics.

The statement that Poe was expelled from college has been frequently repeated since it was made by his first biographer, Griswold, and it is not surprising that a movement should have been set on foot by the members of the University of Virginia, with the object of clearing his name. The University librarian, as far back as 1869, made an exhaustive search among the records, and stated that although Poe left without taking a degree, he had already passed several successful examinations, and that as no entry of his expulsion could be found, it was certain that he was not expelled. What happened at this period of his career remains a mystery. What is really known is, that after an absence from home, he returned in February, 1829, to find that his adoptive mother was dead; and his godfather's speedy second marriage led to his expulsion from home. Brought up as the heir to great wealth, petted, spoiled,

and encouraged in expensive tastes, allowed, as he himself says, to make his voice "a household law," he now suddenly found himself penniless and with absolutely no prospect open to him. He resolved to earn his living by writing, and with the need of womanly sympathy which was so marked a feature in his character, he went to Baltimore in the year 1833 to make his home with his widowed aunt, Mrs. Clemm.

Mrs. Clemm had a lovely young daughter, Virginia, who was at once the playmate and pupil of her cousin, and in the year 1835, when he was twenty-eight and she was fourteen, they were married.

One of the darkest accusations made against the



From a unique photographic copy of a destroyed daguerrotype, circa autumn, 1842.

Edgar Allan Poe.

poet is that by his unbridled passions and his propensity to drink, he broke his child-wife's heart, that he squandered the pittance that should have provided her dying hours with comforts, and that he wounded her loving nature by his continual neglect. But if this accusation were true, it is scarcely possible that Mrs. Clemm would have been devoted to him through life, nor that in death she would have desired to be laid beside her "darling Eddy." The correct account of the matter is probably given by Mr. Graham, the proprietor of the magazine for which Poe wrote during several years:

"Poe's love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering round her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born, her slightest cough causing him a shudder, a heart-chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain."

The description given by a friend of the last days of Virginia's life might have inspired the well-known scene in "La Bohème":

"Everything was so neat, so purely clean, so scant and so poverty-stricken, that I saw the poor sufferer with such a heart-ache! There was no clothing on the bed (which was only straw, but a snow white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-

coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat on her bosom. This wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness; the coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

In reading these accounts, the question naturally arises. How is it that Poe had fallen into this state of abject poverty? From the time that he had gained the prize of a hundred dollars offered for the best story by the proprietors of the *Saturday Visitor*, he should have had little difficulty in finding employment. His contributions to Graham's magazine brought the circulation up from five to fifty-two thousand, and Mr. Graham spoke of him as "the soul of honour in all his transactions." His severance with the magazine was entirely his own act; it was apparently impossible for him to submit to the trammels of regular occupation, and Mrs. Clemm undertook the office of his literary agent.

"She was the sole servant, keeping everything clean," writes Captain Mayne Reid, "the sole messenger, doing the errands, making pilgrimages between the poet and his publishers, frequently bringing back such chilling responses as, 'The article not accepted,' or, 'The cheque not to be given till such and such a day.' No reproaches ever passed Mrs. Clemm's lips, either during her son-in-law's life nor after his death. 'I attended to his literary business,' was her statement to a friend, 'for he, poor fellow! knew nothing about money transactions. How should he, brought up in luxury and extravagance? He passed the first part of the morning in his study, and after



From a photograph taken for the collection of Mr. J. H. Ingram.

Residence of Mr. Allan, Poe's godfather, who adopted the boy on the death of his parents.



From a miniature.

Mrs. David Poe,

Edgar Allan Poe's mother.

he had finished his task for the day, he worked in our beautiful flower - garden and read and recited poetry to us. Every one who knew him intimately, loved him.' "

But Poe's unbusiness-like habits were not the only cause of his distress. His caustic temper made him an ever-widening circle of foes, and his finest productions were so miser-

ably rewarded that "The Raven" is said to have brought its author no more than the sum of two pounds.

Though those who knew him best found most excuses for him, there can be no doubt that his way of life *did* need excuse, and in the following letter to a friend (for the use of which, as of other matter concerning Poe's life and work, I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. John H. Ingram) he gives the explanation of his irregularities :

" You say, can you hint to me what was the terrible evil that caused the irregularities so profoundly lamented ? Yes, I can do more than hint. This evil was the greatest that can befall a man. Six years ago, a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved wife before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of ; I took leave of her for ever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped ; at the end of a year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. Then again and again, and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death, and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane—with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank—God only knows how often and how much. As a matter of course my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure when I found one in the death of my wife. This I can and do endure as becomes a man. It was the horrible, never-ending oscillation between hope and despair which I could not longer have endured without total loss of reason. In the death of what was my life, then, I received a new but, O God, how melancholy an existence ! "

A man's own account of himself is not always to be trusted, but the testimony of Poe's friends shows his extraordinary susceptibility. Mrs. Shew was the one

most capable of understanding his case, for she was a qualified doctor, and she made the following notes while helping to nurse him after his wife's death :

" I decided that in his best health he had lesion of one side of the brain, and as he could not bear stimulants or tonics without producing insanity, I did not feel much hope that he could be raised up from brain fever brought on by extreme suffering of mind and body—actual want and hunger and cold having been borne by this heroic husband in order to supply food, medicine, and comforts to his dying wife."

Her description of the composition of " The Bells " shows the unnatural condition of his brain. Coming one day to her house, he told her that he had a poem to write, but that he had " no feeling, no sentiment, no inspiration." She gave him some tea in the conservatory, and on his complaining of the noise of the bells which were ringing in the neighbouring church tower, she wrote on the paper before him :

" THE BELLS.

By E. A. POE.

The bells, the little silver bells."

He seized the pen from her and finished the poem without hesitation, but immediately on its completion he fell into a state of exhaustion.

" My brother took him to his own room, where he slept twelve hours and could scarcely recall the evening's work. This showed his mind was injured, nearly gone from want of food and from disappointment. He had not been drinking, and had only been a few hours from home. Evidently his vitality was low and he was nearly insane ; while he slept we studied his pulse and found the same symptoms which I had so often noticed before. We called in Dr. Francis, who said, ' He has heart disease, and will die early in life.' "

This calm and sensible woman advised her patient to take a calm and sensible remedy :

" I did not expect him to live long ; I knew that organic disease had been gaining on his physical frame through the many trials and privations of his eventful life. I told him that nothing could, or would save him from sudden death but a prudent life of calm with a woman fond enough and strong enough to manage his affairs for him."

From a daguerrotype,
circa autumn, 1842.**Edgar Allan Poe**

**"The Devil in the Belfry."**

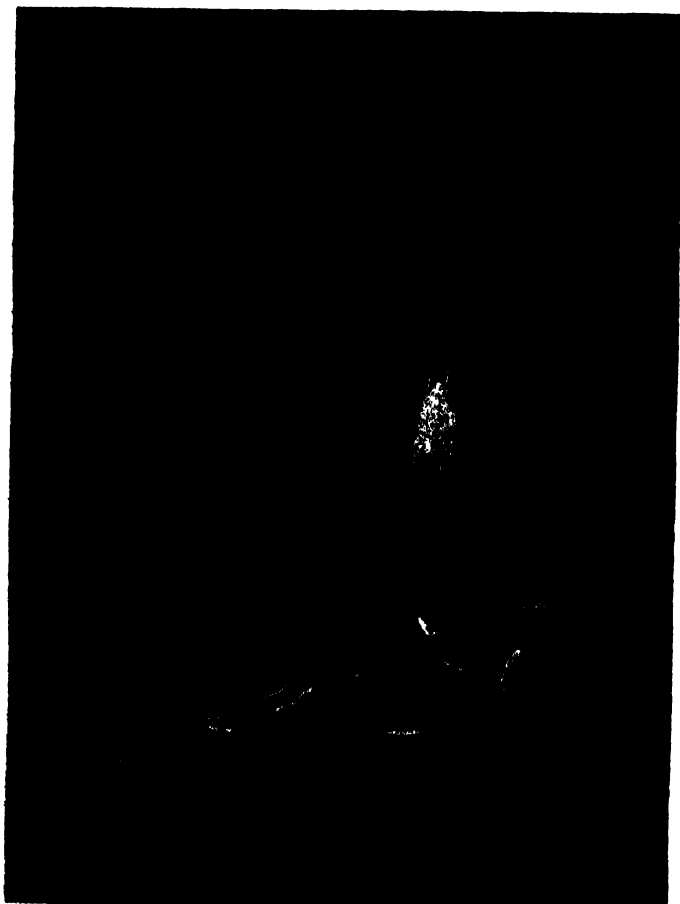
"The little chap . . . clapped the big *chapeau-de-bras* upon his head, knocked it down over his eyes and mouth; and then, lifting up the big fiddle, beat him with it."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

**"Metzengerstein."**

"Clearing at a single plunge the gate-way and the moat, the steed bounded far up the tottering staircase of the palace, and, with its rider, disappeared amid the whirlwind of chaotic fire."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

**"The Pit and the Pendulum."**

"Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

**"The Murders in the Rue Morgue."**

"As the sailor looked in the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair. . . . With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF E. A. POE'S STORIES.

(From the collection of Mr. John H. Ingram.)



From an old print

**Western aspect of the University of Virginia
as it was when Poe was a student.**

By most heart-broken husbands this advice would have been looked upon as an insult, but Poe viewed the matter in a different light; to him, inconstancy was a proof of constancy, a paradox which he sets forth in the story called "Eleonora."

"She whom I loved in youth," he says, "and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelt together beneath a tropical sun, in the valley of the Many-Coloured Grass."

But a blighting touch fell upon Eleonora, and as she faded away, she wept to think that her lover would forget her after she was gone.

"And then and there I hurriedly threw myself at her feet and offered up a vow to herself and to Heaven that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of Earth, that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the mighty Ruler of the Universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of him and of her should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here."

To most men, under these circumstances, a second marriage would have been an impossibility, or, at any rate, could only have been entered upon by the abjuration of the vow; but Poe was able to discover a third course—the forming of a new union would not destroy but fulfil the old, and he therefore entered upon it as a duty:

"What indeed was my passion for the young girl of the Valley in comparison with the fervour and the delirium and the spirit-lifting ecstasy of adoration with which I poured out my whole soul at the feet of the ethereal Ermengarde? I wedded, nor dreaded the curse I had invoked, and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And once—but once again, in the silence of the night, there came through my lattice the soft sighs that had forsaken me, and they modelled themselves into a familiar and sweet voice, saying, 'Sleep in peace! For the spirit of love reigneth and ruleth, and in taking to thy passionate heart

her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven of thy vows to Eleonora.'"

But the love into which he plunged for Helen Whitman was not only the fulfilment of his love for Virginia, it was also to him the fulfilment of his love for Helen Stannard, and in the lines which he addressed to her, he declares that he felt it a "duty" to love her.

After Virginia's death a friend persuaded Mrs. Whitman to send Poe some of her verses, a gift which he at once acknowledged in a letter in which he told that ever since he had first heard of her, "your unknown heart had seemed to pass into my bosom."

"Judge, then, with what shuddering, overwhelming joy, I received the Valentine which gave me to see that you knew me to exist. I wished to contrive some means of acknowledging, without wounding you by seeming directly to acknowledge, my sense of the honour you had conferred upon me. To accomplish as I wished it precisely what I wished, seemed impossible, however, and I was on the point of abandoning the idea, when my eyes fell upon a volume of my own poems, and then the lines I had written in my passionate boyhood to the first purely ideal love of my soul, to the Helen Stannard of whom I told you, flashed upon my recollection. They expressed not only all that I would have said of your person, but all that of which I most wished to assure you in the lines commencing 'On desperate seas long wont to roam.' Think of the rare agreement of names, and you will no longer wonder that to one accustomed as I am to the Calculus of Possibilities, they wore an air of positive miracle. I yielded at once to an overwhelming sense of fatality."

At the time that he sent this he had not been introduced to her, but they no sooner met than he found himself carried away by a flood of emotion. He wrote:

"As you entered the room, pale, hesitating, and evidently oppressed at heart, as your eyes rested for one brief moment upon mine, I felt for the first time in my life the existence of spiritual influences altogether out of the reach of reason. I saw that you were Helen, my



From a contemporary engraving.

Poe's College at Fordham.



From daguerreotype taken in 1849.

Edgar Allan Poe.

Helen, the Helen of a thousand dreams she whom the great Giver of all good had preordained to be mine, mine only, if not now, alas! then hereafter and for ever in the Heavens!"

It was not much wonder that Mrs. Whitman shrank from the addresses of this strange and vehement lover; for a while she held back, deterred alike by her own misgivings and by the warnings of her friends, and in a frenzy of feeling he went to the house and besought her to have pity on him. His excitement was so great that her mother sent for a doctor, who carried him off for the administration of a course of treatment. This incident was afterwards misrepresented by Griswold in his *Life of Poe*, and Mrs. Whitman published an indignant denial. Whatever there may have been to forgive, she readily forgave; and on condition that he promised never again to touch the intoxicants that acted like poison on his sensitive frame, she agreed to marry him. Every arrangement was made for the wedding, and Mrs. Clemm, who seems to have fully approved, was waiting to welcome her son-in-law's bride; but when Poe went to Mrs. Whitman's house, she met him with the announcement that she had been told he had broken the promise he had so solemnly made, and that the marriage could never take place.

The blow was a terrible one. Poe's friends did their best to help and comfort him, but the end was now near at hand. On October 2, 1849, he went to Baltimore. Before leaving

he had complained of feeling unwell, and it is supposed that he took a sedative and fell into a state of stupor. It was election time, corruption and bribery were rife and votes were openly bought and sold; Poe was seized upon by ruffians, drugged, carried from one polling-booth to another until he had been made to vote in as many as eleven different wards, and then flung out into the streets. He was found by some passers-by, picked up and taken to the hospital, where he died in two or three days.

The tale is best told in Mrs. Clemm's words. When news of his death reached her, she wrote thus of Edgar Poe to a friend who had known many of her troubles:

"Neilson Poe of Baltimore has written to me and says he died of congestion of the brain, and not of what the vile, vile newspapers accuse him. He had many kind friends with him, and was attended to the grave by the *literati* of Baltimore. Severe excitement (and no doubt some imprudence) brought this on; he never had one interval of reason. Some of the papers, indeed nearly all, do him justice. But this, my dear Annie, will not restore him. Never, oh! never, will I see those dear, lovely eyes. I feel so desolate, friendless, and alone!"

The keenest grief of Mrs. Clemm's closing years was the use that Mr. Griswold made of the letters and papers that she had unreservedly put into his hands. Many of the accusations which his book contained were merely the repetition of ill-natured slander; but the lines in which he sums up the poet's character show that he entirely misunderstood the man of whom he wrote:

"Poe's harsh experience had deprived him of all faith in men and women: he had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole

kindest - dearest friend - My poor Virginia still lives, although failing fast and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again! Her bosom is full to overflowing - like my own - with a boundless - inexpressible gratitude to you. Lest she may never see you more - she bids me say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love and will die blessing you. But come - oh come to-morrow! Yes, I will be calm - everything you so nobly wish to see me. My mother sends you, also, her warmest love and thanks. She begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrangements at home so that you may stay with us to-morrow night. I enclose the order to the Postmaster. Heaven bless you and farewell

*Indham,
Jan. 29. 47.*

Edgar A. Poe.

Facsimile of a Letter by Edgar Allan Poe.



"The Raven."

From "Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.
(G. Bell & Sons.)

system, with him, was an imposture. He had to a morbid extent that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve, succeed—that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-esteem."

Such censure is altogether beside the mark; it would have been well for Poe if he had had a stronger wish to succeed—a little wholesome ambition would have been a very effective spur to action; but as he himself said, poetry was not a purpose with him, but a passion. Professor Harrison, in his book "New Glimpses of Poe," published in the United States in 1901, speaks of the poet as "a human opal," and says, "The Hamlet-like nature of the man, with its unsteady purpose, its poetic flickerings, its strange logic and boundless inconsequence, makes him a unique psychological study truly Shakespearean in the multiplicity of its facets and angles." It is this "Hamlet-nature" that gives the life and the writings of Poe a never-failing interest; cast adrift in a world too hard for him, he struggled, sorrowed, sinned, and repented, while his whole being was tinged with a sadness that was not less real because he deliberately turned it to poetic uses.

"The tone of the highest manifestation of Beauty is sadness," he says in his "Philosophy of Composition." "Beauty of whatever kind in its supreme development



"The Raven."

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invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all poetical tones. Of all melancholy topics, I asked myself, what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy? Death, was the obvious reply. 'And when,' I said, 'is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?' The answer here is also obvious. 'When it most closely allies itself to beauty.' The death, then, of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world, and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such a topic are those of a bereaved lover."

Poe is here telling the story of the composition of "The Raven," but the same strain of poetic melancholy runs through many other of his poems, "Ulalume," "The Haunted Palace," "The City in the Sea," "The Vale of Unrest," etc., and perhaps finds its most perfect expression in the lines "To One in Paradise."

This inherent sadness is a recurring note through the whole of Poe's writings; in the stories, as in the poems, you walk almost always under the shadow of death, but in the stories he reveals less of the melancholy and the beauty of death than of the grim mystery, the agonies, the grotesque horrors, the tragedy and the terror of it. His weirdest, uncanniest imaginings are built up with such a Defoe-like, matter-of-fact, detailed realism that the impossible grows into probability, the marvellous puts on a face of every-day truth and seems perversely natural and real when it is least so. "The Gold Bug"

has been the germ of hundreds of tales of treasure-hunts and puzzling cyphers; there are foreshadowings of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in "William Wilson"; M. Dupin of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" is a wonderful ancestor of Sherlock Holmes; the "MS. found in a Bottle" has had a long line of descendants that have been found in

other bottles. It is no exaggeration to say that Poe has influenced, more or less, most of the world's great short-story writers, those of France and England and Germany in particular. America has produced no poet of higher imaginative power or more original genius: he is greater than all but one of her writers of stories, and not second even to Hawthorne.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF POPULAR NOVELISTS.

BY AN ANONYMOUS NOVELIST, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, SIR GILBERT PARKER, F. FRANKFORT MOORE,
GEORGE R. SIMS, PERCY WHITE, SILAS HOCKING, EDGAR JEPSON, CUTCLIFFE HYNE,
H. C. BAILEY, JOHN GALSWORTHY, THOMAS COBB, BERNARD CAPES,
JOSEPH HOCKING, JOHN OXENHAM, AND CHARLES MARRIOTT.

ONE man's hard lot is another's man's bed of roses, and the same steak may be both tender and tough, according to whether the eater is really hungry or whether he is merely making a meal as usual because it is meal-time. Poverty, suffering, luxury, privation, are all, of course, relative terms, and, in a sense, the agony may be equally intense whether one crudely starves to death or dies of a rose in aromatic pain.

But when we talk of the early struggles of the literary aspirant there is a pretty common understanding that the struggle is an all-round reality. We think at once, say, of Goldsmith pawning his new suit to pay arrears of rent to a weeping landlady; we remember how he lived in his garret, "writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score," and how, after eleven years of drudgery as a hack-writer, he thought himself well paid when, at the age of forty, he received sixty pounds for "The Vicar of Wakefield." We do not consider Trollope much of a struggler, though he received less than two hundred pounds in all for his three first novels; but we think of Hood; of Stevenson's modest beginnings; of poor Gissing's difficult career; or are confronted with the statement, that Mr. Gardiner repeats in his "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," to the effect that the largest sum George Meredith has ever received for a novel is £400.

With these preconceived notions of what is before the young writer when he sets out to live the literary life, it is more bewildering than comforting to come upon such a passage as this in Mr. Hall Caine's new book, "My Story":

"But thinking it may cheer the beginner who is trudging through the dark ways of the literary life, knee-deep in disappointments, to see how stiff a struggle it was to me, I will gladly show how modest were my earnings during many of my earlier years.

"I had been working on the *Mercury* for some time at about two hundred pounds a year, eked out by perhaps a hundred more from the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*, when I began to write my first novel. Soon I found myself crippled by want of leisure, and was compelled to realise that I must either abandon my hope of becoming

a novelist or curtail my energies—and therefore my earnings—as a journalist. It was a serious crisis, for, taking my heart in both hands, I had married in the meantime, and had other responsibilities. But after serious deliberation with my wife, hardly knowing where we were or what leap in the dark we were making, with infinite misgiving and most natural if ludicrous nervousness, I wrote to my editor in Liverpool asking him to reduce my salary!

"... My salary was reduced by half, and I wrote and published my first novel. Then my modest success as an author emboldened me to think that I could live without journalism at all; and having ceased to write on the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* from a conviction that the man who wrote books had no right to review books, I resigned the remaining half of my position on the *Mercury*... and I trust I do not reveal a fact which will shock the proprietors of the paper, among whom is my friend and colleague Egerton Castle, when I say that during the last year of my connection with the *Mercury* I received my half salary without writing, so far as I remember, a single line.

"Meanwhile, however, I was casting my bread on the waters with rather reckless prodigality, for it was not immediately that my fiction made up to me for the loss of journalism. I had been paid a hundred pounds for my first story as a serial, but when I came to publish the book all I could get was seventy-five pounds for the copyright out-and-out. For my second book I fared only a little better; and for my third, my first Manx story, 'The Deemster,' which contained the work of a laborious year, plus the Manx lore acquired during eighteen years of my youth, I received one hundred and fifty pounds in all."

This may or may not be hardship, but, at least, in the strength of it, one may congratulate Mr. Hall Caine on the obvious fact that he has never sojourned in Grub Street. If we were at liberty to tell plain tales and give names, we could tell of living authors, men of brilliant literary capacities, who have made out of three or four novels of unquestionable merit less than Mr. Hall Caine received for his first book, and who, abandoning the writing of fiction because, good as their work admittedly was, it did not catch the popular fancy, are to this day earning small and precarious incomes from journalism. Knowing these things and how more

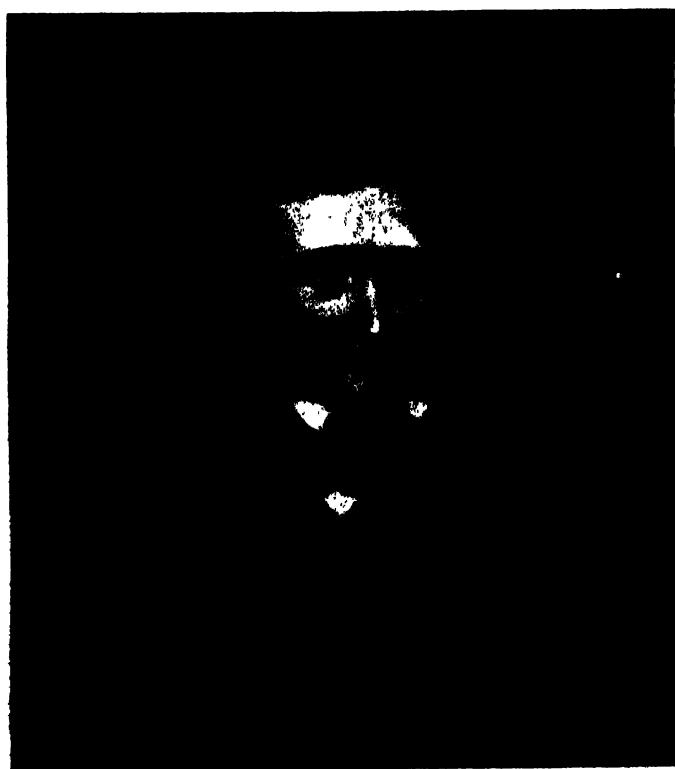
than likely it was that a rude awakening must await the literary beginner who accepted Mr. Hall Caine's experiences as typical of the hard struggle that lay ahead of him, we put the question to a number of successful and popular novelists, who have been kind enough to send us their opinions or some note of their personal history. Unfortunately, we are not able to publish all these; in several cases the writer, whilst emphatically denying that Mr. Hall Caine's story represents anything of a "stiff struggle," desires that his communication should be regarded as confidential. But the following are sufficiently representative; the first being written by a very well-known and now popular novelist who consents to our printing his communication but, because he has written so frankly of his private affairs, asks us to withhold his name.

A REAL "STIFF STRUGGLE."

In present circumstances it would be very inconvenient for me to say anything for publication about my own experiences in journalism. I may tell you privately that they were much less rosy than Mr. Hall Caine's. I had fifteen years' experience of provincial journalism, and I know that it is quite common for junior reporters to be paid from 25s. to 35s. a week. Multitudes of really clever men are receiving not more than £2 a week, and thinking themselves lucky if they get £2 5s. or £2 10s. For five or six years I did all sorts of work on a provincial daily for 35s. a week. When I got £2, and had to do reviews of books and occasional leading articles, I thought myself in clover. I always felt that my ledger was in the future. For a number of years I was the correspondent of the *Times* and of another

London daily in a great provincial town; at the same time I was on the regular staff of a provincial daily, and I was becoming known as a writer of stories in the magazines, yet I never earned from all these sources more than £150 a year. For my first book I got £10. The book that made my name as a novelist brought me in about £200, and I never got a penny of this sum till ten months after publication. A great deal of extravagant nonsense is talked about the earnings of newspaper men, and it is time somebody told the truth. It is a glorious profession, and I look back upon my journalistic days with real affection, for they formed the most interesting period of my life—far more interesting than being slated by critics!—but it is the hardest of all trades and for the labour exacted the least well paid. This does not mean that newspaper proprietors are mercenary slave-drivers. The competition is tremendous and becomes more pressing every year. Many young fellows go into journalism as though they imagined it was an earthly paradise. It is an everlasting grind, and must be. You are met on all hands by strong, persistent competition, and must keep yourself up to the mark. For twelve years I suppose my average day's work would be from twelve to sixteen hours, and it is the most nerve-exhausting work in the world. You need a constitution of iron, the patience of a saint, and the courage of a martyr. There is no room for young Faint-heart in journalism. If he coddles himself or is flattered at home he is done for. I suppose I should have been better off financially had I been a tinker or a tailor, yet I have no regrets, and would gladly go through it all again if I had a chance. But hard work there must be. When I look back I see the journalistic path strewn with the bones of idlers. It was not that they were all incompetent in the literary sense, but they either could not or would not buckle on their armour for a long, arduous, resolute—and I must add, splendid—fight. They wanted to do only easy things; most of them were theatre or music-hall mad; they could not understand that the true journalist is ready at any moment for all sorts of jobs—and he must be ready, too, not on Monday or Friday, but every day, including Sunday. In early youth I was a shockingly intolerant sectarian in religious matters, but rubbing shoulders with all kinds of Christians knocked that stiffness out of me. For journalism is a magnificent educator. It is the unique training-ground for the novelist. It does not follow, as is too often imagined by indolent fellows who nurture very delusive dreams of a "soft time" (which authorship never is), that every journalist is a potential novelist. This is the curse of many. They read about the vast earnings of Mr. Hall Caine and others, and thinking that story-writing is very easy they allow visions of fame and fortune to enervate them into feeble and uninteresting journalists whom no editor wants. If they will do their work earnestly and well as newspaper men, they will make more assured any higher literary destiny that may be coming to them.

I didn't intend to chatter on at this rate. But if



Engraving from picture by S. S. Osgood in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

Edgar Allan Poe.

there should be anything in this you approve of, you are welcome to use it, but I really must ask you *not* to identify me as the writer of it.

A NOVELIST.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE
endured no hardships.

In my own case I had a small medical practice, so that I can never claim to have endured the absolute hardships which often fall to the lot of the apprentices to literature.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

SIR GILBERT PARKER
on £300 a year.

I do not think an income of £300 a year represents a "stiff struggle" with adversity and for fame and competency. Everything depends upon the standards and conditions of life in which one is moving at the time. There are a great many people who would not think £300 a year represented much anxiety or an unusual combat with circumstances.

GILBERT PARKER.

FRANKFORT MOORE
draws comparisons.

I cannot doubt that many hearts will be wrung by the reading of Mr. Hall Caine's early struggle as described with such pathos by him in his "Story"; but I am not quite so sure that among his most ardent sympathisers he will find many men who had a practical knowledge of journalism and its emoluments twenty-five or thirty years ago. But for the matter of that, I doubt if any young man of indifferent education and only a mercantile training would be able to command, even now-a-days when journalism has become a profession, such a salary as Mr. Hall Caine received. I know for certain that I was for several years on the editorial staff of a newspaper before I earned an income of £200. But then it must not be forgotten that Mr. Hall Caine always possessed the ability of Mr. Hall Caine. Upon the piteous statement that £175 represents the entire sum derived by him from his first novel, any comment involves a consideration of a question of comparison. Compared with the sums earned by Mr. Hall Caine by the publication of a novel now-a-days, £175 is, of course, paltry; but compared with what the majority of authors have made out of a first novel it is not, I venture to think, absolutely contemptible.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

GEORGE R. SIMS
wishes he had felt the "pocket-pinch."

I am afraid that my experiences are not a fair example of the literary struggle.

I had a salary of £600 a year in the City, which I gave up for a time in order to lead what I imagined to be a literary life.

I had secured the privilege of writing a column of



*Photograph from painting by Oscar Hallin
By permission of Miss Amelia F. Poe.*

Edgar Allan Poe.

gossip called "Waifs and Strays" in the *Weekly Dispatch* for which, at first, I received a guinea a week, and on *Fun* I earned on an average £2 a week.

As I did not find this sum sufficient for the joys of life, I went back again to the City and the salary. This meant working in an office from nine till five, and doing my newspaper and magazine work at night, but I did it and remained in the City until my financial success as a playwright had given me an income which enabled me to dispense with a salary.

I struggled for ten years to get a footing in journalism, but though I was then, and always have been, hard up, the bitterness of the pocket-pinch was not part of my experience. I wish it had been—I should have been a better journalist.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

PERCY WHITE
counts Hall Caine's struggle "unheroic."

It seems to me that Mr. Hall Caine marched to success in fiction by the easiest and least discouraging path and that his "dark ways," illumined by the cheerful gleam of a certain £200 a year, are much less sombre than those usually braved by beginners. Well-equipped for the assault, Mr. Caine stormed the citadel of popular success with comparative ease. His public was waiting for him, and all he had to do was to meet it on their common ground.

My own unimportant "struggle" was equally unheroic. After writing in my youth a couple of novels which the publishers wisely rejected, and a short story or two which the magazines amiably printed, I drifted into journalism and, in my spare time, wrote my first published novel, "Mr. Bailey-Martin," which, after

being rejected by most London publishers, was finally issued by Mr. Heinemann. This was my first start. A commonplace writer on commonplace subjects, a commonplace success, on a small scale, has been the result of commonplace effort quite undisturbed by any of those tragic elements which seem to me reserved chiefly for writers of exceptional originality whose talent the public are always slow to recognise.

PERCY WHITE.

SILAS K. HOCKING

thinks Hall Caine had no struggle at all.

I really do not see where Mr. Caine's stiff struggle comes in, nor how his experience can be any encouragement to those who are wading knee-deep in disappointment. According to his own showing he was making £300 a year with his pen when he began to write novels. He sacrificed half his salary on the *Liverpool Mercury*, i.e. £100, so that he might write his first story, for which he got £175, surely not a bad exchange. Most people will be inclined to say, I think, that he had no struggle at all.

A great many fairly successful writers of to-day could tell a very different tale. My own experience, I fear, is scarcely to the point. I have appealed from the first to a particular class, and have only on one or two occasions ventured on a six-shilling novel. My first story brought me £15, and I was very thankful to get that for it. The point with me has always been this: I had no difficulty in getting my first book published. The real struggle—as I know from the crowds of beginners who write to me and send me their MSS. for perusal, as though I had no work of my own to do—the real struggle is when no editor or publisher can be got to take the story, when the poor MS. is returned time after time, and there is no *Liverpool Mercury* or *Athenæum* to fall back upon in the meanwhile. I have never got a quarter of what Mr. Hall Caine has received either at the beginning or since, but I should never think of speaking of my early efforts as a stiff struggle. They proved an easy entrance to a pleasant road.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

EDGAR JEPSON

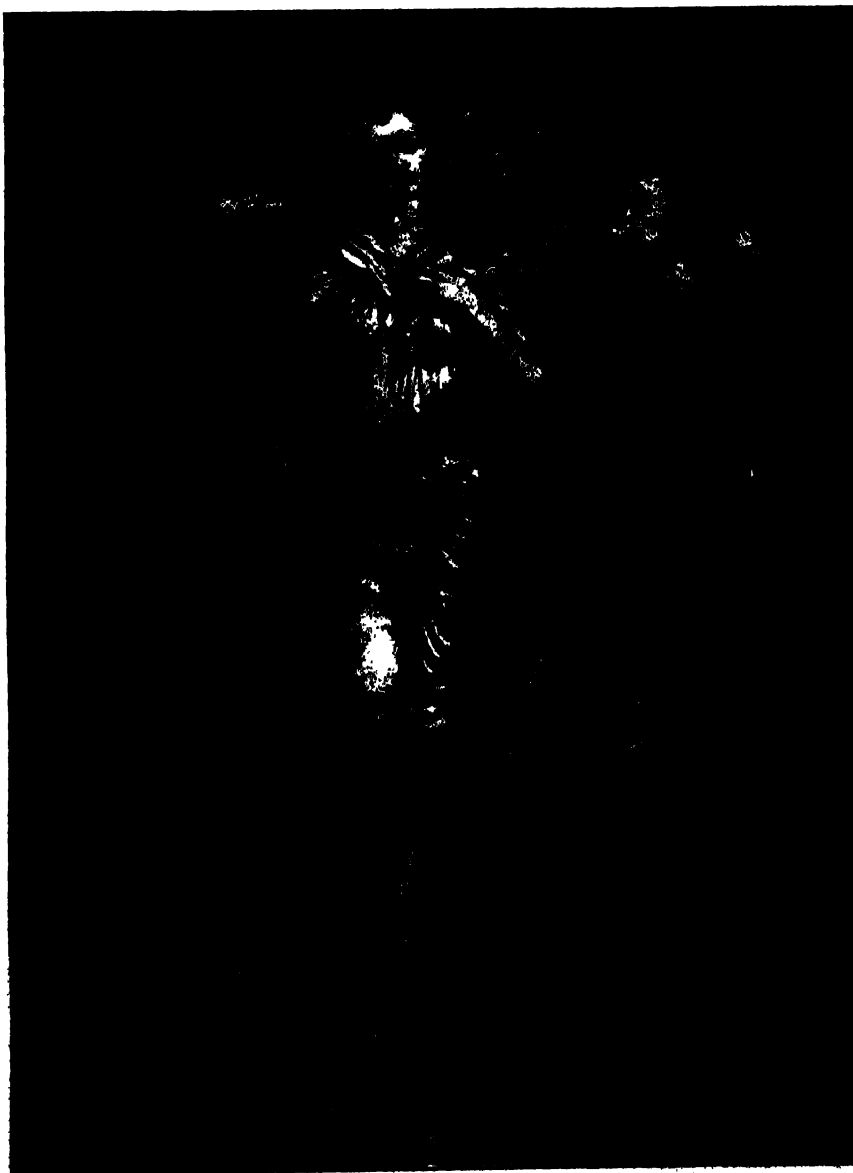
tells of his own earnings.

If Mr. Hall Caine reckons £300 a year a "stiff struggle" for the young novelist, and £175 a poor price for a first novel, he began to write in uncommonly favourable times. The fact is that he began at a time when there was, compared with to-day, very little competition. There

were fewer writers of any kind; there were still fewer novelists. During the twelve years I have been writing novels, I have known the beginnings of a good many living novelists; and I know half a dozen young novelists at the beginning of their career to-day. It is my experience that not one beginner in twenty makes £60 out of his first novel. I believe that £20 is above the average sum made out of a first novel. I would not undertake to find, in a six months' hunt, three young novelists who began by making £300 a year.

You ask what my own experience at the outset was. Out of my first book, "Sybil Falcon," I made exactly nothing at all; out of my second book, "The Passion for Romance," which I am frequently assured is the best book I ever wrote, I made £2 1s. 8d. Out of my first five books I made £175 6s. 0½d. They contain some of the best work I ever did; and I have kept the figures as a warning to young men and women desirous of essaying the gamble of fiction.

Things have indeed changed since Mr. Hall Caine began to write. The life of a novel, under present conditions, is three months; the competition is extra-



"Eulalie."

From "Some Poems of Edgar Allan Poe." (Fear Not Press.)



"Arthur Gordon Pym."

"In five minutes our deck was swept from stem to stern."

From "The Works of E. A. Poe," Edited by John H. Ingram. 4 vols.
(A. & C. Black.)

ordinarily keen; the standard of novels is very much higher. It is very hard indeed even for a good novel to get out of the ruck of good novels of each of which about a thousand copies are sold. The sale of a novel is so much a matter of pure luck that publishers cannot, as business men, give the beginner the prices they did. My advice to the young man who proposes to write novels to make money is that he had much better devote his burning genius to the American markets. That is a pleasanter and easier form of gambling. But of course you get other things out of novel-writing besides money; and if you must write novels—well, you must.

EDGAR JEPSON.

CUTCLIFFE HYNE

made £150 a year after six years' working.

Mr. Hall Caine's statement about his early literary earnings may be true; but do they represent his earnings from the start? Or were they other than literary earnings?

You ask me what mine were. That is easily answered. For the first three years after I came down from Cambridge I worked like a horse at writing, and did not earn a halfpenny. I wrote six long novels,

which did not advance past the manuscript stage. I then descended to writing boys' books, and sold two to Blackie's for something like £30 apiece, and one to Sampson Low's for about the same sum. Not knowing better, I sold the copyright, and I see that Sampson Low have this year reissued the book I sold to them.

I was working six years before I made £150 a year, and during all that time I was travelling about the world, getting material at first hand. Afterwards, I made a good thing out of it.

C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

H. C. BAILEY

cannot see the "stiffness."

I am sorry that I cannot see the "stiffness" of the "struggle" described by Mr. Hall Caine.

As for my own experience, my first novel was written while I was still an undergraduate in the brief intervals of rest provided by a benevolent University. I had therefore no opportunity of sacrificing more remunerative work to its composition. The second publishers who saw the MS. —Messrs. Longmans—bought the serial rights of the book—"My Lady of Orange"—for *Longman's Magazine* and later published it in book form. But I should regard this and any other case of the sale of the serial rights of a first book as rather lucky than typical.

H. C. BAILEY.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

on "Mr. Hall Caine's cheering statement."

Three hundred a year is, on the face of it, a princely beginning for a young man in any profession.

I am afraid that my own literary beginnings were not typical enough for the recital of them to be of any service to the aspirant in letters.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THOMAS COBB

sheds no tears.

All things are relative. In another part of "My Story," Mr. Hall Caine (I quote from memory) writes that no living writer has received larger sums for books than himself; so that comparatively it might appear a "struggle" to live on £300 a year. Although doubtless more than one living writer might be named who has achieved prompt financial success, it must yet be rare indeed to receive £75 for a first novel—to say nothing of the additional £100 for the serial rights. But then Mr. Caine had, I think, already been working at journalism for some time. It is certain that there are a great many well-known contemporary novelists whose books (thanks to the manifold system of the circulating libraries) have thousands of readers, but who have never earned so much as £300 a year and never will. After all, there are other rewards.

THOMAS COBB.

BERNARD CAPES

believes beginners would like to have Hall Caine's complaint.

Thank you for your suggestion; but I feel that any personal comparisons would be indelicate. I can quite understand the submerged literary tenth taking great comfort from that picture of Mr. Caine, the Colossus, labouring knee-deep through the slough in which they are plunged to the necks, and being stimulated thereby to emulate his courage, if they cannot command his stature—the more so as what were a pittance to him, to them were wealth. But perhaps Mr. Caine uses the term "stiff struggle" in the sense of a "stiff glass," meaning something potent and enriching; in which case a famous drawing by Leech is irresistibly suggested to one. An inebriated citizen lies against a lamp-post; a benevolent old lady exclaims, "He's ill, poor gentleman"; a scornful cabby rejoins, "Hill! I on'y wish I'd got arf 'is complaint." I fancy that the average literary beginner would be very well content with a half, or even a quarter, of Mr. Caine's original complaint; but it is possible that I may be deducing from a single instance.

BERNARD CAPES.

JOSEPH HOCKING

shows no sympathy.

It is impossible to give anything like a sufficient answer to your question, seeing I have not read Mr. Hall Caine's new book. Personally I should say that your résumé of his experiences can scarcely be said to describe a stiff struggle. When a man receives £200 a year from one newspaper and "ekes it out with perhaps £100 more" from two others, there is no suggestion of starving in a garret. Many a young writer would regard such an income as wealth.

With regard to my own experiences at the outset of my career, I have but little to say. I commenced writing when I was about twelve years old, and kept on receiving rebuffs until I was about twenty-four. But I have never at any time in my life been dependent upon literature for my income—that is to say, I have always had a profession which at least provided me with bread and cheese. During the earlier years of my literary life I wrote because I loved writing, and not because I expected anything like a remuneration for it.

I should not care to divulge the sum that I received for what I regard as my first novel. It was so ridiculously small and yet the book has sold by many thousands of copies. However, as the publisher has since told me, its publication gave me my chance.

JOSEPH HOCKING.

JOHN OXENHAM

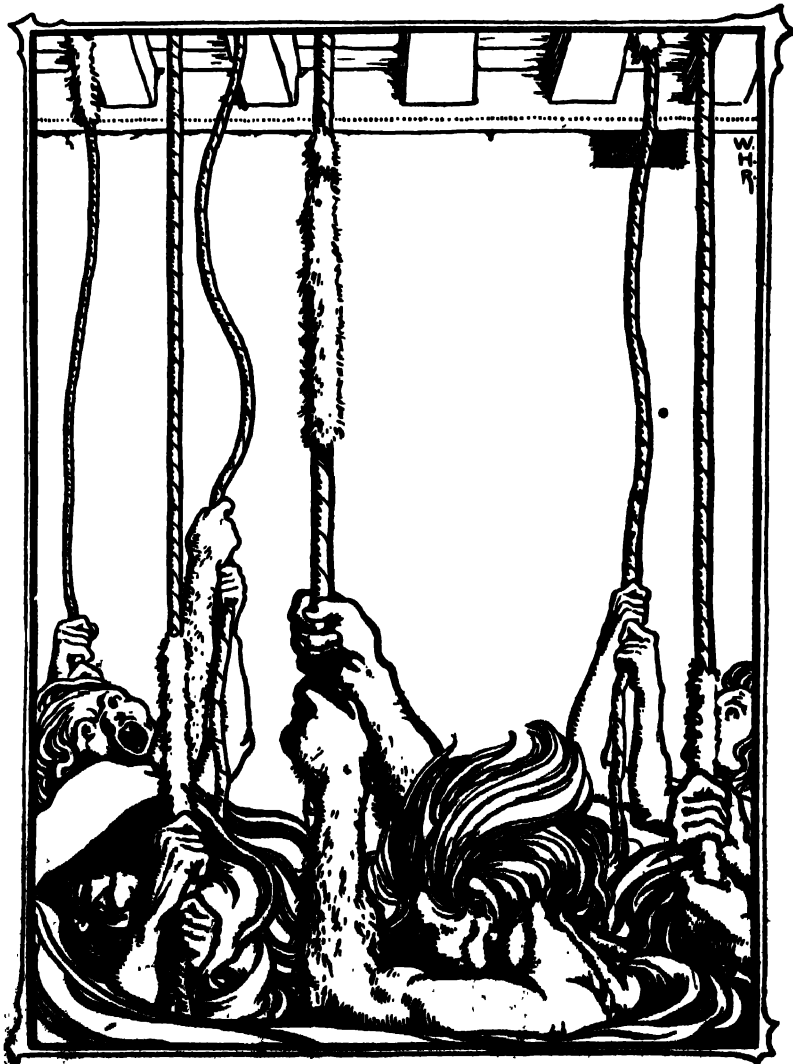
warns the beginner.

Most beginners would, I should say, rejoice, or at all events be extremely well content, to struggle as stiffly as Mr. Hall Caine did on the half of £300 a year with £175 added for their first book.

The struggle has undoubtedly got stiffer since Mr. Hall Caine's early days. If any one who is contemplating attempting a living out of writing wishes to read what I believe to be a true account of the weariness of the strife that may be involved thereby, let him turn to George Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Rycroft," which he can procure anywhere for sixpence. He sums up his own feelings in these grim words: "With a lifetime of dread experience behind me I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to 'literature,' commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority, I would cry this truth aloud wherever men could hear."

Mr. Gissing was possibly somewhat pessimistic at times, but there is, without doubt, truth in his pronouncement.

In my own small case—since you ask about it—I can only repeat what I have said elsewhere. I took to writing of a night as an alternative (please do not let your proof-



"The Bells."

"And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone."

From "Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.
(G. Bell & Sons.)

reader make it alternative 1) to the dull grind of business life, and I wrote for the sheer pleasure of escape into a new world of my own invention, where I could, to some extent at all events, have things a little bit my own way. I was not writing for bread and cheese but for the pleasure of writing. When a time came to choose between writing and the market-place, I had fortunately got a small footing, and cheerfully burning the market-place, I plumped with all my heart for letters thereby taking risks which I sometimes look back upon now with a shiver. The outcome, however, justified me, and has left me grateful. My first year's efforts, I see, brought me in about £25, the next year about £100.

JOHN OXENHAM.

CHARLES MARRIOTT

finds Hall Caine's experience misleading.

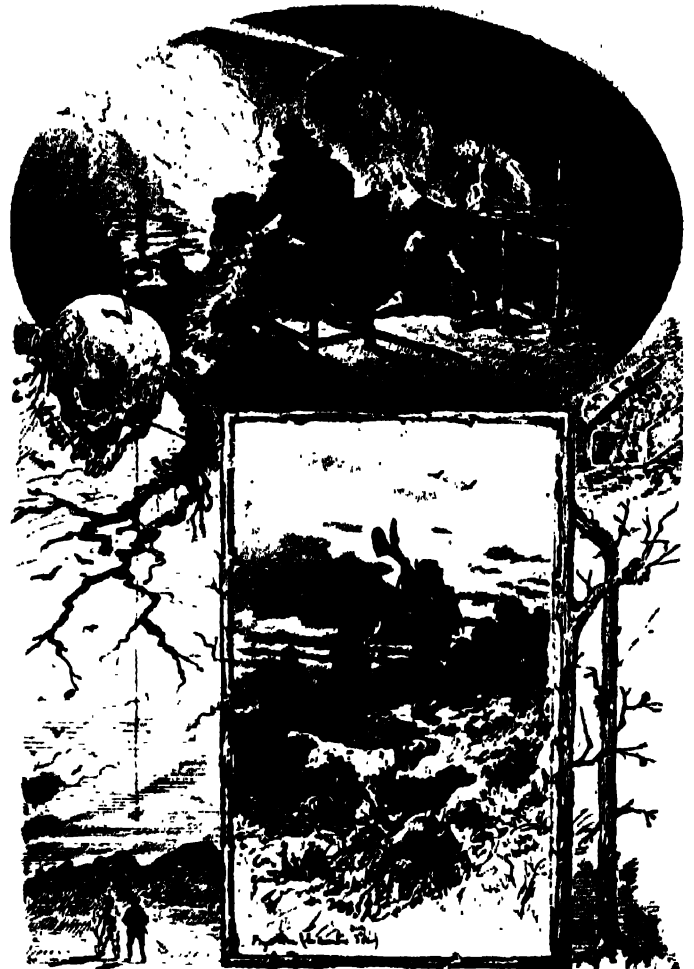
If Mr. Hall Caine calls living on £300 a year a "stiff struggle," it is quite obvious that he doesn't know the meaning of hardship. Anyhow, as a practical guide to the "literary beginner" his experience is almost wickedly misleading. So far from "encouraging" the beginner who has already begun, it is more likely to afflict him as a callous mockery. The man who after



"Hans Pfaall."

"Hans Pfaall himself, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen in a tippling house in the suburbs, having just returned with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)



"The Gold Bug."

"He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention."

(From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.)

five or six years' hard work is making £300 a year by writing may consider himself a very lucky fellow.

With regard to my own experience: I've never done any regular journalism, so that I can only speak as a novelist and writer of occasional articles.

When I wrote my first novel, my wife and I with two children were living not uncomfortably on £150 a year. This took me from nine till six every day to earn by a fairly exhausting occupation, so that I had only the evening for writing. I sold my first novel outright for £25. As it promised to be something of a success my publisher very good-naturedly offered to break the agreement and give me a retaining fee of £60 a year for two years on condition that I gave him the first refusal of the novels I wrote in that period. So that for my first novel I may be said to have received £145—conditionally. I believed, and still believe, that I was exceptionally lucky.

A small legacy enabled me to accept my publisher's offer and give up my employment. For the next two years my actual earnings by writing amounted to £366 13s. 1d. This sum represents two novels, twelve short stories, the same number of miscellaneous articles, and a little reviewing.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

New Books.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW BOOK, "MY AFRICAN JOURNEY."*

BY THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY.

Under the appropriate title of "My African Journey," Mr. Churchill gives us a readable account of the expedition which he made through British East Africa during the latter part of 1907, while still officially connected with the Colonial Office as Under Secretary. The record of his wanderings which he here gives us takes the form of a popular narrative of travel. Facts and figures, as he reminds us in his preface, are already on record in profusion, and—mindful, perhaps, of laborious hours spent in enforced perusal of statistical abstracts and blue-books—he decides to avoid them, a decision for which the reader will doubtless be duly grateful. On two or three occasions only do any figures creep into the narrative, and on one at least of these they would have been better left out, for while we are told at one moment (p. 85) that the Victoria Nyanza is 4,000 ft. above sea level, we are led to infer at the next (p. 129) that its altitude is 3,500 ft. It matters little, however, to the average man whether the height of any particular sheet of water be 3,000 ft. or 5,000 ft.; what he desires is to obtain with as little mental exertion as possible a vivid picture of lands which he will probably never see, but which constitute a not unimportant part of the British Empire.

In Mr. Churchill's book the picture is vividly and attractively drawn. Here and there he employs a somewhat extravagant language to describe matters of insignificant detail, as, for instance, when, having presented a dressing-gown purchased on the outward journey to a local chief in the Lado Enclave, he tells us that "thus the fabrics of Cathay were by the enterprise of Europe introduced into the heart of Africa"; and now and again the party politician peeps out, as when he describes those who preserve game in England "with so much artificial care, and to the inconvenience of other dwellers in a small island," as "perverse and unenterprising folk"; but on the whole there is little to criticise and much to praise in the story which he unfolds.

From Mombasa he carries us along the Uganda Railway—"one slender thread of scientific civilisation, of order, authority and arrangement, drawn across the primeval chaos of the world"—causing us to alight at intervals to accompany him in pursuit of rhinoceros, lion, or pig, to look on at the wildly gyrating figures of a kikuyu war dance, or to take part in a discussion of the questions of the day as they present themselves to the white community of the East African Protectorate. "Every white man in Nairobi," we are told, "is a politician." A distracting medley of problems "confront the visitor in perplexing disarray," of which, *facile princeps*, is that of the white man *versus* the black, and the brown man *versus* both. To this thorny question Mr. Churchill attempts to supply an answer. East Africa, he thinks, can never be a white man's country in the true sense of the word, for proof is wanting that "the pure-bred European can rear his children under the equatorial sun and at an elevation of more than 6,000 ft." The same doubt is expressed later on with regard to Uganda. Here "every white man seems to feel a sense of indefinable oppression. A cut will not heal; a scratch festers. In the third year of residence even a small wound becomes a running sore. . . . Whether it be the altitude, or the downward ray of the equatorial sun, or the insects, or some more subtle cause, there seems to be a solemn veto placed upon the white man's permanent residence in these beautiful abodes."

* "My African Journey." By Winston Churchill, M.P. With 64 illustrations and Maps. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In any case the desire of the white man to make East Africa a white man's country does not bring him into collision with the black aboriginal. The black aboriginal plays an important part in the white man's scheme, for, whatever Mr. Churchill may have said with regard to a similar question in another part of Africa from his political platform in 1906, he here admits that "the white man absolutely refuses to do black man's work."

But the brown man from India is another matter. In all manner of occupations—trading, farming, banking, contracting, engineering, building, accounting—the Asiatic steps in and ousts the European. Here, then, in Equatorial Africa we find waiting for solution a problem—immeasurably complicated by reason of the fact that the brown man from India is himself a British subject—which is at the same time perplexing the statesmen of Great Britain in such different parts of the Empire as Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa. The chances of finding a reasonable solution are, however, greater here than in other countries. The immediate course of sound policy, Mr. Churchill thinks, would seem to lie in reserving the highland areas for exploitation at the hands of the white man, while at the same time encouraging the Asiatic to trade and settle in "the enormous regions of tropical fertility to which he is naturally adapted."

From Nairobi the railway winds through magnificent scenery to the great lake. At Naivasha we are given a glimpse of a Government stock farm and learn how by judicious crossing the progeny of the native sheep "a hairy animal" is being transformed into "the woolled beast of familiar aspect," and that of the humped African cattle into a "respectable British shorthorn."

Beyond the railway lies Uganda. Of its entrancing scenery, its immense productivity, and its attractive people Mr. Churchill writes with undisguised admiration. "The kingdom of Uganda is a fairy tale." In the rich domain between the Victoria and Albert Lakes "an amiable, clothed, polite, and intelligent race dwell together in an organised monarchy." Everything grows here better than it grows anywhere else—cotton, rubber, hemp, cocoa, coffee, tea, oranges, pineapples. "As for our English garden products, brought in contact with the surface of Uganda they simply give a wild bound of efflorescence or fruition, and break their hearts for joy." At first sight, indeed, Uganda appears to be paradise upon earth, and it is not until closer acquaintance is made with this fair country that the dark shadows which overhang it become apparent. Nature resents the intrusion of man, and sends forth her armies in the shape of insects to fight him. The dreaded *Spirillum* tick infests the land and takes satanic delight in spreading the poison of a peculiarly painful fever. But far worse than the *Spirillum* tick is the species of tsetse-fly known as *Glossina Palpalis*, whose baneful occupation of carrying the germs of "sleeping sickness" from man to man is carried on with hideous success. "In July, 1901, a doctor of the Church Missionary Society hospital at Kampala noticed eight cases of a mysterious disease." By the middle of 1902 over 30,000 deaths had been reported, and by the end of 1905 the number had reached 200,000 out of a population in the plague-stricken regions "which could not have exceeded 300,000." The story of the war now being waged against this scourge will provide one of the most interesting alike in the annals of British administration and of medical science.

We have no space to follow Mr. Churchill as he trekked north, passing from the regions of equatorial luxuriance to the two great deserts—"the desert of sudd and the desert of sand"—to emerge finally in the tourist-ridden land of Egypt, traversed by the "comfortable sleeping-cars

of the Desert Railway and the pleasant passenger steamers of the Wady Halfa and Assouan reach." But we note that in spite of his being fully alive to the dark side of the Uganda picture, his first enthusiastic impressions of that country remain uneffaced by subsequent travel. Speeding down the White Nile to the Sudan and Egypt which lie before him, he reverts to his opinion that "the best lies behind. Uganda is the pearl"; and when finally he comes to sum up the conclusions formed as a result of the journey, they are comprised in the words—"Concentrate upon Uganda." In a concluding chapter the steps which should be taken to develop the immense latent wealth of the country are discussed, and the conclusion arrived at is summed up in the three words—"Build a railway." The Uganda Railway at present stops short on the threshold of that country: with steam transport linking up the Victoria Nyanza with the Albert Nyanza immense stimulus would be given to enterprise and an incalculable boon conferred upon the country.

The book is illustrated with a number of photographs and has three small maps.

RONALD SHAY.

THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA.*

Like a tale of R. L. Stevenson's, this reprint bears a very copious title: "Certain Narratives of the Voyages of the Dethroned Emperor on the *Bellerophon* and the *Northumberland* to Exile in St. Helena: The Romantic Stories told by George Home, Captain Ross, Lord Lyttelton, and William Warden . . . with four Plates." Who would not anticipate a feast of good things from such an advertisement? Devotees of Napoleon so fervent as the editor might consider his volume as a new and more splendid version of "Kidnapped," with its hero on the grand scale, its rude sailors and ruffian captains, vast waters, and the lonely isle which closes in the perspective. About the log-books themselves, artless, commonplace, sometimes almost illiterate, there hangs a kind of charm; it would even be possible to turn them into a Greek tragedy reminiscent of the divinely stricken Philoctetes, carried in his own despite to the Lemnian isle. But Philoctetes was brought back living and in triumph to the camp of the Achæans. Napoleon died on his rock, murdered, I think our editor would say, as Sir William Butler has not hesitated to declare was the object they sought, by the English ministers. It is the sad and moving prologue to this drama of exile that we now read, in pages long forgotten. "Not one of these," Mr. Shorter tells us, referring to the narratives of Brocklebank, Warden, Home, and Lyttelton, "has been reprinted in this last half-century."

George Home, of the great old Scottish family, was a midshipman on board the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon surrendered himself off Rochefort to Captain Maitland. In the oddly named "Memoirs of an Aristocrat," noticeable on other accounts, Home dedicates his seventh chapter to the circumstances of the Emperor's arrival on the ship and his stay in English waters, when thousands flocked to Torbay that they might catch a glimpse of the Corsican monster, about whom they had the strangest ideas. A Gulliver among Lilliputians would have been so stared at, so misconstrued. Captain Maitland behaved like a gentleman, almost the only one, except Sir Henry Hotham, with whom Napoleon came into official contact. Home, the lively Scots boy, adored the Emperor, writes of him twenty-two years after as a very demi-god, and pours bitter scorn upon the Government and the "Holy Allies." He is all aflame with indignation at the "mean fear" which drove Castlereagh and his advisers to deport their unparalleled

prize to a desolate isle in mid-Atlantic; and he reiterates with their victim that "England was for ever degraded in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*." But Maitland had no part in tormenting his captive, whose "indescribable charm" won all hearts, and whose smile subdued strangers, like this George, with its "ineffable beauty." The legend of Napoleon, so powerful during the next thirty years, inspiring the young generation who at last overthrew the Holy Alliance, is here seen to be exercising on his enemies themselves a fascination not unmingled with terror. Home would have certainly helped his Philoctetes to escape; and he calls the manner of his farewell to Captain Maitland before embarking on the *Northumberland* "a heart-rending sight." Here is another significant touch: "to be friendly to that great name" of Napoleon, "and to belong to the *Bellerophon*, was considered one and the same thing" ever after those memorable days.

Captain Ross continues the story in a letter dated July 26, 1816, to W. J. Hall of Kingston, Jamaica, which Mr. Wilfrid Meynell published in 1885. His description of "Bonaparté," as he calls him, contains the following sentence: "He is very sallow and quite light grey eyes, rather thin, greasy-looking brown hair, and altogether a very nasty, priest-like looking fellow." His own people addressed him as "Your Majesty," but, says the Captain, "John Bull was not quite so civil, as he never got more from us than any other general officer would." The excellent dull Captain! How many general officers of this proportion had the world known since general officers were? It is a pity that John Bull should in such egregious fashion have immortalised his bad manners. Sir George Keith, by orders from London, examined the prisoner's effects; and all his money, except two hundred napoleons, was taken and sent up to the Treasury. Other small tyrannies were practised on the man whom Mr. Gladstone described as "the greatest soldier and greatest administrator in history," but whom the Tapers and Tadpoles handled like a convict bound for Botany Bay. In the eyes of Captain Ross he appeared to be a rather common person, tolerably ill-bred; his voice sounded "very harsh and unpleasant," and, in short, there was nothing about him divine or demonic.

Lord Lyttelton, a strong Radical, whose grand-daughter became Mrs. Gladstone, was permitted to engage in conversation with Napoleon, prior to his departure from Plymouth, on the very day when he passed to the *Northumberland*. In this critical moment the Emperor showed "neither passion nor dejection"; it was impossible "not to admire his quickness, adroitness, and originality" during an interview which lasted two hours, and of which the topics ranged over some most irritating and debatable points. He called St. Helena "une isle de fer," whence escape was not to be thought of; and Lord Lyttelton, with what seems needless cruelty, retorted that the English nation could never trust Bonaparte's word, and so were making sure of his prison.

Dr. Warren's "Letters from St. Helena," which went into eight editions in 1816, describe the incidents of the voyage, and give an account, often very minute, of Napoleon's sayings and doings while this naval surgeon stayed on the island, some nine months in all. The doctor was no more a man of genius than the rest who served at Longwood as courtiers, gaolers, or attendants on the tethered eagle. His diary-like correspondence met with savage criticism from the *Quarterly*; it is declared to be worthless by Lord Rosebery in the fine monograph where that admirable writer makes amends by confession for the shabby treatment which was inflicted on England's fallen foe. But when we turn to the "Letters" themselves we are pleasantly disappointed. They will certainly repay our attention. Warren understood no French, and the Emperor could not speak English, though he learned to read it with moderate success. However, General Bertrand served as interpreter; and there is plenty of evidence in

* "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers." Edited by Clement Shorter. 12s. net. (Cassell & Co.)

For Annie.

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand —
How few! — yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep — while I weep!
Oh, God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
Oh, God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that I see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Edgar.

Facsimile of Verses by Edgar Allan Poe.

the conversations themselves and in other witnesses to prove them genuine as well as characteristic utterances, not less valuable in their way than Gourgand's "Memoirs." On the other hand, Las Cases, after reading the book, complained that Warren had taken no notice of the corrections which were furnished to him; while the hero himself, for whom the narrative was thought in England to be an apology and much too favourable, pointed out that many things attributed to him in the "Letters" did not represent his views or his manner of speech. But when we have made these deductions, in Mr. Shorter's opinion the work is in substance accurate. It deserved the honours of a reprint if the episode of St. Helena was to be fully told again.

Whether we should give credence to Napoleon's account of any single transaction in which he was engaged is another question. He practised in perfect degree the art of saying the thing which was not accumulating against the day of men's judgments upon him a prejudice that could not but weigh him down. "All those maxims that have most scandalised mankind," says Lord Morley, speaking of Machiavelli, "were the daily bread of the Italian soldier who planted his iron heel on the neck of Europe"; nay, Machiavelli had set decent limits and conditions, which the Corsican never observed. He was a past master of "all the devices of fraud and violence." Without attempting to hold the balance now between the Holy Alliance which sent him to his death at Longwood, and the Liberals in whose eyes he appeared as the "armed soldier of the Revolution," we may at least feel sure that his word in the witness-box cannot be taken on its merits. Talk with whom he might, high or low, he pursued the method of his proclamations to the peoples whom he was invading; the truth signified nothing in comparison with his aim,

which was to persuade and to subjugate. Heine laughed at the thought of associating Napoleon with freedom, and he was in the right of it. English and American liberty was a foreign idea to him which he could never grasp. And the duty in a ruler of speaking the truth when it was not convenient he would have denied with infinite scorn. The great *condottiere* in prison pleaded like Cæsar Borgia with his tongue after his sword was broken. But he always acted on the reason of State, which he identified with himself; and history cannot give him absolution, though a criminal on this mighty scale is not to be judged like Cartouche or Jonathan Wild.

WILLIAM BARRY.

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.*

Mr. Kenneth Grahame's reputation is indissolubly connected with children, but not with children's books. His delicate art of wistful retrospect makes children real to grown-up people, and gives dulled hearts a breath from forgotten childhoods, but it is not an art that can be enjoyed by any one still so fortunate as to be a child. Its appeal is not only to imagination, but to knowledge. Mr. Grahame writes for people who have passed the barriers, and look affectionately back at their little dead selves playing in the meadows behind them. They know that they are different, now. But the very secret of childhood is a feeling of eternal age. Grown-ups are in no way other than oneself, except that, for some perfectly arbitrary reason, they happen to be in power. As soon as a child thinks he is a child he is so no longer. If you ask a little boy what he is, and he tells you he is a little boy, you may know he is telling you a lie. If he tells you he is a king, or a commander-in-chief, or a motor car, or a grocer, or some other variety of grown-up thing, you may implicitly believe him. And such a little boy would find Mr. Grahame's books incomprehensible, for in them there is always the consciousness of a gulf between childhood and manhood, a gulf it is a sorrow to have passed, a horrible chasm between dream and reality. Their motive is the pathos of retrospective life in which no child can possibly believe.

"The Wind in the Willows" is an attempt to write for children instead of about them. But Mr. Grahame's past has been too strong for him. Instead of writing about children for grown-up people, he has written about animals for children. The difference is only in the names. He writes of the animals with the same wistfulness with which he wrote of children, and, in his attitude towards his audience, he is quite unable to resist that appeal from dream-land to a knowledge of the world that makes the charm of all his books, and separates them from children's literature. The poems in the book are the only things really written for the nursery, and the poems are very bad.

If we judge the book by its aim, it is a failure, like a speech to Hottentots made in Chinese. And yet, for the Chinese, if by any accident there should happen to be one or two of them among the audience, the speech might be quite a success. Mr. Grahame's book is quite a success from the point of view of the people for whom it was not written. When the grown-up reviewer, after his annoyance with Mr. Grahame for having chosen the wrong language, makes up his mind to think of the book as if it were meant for himself, and grants its author a fairy-story licence he would have done better without, he finds himself reading page after page to the end and spending his time quite happily. A toad, for example, must be allowed to live in large houses, to be imprisoned in gaol, to drive motor-cars, to wear the clothes of an ordinary-sized washerwoman, and yet to consort upon terms of equality with a mole, whose attributes are merely those of nature. A greater man than Mr. Grahame would not have asked so much. But we would

* "The Wind in the Willows." By Kenneth Grahame. 6s. (Methuen.)

willingly have granted Mr. Grahame even more for the sake of "Dulce Domum," that delicious little picture of the rat and the mole in the mole's house, mulling ale on Christmas Eve for the field-mice waits who have come, in red worsted comforters, to sing their Christmas carols.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

THE WORKS OF MR. YEATS.*

"If one writes well and has the patience, somebody will come from among the runners and read what one has written quickly and go away quickly, and write out as much as he can remember in the language of the highway." To have come from among the runners, in his own characteristic phrase, seems the only modest claim an alien can make who sets out to speak of the work of Mr. Yeats. He has now suffered the experience, happy, melancholy, serviceable, or trivial, as the mood may suggest, of having that work collected into one beautiful and complete edition. This is being published by the Shakespeare Head Press in eight volumes, of which six are already issued. On many men, and more especially on many poets, at an age when possibly the weightier part of their life's work remains to be done, this might have a disquieting effect. But Mr. Yeats is singular in our day for his intense absorption and for his intense confidence in his destiny. Very little indeed of these first volumes is given up to the impulsive, unschooled, and early work that for so many writers holds their most endearing charm. Mr. Yeats has almost from the beginning very gravely considered and eagerly accepted this destiny. He has bestowed freely on his art what many men withhold from wife and children. In reverie and in thought he has deliberately set himself apart, pursued steadily one path, deliberately rejected every lure, following only any clue that beckoned to knowledge and the deepening of his insight—folk-lore, mysticism, magic. He has pulled his dreams to pieces; watched his pen writing: student and poet at even pace one with another. He is as interested in his own methods, as critical and studious of their outcome, and as meticulous over the detail of his work, as ever his posterity will be. He never wearies of enriching, simplifying, harmonising his verse. His notes and appendices are rare in studied simplicity of style, and rarer yet for their frank untroubled egotism. The greater the artist the more profound, of course, his egotism must be; for a magnanimous confidence in his gifts and in his cause is a powerful ally in that supreme contest—the one against the many. But it may be none the less powerful for its being secret. And often, too, a certain large indifference to that which, though it may be the best a man can do, is in the long run how little and how soon submerged, smiles down the thought of self. With poetry, moreover, any intrusion of the poet's personality, any graceful naïveté even, may have a distracting effect on the reader. We are all children over our poetry, and dreams vanish at the lightest touch. It must, however, be remembered that Mr. Yeats is writing with a wider purpose than most men. He believes he has a mission to fulfil, and therefore what might seem a needless ostentation on the part of the priest may be really due to the ritual peculiar to his office. He is, apart from his own more personal work, an inspiring leader in a great cause—the founding in Ireland of a national drama. In his own striving after perfection of style, his aim is to hark back through the written tradition, the poetry that is of the artist and of the narrow cultivated class, to the unwritten tradition, the poetry of the people; to return to the vivid and simple sincerity of the one through the culture and art of the other: to win back to innocence by way of experience. It is a hard task enough; but he has set himself also a task far harder even than this.

For he wishes to take all the scholars of Ireland along with him. His whole heart is in the legendary and traditional history of his own people. Like an old and tarnished but still enchanted lantern, it has lain half-hidden for centuries. Mr. Yeats has dedicated all his energies to evoking its genic. He once deplored patriotism in the artist. But since then he has written "Cathleen nio Hulihan." Ireland is in his heart. He has for years, whether in the body or out of the body, brooded in the peasant's chimney corner, listened at every keyhole for the lightest stir, the faintest whisper that may help to realise his dream—the dream and hope of kindling in every simple breast this new life and loyalty, of proving to the least of her people that Ireland and he are heirs of incomparable riches. He would make what men call life, however sober, or obscure, or squalid, the binding of a secret romance in which far memories and loveliness and mystery are the realities, and daily experience only their accidental and transitory accompaniment. It is not a new claim or a new justification of poetry. It is implied in all poetry. But how rare, few, and faint are the unwearied followers of any cause! And in this, one surely of the forlornest, Mr. Yeats fares on mind and heart at one, devotedly, unfalteringly, with never-waning courage.

Mr. Yeats repudiates the old and rather indefinite theory of the Celtic influence in literature. To him Celticism means only the ancient beliefs and mythology of a people unusually rich in such welling up into the consciousness of a man patiently and earnestly devoting his days to their reception. These alone will give meaning and beauty and immortality to the Irish drama, to the verses of Irish poets. Ireland for him, her every solemn pool, and green hill, and isle, and cabin; her every wind that blows ("except the east") is haunted with shades and influences, and echoes with cries, beyond all earth's continents else. It is certain that man's inward life is nothing much concerned with the things of earth. Consciousness is only so far as a little



From a photograph.

Edgar Allan Poe's Tomb in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore.

* "The Collected Works in Verse and Prose of William Butler Yeats." 8 vols. 44s. net. (Shakespeare Head Press.)

candle throws its beams. And the eye that profits by its light is probably a primitive and falsifying medium. If in some rude and shadowy outhouse of the Phantom Intelligences there squats in a cold corner a kind of natural, swathed in rags, racked with pain, purblind, malformed, and all but deaf, that bundle of semi-consciousness is probably the soul of civilised man. But compared with the sleeping and waking dreams and visions of all mankind, Irish legendry is but as a faint, still lovely picture in an endless and beautiful story book. Apart from this the mere "somebody from among the runners" need not of necessity concern himself with the actual source and inspiration of the Celtic school of poetry. He will find his comfort and refreshment in the fruits of its boughs, though he does not busy himself about the roots of the tree that bears them. Happily, too, the lover of poetry need not yet learn Erse before he can enjoy Irish poetry. Dr. Hyde's exquisite little plays, too, can be read in English; and all Lady Gregory's stories. Whether this little confraternity of gifted Irishmen will succeed in their crusade, almost superhuman in its difficulties and quite inscrutable as to its outcome, time, as the saying goes, will reveal. It is as impossible not to envy their enthusiasm, their docility, their various talents, as it is vain to deplore their hostile aloofness and estrangement from England. This may be a little for their own sake; it is much more for ours. Imperial poetry has somehow proved a contradiction in terms; but have there ever been songs so sweet and wild, or lamentations so beautiful as those of the rebel and the captive by the waters of Babylon? And yet can Mr. Yeats point to any beauty of strangeness, or of homeliness, or of mystery; any character of humour, or of royalty, or of divinity; any delicacy of rhythm or charm of idiom; any restraint and purity in art, or loveliness of imagination—can he point to anything in his plays or poetry that the English mind and taste are incapable of appreciating? So far, indeed, as the plays are concerned, it matters little whether Mr. Yeats's strange and shadowy kings, his beautiful women, his magicians and bards, with their sesames and shibboleths and fascinating names, are actually present to him, inspiring his verse, as he tells us they are, or are simply the creation of a fecund and imaginative genius. Whether or no, they must at least be actual and present to his reader. Their realisation for him is his only hope of their existing at all. Nothing can ever be again simply because it once was. In every poet all earth's beauty must be born anew. It is not time that haunts with sorcery old and far-off things, but imagination. And a living poet is better than a dead dynasty or a dormant mythology, for the simple reason that on him alone, as Gúaire on Seanchán, so far at least as this dull world is concerned, their very royalty and divinity depend.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.*

The discussion on Votes for Women has, in these latter days, passed from the realms of academic argument to become a burning question of the market-place and the forum, a question of first political importance, with vital social changes looming when the expected affirmative shall be pronounced. The exultant battle-cry of fair ladies in revolt drowns the muttered misgivings of the unconverted, and the hesitating and reluctant go down into silence—their opposition quietly surrendered—before the banners of Women's Enfranchisement. By many tokens we are nearing the end of the controversy. The courage, enthusiasm, and brains of the women in this movement have won the wisest recognition. And the plain average man seeing women, in the passionate advocacy of their cause, face scorn and ridicule, suffer mob violence and the discomforts of prison, bear all things and endure all things if only the

* "The Human Woman." By Lady Grove. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

cause may prosper, at last consents to listen to what all the hurly-burly is about, and listening is persuaded. (Herein may be seen an explanation of the resistance of ardent politicians to a demand now found generally unobjectionable by men in the street. The latter are not so busy with their own opinions that they cannot find time to listen to the opinions of others, but the party politician is far too strongly given over to his own opinions to take any serious trouble to make out those of others.) And now Lady Grove's book should hasten the conclusion of the dispute, and be accepted by wise men as the last word on the discussion. For there is humour and good sense and good feeling, too, in "The Human Woman," and it is well that the long-drawn-out argument end without bitterness or any sort of ill-will.

With no little skill and literary dexterity Lady Grove handles the well-worn, honestly thread-bare contentions of opponents, and finds even at this late hour something fresh and witty to be said in their dismissal. Of course, those who hold that the "essentially feminine—in other words a parasite or chalice," is a desirable type, though they may enjoy the witticisms and appreciate the style of Lady Grove's essays, will find no balm or comfort for their souls therein. But (to quote Mr. George Meredith again) "you meet now and then men who have the woman in them without being womanised; they are the pick of men, and the choicest women are those who yield not a feather of their womanliness for some amount of manlike strength"—and these men and women will endorse the arguments of our authoress. The ideals of a woman's party, the consideration of objections to the suffrage, the question of war and the woman's vote, the work of women in local government, newspapers for women, and the present legal disabilities of women in England are amongst the topics discussed by Lady Grove, and they are all dealt with temperately, without even any suggestion of that hostility to the merely male which the professed anti-woman attitude of so many men has evoked. The last stand of the anti-suffragists is now being made, and it is still behind what Mr. John Morley called "the faded screen of gallantry" that cover is sought. The fear lest chivalry and courtesy should perish is the plea put forward by those who rank gallantry above political equality, and would still, an they could, keep women from public life. To all such we can only answer with Charles Lamb:

"I shall believe the principle of gallantry to be influential when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally -hanged."

"I shall believe in it when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit which some unlucky dray has just dissipated."

"Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women."

Lamb's immortal essay ought to have stopped the mouthings about gallantry long ago. Courtesy and all those common civilities we are apt, somewhat pompously, to inflate under the title of chivalry will never fail utterly while men and women fall in love and beget and bear children. And nature can be trusted to pursue her way whatever the political and social changes evolved.

Lady Grove's book is a welcome contribution to the discussion of a great question that must soon be answered. As we said before, it may be accepted by all but the rash and foolish as the last word—the last word of a gifted woman.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

CRITIC AND PLAYWRIGHT.*

The ranks of London journalism can boast few more gifted or versatile men than Mr. W. L. Courtney, the literary editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Fortnightly*

* "Dramas and Diversions." By W. L. Courtney. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Review. Nine books stand to the credit of Mr. Courtney, and their scope and brilliancy alike are remarkable. "The Literary Man's Bible," "The Feminine Note in Fiction," "The Idea of Tragedy," and "The Development of Maurice Maeterlinck" represent the literary and dramatic sides of Mr. Courtney's work, and to these now must be added his volume of plays called "Dramas and Diversions." In another department of scholarship and execution we have his profound and enlightening treatment of "The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill." When we remember that Mr. Courtney has charge of the book reviewing and dramatic criticism of a great daily journal, which devotes to the publishers and the theatres a larger space than is given by any other of our morning papers, contributing to its columns from his own pen some of the most discerning literary and dramatic criticism that appears in the British Press, and at the same time edits a leading monthly review, the wonder grows how he can find time and energy for original work of the calibre contained in "Dramas and Diversions": work that presumably calls for a certain measure of leisureliness as well as of inspiration.

Mr. Courtney's latest book will appeal chiefly to those of our readers who are keenly concerned for the contemporary English drama, but it has an interest also for those who regard that drama with rare exceptions as beneath contempt. Some of these seven plays of Mr. Courtney have been produced on the London stage; none of them, we fear, has in it the materials for a great popular success at the commercial theatres. The reflection is on those theatres and the public taste, rather than upon Mr. Courtney's work. It would be too sweeping a denunciation of the London stage to say that no really good thing can live long upon it: for the plays of Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Bernard Shaw, among others, are worthy of consideration as works of literary-dramatic art as well as passing entertainment. Yet it were easy to argue that the plays that succeed most signally on our stage attract the mass of the public as largely by their bad points as by their good. All the dramatic work of Mr. Courtney (unless we except "The Labyrinth" and "Markheim," neither of which is included in the book under notice) lacks that streak of effective melodrama which Mr. Barrie and Mr. Shaw, in common with Messrs. Jones, Pinero, and Sutro, manage generally to weave in with their superior intellectual wares. Moreover, Mr. Courtney's mind is analytical rather than constructive; and it is doubtful whether, save by accident, he can ever hope to catch the fancy of the crowd which likes the broad colour scheme, the bold impression, on the stage; which is impatient of the slow and detailed building-up of character by a vast number of tiny touches. In his comedy-drama "On the Side of the Angels," Mr. Courtney came near to an achievement with possibilities of "money in it"; and it is rather surprising that one of the more cultured managers has not tried the play in his regular bill. "Bridals of Blood" was actually secured for this purpose by the late Sir Henry Irving and was bequeathed to his sons; it is founded on Fulda's "Die Gluthochzeit," and is a fine stirring piece of drama to read, but would require a more than usually able handling to make a payable season at any of our West End theatres. Mr. Courtney undoubtedly can write poetical stage speech: take, for example, the utterance of his sixteenth-century Cardinal:

"For look you, how the world
Is changing from the fashion of its prime,
The old world dying tardily, the new
Rising in might from out the womb of Time. . .
The tree of knowledge is plucked bare of leaves;
Men eat forbidden fruit, and, eating, die . . .
And Hell itself, bursting its barriers,
Roars at the portals of the Lateran."

"Kit Marlowe's Death," with its beautiful little tribute to Shakespeare, is a charming tragi-comediette; and "Gaston Bonnier" is full of fire and strong colour.

"Father Time and his Children" is a sort of pantomime or pageant of the year; and "Pericles and Aspasia" is a farce or skit, the characters having Greek names and dress, but being in fact modern Londoners, some of them thinly disguised and very famous persons. This last is an excellent piece of pseudo-classical fooling; and the volume as a whole is full of quaint conceits, happy inventions, and good writing. If Mr. Courtney were a Frenchman or a German, his dramatic works would be esteemed far more highly than they are.

W. F. P.

MR. WELLS'S CONFESSION.*

We mean nothing derogatory to Mr. Wells—very much he reverse, indeed—when we say that since he began to write he has been continuously self-educating himself in the eyes of the public. No better process could have been devised for educating also the public. Once a schoolmaster, always a schoolmaster; but less and less has Mr. Wells's teaching attitude been "'Tis scientifically so, I tell you!" More and more has it changed to "Come, let us learn together!" And he learns in such an attractive fashion that we do learn with him. He has progressed from the inhumanities to the humanities. In some of his earlier work we felt that his critical overweighed his idealistic faculties; that his ideal, if attained, would scarcely be worth having. In this present work we find nothing of the sort. Each of his professedly serious books ("Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," "A Modern Utopia," and "New Worlds for Old") represents a stage in his—and our—education. The last-named book we have heard aptly described as old wine in new bottles. In each he has had the courage to recant portions of its predecessors. And now in "First and Last Things," his "Confession of Faith and Rule of Life," we see the educational process conducted to such a point that his conclusions are essentially in almost complete agreement with those of the uneducated.

But with what a difference! Though the conclusions of the book are age-old, they are newly arrived at. "In my way of thinking," says Mr. Wells, "relentless logic is only another name for a stupidity—for a sort of intellectual pigheadedness." We knew that before, though not in so many words and not metaphysically, even while we aped logic.

"When I sit upon the bench, a respectable magistrate, and commit some battered reprobate for trial for this lurid offence or that, or send him or her to prison for drunkenness or such-like indecorum, the doubt drifts into my mind which of us is, after all, getting nearest the keen edge of life. Am I and my respectable colleagues much more than successful evasions of *that*? Perhaps these people in the dock know more of the essential strains and stresses of nature, are more intimate with pain. . ."

Folk held negligible by the cultured knew that too, though again not in so many words and not by sitting on the bench. Mr. Wells's collectivism is simply "All together, boys!" Where the uneducated man—the man not greatly deformed by our lop-sided education—is inarticulate, Mr. Wells is lucidly articulate; where the former acts without knowing why, Mr. Wells shows that he should act so, and why; where he is intuitive only, Mr. Wells is rational as well. Both give back to life the same answer, but Mr. Wells gives reasons for his, and thus the answer is doubly reinforced. He admits that ultimately his own beliefs are arbitrary, that "all the great and important beliefs by which life is guided and determined are less of the nature of fact than of artistic expression." In the end he is mystical. So are we all, if we get to the end. It is Mr. Wells's voyage there, and his discoveries on the way, that are so valuable.

* "First and Last Things." By H. G. Wells. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

We have neglected dealing with the fundamental belief of the book and the rules of conduct based on it, the belief, namely, in "the development of a collective consciousness and will and purpose out of a chaos of individual consciousnesses and wills and purposes." What the whole of a closely reasoned and interesting book is occupied in outlining, cannot be fairly dealt with here. And we have dwelt rather on Mr. Wells's process of self-education. For it is a thing of profound significance.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

MEMORIES.*

Of the making, and incidentally the publishing, of books of reminiscences there is now-a-days no end. Authors, politicians, actors, diplomatists, soldiers, and sailors, alike jot down their recollections for the entertainment of their contemporaries and the instruction of posterity; serving them up with the sauce of such anecdotes of great men and women as they may have heard, or perchance read, or even, sometimes, it is whispered, imagined. Of the ever-increasing mass of these volumes some are amusing, a few interesting, here and there one valuable: for the greater part they have served their purpose when they have whiled away an idle hour or two of subscribers to the circulating libraries; while even of the rest most are merely material for the biographers yet unborn, who will doubtless show their discernment by boiling down a chapter into a paragraph, or extracting from the book a couple of pages.

Perhaps Mr. Comyns Carr had some such feeling as this when, instead of printing on the title-page the word "Reminiscences" that throughout the book is printed at the top of each left-hand page, he gave his volume the more distinctive title of "Some Eminent Victorians." "Some Eminent Victorians," however, is not a book of studies such as might proceed from the pen of the essayist; it is mainly a storehouse of anecdote: yet, though it belongs to a class of work of which we have confessed ourselves somewhat weary, we are constrained to admit it is a favourable specimen of that class. Mr. Comyns Carr has had opportunities which nearly every one will envy him: he has met all the men we would so gladly have known, and he has been intimate with many whose names are household words: painters, barristers, politicians, preachers, actors, caricaturists, musicians, men of letters—which is surprising only until we remember that Mr. Comyns Carr has been barrister, art critic, dramatic critic, theatrical manager, librettist, editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and dramatist. He has met Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Wilde, Stevenson, Henley, Richard Jefferies, and Laurence Oliphant; Lord Herschell, Lord Russell, and Lord Holker; Rossetti, Millais, Leighton, Frederick Walker, and Whistler; Charles Keene, Pellegrini, and Du Maurier; Irving and Toole; Dr. Martineau and Spurgeon; Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli. Burne Jones used to send him sketches, Dr. Birkbeck Hill was his schoolmaster, and among his schoolfellows was William Lewin, better known as William Terriss; he dramatised Hugh Conway's most popular novel; and collaborated with Mr. Pinero to provide a libretto for Sir Arthur Sullivan. Few men have crowded more work and found more pleasant acquaintances in less than three-score years.

There are stories in these three hundred pages for most tastes, and there are two or three that will be appreciated by all readers. One of the latter concerns the famous caricaturist, Carlo Pellegrini. Pellegrini was a member

of the Beefsteak Club, where there was another artist who was given to entertaining his fellow-members with impromptu sketches:

"This innocent display of artistic power gravely offended Pellegrini, who, possibly moved by a measure of jealousy that any one else should encroach upon his special province, insisted with some vehemence that a club was not the place for such exercises.

"'I like the boy,' he said to me one evening, 'and when he talk, I listen, but 'tis pity he draw.'

"It was only a few evenings later that I entered the room, and found the young friend who had been the subject of Pellegrini's rebuke absorbing the entire conversation of a crowded table. Pellegrini was present, and I could see that he was growing restive under the artist's unceasing flow of conversation. In a momentary pause he turned to me and in an audible whisper delivered this laconic judgment:

"'Joe, I 'ave made a big mistake. 'Tis better he draw.'"

Whistler, even after he had been famous, was often in pecuniary straits. During one of these periods Mr. Comyns Carr met a foreign painter who had frequently been a guest at the breakfasts at Whistler's house at Cheyne Walk. He asked him if he had seen anything of Whistler lately. "Ah no, not now so much," came the reply. "He ask me a leetle while ago to breakfast, and I go. My cab-fare two shilling, 'arf-crown. I arrive, very nice. Gold fish in bowl, very pretty. But breakfast—one egg, one toast, no more! Ah no! My cab-fare back, two shilling, 'arf-crown. For me no more!"

Space must be found for one more story. When Sir William Harcourt was staying at Hughenden with Disraeli, his host turned to him after dinner one night and said, "Harcourt, I have had two young gentlemen from Oxford staying with me lately, and it seems from what I have learned from them that our judgments in all literary matters are sadly old-fashioned. These young gentlemen assured me that, according to the accepted canons of the present day, the late Lord Byron is to be admired, not so much for his qualities as a poet, as for the beauty of his moral character." This speech was characteristic of the cynical statesman: it is, we read in Mr. Comyns Carr's preface, characteristic also of the latter's attitude to the criticism of the young man of to-day. Here, however, the writer of these reminiscences does not do himself full justice. It is true that he is, as he declares, devoted to the mid-Victorian writers and artists; but nowhere in his book is there the slightest trace of lack of sympathy with later schools, and he who loves Dickens wholeheartedly admires Stevenson and Richard Jefferies, and, an enthusiastic lover of Rossetti and Millais, has abundant praise for the later-day idyls of Mr. Hugh Thomson.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

HUMAN NATURE IN POLITICS.*

Coincident with the development of collective psychology there has arisen among democratic politicians an uneasy feeling that all is not right with the elective representative system as a means of securing the ends of democracy. It is very reasonable, therefore, that Mr. Wallas, who has made a thorough study of the newer developments in psychology, should apply his theoretic knowledge to practical problems in politics, and illustrate his thesis from his own very wide experience of public life. He notes that in modern study of politics there is a disinclination to treat the subject in relation to the nature of man. He believes, however, that the present tendency to analyse institutions and avoid the analysis of man is a temporary and harmful phase, and that there are already signs that it is coming to an end. Following the analogy of what

* "Some Eminent Victorians: Personal Recollections in the World of Art and Letters." By J. Comyns Carr. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

* "Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. 3s. (Constable & Co.)

has happened in the development of the theory of education, he believes that students of politics are about to turn again to that study of mankind which is the ancient ally of the moral sciences, and is of the opinion that such a study will not only deepen and widen our knowledge of political institutions, but open an unworked mine of political invention.

The present work aims rather at laying the foundations of this branch of political science than at working the mines of invention, though Part II. is full of suggestions in this direction. Mr. Wallas lays great stress on the dangers attending the common habit people have of believing that all our actions are the result of deliberate reasoning. Our activities, he maintains, are chiefly more or less spontaneous reactions, and the reasons we give for our actions are very frequently supplied at a later stage, after reflection. He tells us, for instance, that "we can speak of instinctive inference as well as of instinctive impulse," but it is not clear that he gains anything by this distinction. If we accept Binet's view that all our interpretations of the ultimate elements of sense impression are rapid, unconscious, logical inferences, we reduce the difference between impulse and inference to something quite unimportant. In his application of the contrast between impulse and deliberate reasoning, Mr. Wallas is particularly happy; and does not really depend upon the somewhat overstrained contrast implied in the sentence quoted. It would be very difficult to find anywhere as good a treatment of the inevitableness, and therefore the extreme practical importance of hypostatization, as is to be found in the chapter on Political Entities. The treatment of the psychology of advertisement is quite admirable.

In striking contrast to the grey abstractions of the Bentham school, we find this book rich in vivid pictures of real things and people. From beginning to end the reader is made to feel that he is living less in a book-world than in the midst of what Mr. H. G. Wells would call "authentic men." The author does not allow himself, however, to rest content with the mere æsthetic enjoyment of the pictures he presents with such vividness. Dealing with a new science, he has a praiseworthy desire to attain to some sort of objective standard that may enable him to lay a true foundation on which he and his followers may build. In the chapter on "Material of Political Reasoning" he works out the necessity for such a standard, and finds it in the quantitative results of the biometric methods of Karl Pearson and his school. After an extraordinarily interesting analysis of the processes by which the nature and size of a debating hall for an empire are to be determined in terms of quality expressed quantitatively, he concludes: "Any discussion which took place on such lines, even though the curves were mere forms of speech, would be real and practical." At once one feels that there is a danger of such arguments leading to a bloodless coldness worthy of the dismal science. But in seeking the objective standard that quantitative analysis seems to promise, Mr. Wallas does not lose concrete reality to seize an abstraction. He finds fault with the President of Yale, who, he tells us, "seems to imply that in order to reason men must become passionless." In spite of the support the President might get by appealing to Kant, Mr. Wallas refers him to Plato, in whose state exists "a 'harmony' which strengthens the motive force of passion, because the separate passions no longer war among themselves, but are concentrated upon an end discovered by the intellect."

In Part II., which deals with the "Possibilities of Progress," we have a singularly able and suggestive series of chapters of which that on Official Thought is the most striking. Here Mr. Wallas maintains that not the House of Lords, but the permanent officials of the country, form the real protection against sudden and ill-advised legislation.

In the space available here it is impossible to do anything like justice to this remarkable book. It is full of life and

colour; the plain man will find it intensely interesting and instructive, and even the most experienced politician will learn much from its pages.

J. A.

ROUSSEAU AS A LOVER.*

Time brings about strange revenges in the estimates in which the great men of history are regarded. The idol of one age becomes the football of another, and posterity, which enjoys more than a valet's privileges of acquainting itself with the correspondence, the love affairs, and the secrets of past celebrities, finds the list of such persons as it can deem heroic steadily dwindling. Take the case of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Here is a man who can be called in a far more intimate sense than Voltaire could be, the father of the French Revolution. It was he who gave the men of the Terror their watch-words and their arguments; they did but put into practice his precepts and his philosophy. Rousseau, then, is responsible for changing the face of modern Europe, for altering the whole tone of its political thought. He can be similarly described as the father of the Romantic movement. Unreadable as the "Nouvelle Héloïse" may be to-day, it certainly brought a new note into the language of sentiment, it started a new phase in the history of fiction. And Rousseau was not one of those innovators who have had to be content with visions of posthumous renown; his success was signal and immediate. Diderot and Grimm may have smiled at his manners, but they admitted him at once to the republic of letters. Ladies fêted him, aristocrats made him free of their tables and provided him with houses rent-free, his books sold enormously, despite a certain amount of prosecution and persecution of their author, and at certain times at least whole nations hung on Jean Jacques's words. But to-day Rousseau is having a very bad time. His biographers, and their number has been quite considerable lately, hardly leave him a shred of reputation. Not merely is his philosophy shown to be based on a series of gratuitous assumptions, of downright fallacies; but his claim to be considered as a lover at all—nay, even as an analyst of his own emotions, a chronicler of his own amours—is roughly disputed. His "Confessions" themselves—that appallingly shameless and morbid record—have already taught us that he had the soul of a lackey, that he was a victim of neurasthenia who indulged in all sorts of unhealthy day-dreams, that on several critical occasions he played the rogue and the coward, that he was content to place himself in the most humiliating dependence on women to save himself the fatigue of working for a livelihood. But always there had remained to save and sweeten his fame the idyll of Les Charmettes. At any rate, we had said, that pretty episode remains, and on the strength of that Rousseau may be counted as one of the world's great lovers. Pilgrims have travelled to Les Charmettes from generation to generation to pay homage as at a shrine, and even so sedate a man of letters as Lord Morley has been moved to enthusiastic tenderness in his picture of this house of "sorrow-stricken memories." And now, it seems, even this must go. Dates and facts convict Jean Jacques of the culminating falsehood. So Mr. Francis Gribble assures us, and under the circumstances it almost looks as if the title he had chosen for his new biography, "Rousseau and the Women he Loved," had been adopted in a mood of bitter sarcasm.

Who were the women whom Rousseau loved, or thought he loved? It is worth while just to run through their names. First there was Madame de Warens, the lady who pitied the helpless vagabond lad, and gave him shelter at various times for long periods. Her reward, of course was the basest ingratitude. She it was who, to protect his

* "Rousseau and the Women he Loved." By Francis Gribble. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

innocence, initiated Jean Jacques into the mysteries of love and let him share her favours along with her steward, Claude Anet, and we have Rousseau's own account of the contentment with which he thus acted Alfred de Musset to Anet's Pagello, and of what a happy and united family this ménage made. So far Jean Jacques's story seems accurate, though his love relations with Madame de Warens appear to have been of short duration. But the whole chronicle of his idyll with "Mamma" at Les Charmettes must now be considered as fiction. It was a fresh rival who was the Adam of that Eden, and Rousseau lingered there, a guest who had long outstayed his welcome. Other loves? Well, there were two girls whom the boy Rousseau saw only for a day, and their smiles he thought far more delightful than more substantial tokens of affection. There was the ugly mattress-maker who refused to act as a go-between. There was the servant-girl who could not tempt Jean Jacques, There was the grocer's wife whose resounding kisses he dodged down by-streets to escape. There was another tradesman's wife whose kindness he misconstrued. There were courtesans, among them La Padoana, who bade him "leave the ladies alone and study mathematics instead." All these were met early in his life, but he wanted "real ladies." They came later on, but Rousseau's experiences were hardly of the sort of which to boast. There was Madame Dapin, to whose husband he wrote a grovelling note, acknowledging her "visible disgust for me." There was Madame d'Epinay, who had to turn this denouncer of aristocrats almost out of doors before he would quit the "hermitage" she had lent him for a while. Finally, there was the Comtesse d'Houdetôt, whom, though the avowed and loving mistress of Saint-Lambert, he tried desperately to seduce from her allegiance. A time came when even her good nature grew tired of Jean Jacques's alternations of over-familiarity and servile obsequiousness. The ex-valet's one genuine conquest was a peasant woman, the mother of his discarded children, Thérèse le Vasseur, who as half-mistress, half-nurse, stayed with him till death, and even she betrayed him for the attractions of a groom.

This is not a brilliant record, and not all Mr. Gribble's pretty gift of irony and vivacity of style can prevent the tale of such a set of amours from proving hopelessly sordid. Rousseau seems to have felt this himself. No wonder, then, the author of that famous love-story, the "Nouvelle Héloïse," the dictator of the laws of sentiment, whose dream, as Mr. Gribble rightly remarks, had been not of fame (which he got), but of romance (which was denied him by his temperament), eagerly sought some episode of his life on which he could linger with pride. So, thinks Mr. Gribble, was fabricated the legend of Les Charmettes. To quote his happy description:

"Both George Sand and Madame de Staël could look back upon a golden age, of however brief duration, in which love had indeed yielded all that could be asked from it. Jean Jacques could not. . . . It was not merely that he had tired of the women or that they had tired of him. It was rather that he had never succeeded in lifting intrigue to the level of romance. . . . Reviewing his life and his various adventures, sentimental and other—contrasting his experiences, it may be, with those of other men—he understood, when too late, what he had missed, and felt the need of some memory on which his mind could dwell with loving and luxurious regret. He would be satisfied to be miserable in the present if only he could remember that he had been ideally happy in the past; and there was only one way of achieving this—by calling imagination to the aid of memory. . . . The idyll of Les Charmettes is the result."

Here, then, let us leave him, though Mr. Gribble's book, which is a true biography notwithstanding its title, covers ably enough other sides of Rousseau's career than that suggested by the title. Primarily, however, it is as an amorist that Mr. Gribble has treated him, and in that capacity, as will be gathered, he makes Jean Jacques cut a very sorry figure.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE SPY.*

Gorky's book is the story of the making and unmaking of a Russian spy that ends about the time of the "revolution" and the abortive Constitution. Yevsey Klimkov was a country boy who was called "Old Man" from the time he became an orphan at the age of seven. "The name suited him very well. He was too small for his age, his movements were sluggish, and his voice thin. . . . He held himself aloof, and lived alone." Singing in the church choir he let his voice blend with the rest, and "hid himself deliciously somewhere, as if overcome by a sweet sleep. In this drowsy state it seemed to him he was drifting away from life, approaching another gentle, peaceful existence." These subtle comparisons are very characteristic of Gorky; the inner life which they help to describe is drawn with remarkable fineness and fulness. The boy was one of those unattractive, sensitive cowards who are abused by nearly every one and without great resentment, for it is part of their nature to admire unduly the energy of their bullies. Having at length to go to work in a town, he is put with a bookseller to look after the shop. The bookseller keeps a few advanced books, lures people into buying them and then secures their imprisonment as suspicious persons. At first the boy is timidly resentful and actually warns one customer. He connives with the old man's mistress at his murder by suffocation. But he and the mistress are taken on by the successor, and gradually, without wishing it, but showing himself a tell-tale and a docile muddle-headed youth, he gets into the "Department of Safety" as a common spy. The life of the spies is drawn by means of conversation, descriptions of faces, habits, moods, and drawn vividly, horribly, but without malice. They are mostly of Yevsey's type, mean, mopish, sodden, without invention or purpose, dominated by a sick, rancorous, yellow-headed man who "stamped his feet, extended his trembling arms and tore the air with his yellow fingers, while his face turned leaden, his red eyes grew strangely dim, and the spittle spurted from his mouth." Yevsey "clearly realised that the spies did not understand the aim of their work, did not believe that it was needful for life, and did not think or reason when, instinctively, according to their habit, they went about half-sick, half-drunk, driven by different fears." Far different were the working people on whom they spied. They were uplifted by new hopes, by a new intensity of comradeship. Yevsey admired their bearing, their voices, their courage, their cheerfulness, and he came near to making real friends of them before some accident drove him to remember his duty and he betrayed them and meanly drank away his reward. "If only somebody liked me," he used to reflect. He envied every one. The spies were all envious of "revelries, of big stakes, and costly women." Yevsey turned over in his slow, inexpressive, but sensitive and original mind and nerves the explanation he had heard of the Constitution: "A different order of life—different." He longed for it even though they used to say that foreigners, the Japanese for example, were financing the revolution. He warned an intended victim and was called "vermin" for his pains. Then it was pleasant to complain. "It filled his heart with drunken sweetness. It set him in a martyr-like attitude towards people, and made him more significant." He was unreal, superfluous. He dared not escape from his way of life. The "poison of many insults" increased at once his self-importance and his consciousness of the world's contempt. When at last the people were rejoicing over the Constitution he grew elated and saw a dim future of better things for himself, keeping a shop it might be. But no. The counter-revolution came. He tried to make up his mind to murder the chief spy. He tugged at the trigger of his revolver in a vain attempt to shoot another, and then dashed away, failed to hang himself, laid his head on the railway line, but got up from the approaching train—

* "The Spy." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Duckworth.)

fortunately, too late. As a tract for the times "The Spy" is admirable, vivid, and generous too. But it is still better as a piece of psychology. Towards the end of the book Yevsey is represented as telling the story of his life to a famous author on the side of the revolution, and really the story is often so subtle, *e.g.* in its depiction of states of mind, that it might well be an autobiography.

EDWARD THOMAS.

SUSANNA AND CATHERINE WINKWORTH.*

The name of Susanna Winkworth is known to bookmen as that of a capable translator of Bunsen and of Tauler, and that of her sister is still more widely famous as the author of the "Lyra Germanica," a work which enriched our nation with many of the best of the spiritual songs of the German people. There is still room for improvement in English hymnology, but to Catherine Winkworth we owe the introduction of a fresh and beautiful stream of influence. After the death of Catherine the elder sister began to write a biography, but did not complete it, and what she wrote, although printed, was not published. It now appears with additional letters and a continuation by their niece, Margaret Josephine Shaen, and is especially valuable for its portrayal of some of the leaders in the liberalisation of religious thought that went on in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is a serious and satisfactory contribution to our knowledge of that period.

The Winkworths were of good Evangelical stock, but when the family came to Manchester and its neighbourhood they seem to have fallen quite naturally into a membership of highly cultivated and philanthropic group of Unitarians of that city. By the Rev. William Gaskell they were guided into German literature, and it is to the translations in verse which he demanded from his pupils that we finally owe the "Lyra Germanica." Catherine Winkworth admired his version of "Ein feste Burg" so greatly that in the second edition she substituted it for her own. He was a man of the wisest culture and nobility of spirit who exercised a benign influence on many lives. The charming glimpses we have of Mrs. Gaskell, whilst they do not alter what is known—what little is known—of the details of her life, add some vivid touches to the portrait of a woman distinguished equally for genius and goodness. The sisters' circle widened until it included very different elements. Hence in these pages we hear Arndt roundly denouncing England, and Mazzini preaching Italian unity; we see Mary Carpenter quietly going forward with her good work, whilst Carlyle is denouncing all philanthropists for "spending their lives trying to whitewash what God Almighty had made black and meant to be black." One of these diatribes was at a dinner-table where Froude was also present. Miss Elliot, one of the philanthropists, very smartly retorted: "Pretty well to talk about making black white when we are sitting between the whitewashers of Henry VIII. and Frederick II., compared to whom our ragged children are white already!" Other names that occur are those of Francis William Newman, he whom George Eliot styled the "St. Francis of rationalism," of Jenny Lind, of whom there are delightful sketches, of Frances Power Cobbe before the anti vivisection crusade had filled her life with the sadness of an all-absorbing and yet unavailing protest, of Princess Alice, and of Florence Nightingale. Of Nasmyth, the astronomer and inventor of the steam hammer, we are told that he was "not always sure of his h's," although the omission of the aspirate is usually regarded as the one thing a Scot cannot do. Dr. Martineau also figures largely as one of the great influences in the lives of the two sisters. And what will interest

many to whom theological speculation is as "caviare to the general" is a conversation between Catherine Winkworth and Charlotte Brontë on the subject of her approaching marriage to Arthur Bell Nicholls.

There are one or two mistakes that should be corrected in a second edition. The "College" mentioned on p. 61 was *not* the Unitarian Home Missionary Board, which was not in existence in 1850, but Manchester New College, of which the Rev. William Gaskell was a Professor. The allusion at p. 36 is to the Lancashire Public Schools Association, which advocated Cobden's plan of education popularly controlled and free from sectarianism.

The main interests in the life of the two sisters were theological and ethical, and they both belonged to the Broad Church, of which Stanley, Kingsley, and still more F. D. Maurice were the representatives, and there are many letters dealing with religious doubts and difficulties. One was for a time at least a member of a Unitarian Church, and both had a sweet charitableness that longed for comprehension. A weaver whose acquaintance Catherine made in the course of her district visiting said: "Well, I have always wondered what ladies was made for; I thought them such useless beings; but at least now I've found that they're the best of good company. Why, you could not find a single thing in the paper that she did not know all about it. I'd hater hear her talk even than go to the public-house!" Which saying is an allegory as well as a statement of fact.

The apparent, it may be only apparent, casualness of life is illustrated in the career of these two sisters. If they had kept to the Anglican circle to which by inheritance they belonged, they would not have known William Gaskell and his wife. If they had not known them, they would not have come into contact with Bunsen; if they had not met Bunsen, the "Lyra Germanica" would not have been written.

"So runs the round of life from hour to hour."

Let us be thankful therefor.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

PEN-PORTRAITS.*

Here, in these pages, Mr. Gardiner has "gathered men and women," not

"Live or dead, or fashioned by my fancy,"

as Browning's were, but chosen from among the living only, and chosen "not always because of their official or public prominence, but sometimes because they represent a phase of life, an aspect of contemporary history, or a personal influence of some significance." His first character study is of the King, his fortieth, and last, is of Mr. Chesterton; and the other thirty-eight include such interesting and diverse personalities as Florence Nightingale and Mrs. Pankhurst, the Premier, the Primate, Keir Hardie, the Kaiser, General Booth, Bernard Shaw, George Meredith, John Burns, Thomas Hardy, Dr. Clifford, Kipling, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. It is a series of striking and brilliant lightning-sketches, frank, vivid, revealing, dashed off with apparent ease and lightness of touch, yet with such a fulness of knowledge that every stroke tells. There are no caricatures, but there is some very vigorous drawing, and Mr. Gardiner does not give haloes to all his heroes. Here is a glimpse of his presentment of Kipling:

"Mr. Kipling sees life by flashes of lightning, and sets it down in phrases that strike like lightning. It is a world filled with sudden and sinister shapes—not men, but the baleful caricatures of men; not women, but Manad sisters, with wild and blood-shot eyes and fearful dishevelled locks; with boys that drink and smoke and swear like dragoons; animals that talk, and

* "Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth." Edited by their niece, Margaret J. Shaen. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

* "Prophets, Priests and Kings." By A. G. Gardiner. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

machinery that reasons like a Yellow journalist. . . . Mr. Kipling is a precocious boy with a camera. He has the gift of vision, but not the gift of thought. He sees the detail with astonishing truth, but he cannot co-ordinate the parts. He gives the impression of encyclopædic knowledge, for everything he sees is photographed on the retina, and everything he hears is written down in his brain. . . . He is like the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' fused with imagination at white heat. And as the 'Encyclopædia' is to literature, so is he to life. He knows everything except human nature. He knows all about life; but he does not know life, because he does not know the heart of man."

Bernard Shaw Mr. Gardiner describes as "the Swift of his time. . . . He is pure intellect without illusion and without emotions. His art is the art of ideas and not of sentiment. . . . He is the tonic of his time, very bitter to the taste, but stimulating. He clears the mind of cant. He clears the atmosphere of fog. He is admirable in small doses; but as a sustained diet—he is inferior to Shakespeare."

And in dealing with Chesterton he draws comparisons between him and Shaw:

"Mr. Chesterton's natural foil in these days is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw is the type of revolt. The flesh we eat, the wine we drink, the clothes we wear, the laws we obey, the religion we affect—all are an abomination to him. . . . Mr. Chesterton has none of this impatience with the external garment of society. He enjoys disorder and loves the haphazard. With Rossetti he might say, 'What is it to me whether the earth goes round the sun, or the sun round the earth?' It is not the human intellect that interests him, but the human heart and the great comedy of life. He opposes ancient sympathies to modern antipathies. It follows that Mr. Shaw's weapon is wit, sharp-edged as the east wind, and that Mr. Chesterton's weapon is humour that buffets you like a gale from the west."

The sketch of Meredith is a finely sympathetic piece of work, and of Hardy Mr. Gardiner says:

"He is the antithesis of Meredith, whose voice is of the morning and whose vision is of the day. . . . He is the Millet of literature, sounding the same note of the sorrow of the earth, working in the same elemental media. . . . But, if he is the Millet of literature, he is Millet without the 'Angelus.' His peasants are bowed to the brown earth in the mystic light, but no far-off bell tolls a message through the quiet air."

The style throughout is terse, picturesque, epigrammatic; Mr. Gardiner writes without bitterness, but he does not suppress the truth about his subjects when it happens to be unflattering—his words have teeth in them on occasion, and some of his epigrams bite uncommonly hard.

Novel Notes.

THE BOMB. By Neith Boyce. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Here we have the problem novel again, though we must admit that "The Bomb" is written in a vein of reticence and with a certain delicate restraint of touch that call for praise. Basil, an artist, has married Teresa, another artist. They both have temperaments, and both annoy each other very much at times, yet each realises that without the other life would not be worth living. The affectionate passages between these two young things are related with a graphic, if surprising, realism. Seizing hold of his wife at the conclusion of one of Teresa's little exhibitions of temper, Basil bites her. "He was always so rough." Basil is painting the portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Isabel Perry. Mrs. Perry wants to flirt with Basil, who, being very much in love with his wife, is left cold. Teresa grows jealous, and her jealousy goes on piling itself up, till it boils over, and she runs away from Basil to Switzerland, ostensibly to take a holiday. A flirtation with Crayven, a silent Englishman, nearly becomes serious, but not quite. Recognising the vulgarity of faithlessness as she sees it exhibited in the family of her host and hostess,

Teresa decides that she wants Basil again, and goes to him. The story ends somewhat unsatisfactorily with a reconciliation, but the author has described so many of them that we have not much faith in the lasting nature of this one. One's sympathy throughout is rather with Basil than with his wife.

THE BOMB. By Frank Harris. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Frank Harris, one time editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is a man of exceptional talent with a rare gift for the short story. With "The Bomb" we have his first long novel, and it is a strong and living piece of work. It is an historical novel; but Mr. Frank Harris does not take us back to the middle ages. There is no "By my halidome!" or "Grammercy" nonsense in "The Bomb." An incident in the social war of modern times, the labour troubles in Chicago in 1886, which culminated in bomb throwing and the subsequent trial and execution of the Chicago Anarchists, is the subject of the book; and already the events recorded are an old story, unknown or unremembered for the most part by the men and women of to-day. Mr. Harris brings it all back before us: the misery of the working people, in especial the foreigners, in Chicago, the strikes and Socialist agitation, the brutal methods of repression adopted by the authorities, the determination of two men to retaliate with violence, the explosion, and finally the trial and judicial murder of men quite innocent of bomb throwing. It is a chapter in the history of working-class life in America at the close of the nineteenth century, this account of the Chicago Anarchists, and it is finely wrought. Though written in the first person from the standpoint of the man who threw the bomb, there is a striking fidelity in the narrative to the actual occurrences. No less brilliant than the descriptions of the social agitation is the love-making of Elsie and Rudolph in "The Bomb." But the whole book is far above the heights of average contemporary fiction.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Frank Harris.

Editor of *Vanity Fair*.

LEWIS RAND. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

"I have come to be sorry for almost all my life," says Lewis Rand, near the close. "I was a leader in a party in whose principles I believed and still believe, and I betrayed my party. To-night I think I could give my life for one imperilled field, for one green acre of this land--and yet I was willing to bring upon it strife and dissension. Ingrate and traitor--hard words and true, hard words and true! I might have had a friend--and always I knew he was the man I would have wished to be--but instead, I thought of him as my foe and I killed him. I have brought trouble on many, and good to very few. I have wronged you in very much. But I never wronged you in my love--never, never, Jacqueline! That is my mountain peak that is my cleansing sea--that is that in my life which needs no repenting, that is true, that is right!" The story is of Virginia, in the years when Jefferson was President of America. From a poor boy, son of a tobacco roller, whose father keeps him working in the fields and will not allow him to buy books or acquire any education, Lewis Rand, helped and befriended by Jefferson, an old friend of his father, rises in the world, enters the political arena, becomes one of Jefferson's strongest supporters, but, insatiably ambitious, turns traitor, secretly sides with Aaron Burr in his scheme for setting up a republic in Texas, and yet in his own mind purposes to betray Burr also and establish an empire with himself as emperor. He is a man of supreme abilities, and of a certain innate nobleness. So long as he runs straight he passes from success to success irresistibly; but once he starts to intrigue in traitorous ways all things go wrong with him; his hopes crumble in his hands, and his path leads him only into a desert. When he realises how far wrong he has gone, he turns courageously to make atonement, and the woman who loves him honours him too much to dream of dissuading him from paying the price of his sins. It is a great theme greatly handled; a book that is at once an absorbingly interesting romance and a fine piece of literature.

JOAN OF GARIOCH. By Albert Kinross. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This very well written story is mainly concerned with the adventures of an English special correspondent in Russia at the time of the revolutionary outbreak in 1906. That the said correspondent is a retired British officer who has been deprived of the lady to whom he was engaged by the machinations of a mysterious and wealthy foreigner gives zest and a romantic turn to the book. But the romance is quite the least important part, and of Joan herself we really know nothing, save that she was faithful to her early love and left the affections of the villainous "Jarnac" (who richly deserved the fate that overtook him) unrequited. It is in the account he gives of the events



Photo by Ward Muir. **Mr. Albert Kinross.**



Photo by Russell & Sons.

Mr. Morley Roberts.

in Russia that our author is at his best. Going out to Riga, free of any attachment to the cause of the revolutionaries, and without any particular aspirations after freedom, Jim (we are left in the dark as to the hero's surname) describes the situation in the Baltic provinces as it appears to the decent fair-minded Englishman. There is no straining after effect, no attempt to pile up horrors, no desire to harrow the feelings by too much realism. The picture left in our mind includes the wonderful vigilance of the revolutionary leaders, the fierce revolt of a peasantry emerging from centuries of bondage, and the suppression by massacre of the revolution.

DAVID BRAN. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Evelleigh Nash.)

Mr Roberts inscribes this story "To my friend E. N., who has always done his best to make me do mine." In his latest novel Mr. Roberts has certainly come up to the highest expectations of his friends. "David Bran" is a singularly frank and vivid study. Its interest is bound up with four Cornish people, three women and one man. David Bran's relation to Lou, the dark girl of the tale, are not exactly those suggested by Browning's "Fifine at the Fair," but the plot is the same. Can a man of rich, complex nature love two women at the same time, one of them his wife, the other a woman who appeals to the romantic rather than the domestic side of his personality? Crudely stated, this seems a bit of empty casuistry. But Mr. Roberts has succeeded in vitalising it. Bran's mother reminds one of the sad mother in "The Return of the Native," though her fate is happier. The entire setting and conceptions of the story are exceptionally fresh--fresh even to the point of audacity. It is a book to read, and to enjoy for its style as well as its story, though some of its teachings are certainly open to question.

BY FAITH ALONE. By René Bazin. 6s. (Evelleigh Nash.)

The fine story which has been translated in these pages is another evidence of the new spirit in French fiction, which is displacing the naturalistic realism by an equally realistic but more sympathetic and religious treatment of modern

life. There are two heroes in this woodland idyll; one is Gilbert Cloquet, a labourer upon the estate, the other is Michel, the heir and agent. The latter finally succumbs to disease after an unhappy life. The former, sorely tried by a spendthrift daughter and by unsympathetic comrades in his trade-union, wins his way through poverty and sensualism and a vulgar atheism to self-respect. The author has set these figures in idyllic surroundings. We have had few more exquisite descriptions of forest scenery lately than may be found in these pages. But the more sordid facts of French peasant-life are not ignored, and M. Bazin has depicted, evidently at first hand, the suspicious attitude of the labourers to the aristocracy, the blatant unbelief, and the petty circle of interests which render a good life so hard for men of Cloquet's temper. There is less humour in the book than even in Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders," which is the nearest parallel to it in our fiction. But the French author, for all his pathos, leaves a better taste in the mouth of his readers, and in artistic effect he is not inferior to his English contemporary. We welcome the book as a masterpiece of its class, alike in style and in conception.

WHITHER THOU GOEST. By J. J. Bell. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Ruth, I'll say the hateful thing, too. At the first, I did think of your money before yourself, and you could not despise me more than I despise myself. But it wasn't long before my punishment began—till I loved you more than anything in the world." In this confession of Dick Balmain's you have the germ of "Whither thou Goest." Dick, left to support his mother and three sisters, finds that his father's business is on the verge of bankruptcy; whilst he is striving his utmost to save it, he meets with Ruth, and hearing that she has inherited a fortune, sets himself to win her for the sake of her money; he sees no other way of clearing himself of his father's debts, and making things right for his mother. After he is engaged, he loses sight of his mercenary project, and comes to love Ruth, wholly and passionately for herself; but a malicious whisperer betrays him, and when Ruth taxes him with his meanness he cannot deny it, and her faith in him is so shaken that she cannot believe it is no longer her wealth, but herself alone that he cares for. She breaks off the engagement, and he goes from her; then she repents, and helps him in secret, and when he meets her again, at last, his projects have failed, he is poorer than ever, and has discovered that she has been his unknown benefactor, and that, for a new barrier between them, he is deeply in her debt. It is a chequered and charming love story, unfolded with an easy, cunning narrative skill, and shadowed and brightened with the pathos and quaint humour that are characteristic of all Mr. Bell's work.

THE TRAMPING METHODIST. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. (G. Bell.)

The title of this book and the quotation from Stevenson on the title-page are both a little misleading. They suggest something far more formless than actually follows. At first one thinks one is in for a rambling story of the "Lavengro" order, and indeed there is all through quite a Borrowian tang of the open road. One is tempted to think that Miss Kaye-Smith has used pigments too uniformly lurid in portraying the clergy of the Established Church, but she gives a most interesting and convincing picture of the ways of Methodism in the years immediately following Wesley's death, the Methodism, that is to say, not of the Silems and Little Bethels, but of the wayside. The earlier pages of the book are chiefly occupied with these matters. A plot, however, soon makes its appearance, a plot in the literal, old-fashioned sense, woven of the threads of a few lives constantly recrossed, with love and death playing their parts in the tangling and the clearing. There is plenty of coincidence, but not too much for a story so

frankly dramatic. Without coincidence a tale of which movement is the principal feature is likely to become chaotic, and a certain symmetry of happenings is an essential. Nor is this a conventional or merely stagey story. More blood is spilt, more crime committed, there are more undercurrents and dark secrets than, perhaps, generally disturb the history of smiling Sussex and Kentish villages, but it is all quite alive and human. The character-drawing is excellent. The villains are black and the heroes white, but the blood runs red in their veins for all that. They live and die (the latter perhaps a thought too frequently) and one is interested in their destinies. They love, and few have done it more sweetly since Richard Feverel loved Lucy.

COLONEL STOW. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Bailey has already won for himself a reputation as a writer of the romantic sort, and his latest book will in no way detract from it. He knows how the thing should be done. He has made himself a manner out of Mr. Hewlett's style, and it is a good manner: terse, sometimes a little jerky, but full of life and movement. This time he has chosen the Civil War for his period. It is no new theme, but the touch is fresh. There is plenty of fighting, and it is of a vigorous, spirited sort. The battle-pieces—Newbury and Naseby—are finely done, and there are some delightful, impossible "one man" episodes, of which the great Dumas himself might have been proud. With fighting, love-making is, of course, the main thing, and if one is vigorous the other is no less so. Time and again is Mistress Lucinda Weston crushed against a bosom (not always the same bosom) until she is hurt. She is a woman of flame. Then there is Joan, the puritan maiden, and Colonel Stow, the "soldier of dreams," and Colonel Royston, the cynical soldier of fortune with heroic moments. Real personages also, Cromwell and Charles, the generals of both parties, cross and recross the stage but we are not subjected to too much historical information. Mr. Bailey has none of the romantic illusions. He knows that a puritan can be grotesque and a cavalier gaudy as well as he knows that both can be brave. His sense of humour, which never fails him, keeps him from the posturings of the earnest romancer.

The Bookman's Table.

PICCADILLY TO PALL MALL. By Ralph Nevill and Charles Edward Jerningham. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

The title of this volume, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," suggests a volume of the type of Mr. G. S. Street's "Ghosts of Piccadilly," and, indeed, in parts it bears some resemblance to that book, in so far as it deals with many of the same figures. Mr. Street deliberately limited his scope: Mr. Nevill and Mr. Jerningham wander from subject to subject, from society eccentric to financial magnate, at their own sweet will. The main theme of the book is the change in manners and habits of the upper classes since the earlier decades of the last century, and in many ways it forms a complement to the delightful memoirs of Lady Dorothy Nevill, which, by the way, were edited by one of the authors. Mr. Nevill and Mr. Jerningham treat their subject lightly, and illustrate it with innumerable anecdotes, many of which are new to the present writer. One is so good that it must be repeated. "Sir Robert Peel, son of the Prime Minister, was threatened by some policemen with arrest for some exuberant prank. His retort, 'My father didn't create you to arrest me,' so staggered the representatives of the force (then in its infancy) that they let him go. We read of the growth of the restaurant habit, of the clubs of bygone times and of to-day, of art collections, and public statues and buildings, of the growth

of speculation, and of such different persons as Sam Lewis, Colonel Baird, the Jubilee Juggins, Max Lebaudy, Abingdon Baird, Lord Ailesbury, Sir Edgar Boehm, the late Duke of Devonshire, the Rothschilds, and Queen Victoria. In a book that is designed for light reading it is rather a surprise to come across a section, for which we are told Mr. Nevill is alone responsible, treating in quite a serious vein of the morality of the metropolis. The views Mr. Nevill holds on this matter are those of common-sense, and have often been advocated, though, as he is the first to admit, they are bitterly opposed by the advocates of morality by Act of Parliament. In conclusion, it may be said that "Piccadilly to Pall Mall" is interesting from beginning to end, and it will be especially welcome to the students who endeavour to trace the evolution of society from the day when the aristocrat reigned supreme to to-day, when the plutocrat rules the roost and calls the tune. The two photographs, of St. James's Palace and of the Empire Music Hall by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, are so excellent as to deserve special mention.

LILIES OF ETERNAL PEACE. By Lilian Whiting. 1s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

This is a satisfying and beautiful little book. While expressing deep and tender sympathy with all who suffer grief and loss, it uplifts the soul into nobler companionship with those who have passed "beyond the veil," and, without a word of controversy or of bitterness, embodies what is the real answer to that group of thinkers who are fain to prolong the physical life by means of the spiritual and look forward to its endless continuance on earth as a triumphant consummation. For "the process of change which we call death is not an evil. Nothing disastrous has occurred to the friend who has gone from the physical into the ethereal realm." . . . "There can be no question but that the spiritual man has powers that are far beyond our present knowledge. . . . The 'other world' is not, as Kant has declared, 'another place, but another view.' . . . "When the religion of spirituality shall truly interpret to us this change, humanity will come to recognise death as a sacred festival, rather than as an occasion of mourning and gloom." The meaning of the tiny volume has been so perfectly phrased by the author that it seems idle to sum it up in any other way than by a series of quotations. "As a matter of fact," says Miss Whiting, it "is the one business of man on earth to co-operate with the divine power. . . . Every avenue through which the forces that make for nobler living may extend themselves is an avenue through which man may co-operate with God. Realising this, how can any hours be poor or desolate? . . . The lilies of eternal peace are not, then, to be gathered in the gardens of pleasure or of meaningless dallying; they grow on the highway of noble effort and lofty achievement."

SOME POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. With Drawings by James Guthrie. 30s. (Pear Tree Press.)

Although Mr. Guthrie, in a pamphlet on the "Aims and Intentions of his Press," utters a warning against the exaggerated importance books derive from extraneous circumstances, he does not, happily, disdain to resort to similar methods in drawing attention to his own productions. His paper, his type, and his ink are beyond reproach, and these specimens of his black-and-white hand-printing should satisfy the most exacting bibliophile. From the somewhat preraphaelite frontispiece to the final conventional tailpiece each specimen of the wood-engraver's art, although of unequal value, is representative of honest work and of legitimate endeavour to elevate the craft. Mr. Guthrie fully comprehends that if wood-engraving fail as a craft, it must also disappear as an art, but he does not seem to have quite settled in his mind what standard the art should attain to. Several of these illustrations, although Poesque in spirit, are not depictive of the poems they

nominally illustrate. They in no way represent what Poe wrote. "The Lake," for example, shows nothing suggestive of "black rocks" and "tall pines," or the other verbal accessories of the poem, and the picture of "The Haunted Palace" presents nothing to show its association with the verses bearing that title. Much is imported into these presentments which Poe never suggested, but there can be no question as to their originality and quaintness that necessary adjunct of beauty. The atmospheric effect of several of them is fine; they are generally replete with good brain-work and are the result of skilful technique. The picture of "Eulalie" is less effective, being more conventional in type than the majority of the illustrations. The biographical introduction to the "Poems" is mainly compiled from Mr. Ingram's "Life of Poe," but no reference is made to the fact by its writer.

THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD. By Anatole France. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. 6s. (John Lane.)

It would be a nice point for the devout Anatolian to decide which of the thirty or more of M. France's books is the most characteristic of his genius, but there can be no question that "Sylvestre Bonnard" appeals most surely to the general reader. It lacks the brilliant wit and audacious dialogue of "Le Lys Rouge" and the keen satire of "Monsieur Bergeret." But it is the gentlest and most kindly of M. France's books, and presents the most charming and entirely lovable character in all the long gallery of his creations. In the strictly chronological sense "Sylvestre Bonnard" is an early work, the earliest of all except "Jocaste et le Chat Maigre." But although it first appeared twenty-seven years ago, it is in no sense a youthful effort. M. France served a long apprenticeship before he allowed himself to settle down to serious creative work, and he was already in his thirty-seventh year when "Sylvestre Bonnard" was published. Since its first publication the book has been largely revised and corrected, and no doubt any one reading the latest French edition is tempted to underestimate the extent of the development of M. France's genius. The style is finished and the outlook on life matured and equable. The first edition is now so rare that only the plutocratic book collector can hope for the privilege of ascertaining how far the book as we now know it has been re-written since it first delighted a limited but discerning public. But Lafcadio Hearn's translation, which Mr. Lane has wisely reissued, was made long enough ago to suggest that the alterations were mainly alterations of detail. It is a pity that Hearn's introduction should have been printed without comment or even a date to show when it was written. Of the story itself there is nothing new to be said. The dear old scholar with his inimitable housekeeper, sitting entrenched in his "city of books," and talking with such delightful and childlike wisdom to Hamilar, the worthy predecessor of the immortal Riquet, is the most irresistibly charming of all M. France's creations. If there were only a literary Pope to sanction the canonising of characters in fiction, Sylvestre Bonnard would become the patron saint of book lovers, and his story would be among the most precious of the lives of literary saints. The later books of M. France are more audacious, they have more force and "bite," but there are none to which one returns so often or with so much pleasure, none are so good to live with, as "Sylvestre Bonnard."

LONDON VISIONS. By Laurence Binyon. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Laurence Binyon has brought together in this book the contents of those two little volumes that he published under the same title, the one ten, the other thirteen years ago, and to these he has added a fitting selection from two other of his earlier volumes, and several unpublished poems more recently written. Every poet who has walked its streets has been susceptible to the charm of London, has

found more or less of inspiration in it, and has striven to give voice to the burden and mystery of the lives that are lived in it, to the awful splendour of its dawns and sunsets, the noise and hurry of its days, the beauty and horror of its nights. Mr. Binyon has woven something of all this into these haunting and exquisite lyrics. He has not the imaginative fire and grim forcefulness of Henley, nor (except perhaps in the fine ballad of "John Winter") the pathos and homely narrative power of Buchanan, but he has a delicacy of thought and fancy, a quickness of insight, a grace and picturesque vividness of expression in which neither of them surpasses him. "Red Night" compresses into four small pages a wonderfully realistic vision of the soul of London, "her desolations and her majesties," but as Mr. Binyon suggests in his preface, the contents are so arranged that they round into a single corporate poem. In that opening lyric you see all London unrolling, lurid, swarming, inchoate, as in some cloudy, bewildering nightmare; in the poems that follow, single figures have detached themselves from the immense crowd, single pictures and impressions have detached themselves clearly from the misty, dazzling panorama, and at the end you find that each one of these figures, pictures, impressions has had its due effect in building up for you a full and unforgettable microcosm of London. It is too late in the day to say that Mr. Binyon is a true poet; we knew it when we first read his "London Visions" years ago; we were more sure of it still when he published "The Death of Adam"; but it is not too late to assure any who are unacquainted with this little book that they are ignorant of some of the loveliest and most significant work in modern poetry.

Notes on New Books.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Miss Annie Matheson has compiled a widely appealing little "book of devotion," *Sayings from the Saints* (2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net), and these "sayings" have been restricted to the words of the saints within the canon. Beautiful counsel is here, and the pages hold many fragrant phrases; sometimes a long quotation of more than a page will hold a thought and dilate upon it with a fine insight and faith; sometimes a dozen words alone will present a dazzling truth. If we may criticise so holy a group, we venture to question the interest of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. This saint, no doubt with absolute sincerity, uttered many a phrase which is now a platitude; frequently he simply paraphrased the Bible, and in such cases the Bible is better. The volume, however, is a sympathetic whole. Each page is headed with the virtue or the failing indicated below it, and the collection will prove itself to be a real friend to those who look for saintly words to strengthen and guard them through each day.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

"In dealing with persons who are afflicted with worries, it is not of the least use to tell them 'not to worry.'" When we opened Dr. John H. Clarke's handy volume on *Vital Economy* (1s. net and 2s. net) and our eyes fell on these words, we knew that there was clear, practical sense in the book, and turning back to the beginning we read every word, from Chapter I. to the Index. Dr. Clarke's main object is to help the ordinary human being, the one who is neither a Hercules nor an invalid, to conserve his strength and make the best of his body under the daily conditions which are his lot in life. While giving full value to fresh air and cold water, he speaks very sensibly about the "fresh-air maniac" and the "cold-tub maniac"; discretion and sound individual judgment, and not a blind disregard of symptoms, are needed with regard to these good elements. Chapters are given on Fresh Air, Exercise, Tea, Coffee, Worry, the Bath, and so forth. We may not like all the advice, but we shall be the wiser for remembering most of it.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

The Franco-British Exhibition as a permanency is offered to us in the *Illustrated Review* which Mr. F. G. Dumas edits, and Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish. We see, by picture

and word, the making of the great White City—the scheme, the architecture, the very cement and fibrous plaster of it—and we see the beautiful things which filled it, and the amusing and instructive things which shared the honour. The volume, which among other excellent illustrations reproduces a great number of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, is a fine and useful memento of the Great Exhibition of 1908.

Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt is a skilful and indefatigable anthologist, and his new volume which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published, *The Charm of Venice*, is one of the most charming of his very successful "collections." In Venice Mr. Hyatt had a fertile subject, and he has selected with care, taste, and judgment. No better little volume could be slipped into the pocket or the knapsack of the visitor to Venice than this well-varied gathering together of poem and prose passage, revealing, as the title of the volume claims, the many-sided, unquestionable charm of Venice.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

In *Branded* (6s.), Mr. Gerald Biss has written a gripping and sensational story, which is strongly reminiscent of a famous poisoning case. The plot is concerned with the twin daughters of the condemned woman, and the actions of one of these girls is made to show that heredity does not necessarily shape the character. The mother in the story is an innocent woman, but the girl's conduct is as tainted as if guilt were in her blood. The evolution of this beautiful twin is very graphically told, and the book, lurid in parts, holds the attention easily.

YEAR BOOKS.

We have been glancing through the first four of the Year Books that have arrived on our table. The indispensable *Hazell's Annual* (Hazell, 3s. 6d. net) is, as usual, a very encyclopædia of general information, and its special articles on social and economic questions of the day are as interesting as they are reliable. It is one of the books that the man of business cannot afford not to buy. The new issue of the familiar and handy little *"Daily Mail" Year Book* (Associated Newspapers, 6d. net) is a miracle of cheapness. It is crammed with articles, statistics, and condensed information on practically every important topic of the hour.—*Mowbray's Annual* (Mowbray, Ltd., 1s. net), is a compact and comprehensive storehouse of information on the work, problems, organisation, and personnel of the Anglican community at home and abroad. *The Literary Year-Book* (Routledge), now in its thirteenth year with its directory of authors, publishers, agents, periodicals, booksellers, its full exposition of the copyright laws, and all its varied and serviceable information on literary matters, has become an essential part of every author's and editor's library.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The month has been rich in reprints and new editions, and among the most attractive are the five volumes which Messrs. George Allen & Son publish, uniform in style and cheap in price, of Maurice Maeterlinck's works—*Wisdom and Destiny*, *The Life of the Bee*, *The Treasure of the Humble*, *Aglavalne and Selysette*, and *Sister Beatrice and Ariadne*, etc. (2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net each). This is a pocket edition in a type and style which are at once excellent, dignified, and tasteful.

Another altogether charming reprint is our old favourite, *Rab and His Friends*. If there could have been one person chosen above all others to illustrate this classic, it should have been, in our opinion, Miss H. C. Preston Macgown, R.S.W., and Mr. Foulis of Edinburgh this artist has secured for this reprint. Seven most delicately drawn, delicately coloured, and entirely sympathetic pictures impress the beauty of the little idyll.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons go on triumphantly with their Shilling Library. They have now added to it such alluring volumes as Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*, Mrs. Everard Cotes's *Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*, and Sir Henry Hawkins's *Reminiscences*. These little books are truly marvels of cheapness, good taste, and good selection.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have conceived the happy idea of publishing a pocket edition of Mr. Marion Crawford's "Singer's Trilogy"—*Soprano*, *The Prima Donna*, and *The Diva's Ruby*. The three pretty volumes are charmingly bound in red leather, and are enclosed in a neat red case (10s. 6d. net).

To return to the dainty publications which we always expect, and get, from Mr. T. Foulis of Edinburgh, it is worth noting his exquisite little long-shaped, paper-covered reprints of, among others, that charming love-story of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, and Browning's *Last Ride Together*, and other poems (6d. net each). These are just the ideal gift for those who wish to give a little more than a card at birthday, Easter, or other seasons, and yet are not so expensive as to be an embarrassment either to giver or receiver. The little books are most prettily illustrated in colour and their outward form is in every way pleasing.

A book of a very different kind, but a very welcome one, is Messrs. Longmans' new edition of John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography* (3s. 6d. net). This noble book is by no means enough known to the general reader, and the present edition, with portrait after the painting by Watts, is an extremely handy, useful, and inexpensive form in which to possess it.

New Books of the Month.

[FROM NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.]

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- All Shall be Well.** Selections from the Writings of Lady Julian of Norwich, A.D. 1373. 1s. net (Mowbray)
- BENSON, MARGARET.**—The Venture of Rational Faith. 6s. net (Macmillan)
- BLACK, HUGH.**—University Sermons. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- Churchman's Library.** The English The Christian Use of the Psalter, by the Rev. A. R. Whitlam; The Practical Religion, by Vernon Staley; Letters to a Godson, Second Series, by Cyril Bickersteth; Our Working Girls and How to Help Them. 4 vols. 1s. net each (Mowbray)
- DENNEY, JAMES, D.D.**—Jesus and the Gospel. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- FRENCH, REV. E. ALDOM.**—God's Message Through Modern Doubt. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
- GARDNER, ROBERT.** In the Heart of Democracy. 3s. 6d. net (New Age Press)
- HORDER, W. GARRETT.** The Other World. 3s. net (Macmillan)
- MAY, JOSEPH, LL.D.**—Miracles and Myths of the New Testament. 1s. 6d. net (Philip Green)
- MURRAY, J. CLARK, LL.D., F.R.S.C.**—A Handbook of Christian Ethics. 6s. net (T. & T. Clark)
- PASSMORE, T. H., M.A.**—Your Confirmation. 9d. net (Mowbray)
- RAMSAY, W. M., HON. D.C.L.**—Luke the Physician. Illustrated. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- SPENCE, FRANK.**—Christian Reunion. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- STALKER, REV. PROF. JAMES, D.D.**—The Atonement. 2s. 6d. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
- THOMPSON, R. CAMPBELL.**—Semitic Magic. 10s. 6d. net (Luzac)
- YOUNG, DINSDALE T.**—The Travels of the Heart. 3s. 6d. (Culley)

NEW EDITIONS.

- MILTON.** On the Son of God and the Holy Spirit. 1s. 6d. net (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)

FICTION.

- ANTON.**—Next-Door Neighbours. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
- "BARTHOLOMEW."**—As They Are. 3s. 6d. net (H. J. Drane)
- BLACKBURN, DOUGLAS.**—I Came and Saw. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
- CHANNEL, A.**—Children of the Resurrection. 1s. 6d. net (A. F. Bird)
- CHESTER, GEORGE RANDOLPH.**—Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. 6s. (E. Grant Richards)
- COLE, R. W.**—The Artificial Girl. 6s. (Greening)
- DESPARD, MRS., and MABEL COLLINS.**—Outlawed. A Novel on the Woman's Suffrage Question. 1s. net (H. J. Drane)
- GALE, ZONA.**—Friendship Village. 6s. (Macmillan)
- HAMILTON, COSMO.**—The Blindness of Virtue. 6s. (Hutchinson)
- HOUGHTON, J. A.**—The Supreme Rulers. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
- KENNEDY, ANNIE.**—Only an Orphan. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
- LILBURN, ADAM.**—Fiddler Matt. 3s. 6d. (Brown, Langham & Co.)
- MAJOR, CHARLES.**—Uncle Tom Andy Hill. Illustrated. 6s. (Macmillan)
- MANSFIELD, CHARLOTTE.**—The Girl and the Gods. 1s. net (Greening)
- MAUNSELL, A. ILOYD.**—The Apostate. 6s. (Allen & Sons)
- MITCHELL, S. WEIR.**—The Red City. 6s. (Macmillan)
- NEWTE, HORACE W. C.**—The Square Mile. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
- PANTON, J. E.**—The Cannibal Crusader. 6s. (Arrowsmith)
- SCOTT, SIR J. GEORGE, K.C.I.E.**—Cursed Luck. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood)
- SPIELMANN, MRS. M. H.**—The Love Family. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (G. Allen & Sons)
- WHITE, PERCY.**—The Rescuer. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- WILSON, JESSE.**—When Women Reign. 2s. net (Stockwell)

NEW EDITIONS.

- BLYTH, JAMES.**—Rubina. 1s. net (John Long)
- FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE.**—Salamambo. Translated by J. W. Matthews. 1s. 6d. net (Greening)
- LOUYS, PIERRE.**—Woman and Puppet, Etc. Translated and Adapted by G. F. Monkshood. 1s. 6d. net (Greening)
- SAND, GEORGE.**—François Le Champi. Illustrations. 5s. net (Bell & Sons)
- TROLLOPE, ANTHONY.**—The Warden. Illustrated. 5s. (Routledge)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

- BOULTON, HAROLD.**—National Songs. 5s. net (Constable)
- Bruce, The Poems of Michael.** With Memoirs, and Review of the Logan Controversy. By John Macfarlane. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net (Authors' Association)
- "CLANSMAN."**—Short Poems. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
- COUSINS, JAMES H.**—The Bell-Branch. 1s. net (Maunsel)
- DAVIS, OSWALD.**—Home Heroics. 2s. net (Kegan Paul)
- DRUCE, ERNEST.**—Sonnets to a Lady. 3s. 6d. net (John Long)
- EARLE, WALTER, M.A.**—Thoughts by the Way. With Illustrations. 6s. net (Allen & Sons)
- EYRE, LADY ALICE.**—Love as a Pedlar. 1s. net (Elkin Matthews)
- FAIRFAX, J. GRIFFYTH.**—Poems. 4s. net (Smith, Elder)
- FARJEON, ELIZABETH.**—Pan-Worship, and Other Poems. 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Matthews)
- G. M.**—Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh. 1s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
- GRANVILLE, CHARLES.**—Some Emotions. The Plaint of the Wandering Jew. 2 vols. 2s. net each (Open Road Publishing Co.)
- HAZELHURST, JOHN.**—Flashes from the Orient. Book II. Summer. 1s. 6d. (Hazell, Watson & Viney)
- HILL, NORMAN.**—Lyrics by a Briton in Galha. 2s. net (Samurai Press)
- JESSUP, A. E.**—Sir Christopher and Other Poems. 1s. net (David Nutt)
- LIST, E. BRENDA.**—"Girton, My Friend," and Other Matter. 2s. 6d. net (Heller, Cambridge)
- MACLEOD, FIONA.**—The Immortal Hour. 3s. 6d. net (Foulis, Edinburgh)
- MASON, CHARLOTTE M.**—The Saviour of the World. Vol. II. 3s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
- NORMAN, OSWALD.**—Friendship's Keepsake. 1s. net (Eveleigh Nash)
- PLINLIMMON, DAVID.**—Vox Otiosi. 1s. net (Elkin Matthews)
- R. T. H.**—Under the Shadow of Dread. 2s. 6d. net (Whitcombe & Tombs)
- STORK, CHARLES WHARTON.**—Day-dreams of Greece. 1s. net (Elkin Matthews)
- TREVELYAN, R. C.**—Sisyphus. An Operatic Fable. 5s. net (Longmans)
- TYNAN, KATHARINE.**—Experiences. (A. H. Bullen)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Beaumont and Fletcher, The Works of.**—Variorum Edition. Vol. III. 10s. 6d. net (Bell & Bullen)
- GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.**—The Deserted Village, etc. Introduction by T. Cartwright, B.A. 6d. net (Heinemann)
- Herrick, The Love Poems of.** 6d. net, 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
- HOPE, LAURENCE.**—Songs from the Garden of Kama. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net (Heinemann)
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- Shakespeare's Complete Sonnets.** With Introduction and Notes by C. M. Walsh. 5s. net (Fisher Unwin)
- Tudor and Stuart Love Songs.** Collected by J. Potter Briscoe. 2s. 6d. net (Gay & Hancock)
- YEATS, W. B.**—Collected Works. Vols. V. & VI. (Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

- ALICROFT, A. HADRIAN, M.A.**—Earthwork of England. 18s. net (Macmillan)
- BAKER, ALFRED.**—The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. (I. Pitman & Sons)
- BARKER, EDWARD HARRISON.**—France of the French. 6s. (Pitman)
- BEEBY, W. T., M.D., and EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.**—The Levantine Riviera. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net (27, Chancery Lane)
- BENECKE, AMY M.**—Cannes and Its Surroundings. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net (George Allen)
- BRADLEY, A. G.**—The Making of Canada. 12s. 6d. net (Constable)
- BALL, F. W.**—Supplement to the History of the Town of Kettering. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net (Northamptonshire Printing & Publishing Co.)
- Emmet, The Life and Times of.** No. I. Irish Library. 6d. (John Ouseley)
- FORT, G. SEYMOUR.**—Dr. Jameson. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net (Hurst & Blackett)
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- HOLMES, T. RICE.**—Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. (Translated into English.) 4s. 6d. net (Macmillan)
- JACKSON, F. HAMILTON, R.B.A.**—The Shores of the Adriatic. With Illustrations. 21s. net (John Murray)
- KENNEDY, W. M., B.A.**—Archbishop Parker. 3s. 6d. net (Pitman)

- KIRKLAND, CAROLINE.—Some African Highways. Illustrated. 6s. net (Duckworth)
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- MACKELLAR, C. D.—A Pleasure Pilgrim in South Africa. With Illustrations. 15s. net (John Murray)
- MACRAE, ALEXANDER, M.A.—Scotland (1707-1907). 2s. 6d. net (Dent)
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- MONROE, W. S.—In Viking Land. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell & Sons)
- NORTHCOTE, LADY ROSALIND. Devon. Its Moorlands, Streams and Coasts. With Illustrations in Colour. By Frederick J. Widgey. 20s. net (Chatto & Windus)
- NOYES, ALFRED.—William Morris. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. net (Macmillan)
- POCOCK, REV. NICHOLAS, M.A. Life of Richard Steward. 3s. 6d. net (Masters)
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- UPWARD, ALLEN.—The East End of Europe. With Illustrations. 12s. net (John Murray)
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- WARD, WILFRID.—Ten Personal Studies. 10s. 6d. net (Longmans)
- WILLIAMS, LEONARD. Grant Richards's Waistcoat Pocket Guide to Paris. (Grant Richards)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Berlin. The Secret History of the Court of. 1s. net (John Long)
- MACRAE, DAVID. Americans at Home. 2 vols. (Smith, Glasgow)
- Memoirs, Miniature: Nell Gwyn of Old Drury; The Wives of Napoleon; Marie Antoinette; Rabelais and His Friends. 6d. and 1s. each. (Sisley)
- RAMSAY, DEAN.—Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. 5s. net (Foulis, Edinburgh)
- STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—An Inland Voyage. With Illustrations in Colour and Black and White. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus)
- YONGE, CHARLOTTE M.—A Book of Golden Deeds. 6d. net. (Nelson)

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- Arts of the Church, The: The Architectural History of the Christian Church. By A. G. Hill. Church Bells. By H. B. Walters, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. net each. (Mowbray)
- BORASTON, J. MACLAIR. British Birds and Their Eggs. 6s. net (Chambers)
- Butterflies and Other Insects, British. Edited by Edward Thomas. Illustrated. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- CLAY, FELIX.—The Origin of the Sense of Beauty. 6s. net (Smith, Elder)
- DAY, LEWIS F.—Nature and Ornament. 5s. net (Batsford)
- DOWNMAN, FRANCIS.—Great English Painters. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
- FOSTER, JOHN, M.A. A Shakespeare Word-Book. 7s. 6d. net (Routledge)
- HARRISON, HENRY.—Surnames of the United Kingdom. Pt. VIII. 1s. net (Eaton Press, 190, Ebury St.)
- KELLOGG, VERNON L. Insect Stories. Illustrated. 5s. net (Bell & Sons)
- KNOX, E. M.—The Acts of the Apostles. Bible Lessons for Schools. 3s. 6d. net (Macmillan)
- MACQUOID, PERCY.—The Plate Collector's Guide. Arranged from Cripps's Old English Plate. With Illustrations. 6s. net (John Murray)
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- SEDGWICK, S. N., M.A.—The Young People's Nature-Study Book. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net (Culley)

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NEW EDITIONS.

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- BISHOP, EMILY M. Seventy Years Young. 3s. 6d. net (Gay & Hancock)
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 205

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 209

THE READER—

Charles Darwin. By EDWARD
CLODD 211

Richard Jefferies and London. By
EDWARD THOMAS 215

The Penalties of Failure. By
EDWIN PUGH 219

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 222

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COM-
PETITIONS 223

NEW BOOKS—

The Poet Morris. By Y. Y. ... 224

Joseph Skipsey. By A. St. J. A. 226

An English Lady. By ARTHUR
WAUGH 227

The Growth of Man and of
Nature. By STEPHEN REY-
NOLDS 228

A Prize Novel 229

Memories of Half a Century. By
J. A. H. 229

The Beginnings of Journalism ... 230

Mrs. Dudeney's New Novel ... 231

The Making of Poetry 231

A Public Benefactor 232

A Re-created Past. By A. G. ... 233

Lady Darlington and Others. By
LEWIS MELVILLE 233

The Corsican Sisters. By THOMAS
SECCOMBE 234

NOVEL NOTES—

Lady Letty Brandon—Henry of
Navarre—Joyce Pleasantry—
Power of a Lie—Love's Magic
The Ghost Kings—The Ways
of Men—Wroth—Yrivand—
Desire—The Long Arm—The
Altar Stairs 235-8

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Seventy Years Young—Highways
and Byways in Surrey—The
Cathedrals of Norway, Sweden,
and Denmark—Nature Poems
and Others—The Great English
Letter-Writers—The Tales and
Poems of E. A. Poe 238-9

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 240

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 240

NOTICES.

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for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

News Notes.

The March BOOKMAN will be a FitzGerald Cen-
tenary Number, and will contain a special illustrated
article on Edward FitzGerald by Arthur C. Benson.

The contents of the March BOOKMAN will also
include an important article on "Lord Rosebery
as a Man of Letters," by Hector Macpherson; a
"BOOKMAN Gallery" article on John Masefield,
by Ashley Gibson.

The axiom concerning great men's sons does
not hold good in the case of Darwin; four sur-
viving sons of his are men of eminence. Sir George
Howard Darwin, K.C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., is Plumian
Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philo-
sophy at Cambridge, and has made valuable
discoveries in meteorological science. Mr. Francis
Darwin, who is a doctor of medicine and a
distinguished botanist, has been Foreign Secretary
of the Royal Society since 1903; he was his father's

assistant at Down, and after the latter's death,
wrote a Life of him and edited his letters. Major
Leonard Darwin was on the Staff Intelligence
Department of the War Office; he served on
several scientific expeditions, and after retiring
from the Royal Engineers, sat as M.P. for Lichfield.
He has written books on "Bimetallism" and on
"Municipal Trade." Mr. Horace Darwin is chair-
man of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument
Company, and an ex-Mayor of Cambridge.

An interesting literary event of this month is the
Tercentenary of Sir John Suckling, who was born
early in February, 1609. Handsome, witty, profl-
igate; soldier, courtier and poet, Sir John fought
under Gustavus Adolphus through some months of
the Thirty Years' War, and was afterwards one of
the most brilliant figures at the Court of Charles I.
A gentleman of fortune, he raised a troop of horse
in the King's service, but being involved in a
conspiracy to rescue Strafford from the Tower,
he fled to Paris and there, exiled and hampered by
poverty, ended his life with poison at the age of
thirty-four.

Suckling is one of the gayest and most daintily
fanciful of that glorious company of Jacobean
lyrists that includes Lovelace, Carew, Waller, and
Herrick. Except for an occasional exquisite line,

his plays are very dead reading, and of his small sheaf of poems probably the most popular is the ballad "Upon a Wedding," with its familiar, careless opening,

"I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,"

and its haunting, much-quoted verses describing the bride :

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light ;
But O she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight. . . .

"Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly) ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July."

This, indeed, and some three or four easy, airy, witty songs—"The Constant Lover," for one ; "The Remonstrance" ("Why so pale and wan, fond lover?") for another—make up his entire passport to immortality. It has brought him safely down to us through the dust and changes of three hundred years, and keeps him still in the enjoyment of what some one (wasn't it Ben Jonson?) has called

"great glory, but not broad"

Mr. Edward Clodd, who has written our Centenary article on Darwin, has in preparation a book on

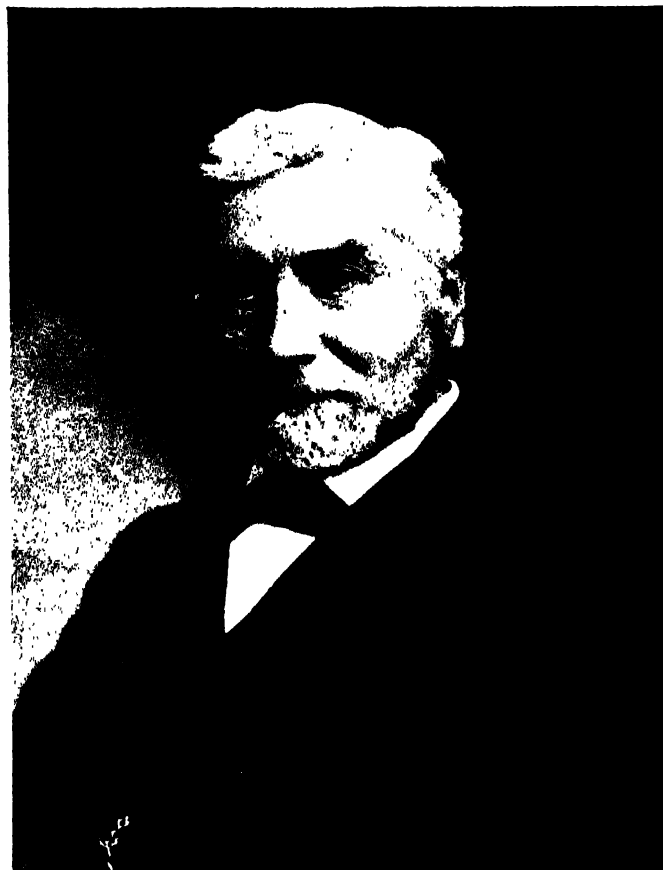


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Edward Clodd.

"Pre-animistic Stages in Religion," which will be an enlargement of a paper read by him at the recent Congress on Religion at Oxford. He has also undertaken to contribute to Messrs. Constable's "Philosophies Ancient and Modern" Series a volume on "Lucretius and Modern Science."

Mr. Vincent Brown's new novel, "Magnificat," is said to be one of the most unusual and surprising stories issued since he himself published "A Magdalen's Husband." It deals in a romantic and idealistic fashion with the good and inspiring influence exercised among a company of young men in a London boarding-house by the presence there of a domestic servant of a wonderfully beautiful character. Mr. Brown has sometimes been criticised as a realist : this story, however, is pure idealism.

Miss A. E. Jacomb, the winner of the two hundred and fifty guinea prize in Mr. Melrose's First Novel Competition, is a Londoner by birth, and until recently had lived all her life in town. She studied Art under Professor Fred Brown at South Kensington, has done some journalism, and written a few short stories, but no complete novel until she wrote "The Faith of his Fathers."



Photo by W. Arnell & Co., Brighton.

Mr. Vincent Brown.



Photo by Harrod's Ltd., Brompton Road, S.W.

Miss A. E. Jacomb.

Author of "The Faith of his Fathers." (Melrose.)

Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, who was the first editor of the *Windsor*, has been appointed editor of *Cassell's Magazine*.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney has taken a little cottage, "a sort of toy, and second home," as she calls it, at St. Ives in Cornwall, and this is how it comes about that her new novel, "Rachel Lorian," has a Cornish setting. Later in the year Mrs. Dudeney is publishing a volume of short stories, one of which has already appeared in the *Fortnightly*, and all the others in *Harper's*, *Putnam's*, and other of the American magazines.

The executors of Sardou have found four, until now unpublished, plays amongst his papers. One of them is a four-act play written in collaboration with Ange Galdemar for a London theatre. The other three consist of the libretto for a comic opera entitled "The Feast on the Nile," a dramatic comedy in four acts, and "Madame Tallien," a tragedy in five acts. All these three works, of which the first will be produced during the present year, were written in collaboration with Emile Moreau.

Mr. Laurence Housman is at work on a novel of modern life in a small provincial town, and hopes to have it finished in time for publication this autumn.

Although Mr. Philip Gibbs has published nine books, the chief business of his life is journalism; he has done admirable work as a journalist for several of the London dailies and says that book-making has been merely a hobby with him, and he has found it an unprofitable one. His new book, "A King's Favourite," deals with the love story of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. He throws a deal of new light on the character of Carr, whose biography has never before been written. Mr. Gibbs has another historical work in hand, and in the meantime has nearly finished his second novel, which he is calling "The Street of Adventure."

"The Little Company of Ruth" is the title of a new novel that Mrs. Lee-Hamilton (Annie E. Holdsworth) has lately completed. Her just-published book, "Lady Letty Brandon," is meeting with a very favourable reception. It is interesting to know that Mrs. Lee-Hamilton discussed the plot of this story with William Sharp about a month before his death, and he told her he thought it would be almost impossible for her to construct



Mr. Philip Gibbs.

From the painting by Alfred Priest, exhibited at the Portrait Painters' Exhibition, New Gallery, 1908.



Photo by Schenbock, Florence.

**Miss Annie Holdsworth
(Mrs. Lee-Hamilton).**

such a plot as she had in mind. "I have done it, however," she says, "and you have it in 'Lady Letty Brandon.'"

But Mrs. Lee-Hamilton is more concerned at present with the issue of her husband's sonnets, "Mimma Bella"—his last work. They form an elegy on the little daughter whose loss gave him his death-blow. The sonnets appeared last year in the *Fortnightly*, and are to be published now by Mr. Heinemann, with a biographical sketch, and a portrait of the author that was taken on his death-bed.

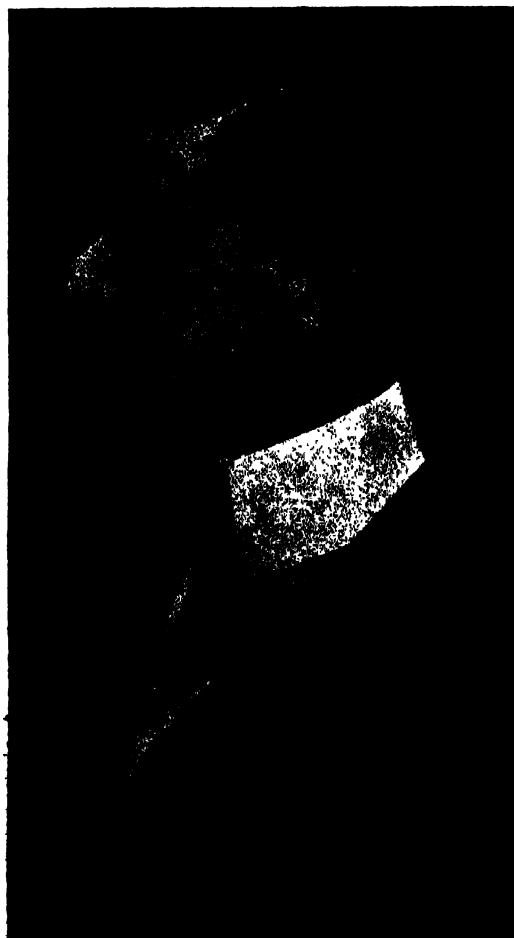
Turning from tragic themes, such as he handled so powerfully in "The Taskmaster," in "Seth of the Cross," and in "The Sacrifice," Mr. Alphonse Courlander is writing a new novel that is intended only to amuse—a story that is part fantastic, part sentimental, and just a little sad now and again. He is calling it "Henry in Search of a Wife."

Mr. Lewis Melville, who is engaged on a new Life of Thackeray, is gathering material for a biography of "Vathek" Beckford. "I have obtained permission to examine those letters and papers that are in the possession of William Beckford's descendants," he writes, "but there must be in existence other letters written by him, and I should be grateful

if the owners would allow me to see them. They should be sent to me, care of Messrs. Curtis Brown & Massie, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. The greatest care would be taken of the correspondence, which would be returned as soon as it had been copied."

"The Ways of Men" is Mr. Herbert Flowerdew's eighth book; he has written also several serials and is one of the most popular writers of short stories for the magazines. Yet he says that if he could have his own way he would abandon writing and devote his life to experimenting with aeroplanes. He has so far humoured his bent that he has found time to invent various mechanical toys, two of which are on the market and selling satisfactorily.

The photograph of Darwin on p. 214 is the copyright of Mr. John Murray, with whose kind permission we reproduce it. For permission to make use of other illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. George Allen & Sons, Messrs. Smith, Elder, Messrs. Pitman, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Macmillan, and Messrs. Putnam's.

**Mr. Justus Miles Forman.**

A hitherto unpublished portrait of the author of "The Garden of Lies," whose new novel is now running as a serial in the *Windsor Magazine*.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 20, 1909.

A STRIKING contrast met the eyes of any one who left London, as I did, at the conclusion of what some people pronounced to be the worst publishing season in thirty years, to come to New York, where the book trade, during the period following the Presidential election, was, if not brisk, at any rate far from moribund. To say good-bye in London to a set of dismal-visaged English publishers, booksellers, and authors, and to be greeted at New York by the smiling faces of their American brothers of the pen and the ledger, could not but remind one of the pictures that manufacturers of patent medicines use to advertise their wares. These pictures are in pairs, showing, one a despairing invalid, and the other the same man after his cure has been established and his spirits restored by Somebody-or-Other's Pills or Powders. Under the pictures are printed the legend "Before and After," and such is one's comment when one observes the contrast of which I have spoken between England and America.

Yet the American publisher has his troubles too, even if they are less black than those of the Englishman. His publishing season has been far from the best imaginable; and, moreover, he has suffered considerably on account of the depression in England, just as the English book-producer (whether author or publisher) suffered during the time of the American financial panic.

American authors I find full of complaints. "English people are not buying my books at all these days," they tell me mournfully; and I hear at first hand that even that writer to whom, of all Americans, English folk are most attached, has expressed himself as not altogether pleased with England's book trade of last autumn.

But there are few American authors, after all, to whom the English publishing conditions make any real difference. Socially England has been very kind to America, but she has shown something less of hospitality toward America's authors, and some few alone (I mean amongst novelists) have won in England a real and lasting popularity.

Amongst these few, Kate Douglas Wiggin certainly holds a place, as the author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and the various "Penelope" books. In private life Kate Douglas Wiggin is called Mrs. Riggs. This name, by the way, has caused a good deal of confusion since "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was written. Certainly, to distinguish between the two personalities that are connected with the name Riggs and Wiggs, and Wiggs and Wiggin, is not easy to the uninitiated. It is no wonder, therefore, that even newspapers and speakers at public gatherings have over and over confused the author of "Penelope" with the Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice who created Mrs.

Wiggs, and is now, I believe, about to introduce us through the *Century Magazine* to a new and quaint character called Mr. Opp.

I called on Mrs. Riggs yesterday in her flat near Central Park, and found her just such a gracious and likeable person as all children who have pored over her stories would wish to picture her. Of late she has not written very much because of another and a new activity of hers, an activity which she is unpatriotic enough to disclose to readers of THE BOOKMAN before she speaks of it to her fellow country people. This is the writing of her first play, which is founded on her "Rebecca" books ("Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "New Chronicles of Rebecca").

Aside from this play, Mrs. Riggs has also been writing something more about that character which has by this time become so closely associated with her name that many of her friends call her "Penelope." This new story is called "Penelope in Venice," and will appear in the March *Century*, running for only one month. She has also written a tale of Shaker life, called by the attractive title "Susannah and Sue," which will commence serial publication here in the spring, in the *Woman's Home Companion*, and will appear as a book in the autumn over Houghton Mifflin's imprint.

The only new work she is planning is a book for girls, though grown people will read it too, no doubt. It will picture the problem that meets girls who live in little country towns and suffer from the devastating dullness of village life, only to go to the city and find that conditions there are also far from ideal. As yet this book has no title.

So, taken all in all, Mrs. Riggs is treating her book public with generosity despite her debut as a dramatist. She tells me, however, that she is a firm believer that an author should not write too much. This restraint is, of course, for the best artistically, and it is also, she thinks, for the best commercially.

We spoke of this point, and I raised the objection that he who wrote little was likely to have empty pockets.

"But," said she, "the less I write the more I make. If I had written everything that was suggested to me and everything which I could have found editors and publishers ready to print, I am certain my pockets would have far less in them now than they have as things are.

"Indeed," she went on, "I told a publisher the other day that, since the less I write the more I make, the only logical conclusion would be, that if I wrote nothing, I should become a literary multi-millionaire."

But it must not be supposed that such a sordid theory as this carries weight with Mrs. Riggs. If her literary output is not over-large, it is because, in her own words, "She finds living more fun than writing ever could be."

Another American writer who has an especial interest for English readers is Owen Wister. His "Virginian" deserves a place amongst that small, distinguished band of fictional characters whose chief is Sherlock Holmes. I mean characters who, by their reality and charm, have secured in the hearts of readers a place as actual as that of any flesh-and-blood acquaintance. Mr. Wister writes me from Philadelphia, which is his birthplace and his home, to tell me that he is at present engaged on a series of short stories, clustered about the character of Scipio le Moyne, who, as every one who read the story will remember, was a confrère of the Virginian's. Owen Wister is not known alone as a writer of romance, however. He has written two noteworthy biographies, one a few years ago of U. S. Grant, the other more recently, called "The Seven Ages of Washington." Mr. Wister tells me he has in consideration further biographies to follow these two books.

Few literary women have been so beloved as was the late Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and I am glad to hear that her biography is in the sympathetic hands of her friend Miss Lilian Whiting, herself a well-known writer.

"Mrs. Moulton's literary life," Miss Whiting writes me from Boston, "focussed far more in London than here. Among her great friends—from nearly all of whom I am receiving letters—are Coulson Kernahan, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Lady Wynford, and Archdeacon Wilberforce; while Wilkie Collins, William Sharp, and many others now dead were also dear friends of hers. I shall go to London to complete the book, which is to be ready by July 1. . . . I aim to make the biography of Mrs. Moulton reflect somewhat the literary panorama and conditions of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which included her most active literary life. She was, as you know, in touch with every one on both sides of the Atlantic."

The man who ventures the remark that "there is no money in poetry" can lay claim to little more originality than can he who points out to us, when each December comes around, that "the days are growing shorter." Both these truisms are what the American humorist Gelett Burgess calls "bromides"—i.e. the quintessence of triteness. Poetry certainly does not pay. It is a striking fact, however, that in America it seems to pay better than in England. The unknown minor poet starves, of course, whether he lives in the land of good roast beef or in the land of the buckwheat cake, but when it comes to the well-known poet it would seem that he fares more sumptuously here. For example, one can think offhand of half a dozen American verse writers who must be able to lay up by their yearly writings a sum that could pile up a stack of buckwheat cakes as high as St. Paul's. In

England I do not imagine there are more than one or two versifiers who can, by verse alone, gain even a decent livelihood.

Amongst America's prosperous verse-writers there will, in the eyes both of Americans and of those English folk who are familiar with American authors, stand out prominently the name of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Probably Mrs. Wilcox, by her simple and emotional verses, has influenced as large a public as any writer in the States. Better-class readers have admired her, but her widest appeal has been made to people to whom books and literature are usually matters of little concern—and perhaps this is the finest public one could, as a writer, ask for. As an instance of this wideness of appeal, I may mention an incident which a lady of my acquaintance told me the other day. She was talking with her sempstress, an almost illiterate woman whose life had been one of many misfortunes. "I don't know," said the sempstress, "how I could have borne all my troubles if it hadn't have been for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful poems. They've helped me more than anything or any person I've ever known in all my life." This tribute, despite of—indeed perhaps because of the humbleness of its origin, is one well worth having.

Mrs. Wilcox, whom I saw in New York this week just previous to her departure for the island of Jamaica which is one of America's several Rivas—tells me she is considering taking up a new kind of writing. What she proposes to do is to write a travel-book, a volume about the West Indies. This does not mean, however, that she will in any way relinquish verse-writing. Indeed, a volume entitled "Poems of Progress" is just about to be published in her name.

Another of Mrs. Wilcox's plans is to go to London next July to be hostess for America at the international anti-vivisection congress, which will be held in July. Like "Ouida," Mrs. Wilcox holds animals very close to her heart.

Mr. Harold Gorst has just arrived in New York. I understand his main purpose in coming was to deliver lectures. One which he will give before long at a New York theatre, and to which I look forward very much, will be about "The Curse of Education." Those whose school-days are not too far behind them will, in good part, join with me in the thrill of approval with which they hear this title. To speak generally on the subject of education would take me beyond both my powers and my space, but I do not hesitate to express unqualifiedly my opinion that crabbed lips never framed a more indubitable lie for the deceit of youthful ears than when they uttered the words, "Your school-days are the happiest."

GALBRAITH.

THE READER.

CHARLES DARWIN.

BY EDWARD CLODD.

THE glory of the few to whom achievement has come should not eclipse their forerunners to whom the noble tribute of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is applicable: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them." Among these are the Ionian philosophers, whose speculations, now two thousand four hundred years old, and "cast into outer darkness during the millennium of theological scholasticism," were brought into the light and had their fruition in certainties arrived at within the last half-century.

Already, at the time of Darwin's birth, the scientific atmosphere was becoming charged with elements of change whereby beliefs long unchallenged were to pass away, new conceptions, based upon demonstrated truth, taking their place. The evidence of the spectroscope as to the chemical identity of the solar and other stellar systems; the proofs of an ordered succession of ancient life-forms, and of unbroken continuity between them and recent plants and animals -- these, to name no other witnesses, paved the way for conceptions combining all things, living and not-living, under the term Universe, *i.e.* the turning of the many into one; the Greek *to pan*: the All. Hence, Darwin came into a world in large degree prepared for the solution of a problem, that of the origin of species, which had attracted the ironic Buffon, the orthodox Cuvier, the

courageous Lamarck, and, among Darwin's contemporaries, Hooker, Huxley, and Spencer; to all of whom the obvious resemblances in structure and function between organisms had suggested doubts as to their independent creation.

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809. His father was a doctor of some scientific repute; his mother, who died when he was barely nine, was a daughter of Wedgwood, the famous potter; his grandfather was the poet-biologist Erasmus Darwin, whose "Loves of the Plants" was parodied in the *Anti-Jacobin* under the title of "Loves of the Triangles," and in whose prose treatise, "Zoonomia,"

there are forecasts of theories of development and of the doctrine of heredity. Passing from the grammar school of his native town to Edinburgh University, he decided that medicine was not his forte, neither was he inclined to accede to his father's wish that he should enter the Church. It may be remembered, in passing, that a phrenologist, in examining the youthful Herbert Spencer's skull, divined therefrom his fitness for holy orders! Darwin's next move was to Cambridge, where he found redemption from the follies of youth—card-playing and drinking—in the sobrieties of science, the love of which, latent in his blood, needed only the opportunity for its exercise. Fortunate in his tutors and his friendships, he won quick repute as well equipped in



After the painting by the Hon. John Collier.

Charles Darwin.



Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

Darwin's Birthplace, Shrewsbury.

geology and natural history, with the result that, in his twenty-third year, he was recommended by Professor Henslow as volunteer naturalist of the *Beagle*, in which ship he sailed round the world, the voyage occupying from October, 1831, to December, 1836. His narrative of this cruise is in the front rank among travel-records, but its allusions to species show that he was still feeling his way towards belief in their mutability. Two or three more years were to pass before conviction came, because any workable theory was lacking. The suggestion which led to this was supplied by a parson. In 1838, Darwin tells us, he took up "for amusement" the Rev. Thomas Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population," wherein is shown that the means of existence do not increase in the same ratio as the number of mouths, and, therefore, that in the inevitably resulting struggle for life, the weakest go to the wall. Consequently, a check is imposed on the increase.

Here was the key unlocking the problem, a key, by an odd coincidence, also used by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the surviving co-formulator of the theory of Natural Selection, who, during his sojourn at Ternate, in the Malay Archipelago, was led "to think of positive checks" by reading Malthus. The theory was applied to the whole organic kingdom. Everything therein varies; the saying, "as like as two peas," is true only superficially. And whatever plant or animal possesses a favourable

variation is to that extent better equipped for success in the struggle for existence, that war in which there is "no discharge." It is on these variations, the causes of which are obscure, that natural selection acts in the production of species, which, it is needful to remark, remain constant so long as the balance between themselves and their surroundings is undisturbed. For the keynote of evolution is adaptation, not ceaseless change in the organism, whereby it becomes something else. Here, there is no need for other than brief reference to the story how Darwin, having written an outline of his theory, named the matter to two or three select friends,

and then patiently collected material for confirmation or otherwise of what was more or less speculative, was startled by receiving in June, 1858, a manuscript from Dr. Wallace, which contained his own theory, stated in terms almost identical with those used by himself. There was now nothing to be done but to make the matter public, and at a meeting of the Linnean Society an abstract of Darwin's manuscript, together with Dr. Wallace's paper, was read to an audience less excited than, under the novel circumstances, might have been expected. But there was no lack of excitement when, fifteen months later, "The Origin of Species" was published. Sir Joseph Hooker (still with us, a vigorous nonagenarian) was an early convert, and, to his credit, the late Canon Tristram appeared in enviable contrast

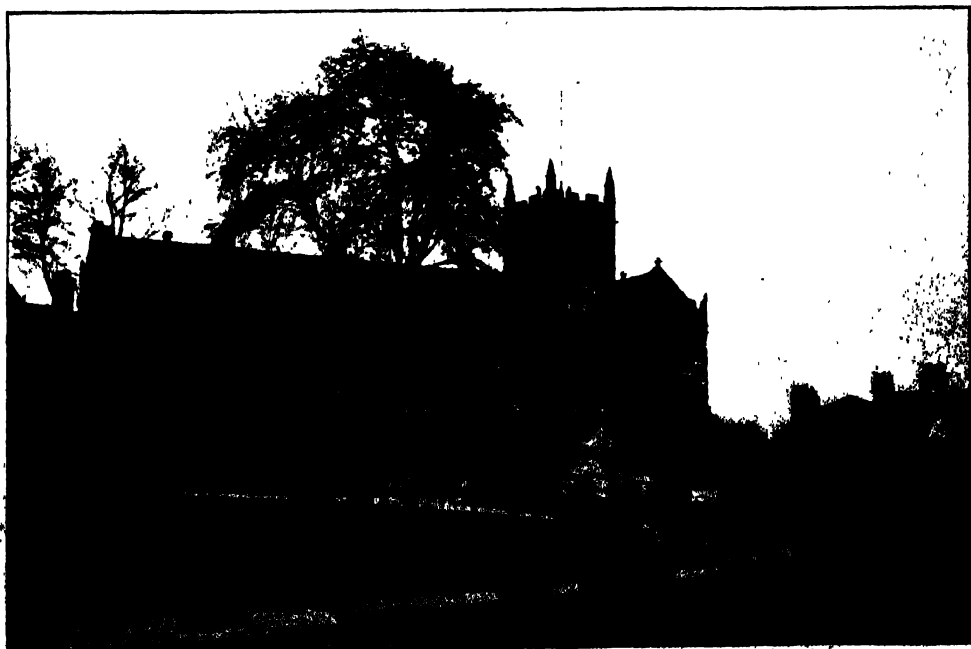


Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley.

The Old School, Shrewsbury, with the Statue of Darwin before it.

This is the school which Darwin attended. It is now a Museum and Library.



An early portrait of Darwin.

After J. H. Maguire.

to the clerics of that time as among the first to accept Darwin's theory. Lyell rejected it, because he saw that its application to man was inevitable; Adam Sedgwick pronounced it "false and mischievous," but charitably hoped "to meet" its author "in heaven"; Whewell would not give the book a place on the shelves of Trinity College Library; Owen inspired Bishop Wilberforce in an onslaught in the *Quarterly Review*, wherein the theory was denounced as "incompatible with the Word of God" and an appeal made to Lyell "to shatter its flimsy speculations"; the *Athenaeum* attacked it, and the *Daily Telegraph* urged the electors of Southwark not to return Professor Fawcett to Parliament, because he had reviewed "The Origin of Species" favourably in *Macmillan's Magazine*! To recite these things is to remind us how far we have travelled since 1859.

Briefly noting that Darwin married his first cousin in 1839 (the prejudice against such unions has no warrant where there is a clean bill of health on both sides) and that, three years after, he removed from London to Down, a village in Kent, where he lived until his death in April, 1882, we may pass to follow the fortunes of the theory which bears his name and gives it a foremost place in the annals of the mighty dead.

With some prevision as to the reception with which that theory might meet, he had only hinted in a passage at the end of the book that natural selection would "throw light on the origin of man and his history," and twelve years elapsed before he published the corollary under the title of "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." But the inevitable

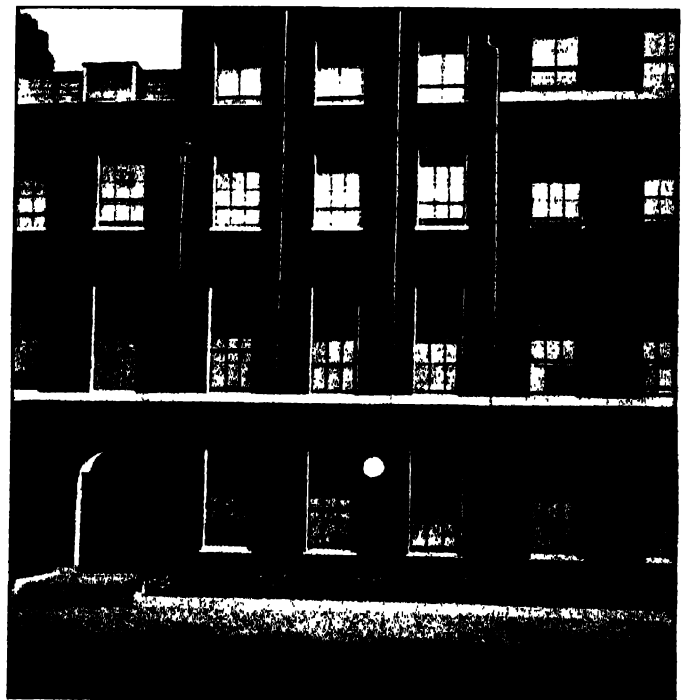
sequel had been plainly set forth by Huxley in his "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," which appeared in 1863. He appears not to have heard of the meeting at the Linnean Society, of which he was not then a member, but the reputation he had won made his verdict on the "Origin" that for which Darwin most anxiously waited. It was emphatic. "I am prepared," he said, "to go to the stake, if requisite, in support of the chapters marshalling the evidence for evolution," and Darwin's delight expressed itself in willingness to sing his *Nunc Dimittis*.

Huxley, master of clear and vigorous English, presented the facts proving the descent of man and the higher mammals from a common ancestry, and, what was of profound significance, the evidence of an unbroken chain of psychical continuity between the lowest and the most complex life-forms, "even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect germinating" in the former. Nor did he stop there. Working further back, he added:

"I can see no excuse for doubting, in view of the intimate relations between man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, that all are co-ordinated terms of Nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind force to conscious intellect and will."

That faith he kept to the end, in the year before his death in 1895 he referred to Darwin's theory as one that "will modify the whole system of our thought and opinion and our most intimate convictions." In a letter which lies before me, dated November 18, 1892, Huxley says:

"I was looking through 'Man's Place in Nature' the other day. I do not think there is a word I need delete,



Darwin's home, 110, Gower Street, formerly 12, Upper Gower Street.

Here he lived from the time of his marriage in 1839 till his removal to Down, Kent, in 1843. Here he wrote his works on Coral Reefs, etc.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Charles Darwin.

nor anything I need add, except in confirmation and extension of the doctrine there laid down. That is great good fortune for a book thirty years old, and one that a very shrewd friend of mine implored me not to publish, as it would certainly ruin all my prospects."

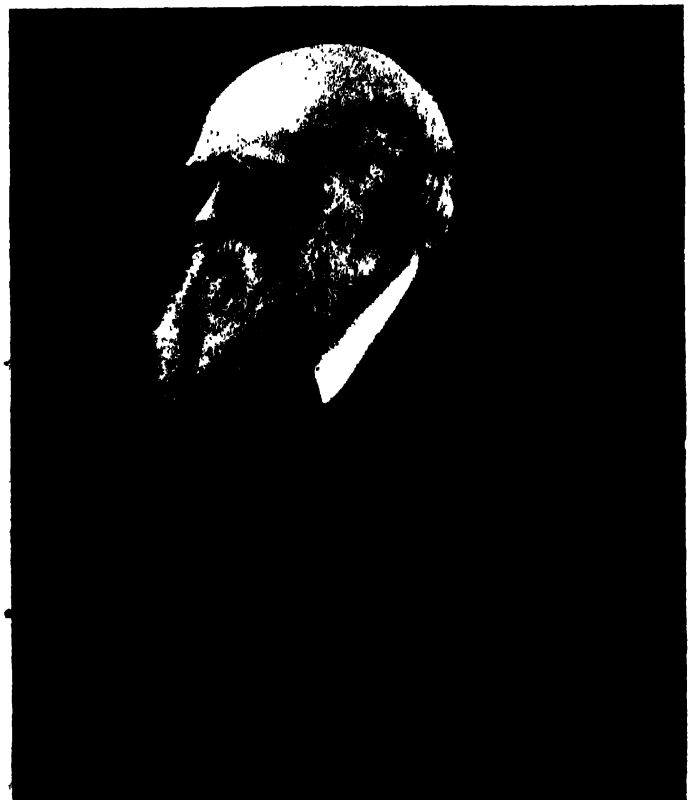
The shrewd friend was Sir William Lawrence, in whose "Physiology, Zoology, and Natural History of Man" theologians had detected heretical ideas, and it was on the ground that the book "contradicted the Scriptures" that Lord Eldon actually refused an injunction to protect the rights of the author against a pirated edition. To narrate how Huxley's book was received by polemic and obscurant is to repeat the story of the reception of "The Origin of Species." "Lyell's object is to make man old, Huxley's is to degrade him," said the *Athenæum*; while sermons, squibs, and satires were one in their aim, if varying in method. Mr. Courthope, confusing, like many others, the theories of Lamarck and Darwin, amused with his Aristophanic lines in "The Paradise of Birds":

"Eggs were laid as before, but each time more and more varieties struggled and bred,
Till one end of the scale dropped its ancestor's tail, and the other got rid of his head.
From the bill, in brief words, were developed the Birds, unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie,
From the tail and hind legs, in the second-laid eggs, the Apes—and Professor Huxley."

But no opposition, serious or frivolous, could arrest the cumulative force of facts demonstrating that if the process known as evolution operates anywhere, it

operates everywhere, and that man can be no element of discord in a universal order which is alike his stimulus and safeguard. In forcing, as it were, Darwin's hand, Huxley rendered him enormous service. He prepared the way for the publication of "The Descent of Man," whereby the significant issues of the theory of natural selection were brought home to men's "business and bosoms." Significant, because affecting man intellectually and spiritually, as well as physically. Comparative anatomy has revealed fundamental identity between his mental apparatus and that of his nearest allies; comparative and experimental psychology have made evident identity of behaviour between him and them, and shown, in the words of Professor Baldwin, that "the development of mind in its early stages and in certain directions of progress is revealed most adequately in the animal." Continuity is thus proven in the psychical as in the physical; every faculty explicit in man is implicit in lower organisms. There are differences between them that can never be bridged, but they are differences of degree, not of kind. Articulate speech, that is, the association of certain word-sounds with certain ideas, is one of them. But animals communicate with each other, and the evolution of that part of the cortex of the brain wherein lies the speech zone in man is shown in the fact that it does not appear till shortly before birth, and is not fully developed until the end of the first year of infancy.

After marshalling the facts supporting the common descent of living things, and explaining the similitude between simian and human brains—the differences between those of man and ape being less than those between apes and monkeys—Darwin indicated the bearing of this upon the profound matters of man's



From a portrait in the possession of Mr. John Murray, and reproduced by his kind permission. Charles Darwin.

duty and destiny, round which thought revolves, centripetally tethered, as planet to the sun. He was not what is termed a moral philosopher, but what he has to say on the evolution of conscience or the ethical sense is a model of clearness with compactness. Every text-book on this subject is mainly an expansion of his lucid chapters wherein he expounds unbroken development from the throbs of the amœba to the emotions of man, and traces the origin of codes of conduct in the herd instinct. Society is possible only by the subduing of each individual to what the community determines is best for the whole.

Thus the doctrine is shown to be applicable to the

most momentous human interests, and the bringing of these into its pale was indirectly due, chiefest of all, to Darwin. For evolution, applied to cosmic processes, to cooling nebula and consolidating sun or planet, would have remained a fascinating study, but would never have become a guiding philosophy of life. It is in the extension of its processes as explanation of our social, political, ethical, and religious institutions that its abiding value consists, because it touches the heart of man. Hence, in the roll of that select company, who "having served their generation fell on sleep," and whose ashes repose in Westminster Abbey, the name of Charles Darwin will abide, undimmed in lustre.

RICHARD JEFFERIES AND LONDON.

BY EDWARD THOMAS.

THE development of Richard Jefferies as a country essayist may be said to have begun with his first long stay in the neighbourhood of London since he was a boy. The greater part of 1876, his twenty-eighth year, was spent at Sydenham, and about that time his earliest descriptive essays appeared in the *Graphic*. He must have gone up to find a suitable house near London, yet at the edge of the country, and to make sure of his newspaper connections. This was that bitter time of which he speaks in "The Story of My Heart," when it was necessary to be separated from his family. "There is little indeed," he wrote, "in the more immediate suburbs of London to gratify the sense of the beautiful.



Yet there was a cedar by which I used to walk up and down, and think the same thoughts as under the great oak in the solitude of the sunlit meadows." Early in 1877 he and his wife and child left Victoria Street, Swindon, for 2, Woodside, Surbiton. Woodside is a small block of whitish, stuccoed, flat-fronted houses of two storeys, just beyond the last shops and just before Douglas Road, on the right-hand side of the Ewell Road as you go to Tolworth by the electric tram. No. 2 is the second house towards Ewell, and has a poor small fir behind the railings of its front garden. It has been overtaken by London for some time, though its windows have a swelling leafy view of Hounslow, Richmond Park, and Wimbledon Common on one side, and of Hook, Chessington, Claygate and their woods on the other.

In his first spring there Jefferies was "astonished and delighted" by the richness of the bird life; he never knew so many nightingales. He saw herons go over, and a teal. Magpies were common, and he records ten together on September 9, 1881, within twelve miles of Charing Cross. There were the same happy greenfinches, his favourite birds, which "never cease love-making in the elms." The beautiful white bryony grew over the hedges. "Birds," he notes, "care nothing for appropriate surroundings." He was awakened by the workmen's trains in the March mornings, yet when he saw the orange-tinted light upon the ceiling, "something in the sense of morning lifted the heart up to the sun." Almost at his door was a copse of Scotch and spruce fir, hornbeam, birch and ash, now vanished, where he used to watch dove and pigeon, cuckoo, nightingale, sedge-warbler and missel-thrush; once a pair of house-martins built under his eaves, and the starlings were welcome though they damned the gutter. Among many flowers, here was the fairest of those belonging to the Wiltshire downland, the "blue meadow geranium" or cranesbill. He was the first to point out that the flowers have sought sanctuary on the railway cuttings and embankments.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A late portrait.

Charles Darwin.

The cart-horses of the neighbouring farms wore "the ancient harness with bells under high hoods, or belfries, bells well attuned, too, and not far inferior to those rung by handbell men." The farmhouses, the stone staddles for the corn-ricks, were old; so, too, the broad and red-faced labourer with fringe of reddish whiskers. "Could we look back three hundred years, just such a man would be seen in the midst of the same surroundings, deliberately trudging round the straw ricks of Elizabethan days, calm and complacent though the Armada be at hand." There was a village shop, among cherry and pear orchards—"the sweets and twine and trifles are such as may be seen in similar meadows a hundred miles distant."

It was no wonder, then, that Jefferies kept his love of walking, though Northern Surrey has not the same temptations to long walks as the Downs. He walked regularly for an hour and a half in the morning, and for the same time in the afternoon, and would rise from his work at odd times to stroll round Tolworth. He liked to repeat his walks again and again as he did in Wiltshire. "From my home near London I made a pilgrimage almost daily," he writes, "to an aspen by a brook"; and this would probably be the Hogsmill near Tolworth Court Farm. By those walks he not only escaped from the "constant routine of house-life, the same work, the little circumstances regularly recurring," which "will dull the keenest edge of thought," but could repeat his prayer, his "inexpressible desire of physical life,

of soul life, equal to and beyond the highest imagining of his heart."

He visited Kew for the enjoyment of its silence as well as for study. He rowed on the Thames at Teddington and Molesey, and showed himself a good citizen by his protest against the destruction of the fauna and flora of the river and its banks. Londoners, he thought, "should look upon the inhabitants of the river as peculiarly their own. . . . I marvel that they permit the least of birds to be shot upon its banks." But having known the Wiltshire fields and been friendly with the nearest keeper and the farmers, he would have nothing to say to preservation "by beadle."

Nevertheless, "the inevitable end of every footpath round about London is London." He describes how he saw the London atmosphere come drifting one July day, "a bluish-yellow mist, the edge of which was clearly defined, and which blotted out distant objects and blurred those nearer at hand." The influence of London was everywhere. The elms were frequently spoiled by being used as posts for wire fencing; sewers carried away the water from some roots, and gas leaking from the pipes could do no good. And he saw foreign shrubs and trees, the emblems of sudden riches, rhododendron and plane especially taking possession of gardens, where he longed to see oaks and filbert walks. He missed the Downs: "hills that purify those who walk on them there were not. Still, I thought my old thoughts."

But with London itself it was different. London is one of the immense things of the world, like the Alps, the Sahara, the Western Sea; and it has a complexity, a wavering changefulness, along with its mere size, which no poets or artists have defined as they have, in a sense, defined those other things. Huge, labyrinthine, dense, yet airy and plastic to the roving spirit, it troubles the midnight stars and conspires with the winds and the setting sun to colour and mould the clouds. It is an epitome of the world, of "other people," and, plunging into it, the mind ranges through the humiliations or oblivions of insignificance to all the consolations and even triumphs of preserving its own integrity there, perhaps even—for some moments—the bliss of gliding as a wave in the world-mind that towers and roars and foams here with beauty and shipwreck and curious flotsam on its tide. London, except in paltry ways to lungs and feet, ends by overcoming any fanciful sense of the incongruity of towns with Nature. And that, too, not because of the excellent skies over it, the river, the wind in the smoke, the rain on the face, nor because of the fine grass that will grow through the grilles in the pavement round the trees by the National Portrait Gallery and the Gaiety Theatre, or the dock and groundsell and grass that quickly adorn—as with the hand that beflowered Nero's grave—the crude earth and bricks of demolished buildings, but simply on account of its ancientness, its bulk, its humanity, and, arising out of these, its inevitableness as part of what the sun shines on. Of Aymer Malet in his novel of "World's End," Jefferies wrote: "Like all men with



Photo by Russell & Sons.

Sir George Howard Darwin, K.C.B.

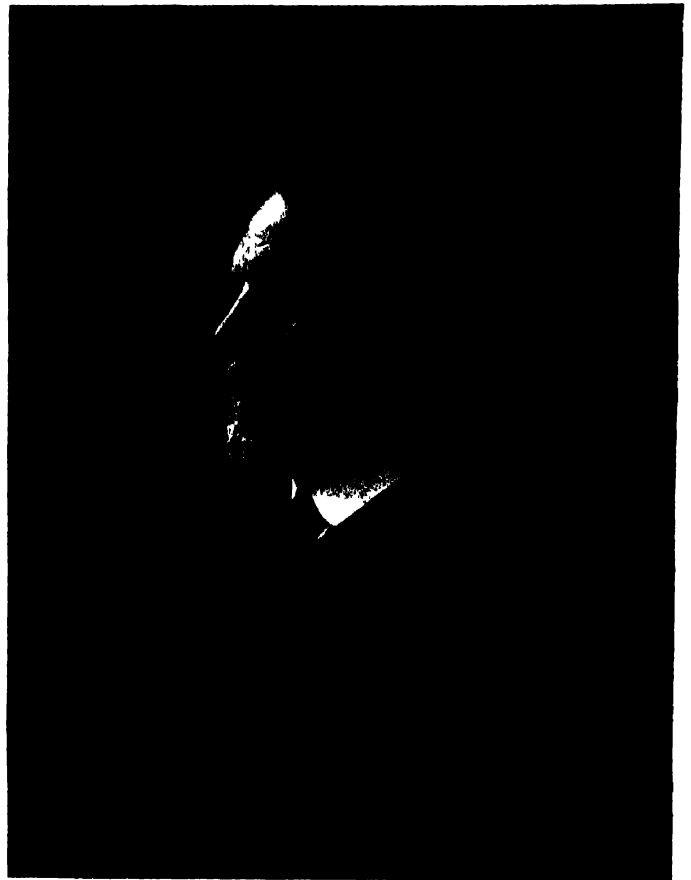


Photo by Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

Mr. Francis Darwin.

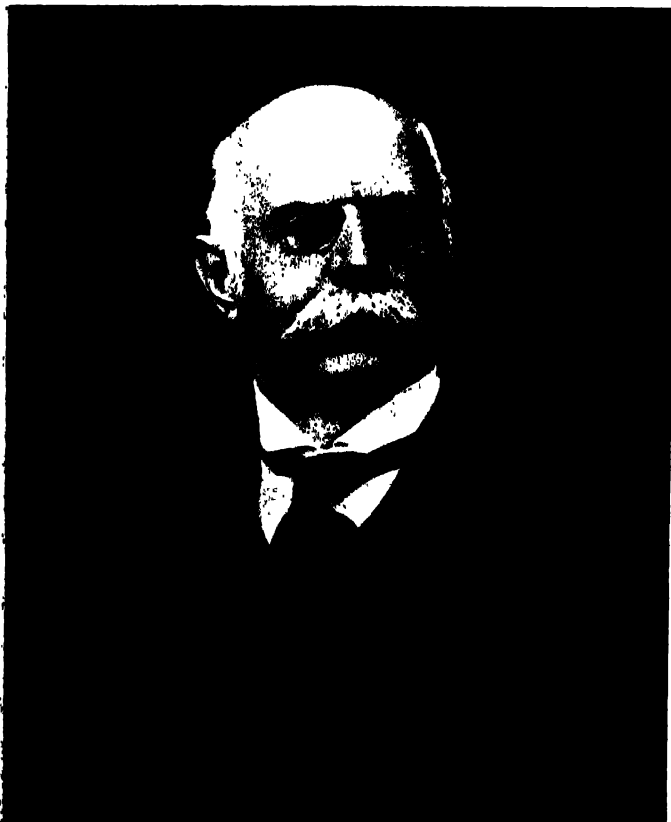


Photo by Thomson, 245, New Bond Street, W.

Major Leonard Darwin.



Photo by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Mr. Horace Darwin.

FOUR SURVIVING SONS OF CHARLES DARWIN.

any pretence to brains, though he delighted in Nature and loved the country, there was a strong, almost irresistible desire within him to mingle in the vast crowds of cities, to feel that indefinable 'life' which animates the mass." He said himself: "I am very fond of what I may call a thick-ness of the people such as exists in London"; "I dream in London quite as much as in the wood-lands"; "I like the solitude of the hills and the hum of the most crowded city; I dislike little towns and villages." In a crowd there is, too, a welcome distraction to one who knows that the hearts of most human beings can stand a longer siege than Troy, that every word is an arrow or a stone of defence if not offence, that families are secret societies against humanity; especially to one who, like Jefferies, asked, "Has any one thought for an instant upon the extreme difficulty of knowing a person?" In one of his essays in "Nature near London," he shows that London fascinated him by itself, as well as from its power of such consolation. "It is the presence of man in his myriads," he wrote; "it is a curious thing that your next-door neighbour may be a stranger, but there are no strangers in a vast crowd. They all seem to have some relationship, or rather, perhaps, they do not rouse the sense of reserve which a single unknown person might." He continues: "Still, the impulse is not to be analysed; these are mere notes acknowledging its power"; the neighbourhood of the city induced "a mental, a nerve-restlessness" out in the Surrey fields;



Darwin's Home at Down, Kent.

Here he lived from 1842 till his death in 1882.

"the hills and vales, and meads and woods are like the ocean upon which Sindbad sailed; but coming too near the lodestone of London, the ship wends thither, whether or no. At least it is so with me, and I often go to London without any object whatever, but just because I must, and, arriving there, wander whithersoever the hurrying throng carries me." He tells us of seeing Jupiter and the stars as he came down the Haymarket, or in the Strand. He watched the differences of definition in the changing atmosphere with delight; the exquisite London fleetingness of impressions fortified his keen interest in the weather. He knew the sunsets from Westminster Bridge, "big with presage, gloom, tragedy," the light of winter and spring sunsets shining on the unconscious westward faces in

Piccadilly; once he watched the sunrise from London Bridge, and never forgot it. He dreamed in Trafalgar Square and by the portico of the British Museum. To live fixed in London was impossible to him; yet of London, simply as a gaudy, opulent place, he was no mean admirer. "Let the grandees go to the Opera," he wrote in "Amaryllis at the Fair"; "for me the streets." When he thought of the shops he was a hearty countryman in his enthusiasm.

London has the exuberance and carelessness of Nature herself. There is a wonderful, feverish glow, a romantic glow even, together with a sad penetration, when he writes of Fleet Street: "Let the meads be never so



Darwin's Home at Down, Kent.

View from the road. Darwin's study was in the building on the right.

sweet, the mountain-top never so exalted, still to Fleet Street the mind will return." He is, in fact, one of the great Londoners. On London Bridge and by the Royal Exchange he "felt the presence of the immense powers of the universe," felt himself "in the midst of eternity, in the midst of the supernatural, among the immortal." So great was his admiration that he called London "the only *real* place in the world."

"The cities," he continues, "run towards London as young partridges run to their mother. The cities know that

they are not real. They are only houses and wharves, and bricks and stucco; only outside. The minds of all men in them, merchants, artists, thinkers, are bent on London. . . . A house is not a dwelling if a man's heart be elsewhere. Now, the heart of the world is in London, and the cities with the simulacrum of man in them are empty. They are moving images only; stand here and you are real."

It is not the least of the City's praises that it was part of the culture which made Richard Jefferies's mature work memorable

THE PENALTIES OF FAILURE.

By EDWIN PUGH.

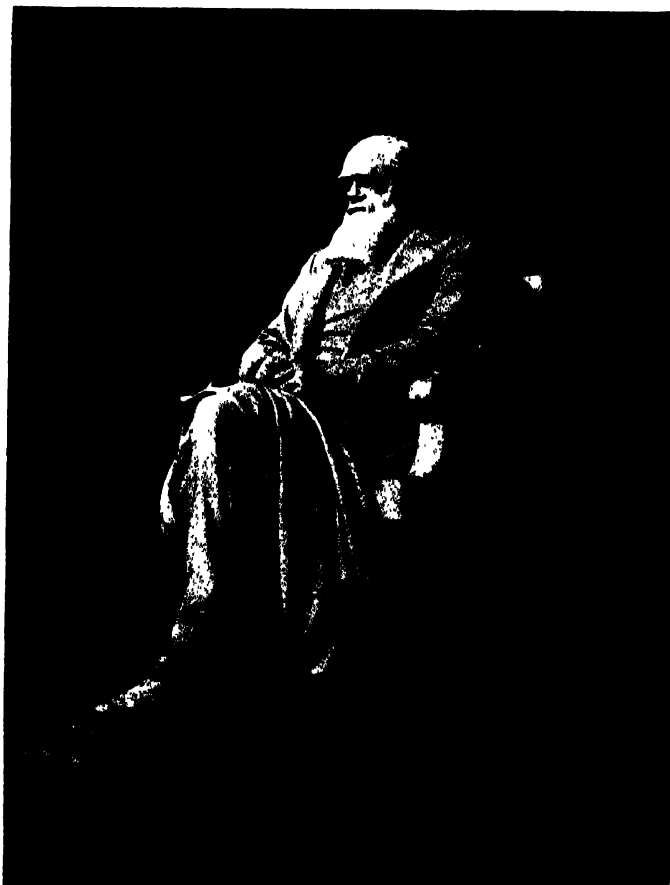
"**W**HATEVER difference may appear in men's fortunes," says Rochefoucauld, "there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and ill that makes all equal"; a syllogism peculiarly applicable to denizens of the world of art. Thus, one man may succeed in making literature whilst at the same time failing to make a livelihood, and another man may gain riches and fame only at the sacrifice of his self-respect.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose, however, to assume that that author has failed who, though doing good work, is little known, and consequently has a difficulty in making both ends meet. And at the very outset it should also be made clear that the literary aspirant who never meets with any sort of acceptance cannot be said to have failed to the same extent as the writer who has attained to a position which seems to justify him in regarding literature as, incidentally, a means of maintenance. The one man has obviously mistaken his vocation; the other may be a writer of considerable talent, or even genius.

He has got his first book published: a comparatively easy matter. It does not (as we say)

sell; but it is well received by the critics, who acclaim it as a thing of promise and foretell a brilliant future for its author. On the strength of that recommendation editors will invite contributions from the flushed neophyte, whose work has, at any rate, the charm of novelty. The young author responds, does his eager, earnest best, and has the instant reward of seeing himself in print in half a dozen magazines during the first year of his literary career. He feels that he is now fairly launched on the flood-tide of success and in a fair way to earn a sufficient competency by his pen. Meanwhile, he has done a second book, which is also published in due course, and well received—though not quite so enthusiastically as the first. This second book also fails to secure any large sale; but as yet the young author's reputation has suffered no irreparable injury. He has completed a year of literary life, has propitiated several editors, is known to and appreciated by a select band of readers, and has a small balance at his bank. The prospect appears golden.

Then there comes a little set-back. One of his short stories is returned by an editor, who has hitherto invariably taken his contributions, as being "not quite



Statue of Darwin in the British Museum, by Sir J. E. Boehm, unveiled in June, 1885.

up to his best level." The young author reads his rejected story by this new light that is suddenly flashed upon it; but still it seems to him as good as anything he has ever done, if not better. He concludes that this particular editor does not know his business, and sends the story elsewhere. But whilst the story is being considered in a new quarter, another of his stories returns from yet another unreceptive editor; and before he has recovered from the shock of this fresh disaster, he receives a third rebuff from the new quarter he has tried. He has now two stories on his hands which have failed of acceptance. He grows a little panic-stricken, his self-confidence is shaken; he can find nothing in the stories themselves to account for their rejection, being too inexperienced to perceive that he has already lost something of the first radiant freshness of his youthful talent even as he has gained in literary craftsmanship.

After much troubled reflection he decides to put aside these two unfortunate offspring of his fancy, and to write something in a stronger vein which shall eclipse all his former efforts. In a glow of inspiration he concentrates himself on this new little masterpiece. The result is eminently pleasing to himself. He feels that he has now produced a work that must impress the most obtuse of editors. In that fond conviction he sends it to the short-sighted incompetent who gave him his first set-back. To his amazement the story is returned with, this time, not a word of explanation.

Now something very like despair grips him. The bottom of his world seems suddenly to have dropped out. After a period of bleak depression he plucks up courage to go and interview the editor who has thus betrayed him. The editor barely remembers the story, is most casual and perfunctory about it, says that what the public wants is something that the young author feels he is utterly incapable of producing. "But you liked my other things," the young author reminds him piteously. "Yes, I did," is the reply. "I oughtn't to have taken them, though. Got into trouble with my proprietors about it. Now, why don't you . . . ?" "But that isn't my style at all," the young author protests. To this the editor replies with a shrug that dismisses the subject for ever.

That is a terrible hour for the young author in which he leaves the office of the magazine and walks into Fleet Street with the spectre of failure for the first time riding on his shoulder, chuckling derisively in his ear, mocking and flouting him. And at the back of his very present trouble there is already beginning to lurk the shadow of a trouble even more grievous. He has not earned a guinea for a month, and the balance at his bank has dwindled to a figure that sends the cashiers groping among ledgers whenever he presents a cheque. He feels, quite rightly, that it is impossible for him to do justice to his talent so long as this blight of immediate necessity lies upon him.

There is only one course left open. He must write a pot-boiler. After all, common pine makes a quicker, brighter blaze than rare old oak. He must bend his

genius to sorry ends—for a time, anyway—in order to keep himself alive. So, he buys a sheaf of cheap periodicals and proceeds to study their contents as he has never studied Shakespeare. It is abominable stuff, but he must sink himself to its level. And having, as he thinks, got the trick of it, he sets to work and for some weeks devotes his delicate talent to the perpetration of facile rubbish. But even so he is not quite so facile as he could wish. He finds it impossible altogether to disregard the canons of his art. He feels impelled to see to it that his style is not too insufferably offensive to his own taste. After all, he reflects, a bad story is none the worse for being well written. And therein he is wrong, as he discovers when the wretched stuff comes back and he re-reads it, and is revolted alike by its meretricious glitter and its blatant commonness.

Thereafter his career is compact of two dissonant and warring elements. He is torn between the vulgar necessity of earning a living and the clamant demands of his art for expression through an appropriate medium. There is an end of his peace of mind, of his former joy in his work. His ambition droops. He grows cynical and petty and peevish. Gradually he learns to prostitute his powers to some profitable purpose, and, by dint of unceasing thought and care and hard work, contrives to scrape a pittance out of the garbage of the gutter-press. Henceforth he is nevermore to be free from the cark and fret of pecuniary anxieties. The spirit of his youth departs out of him. His ardent hopes and aspirations wilt and shrivel and decay. He grows old before his time; and there is no health in him—of mind, or soul, or body. Wistfully, reluctantly, but perforce, he lays aside his dreams of a glorious and noble future in which he shall live honoured and beloved of his fellow-men, doing the work that he was born to do and rejoicing in it, and so moving on from strength to strength until he declines to a gracious and dignified death that shall but open the gates of immortality.

This it is to fail; and, in the long-drawn-out agony of failing, to realise that failure begets failure as surely as success begets success.

For how is a man to do fine and noble work whose mind is incessantly preoccupied with mean and ignoble considerations? How are the fair flowers of the imagination to flourish in a soil that is parched with the bitter salt tears of vain-longing? How is the splendid inner vision to be translated into stately and beautiful language when the bodily senses are everywhere affronted by a sordid outlook upon squalor and gloom? For those who have attained to high places, for those to whom their art is a pleasant distraction and not a means of subsistence, it is easy to say that a man who sells his soul for filthy lucre is a traitor to his better self. But what would these do in the failure's place if their wives and weans came crying to them for bread? Would they bid them wait for the stone that posterity is going to plant upon their graves? It is right and just to condemn those miserable panders

who, in order to lay up for themselves treasure upon earth, adopt the methods of the huckster in the marketplace, and having first adulterated and diluted their talents, sell them to the highest bidder; for verily these have their reward! But the poor, disheartened and discredited failure, whose human needs alone have constrained him to barter his birthright for a mess of pottage, has paid penalty enough already in the secret shame of his heart for his fall from grace, without incurring further reprobation.

Consider his plight. Each morning, as he sits him down to his appointed drudgery, he tells himself that as soon as this job is finished and paid for he will turn to some worthy task that shall give him another chance of emancipation. In that hope he works on and endures, month after month, year upon year. And more often than not the fruits of his drudgery fail to find a purchaser; which means that not only has he wasted time and pains, but that he has subdued his inclinations, sacrificed his self-respect, and schooled himself to do that which consumes and sickens him with shame, only to find that all his labour and degradation have been in vain, and that he might as well, or better, have sat idle during all those weary hours of uncongenial and disgusting toil. Which means that he is poorer than ever for his self-denying effort: poorer in purse, poorer in spirit, poorer by the loss of many precious days and the squandering of precious powers upon work that has not even been its own reward, but, instead, its own punishment.

And this is the sum of his sorry existence that was to have been a full, bright life.

One of the chief penalties that he pays for failure is a sad lack of leisure. He is so unskilful at this business of pot-boiling, that for every thousand words which he succeeds in selling he must write five thousand which he cannot sell; and he is so poorly paid that, to keep his home together, he dare not slacken in his efforts for a day. Thus he gets no rest, no repose, no time in which to recuperate his faculties and put them to their destined uses. The famous and prosperous author whose books bulk large in every shop-window, whose name is on the contents-page of every magazine, whose portrait appears in all the illustrated weeklies, whose views on every matter of life and death are proudly published in every sort of periodical, who is paragraphed and interviewed and advertised in a hundred gratuitous ways, often complains of the exactingness of his life, and declares, in the intervals of his social engagements, that he has not a moment to call his own. Yet if he writes an hour a day he will earn twice or thrice as much in that short while as his humble fellow-artist who is a failure can earn in a week of ten-hour days. And always he will work with a better

heart, inasmuch as he knows that he may write what pleases him, that whatever he writes will certainly be published and handsomely paid for. Moreover, he does not write with the dread of imminent poverty for ever hanging over his head to chill his brain. His reward comes to him in countless different guises, all pleasant and desirable. Besides the cheques that flow into his exchequer from a dozen different sources of revenue of which his brother, the failure, knows nothing

from American and colonial and foreign and other rights—he has his heavy morning budget of letters, breathing admiration and eulogy, his rolls of press-cuttings, and the rest, all testifying to his hold upon the public and re-assuring him of his popularity. If he is attacked others will defend him. If he is adversely criticised he has his publisher's timely report of a new edition to console him. His way is made easy by voluntary helpers, who deem it an honour to serve him. No considerations of expense stand in the way of his obtaining expert evidences, or of visiting some pleasant, far-off spot in search of new literary inspiration. Wherever he goes he is fêted and courted and caressed, he is listened to with deference, his lightest word is remembered and repeated, his most careless impromptu is applauded as a miracle of wit.

He has not to tramp the cold and muddy, or hot and dusty, streets in shabby clothes to wait the pleasure of lordly interiors in the company of supercilious clerks. He has not to importune editors and publishers, and to submit meekly to their hectoring. His days are not all spent in dreary drudgery, punctuated by spells of desolate weariness, when his exhausted brain refuses its office and his sick mind tortures itself with a thousand horrid forebodings, the least of which points a spectral finger toward madness and ruin and disgraceful death. Such pangs, such horrors, such fears, are the common penalties of failure. And yet . . .

And yet it is often hard to distinguish between failure and success apart from the penalties of the one and the rewards of the other. Indeed, it does sometimes happen that the whilom failure and the whilom success by some strange chance change places, and this without any variation on either side from the standards of their respective work. But the failure must not have been too long a failure if he is ever to become a success. For it is sadly true—to quote again from Rochefoucauld—that “those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones.” There comes a time when the power to fly deserts the strongest-winged, when the limits of endurance are passed, and something—his heart, perhaps—seems to break inside the poor failure, and he lies down in the mud at last and finds it soft and wallows there.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

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**RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS
FOR JANUARY**

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to BERTRAM J. SAUNDERS, of 104,

Berw Road, Pontypridd, Glamorgan, for the following:

THE BOMB. BY FRANK HARRIS.
" . . . And hits us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."—LONGFELLOW.

Among the best of the others received are:

WHITHER THOU GOEST. BY J. J. BELL.
"And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."—*Nursery Rhyme.*

(Alice Mary Read, 180, Vicarage Road, Leyton, N.E.)

THE GIRL AND THE GODS. BY C. MANSFIELD.

"Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone."
S. I. COLTRIDGE, *The Visit of the Gods.*

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

THE HUMAN WOMAN. BY LADY GROVE.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."—TENNYSON.
(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)
"She never followed wicked ways
Unless when she was sinning."—GOLDSMITH.
(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. BY KENNETH GRAHAME.

"It makes us cough and choke and wheeze,
With painful back and aching knees."
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel.*

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"I think every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. All unite upon 'the dog.' And then, he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in *too early* to bed— is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."—DR. JOHN BROWN, *Horæ Subsecivæ*.

Other excellent selections have been received from a large number of competitors.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to MRS. HARVIE ANDERSON, of 9, London Terrace, Glasgow, West, for :

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA. BY SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P. (Macmillan.)

This book is not intended to be a learned treatise on India. It is merely—as the author says—an account of the things which impressed him most. To Englishmen especially the book should prove interesting. The questions of education, of religion, and the difficult problem of how to blend East with West are dexterously handled. Yet the book is not dull; there are no pages of statistics to weary the reader. Instead, one is carried by the author into an India which has about it all the charm of the present and glamour of the past.

We select from the many other reviews sent in :

SALVAGE. BY OWEN SEAMAN. (Constable.)

In this volume is rescued from periodic to permanent place much of the lyrical wit and wisdom that has adorned the pages of latter-day *Punch*. Mr. Seaman's range is diverse as life itself. On many questions he has definite views, but his serious tendencies are held in magnificent restraint. The topic of the hour is illumined with genial, penetrating humour, or pilloried with subtle irony; the essentially modern note being relieved by a wealth of classic allusion. Originality, quaintness of phrase, and unflinching delicacy of style combine to perpetuate in verse the distinctive charm of the prose "Essays of Elia."

(H. J. Sheppard, 56, Arlingford Road, Brixton, S.W.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP. BY WILLIAM H. DAVIES. (A. C. Fifield.)

These confessions of a poet-tramp are disconcerting to well-to-do respectable people. They reveal a backslider who escapes perdition. His life is a slight upon domesticity, economic independence and advancement, everyday routine, and other dogmas dear to rate-paying citizens. He gives up his trade, calmly becomes a tramp, begs, hawks boot-laces, takes surreptitious railway rides, sleeps in his clothes, and lodges in doss-houses, and yet remains a simple, amiable soul, passionately fond of reading, ever seeking to develop his gift of poetry, and dreaming of "the far beyond, where lives Romance."

(C. J. Pollard, "Looe," The Avenue, Chingford.)

We must add a note in special commendation of the reviews received from Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), D. Sill (Redcar), Miss Etta Elwes (St. Albans), Miss M. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood), Miss M. Kempson (Birmingham), L. Gray (Frinton-on-Sea), and B. Moore (Catford).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MISS R. DUNCAN, Hillside, Wivenhoe, Essex.

New Books.

THE POET MORRIS.*

That Morris should have his place in the "English Men of Letters Series" was inevitable; as inevitable that it should not fit him. One hopeless problem faces the compilers of a series of biographies of uniform length—how to assume some show of uniform treatment. Fancy Johnson's "Lives"—fancy the articles in the "National Dictionary of Biography"—each compressed or expanded to uniform length! It is not a mere question of comparative rank and importance—of Bacon and Shaftesbury, of Tennyson and Tupper. Nor yet of comparative familiarity; a new study of the authors of "Hudibras" or "Zeluco" may lay claim to novelty, interest, and instruction, but how much that is both new and true can you say in a 150-page review of Milton or Burke? Writers like Morris present a further difficulty. By his intrinsic merit he claims no great space; on the other hand, as a subject there is still room for new facts and opinions and the orderly marshalling of old; moreover, the last word about him has yet to be said. Much, no doubt, has been written around him by his friends—some of it to the purpose, some trivial and misleading; the "authorised Life" by Mr. Mackail is scarcely adequate or final. The difficulty is this: you can handle in a monograph, fully and fairly, certain great names—Wordsworth, for example, whose life was simple, consistent, and uneventful, whose life work and life interests flowed in a single, straight, well-defined channel; Morris, like Leonardo, and Michael Angelo, admits of no such summary treatment. His genius, his interest, his work and aim, though no doubt

always consistent and homogeneous, early ramified and flowed on in various separate and parallel streams. Each must be explored completely and carefully or not at all, and then the landscape of many waters presented as a whole. True, everywhere he manifested himself as the same—the artist, never less, never more; but artist in that wide acceptance which we are wont to regard separately in the separate applications of art. Morris was artist as a poet, prose-writer, painter, designer, artificer in many crafts, and not less as a controversialist and social reformer. In no one of his aims and activities can you do him justice without treating of all the others almost as copiously. This implies obviously a study far too lengthy and minute for his intrinsic deserts, great as they are if we regard his achievements as a whole.

Further, these varied manifestations of talent should each be judged by an expert, and it would not be easy to name any critic save Morris himself competent to treat them all with uniform enthusiasm, knowledge and experience. Even if we confine ourselves to his literary work, there is not only his poetry to be judged, but his equally, perhaps still more, remarkable prose artistry, his art criticism, his teaching on various crafts, and his writings on social science.

Mr. Noyes's little book is therefore perforce inadequate, but it might well have been less so. A poet himself, he has dealt mainly with Morris as poet. And wisely; still more wisely had he done so altogether. For all he has to say about Morris's life and the other branches of his work amounts to very little of value, though eked out by sentimental verbiage. The sixteen pages of the *Early Years* chapter might have been cut down to sixteen lines. They

* "William Morris." By Alfred Noyes. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

teem with absurdities and affectations which invite ridicule. But let them pass. Maybe he would now agree that his best plan would have been to give a plain matter-of-fact account of his hero's career and work, and then confine himself to a careful criticism of the poetry. Not that his facts are incorrect or his judgments unsound when he is himself; he has rejected the wealth of detail gleaned from the jocular or mischievous exaggerations of Morris's friends, and palmed off on the credulous public, such as the posterous invention that the poet was wont when out of temper to bite the table legs and "make dents in the wall" by banging his head against it. By a curious oversight his Socialism is not referred to this "early impression." But the criticism of the poems is what mainly concerns us now.

Even here, where Mr. Noyes is in his own province, he fails to impress or please. When he is sincere, thinks for himself, and speaks his own mind and when that is I seldom feel much doubt—he is sober, judicious, and convincing. But his criticism is for the most part marred by the usual fashionable vices of to-day, such as far-fetched and false comparisons, portentous deliverances on trifles, views misty and mystical all smoke and fog, perpetual juggling with "terms of art," most of them meaningless cant phrases—and all the other devices for seeming to say a good deal when you have nothing to say. And all this in the terrible jargon perfected by the perpetrators of books about "Homes and Haunts"—that strange jumble of mincing affectation, whining sentiment, and pompous flourish. If Mr. Noyes sins he is far from the greatest of sinners, and he is punished. His pretentious flights sometimes bring him to earth on the verge of that abyss of nonsense at the bottom of which Mr. Henry James now lies smiling. Take one instance. He says that Gudrun was a "Titanic harlot," and that "this type of woman has enslaved men from the days of Lilith to the days of Mary Stuart." Well, Lilith can take care of herself, but poor Mary—just think! Out of the long rows over her person and character I suppose a few points of agreement have emerged. First, that if not rather *petite*, she was no giantess—nor were her vices or virtues in the least Titanic. A harlot she was not, though her principles were no doubt lax and Medicean, and she would never have allowed her scruples to weigh against her interests. Nor was she even prone to amorous weakness—have we yet found the key to the Bothwell episode? And this plain woman, agreeable and engaging as her manners no doubt were—this sharp woman of business—what men did she enslave? It was then the fashion for courtiers to be dying for love of their queen—no less was expected of them. Mary and even her hard-featured cousin, too, with all her vanity—no doubt knew as well as any Chicago millionairess what cupboard love means. Cleopatra was likely enough much the same sort of person—in fact, I doubt if these tiresome Titanic harlots ever existed outside the superheated brains of more or less fleshy poets. To return: Mr. Noyes of course makes great play with the favourite hocus-pocus of treating one art in the terms of another. Having hit upon the (perfectly true) affinity of Morris's poetry to his tapestry, he devotes himself for the rest of the book to "rubbing it in," and goes on scraping away with his "warps" and "woofs" and "golden threads," and "white and blue and cinnabar," till the nasty raw places he has made on my mental cuticle will take a lot of poulticing with Johnson and other soothing criticism to heal. A trick the more hateful, because from the prevalence of bad example one is always so apt to stray into it oneself.

I have been thus frank about Mr. Noyes's literary delinquencies because from certain indications I suspect that they are neither natural nor congenial to him, but borrowed for the occasion on well-meant if erroneous grounds. The courtiers made eyes at Queen Mary, Raleigh spread his best cloak for Oriana's carpet, and that crafty Dublin boy—our English brats soon forget even Alfred and the cakes—his newspapers for Mme. Tetravini, not because they liked it, but because they thought it "good business."

And they were right—so is Mr. Noyes from the popular point of view. But he need not spread his writings for fools to flounder on, if, as I suspect, he could make them meet for the eyes of the wise.

One self-denying practice he has; he illustrates his judgments by copious and lengthy quotation, italicising choice phrases and sentences, thus giving hostages, sometimes with fatal consequences. Not seldom to what I must regard as a very ordinary passage he ascribes a vast importance, an ineffable beauty, or an occult significance which amazes me, while passing over others which I should hasten to praise. But this is of course to a great extent a matter of taste. Metrical problems he has evidently studied with zeal, so I will not presume to say that he makes too much of them. But his general estimate of each great poem and of Morris's poetry as a whole seems both acute, reasoned, and just. His opinions, I mean—for as to expression he is prone, as are we all, to force his tones in praising the hero in hand. With no small instinct and skill he has assigned to Morris his true place among the poets—and after all that was his appointed task.

What has he done to help the readers of his poet? How much for the inner circle of professed Morris-enthusiasts I know not. For myself and probably for other outsiders a very great deal. When "The Earthly Paradise" ("that tremendous tapestry of music," as Mr. Noyes, dragging in a third art, calls it), was coming out, we all read it as a duty, that is, a good deal of it—few, I suspect, the whole. So too the "Jason." Controversy was then raging round the Fleshly School, and with that gravitation towards minority-opinion which at least saves us the trouble of revising our views in maturer years, I adopted a scandalous indifference to the pretensions of Rossetti, Morris, and their comrades. To base a serious estimate of Morris on a raw, boyish, imperfect, and half-forgotten study would be presumption, nor am I likely ever to travel patiently, as Mr. Noyes has done, through the endless mazes of his poems. But from this little book I have certainly gained many lights, often corroborated by the memories it has revived, and feel, nay am sure, that now I understand something about the poetry of Morris. Of these lights a few may here be glanced at. In perhaps his best passage (pp. 45, 46) Mr. Noyes points out how Morris formed for himself a "kind of poetic dictionary" as conventional as that of Pope or Racine. Thus he ignores all but a few favourite natural objects. Of flowers he mentions only the rose, lily, sunflower, violet, and daisy; of birds rarely any but the lark and nightingale. To such objects he applies a strictly limited range of epithets. Thus his sea waves are usually "green," sometimes "blue," in storm simply "white," or "tumbling"—most frequently he is content with "the waters wan." Our critic, curiously enough, does not notice the Homeric origin of this archaic fad, nor how it prejudices the poet's appeal to readers trained in Tennyson's minute variety; but he does point out what had certainly escaped me, how much Morris gained by these and his other deliberate conventions. First it explains his singular rapidity of composition. With his command of rhyme it enabled him to narrate a story in verse almost as easily as in prose, and at a uniform pace. Secondly, it explains the singularly even quality of his poetry, and that quality so high: never rising to Tennyson's heights, he never sinks near his depths. A skilled and experienced craftsman in the art of narrative poetry, with his chosen tools handy, he could turn out work of uniform excellence, mechanically, almost automatically, much as a practical compositor will form a faultless page from a handsome fount of type. And further it explains why the "Paradise" and "Sigurd" and "Jason" are of all long narrative poems the easiest to read. Surely this cannot be denied. Once we are accustomed to the atmosphere and conventions all is plain sailing—nothing to distract us from the steady march of the story, no purple patches, no obscurities, no thought problems, no word puzzles, no baffling sudden

transitions. Never do we have to pause to secure the meaning. As to the artistic decoration and colouring of the poems, they remind me of those in a suite of gorgeous Morris apartments, absorbing our attention just at first, but when we have lived in them, grown familiar they merely impart a vague sense of opulent comfort—we have ceased to notice them.

Mr. Noyes's main position and boldest claim, namely, that "The Earthly Paradise" is one of the greatest literary achievements of its century, may startle us at the first blush, but we cannot long resist his arguments. That it has serious limitations he admits, but defends them, as I consider, successfully. The most obvious is the low and contracted moral and philosophical plane on which Morris chose to write. For "fleshliness" our critic substitutes a much better word, "sense-impressions." To Morris life was but a series of such impressions, its happiness depending on the proportion of pleasant to painful ones. Infinitely the worst of all is death, and the dread of death he regards sometimes as poisoning life, sometimes as a spice to pleasure and so making life worth living. Thus view the world feels—and long may it feel, whatever science may insinuate—to be a lower, a baser view, a more hopeless outlook, nay, a less convenient working hypothesis than the moral doctrines which our great teachers from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton down to Carlyle and Tennyson nobly if confusedly struggled to reconcile with facts. And curiously it was never the mediæval view, not even of the born artists (though it does underlie the art of the Italian Renaissance), yet Morris's single aim was to relate his stories, even ancient Greek legends, in the mediæval spirit and tone; which palpable inconsistency is perhaps his weakest point. Still, his view, as Mr. Noyes rightly insists, is perfectly defensible. It is the purely artistic view of life; and Morris purposely worked out that view as opposed to the moral view. His is the poetry of art, not of ethics. So what is artificial he treats as more natural than the natural. Art gives more exquisite sense-impressions than nature—beautiful natural objects are less satisfying than their clever artistic simulacra. Even in Ruskin's eyes this would be heresy, and just fancy Wordsworth doting on the celandines painted on his best tea-things! But after all, Morris's view is the legitimate view of the artist who is wholly artist and nothing else. So in his sense-impression view of life, as in most beside, he is consistent. "The Earthly Paradise" is not only the greatest of his many achievements in many spheres of art, but so homogeneous are they that it is representative of them all. Never before had an all-round artist so boldly and frankly treated poetry as one of the applied arts—probably never again will the attempt be made on so grand a scale, never with the like success. Great or not, "The Earthly Paradise" is a phenomenal achievement.

Y. Y.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.*

Great men are commoner than great books, or such a man as Joseph Skipsey would rank higher and be more honoured than he is. Some two or three wistful, pathetic; vividly realistic little lyrics he has written, some one or two rugged, forceful ballads of homely heroism, but the best thing he did was to live the life that has moved Mr. Spence Watson to write this sympathetic and deeply interesting memoir of him.

Skipsey was a Northumbrian miner. He had no schooling, and at seven years of age started work in the pit, spending sixteen hours of every day down in the dark, "from time to time pushing open a door through which the tubs of coal passed. It was a painful and weary time, but with

* "Joseph Skipsey. A Memoir." By the Rt. Hon. Robert Spence Watson. With 3 Portraits. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)



Joseph Skipsey.

From "Joseph Skipsey. A Memoir." (Unwin.)

rare pluck and perseverance he succeeded in teaching himself to read, write, and cipher." He taught himself by means of printed bills and circulars, "with a piece of chalk, he copied the letters on the sill, getting the names of the letters (which he had some chance knowledge of before he entered the pit) and explanations of meanings from those pitmen who were kindly disposed and who were able and willing to help him. He was a wee child in those days, and one of his brothers used to carry him part way to and from the pit. In winter he never saw daylight except on Sundays."

An uncle lent him "Paradise Lost," and gave him Lindley Murray's Grammar; he borrowed Pope's "Iliad" and Burns's songs, and saved up his scanty earnings and bought a copy of Shakespeare. He said of himself: "I had actually practised verse writing while I was yet a child behind my trap-door"; and when he was twenty-seven he published his first volume. Mr. Watson quotes a number of Skipsey's poems in the course of the narrative, and, to give an idea of the scope and variety of his work, includes a fairly large selection in an appendix. Always the best of these touch upon the lights and shadows of the life he knew: the boy's pride at starting work in the pit, and his father's and mother's fears for him; the pitman kissing his sleeping bairns and setting forth before daybreak, whistling as he closes behind him the door he may never open again; the love, the sorrow, the hardship, the privation that are the common lot of such a man—these things Skipsey knew, and the poems in which he wrote of them are alive with that knowledge and won for him the admiration and the friendship of some of the most famous of contemporary artists and men of letters.

He was a thoroughly skilful miner, and happier perhaps in that calling than when later he became in succession assistant librarian of a public library, caretaker at a New-castle Board School, porter at Armstrong College, and custodian of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon. The Armstrong College people felt it was "impossible to have a college where the scientific men came to see the Principal and the artistic and literary men came to see the porter," and met him carrying coals along the corridor; and at Stratford Skipsey grew to disbelieve the stories he had to tell about the Shakespeare rooms and relics, and found the telling of them to incredulous visitors irksome

and humiliating, till a small Government pension enabled him to resign the position. His most devoted friend was Thomas Dixon; Rossetti and Burne-Jones had a great regard for him. "Of course," wrote the latter, "his poems are not much to us; only one measures by relation, and sometimes the little that a man does who has had no chance whatever seems greater than the accomplished work of luckier men—on the widow's mite system of arithmetic, which is a lovely one." Mr. Watson was an intimate friend of Skipsey for forty years, and, as he says, "it may be to some extent I judge him by the facts of his life"; nevertheless, he counts him a poet, a true poet, though not a great one, and does not hesitate to add: "Looking back at him now that four years have passed since he left us, and taking him all in all, I think that I have never known a greater man."

It is the concise of biographies, written with a quiet charm and a skill in presentment that enable one to realise easily both the attractiveness and the greatness of Skipsey's personality.

A. S. J. A.

AN ENGLISH LADY.*

Mrs. La Touche of Hamstown, the "noble woman" of the title of this very companionable book, belonged to that class of wise and cultured womanhood of which it is possible to use the term "lady" without any suggestion of snobbery. She was well bred, well read, well balanced. She accustomed herself in her youth to the intellectual company of the best minds, and through three score years and ten she never failed to keep abreast of current literary movements. Yet, all the while, her even, mellowed temperament was never led away, as so many more impetuous minds are apt to be, by the excitements of inflammatory partisanship. Living a secluded life in the country, loving above all things the birds and flowers of her rural home, she heard the echoes of contemporary life from afar, and regarded them as no more than echoes. As old age settled down upon her, she may have seemed to the younger generation a little old-fashioned, but hers was, after all, a fashion which outlasts capricious changes. For her mind was filled with beautiful images and her eyes with beautiful sights. She moved, in a word, through the beauty of holiness.

These letters of hers, excellently arranged by her friend Miss Margaret Young, form an admirable expression of her true character. Competent judges considered Mrs. La Touche one of the best letter-writers of her generation, and if the art of unaffected self-revelation is the secret of correspondence, she might well lay claim to such a tribute. She was a great friend of Ruskin, and many of her best letters are written to him, but she by no means restricted the riches of her confidence to the more distinguished of her correspondents. No matter to whom she was writing, she always wrote with all her heart. The letters are of no great public importance. Echoes from the world of politics fall across them, and we get glimpses from time to time of well-known people of the day. But what is most valuable in them, as it is also most winning, is the frank revelation of a refined, wise, and tender-hearted nature, embodying the most lovable qualities of true and sterling womanhood.

* "The Letters of a Noble Woman." Edited by Margaret Ferrier Young. 12s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Sons.)

"We are having baking summer weather here again. It is very delicious, but there is no escaping the autumn sadness, and the splendour and colour of the days makes the early night fall and cold dew more mournful. Did you ever notice how all flower-colours seem to intensify and deepen after sunset, particularly the blues and purples? I went into the garden yesterday evening, and got quite a shock. There was a sort of solemn brilliancy, never seen by day. They all seemed to mean something by it."

Her letters are full of this sympathy with nature, both inanimate and animate.

"I was rather horrified to receive a visitor the other day, in a coat made of mole-skins! And now I am told that I am quite behind the times, and a mole-skin coat is the very latest fashion. I wanted much to tell the wearer that the mole is the farmer's friend, and would be his (or her) instructor if he or she were capable of receiving instruction. We have no moles in Ireland, but I am sure St. Patrick never made the mistake of banishing them."

And, in a more serious mood, a certain genial breadth of view is never wanting.

"You tell me you are hungering to know the things of God, but not the things of Mr. Stead. What I feel is, that we can no more *know* the things of God than a baby in long clothes can know the laws of the solar system. But we can *think* about such things, and read, and observe, the views of other people. And Mr. Stead's are as likely to be true as Mr. Hutton's."

In this happy and broad-minded mood Mrs. La Touche lived into a generous old age and was privileged to see her children's children around her. The autumn of life brought its sense of falling power, of course; and in her later letters it is rather pathetic to see how she longs for the spring, and for the renewal of natural beauty. But her mind was always a kingdom to her, rich and populous, and when her last hour came, among alien surroundings, her imagination was waited back to the home where she had spent so many happy years, and she believed herself once more standing by the well-loved river and listening to her husband's voice. It was a fitting close to a lovely and stimulating life.

ARTHUR WAUGH



Four Generations, 1894.

Mr. La Touche, Mrs. La Touche, Mr. Percy La Touche (son), Mrs. J. Hotham (granddaughter)
C. E. Hotham (great-grandson).

From "The Letters of a Noble Woman." (G. Allen & Sons.)

THE GROWTH OF MAN AND OF NATURE.*

We learn from the translator's preface that Dr. Frobenius was much in contact with savages at the Berlin Zoological Gardens. He became convinced that "one touch of nature" was the key to the interpretation of all human activities, both primitive and cultured, and he resolved to study mankind from that standpoint. For the purpose, he established relations with all sorts of people who travel in savage countries, collected documents and the products of savage workmanship, and made of his house a veritable museum. "While, therefore," he says, "anthropology begins the study of races by classifying men according to their colour and type of head, I start with a consideration of those outward forms that man has invented for himself. Hence, my first expression is amazement at the diversity of independent phenomena." "The Childhood of Man" is in the main Dr. Frobenius's museum transferred to paper—a museum of a book. It belongs rather to descriptive than to systematic anthropology, and bears somewhat the same relation to the latter as a natural history book bears to the modern post-evolutional work on biology. For Dr. Frobenius's standpoint enables him better to catch mankind's ways than to explain mankind's development. He has, one suspects, collected more material than he knows exactly how to deal with. Crammed as the book is with most interesting matter on—to name a few of the subjects—Personal Adornment, Secret Societies, Drum Language, Ancestor Worship, Cannibals, and the Early History of War (Dr. Frobenius considers that organised war is characteristic of races no longer in their childhood and therefore outside his purview), and with illustrations still more interesting and in many cases unique, the conclusions which might be drawn from such a mass of information are scarcely more than suggested. If the translator has adequately rendered the style of the original, it is, to say the least, curious. One of Stanley's records is recounted thus:

"This yellow metal [brass] was here esteemed the most valuable of wares, and the wealthy king, Chumviri, had caused rings of it to be forged round the necks of his wives to the weight of from 44 to 90 pounds! The question then arose whether, after the death of his wives, the metal should be consigned to the grave with them.

"What?"

"The answer was a line, full of meaning, drawn with the finger round the neck. Good heavens! Will the wife lie in the grave with or without her head? Ugh!

"Here we have ornaments already treated as currency, as so much capital. . . ."

It is but fair to add, however, that although "The Childhood of Man" is detailed and painstaking—obviously written *con amore*—rather than scientific, it does correct many misconceptions about savage life, and its abundant material, worked up more systematically than Dr. Frobenius has yet done, should prove extremely valuable. The many primitive stories and myths form one of the most pleasing features of the book.

Mr. Rolleston, in his study of biology, ethics, and art, has used a diversity of material, which few men are qualified to bring together, in order to find the initial force, the guiding principle, in the development, not of mankind alone, but of the whole of nature with mankind at the self-conscious apex. He is one of those rare thinkers who, literary and philosophical by training, have taken pains to understand and to incorporate into their philosophy the researches of science; and "Parallel Paths" is one of the rare attempts to synthesise what we know of life from all sides into one comprehensive theory. Though nobody probably in this age of wariness and materialistic dogmatisms would go so far as to say that Mr. Rolleston's hypothesis

is sound throughout, in itself as well as in its application to ethics and art, it can pretty confidently be asserted that he is vigorously following the path which several thinkers have looked down and the thinkers of the next few generations are almost bound to tread.

For science by itself has arrived at an impasse. Briefly and roughly, the situation may be stated thus: Evolution, the bare fact of it, is accepted. But how did, how does it proceed? If wholly, or even in part, by natural selection, there must, in species, have been advantageous and disadvantageous variations in form, capable of being selected and perpetuated. How then did such variations arise? Lamarckism supposes that variations are acquired by use and disuse, and are transmitted by inheritance. Weismannism, on the other hand, declares that variations are entirely fortuitous and are more or less fortuitously conserved. Darwin—as Samuel Butler so shrewdly pointed out years ago—wavered between these two, the only mechanical, *i.e.* physico-chemical, explanations of the evolution of species. And neither of them is satisfactory. They are, indeed, mutually destructive. Osborn has observed that "if acquired variations are transmitted, there must be some unknown principle in heredity; if they are not transmitted, there must be some unknown factor in evolution." That unknown factor Mr. Rolleston seeks.

In either case, the controversy narrows itself down to the living protoplasmic cell (an illustrated account of which Mr. Rolleston gives); for "a modification which does not affect the reproductive cell has no significance in the evolution of species." And every cell appears to include "not only a chemical compound but a chemist." Who, or what, is the chemist? What is the "one constant and universal stimulus to which both the fixity of nature's laws and the plasticity of her mysterious substance may be conceived as a reaction"?

That stimulus, Mr. Rolleston concludes, is the call of life. "We have been led," says he, "to interpret nature as the concrete expression of the will to live, a will which for the first time comes into rational consciousness in man." The reasoning by which he arrives at his Directive Theory of Evolution is so close that it can hardly be summarised at all, let alone here, and perhaps his own analogy of language will best indicate the nature of the theory:

"The substance of language is sound, as the substance of life is protoplasm. Phonetic laws govern the one as mechanical and chemical laws do the other. But phonetic laws, and the capability of producing sound, could never have made a language. The evolution of language is urged forward by the constant pressure and expansion of human thought; and on human thought, in its turn, it reacts, giving the stimulus and starting-ground for fresh expansion. . . . *As thought acts on language, so the pressure and expansion of the life-impulse acts on the forms of matter.*"

In the chapters on ethics and art, which, though they do not belong to the main thesis, are by no means the least interesting, Mr. Rolleston, on the basis of his theory, defines the ethical ideal as "the life in which there is most of life"; and, combining his own theory with Tolstoy's theory of infectiousness, he considers the arts as the expression and intensification of life.

"Thus Life, not Beauty, is the mark of art, but beauty is the signal that the mark has been hit. . . . Instead, therefore, of the two opposing battle-cries of 'Art for Morals' and 'Art for Art,' let us set that of 'Art for Life.' For Life is greater than either art or morals; it includes and justifies them both."

Mr. Rolleston's ideas, regarded separately, are not most of them new; they are in the air of our time; but his combination of them, his synthesis, is new. Originality demands no more. Unless we are much mistaken, "Parallel Paths" will be regarded to-morrow as one of the pioneer works of to-day. Profoundly stimulating and suggestive, it is also, on account of the epigrammatic quality of its style, thoroughly readable. Seldom indeed do we see so good an argument so well set forth.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

*"The Childhood of Man." By Leo Frobenius. Translated by A. H. Keane. With 415 illustrations. 16s. net. (Seeley & Co.)—"Parallel Paths: A Study in Biology, Ethics, and Art." By T. W. Rolleston. 5s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

A PRIZE NOVEL.*

"First Novel Competitions" are a comparatively modern institution not entirely free from certain objections. Mr. Melrose's enterprise in organising one last year in the grand manner is, however, justified by the result. He offered the munificent prize of two hundred and fifty guineas, and in Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. L. Courtney, and Mr. Clement Shorter secured adjudicators whose integrity and literary qualifications rendered impossible any cavil on the part of disappointed competitors. The prize novel is now before us, and we have no hesitation in saying that it abundantly justifies the competition. For it is precisely one of those books which, but for the adventitious aid of the interest created in it in advance, might secure only a "literary success," or win its way to the popularity it deserves after an unduly long struggle.

"The Faith of his Fathers" is a fine and powerful study of idealism in conflict with hard realities. William Atkinson is a Methodist living in a provincial town among people with the provincial mind. His chief concern is the welfare of his soul and of the soul of his people. The next world is the only one that interests him, and it is to that he always directs the thoughts of his children. And they, a son and a daughter, have not the active spiritual imagination necessary to set their affections on things unseen. Atkinson's frequent discussion of his son's soul causes the boy embarrassment, irritation, and indifference. This world is the only one that interests Stephen, and in the very beginning of his making acquaintance with it he falls into sin. The scandal gets abroad; William Atkinson sees but one way whereby Stephen can repair his sin, and insists that he shall marry Flossie, who is the pretty barmaid in a river-side inn. It entails a slow inexorable tragedy, traced with remarkable firmness and restraint by the author. Old Mrs. Atkinson foresees the end, although not in its full horror, from the beginning, and she begins to mistrust and gradually to hate the religion which can work havoc among those she loves. She watches her son's steady deterioration and attributes it all to the religion, operating through Flossie as its unconscious agent. Then the religion threatens to wreck the happiness of the other child, Rachel; she has given her heart to a worthy man, owner of the works in which William Atkinson is employed. But Ransom Philips is not established in the faith; he is next door to an atheist, as Mr. Atkinson understands that term, and the old man insists that Rachel shall resign her love. It is at this point that Mrs. Atkinson's rebellion comes into action; she takes her daughter's side and the marriage takes place, but Rachel leaves England with her husband, and the father and mother are left alone. Then the catastrophe in Stephen's life arrives with a crash; he kills his wife, seeks refuge with his father, and by him is commanded to take the only way to save his soul alive by facing punishment and losing his life, if that must be.

The lesson of the book is, of course, patent; what was lacking from the faith of these fathers was the charity which is the essential feature of the religion shown us by the Son of the God of Love. Mr. Gosse showed us recently in his autobiographical work, "Father and Son," how it affected his life; there, however, the tragedy was limited almost exclusively to the father, and even he got the compensation which comes from consciousness of having kept the faith. In this novel the tragedy wrecks the life of many, and reaches its supreme height in the pathetic mother, a really finely wrought study from life. Miss Jacomb watches from above, as it were, the working of iron forces set in operation by mistaken minds, and she refuses to shrink from the inevitable end. The book holds the attention and the memory. It is a dignified, distinguished, and wholly meritorious performance.

* "The Faith of his Fathers." By A. E. Jacomb. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)



Emery Walker, ph. sc.

Frederick Lehmann and Nina Lehmann.

From "Memories of Half a Century," by R. C. Lehmann, M.P. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.*

At first glance it is rather surprising to take up a volume that is to weave the threads of fifty years, yet bears upon its title-page the name of an author some two years older than half a century. We find ourselves forthwith recalling Ruskin's recollections of his third year, and marvelling at the memory of some people. But, in a moment more, we discover these memories are not directly Mr. Lehmann's and relate chiefly to the many and interesting friendships of his father and mother. It is true that he does occasionally venture upon a reminiscence of his own, and one of these we shall presently discuss. Taking the book as a whole, we have to describe it as one of great charm, and of some considerable value among recent works of bookish interest. There is about it something of the fragrance of old lavender. One feels in reading the letters it contains that they have been preserved these fifty years with that loving and old-fashioned care we associate with the scent of the aromatic sprigs.

Mr. Lehmann has indeed been well advised in editing so deftly and arranging with so much literary grace the correspondence of his parents and their wide circle of distinguished friends. While he was fortunate in having for his father and mother two so perfectly mated as Frederick Lehmann, who came of an artistic German family, and Nina Chambers, eldest daughter of Robert Chambers, the celebrated Edinburgh publisher and author, they in turn were fortunate in their friendships with Dickens, Forster, Wilkie Collins, Browning, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Barry Cornwall, Millais, and many others, whose names made the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century rich in literary interest. But Mr. Lehmann's parents were in no remote sense mere friendship-mongers in the literary and artistic world of their time—a class of which we have had enough and to spare, and from whom many a volume of "memories" has sprung. The letters of Mrs. Lehmann here set forth disclose an exponent of "the gentlest art" who would be hard to beat for vivacity and unaffected brightness. The simplest domestic happenings she contrives to invest

* "Memories of Half a Century: A Record of Friendships." Compiled and Edited by R. C. Lehmann, M.P. With Frontispiece. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

with the charm of her own radiant personality, and when she has so quick a subject as a railway accident to describe, the episode is told with a direct force and a quiet play of humour that make one feel the literary gifts of Robert Chambers were shared in no mean degree by his daughter, and might, had she greatly cared, have won for her a worthy name in literature. Her husband, too, wrote with distinction, and here, where both their letters may be read with those of their more famous correspondents, one cannot but confess they gave as good as they received.

Naturally enough, it is to the letters of Dickens and W. H. Wills, the uncle of Mrs. Frederick Lehmann, to those of Wilkie Collins and the other celebrities already mentioned, one is first inclined to turn in fingering these attractive pages. If we cannot say that they add appreciably to our knowledge of their writers, Mr. Lehmann can at least claim for them the value which is intrinsic in all that concerns the lives of people whose names are loved for their having ministered to our intellectual pleasure. Certain of the Dickens letters, however, have a very distinct value in illustrating how closely the great Victorian novelist could apply himself to the details of magazine editorship while engrossed in his own creative work. It is touching Dickens that we venture to quote the following from the very few personal reminiscences of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann:

"One memory of Dickens is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can recall the whole scene as it had happened yesterday. I cannot have been more than six or seven years old when my father and mother took me to one of his readings at, I think, St. James's Hall. First he read the death of Paul Dombey, which left me in floods of tears, and next came the trial-scene from 'Pickwick.' I shall never forget my amazement when he assumed the character of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. The face and figure that I knew, that I had seen on the stage a moment before, seemed to vanish as if by magic, and there appeared instead a fat, pompous, puffy little man, with a plump imbecil face, from which every vestige of good temper and cheerfulness everything, in fact, except an expression of self-sufficient stupidity—had been removed. The upper lip had become long, the corners of the mouth drooped, the nose was short and podgy, all the angles of the chin had gone, the chin itself had receded into the throat, and the eyes, lately so humorous and human, had become as malicious and obstinate as those of a pig. It was a marvellous effort in transformation."

Memory at times plays strange tricks with most of us, but we can only say that if this marvellously detailed impression of Dickens was consciously registered by a boy of six or seven years, Mr. Lehmann himself was worthy to hold up his head with the best of the illustrious friends of his parents! We should rather incline to ascribe the vivid character of the portrait to the practised pen of the author of fifty portraying what he fancied the boy of seven had seen. But our last word for these "Memories of Half a Century" is that a sunnier or more heartsome book of literary reminiscence has not been published for some time.

J. A. H.

THE BEGINNINGS OF JOURNALISM.*

If prophets and other such were always honoured in their own countries, some sort of medallion or inscription would long since have been placed on the wall at the corner of Pope's Head Alley and Cornhill, for here stood the house

* "A History of English Journalism." By J. B. Williams. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

(25)

Number 4.

THE LONDON POST



Communicating the High Councils of both Parliaments in England and Scotland, and all other Remarkable passages, both Civil and Martial in his Weekly Travels through the three Kingdoms.

Printed and entered according to order.

From Thursday January the 28 to Thursday February 4.

THE great business is now concluded, and what Foreign Kingdoms have so long attended, and almost stood on tip-toe to behold, this week hath brought to pass, which is, the King restored in—

From "A History of English Journalism." (Longmans.)

that was the birthplace of that most powerful of social and political forces, the British Press. The inventor of the steam-engine has his statues, and it has been considered worth while to write his biography; almost every school-boy knows that it was Jonas Hanway who introduced the umbrella into general use; but who knows so much as the name of the man who was the first British journalist?

There is entered on the Stationers' Register for May 18, 1622, "A Currant of generall newes. Dated the 14th of May last," and, says Mr. J. B. Williams, "with this entry commences the history of British journalism." The publishers of this first of English periodicals were Thomas Archer, who lived at the corner of Pope's Head Alley, and Nicholas Bourne, whose address was at the Exchange; but nineteen years before that, Archer had made a tentative appearance as a newsmonger, by issuing an account of the sea-fight between the Dutch and Portuguese fleets in the East Indies; therefore one may unhesitatingly yield him the honour of being the father of English journalists.

It is a fascinating story, this that Mr. Williams has to tell. He shows through what difficulties the Press struggled into life, and traces its career from the days of its crude but vigorous infancy to the founding of the *Oxford Gazette*, which in 1666 became the *London Gazette*, and, as such, has remained the official organ of the State ever since. He gives interesting glimpses of those primitive journalists: of Chamberlain, of John Pory, of Thomas Locke, of Nathaniel Butter; of the notable Francis Gaisford, the "Captain Hungry" satirised with such fierce contempt by Ben Jonson in his "Staple of Newes" and his "Newes from

the New World"; of Henry Muddiman, one of the greatest and most influential writers of news-letters, "the privileged journalist of the Restoration"; and of many another once famous but now ungraciously and ungratefully forgotten.

In his appendices Mr. Williams prints a specimen of a Royalist periodical and of an ordinary news-letter, and supplies a long list of these early journals and the dates during which they were published. He has compiled an historical record that is as interesting as it is valuable, and is to be congratulated on the care and thoroughness with which he has done his work.

MRS. DUDENEY'S NEW NOVEL.*

There should have been no epilogue to "Rachel Lorian." At the end of the eighteenth chapter Rachel has lived through all the poignant tragedy of her life, has reached a quiet backwater of happiness, when her rival, the frivolous, irresponsible widow of the man she had loved, brings her child and gladly surrenders it to her keeping, so bringing into her life a new and tender interest that will keep her happiness from growing stale and flat. Then comes the epilogue, to carry her felicity incalculably beyond that state, to give her more than contentment, to fill her with an abiding ecstasy and make her "certainly the most joyful woman in the whole world." The epilogue is a charming little idyll in itself, but it does not wear the air of truth that is worn by the rest of the story.

At eighteen, with no experience, scarcely knowing her own heart, Rachel marries Francis Lorian. Travelling into Cornwall for the honeymoon, they are involved in a terrible railway accident. Rachel comes through it unhurt, but Francis is mangled and disfigured, and though his life is saved, he remains paralysed, and a hopeless cripple. It makes him bitter, irritable, harsh; he is an incurable invalid and Rachel his nurse, and he may live for fifty years. They have plenty of money, he declares he will never go back to London to be seen again by those who had known him. They take a house on the wild Cornish coast and settle down.

Rachel rebels against her fate, but pity and love prevail with her. Then comes Patrick Rivers, the old, adored friend of her husband, the man Francis talked so much of that she was tired of hearing his name. Meeting him, Rachel recognises that the strain of romance in her husband, the occasional wistful, idealistic outbreaks, all the finer qualities for which she loves him, indeed, are nothing but pale reflections of this wonderful friend of his. Rivers attracts her irresistibly; it is not long before she is wholly in love with him, as he is with her; they frankly admit the fact to each other, but she is stubbornly loyal to the hapless, maimed wretch she has married. She feels herself, and the reader feels, that the burden of this loyalty is impossibly heavy, and she must break down under it, when the sudden death of her husband solves the problem. Or would have done, but she is troubled with remorse that even in thought she should have been unfaithful to him; refuses to marry Rivers at once, and insists that they shall see nothing of each other for a year.

He is reluctantly forced to consent, and when she comes back from travels abroad at the close of the year she learns, by chance, that he has been shamelessly untrue to her, and is so repelled by this that, despite his excuses, promises, and appeals, she goes away and will have nothing further to say to him, and in a freakish fit of rage and recklessness he marries the tawdry, vulgar, soulless creature who had come between them and who had betrayed him to her.

The characters, especially Rachel and Francis; Patrick Rivers; the shy, silent lover, Jeremy Light; the homely.

* "Rachel Lorian." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)



Photo. by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park C.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

materialistic Unity Ayr, and her gross, good-natured husband, the Major, are admirably realised; they are vividly human and alive. The story has humour, but its keynote is one of tragic intensity, and it is written with such imaginative insight and real power that, if it were not for the inherent unpleasantness of its theme, one would unhesitatingly put it aside among the few novels of the year that may be novels of next year also. A.

THE MAKING OF POETRY.*

After an interval of some two years, Professor Saintsbury has given to the world the second instalment of the great task which he has set himself of tracing in detail the history of prosody from the time when English had really become English down to the present day. This new volume contains Books V. to VIII., and ranges from the flower-time of the Elizabethan drama to the early glimmerings of the romantic dawn. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden and Pope are the great names in it, but every one with the slightest claim to remembrance is mentioned, detailed treatment being accorded where necessary, as in the cases of Donne and Prior. The period covered includes the rise and decay of dramatic blank verse, the non-dramatic blank verse of "Paradise Lost," the great lyric outburst of the seventeenth century, the Pindaric ode and the triumph of the heroic couplet. Nor are Professor Saintsbury's own predecessors, the earlier prosodists, neglected, a chapter being assigned them at the end of each book. Few except its author would have had the capacity or the courage for the undertaking.

Such a work as this might have been very dull reading indeed, and its appeal in any case could not be expected to reach far outside the little circle of avowed students

* "A History of English Prosody." By George Saintsbury. Vol. II. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

of prosody. Professor Saintsbury has, however, contrived to write a book which can hardly fail to interest all who are in the least degree concerned with poetry from the historical side. He is not one of those pedants who spend their time splitting hairs over accent and stress, and quarrelling about little questions of nomenclature. Although by the mere fact of writing its history he has acknowledged the existence of a science of versification, poetry is to him first and foremost an art. He recognises that the appeal to the ear is what matters, and he invariably applies the oral test to the scansion of lines. His excellent practice is to let the poets speak for themselves, and not the least valuable feature of the book is the copious illustrative quotation in text and footnote. These with the author's pointed and illuminating comments are worth all the theorising in the world. Moreover, they make the book far easier to read, and in some places it resembles a pleasant anthology. This is meant as no disparagement to Professor Saintsbury's own work. His writing is always vigorous and entertaining, and it is no particular demerit that in the present case it is less polyglot and neologistic than sometimes heretofore.

After reading this excellent volume, one is impatient for the next, to see what the author has to say of the great verse-masters of the nineteenth century.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.*

It was high time that an "authoritative" biography of the late Sir Isaac Pitman should appear, and Mr. Alfred Baker's volume, compiled from the family papers, gives us for the first time a complete story of a most interesting and useful career. Into the intricacies of that system of short-

* "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." By Alfred Baker. 7s. 6d. (Pitman.)



The Birthplace of Phonography.

Isaac Pitman's house at Wotton-under-Edge.
From "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." (Pitman.)

hand with which the name of Pitman must ever be associated we do not propose here to enter. Let it suffice to say that Mr. (as he then was) Pitman first published his system in 1837, when he was but a young man of twenty-four, and that he laboured uninterruptedly at his work till up to within a very few years of his death in 1897. During those long years improvements were of course introduced into the original system, but no greater testimony to the intrinsic soundness of Sir Isaac's idea can be adduced than that so few alterations, relatively speaking, should have been found necessary.

If Goethe (was it not he?) is right in defining genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains, Sir Isaac Pitman was a genius beyond all doubt. He himself wrote that "from 1843 to 1861 I laboured at the cause from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and literally never took a day's holiday, or felt that I wanted one," and later he was able to boast that for forty years he had been in his office at six in the morning, both summer and winter. Small wonder, perhaps, that legends of his untiring habits of work and simple life were freely circulated, and that at one period rumour pointed to him as being scarcely in his right mind. This extraordinary capacity for toil was manifested early. In 1835 he wrote to the firm of Bagster & Son and offered to correct mistakes in their "Comprehensive Bible." "Some idea of the magnitude of the self-imposed task may," as Mr. Baker remarks, "be gathered from the fact that the marginal references in the work amount to a total of five hundred thousand." Sir Isaac calculated that he could accomplish his task in three years. As a matter of fact he completed it within that time after having spent, at an estimate, "at least five thousand hours of the closest mental and physical application." It is certainly worth adding that Sir Isaac Pitman, having volunteered to perform the task, firmly declined to accept any payment, though Mr. Bagster offered to give him any sum which he might name for his services.

At this period Sir Isaac, who had begun life as the son of a hand-loom weaver, was a school-teacher, and before the revision of the Bible was completed he had already hit upon his great idea of phonetic shorthand. Now that fuller knowledge of the utility and limitations of the system has come to us, it is most amusing to read of some of the extravagant opposition and praise with which Sir Isaac's discovery was hailed. For example the Rev. Edward Bickersteth (father of Dr. Bickersteth, sometime Bishop of Exeter), in his book entitled "The Promised Glory of the Church," classed Phonography—

"with other things which he denounced as 'stalking horses behind which the most Satanic lies and the most absurd blasphemies are sent forth against the Word of God.' The reverend gentleman received an assurance that nothing was further from the thoughts of its inventor, at any rate, than to dishonour the Divine Word, and Mr. Bickersteth readily withdrew Phonography from the black list in the second edition of his book."

Sir Isaac's labour received not a little assistance from the co-operation of such distinguished advocates of spelling reform as Professor Max Müller, and despite all opposition Sir Isaac Pitman was able to watch the continuous growth of his work. Lord Rosebery had long been an enthusiastic admirer of the man whom he once described as "the venerated father of one system of shorthand," and, on becoming Prime Minister, he gave effect to this admiration by procuring for Sir Isaac the honour of a knighthood. That it was well deserved cannot be doubted for a moment by any of those who read the story of this both useful and singularly disinterested career. To the latter adjective we would call especial attention. Sir Isaac Pitman was anything but a man who loved to thrust himself forward, and the same spirit of restraint seems to have descended upon the author of this book, which, while doing justice to its subject, is written in a clear, straightforward style, and is commendably free from the exaggerated adulation of the average biographer.

A RE-CREATED PAST.*

"Nothing is so interesting," says the author somewhere in his first volume, "as knowing how things were." "Especially," we might add, "when the chronicler presents and arranges his facts with such art as M. Lenotre has at command." He is, as his translator, Mr. Lees, points out, "a master in the art of graphic presentation." The present work, first published as *Vieilles Maisons*, *Vieux Papiers*, contains a score or more studies of character, the subjects men and women, of all classes in society, whom the frightful social upheaval of the French Revolution cast up into the glare of notoriety. M. Lenotre is "a worshipper of ancient papers, hidden away in family chests or in the musty office archives of Parisian and provincial notaries, a worshipper of prisons whence famous people of revolutionary times were led away to the guillotine, or where they found protection from the scaffold, but especially of old houses with curious and well-nigh forgotten histories." He declares that "old buildings possess a kind of soul, a soul composite of the happiness and suffering which people have experienced in them, and of all sorts of ever dead, yet living things. The most familiar details connected with them have a suggestive charm." He has an extraordinary dramatic instinct, noticeable over and over again in these papers, and he has used it to good effect in two successful historical plays, "Colinette" and "Varennes," the last of which was produced by Sarah Bernhardt. The study among these before us that best displays this power is that on Savalette de Langes, the man-woman. Perhaps the most important, considered historically, is the discussion of the woman Simon's case. There would seem to be hardly room for doubt that the Dauphin was smuggled out of the Temple prison. What became of him afterwards no man knows or is likely to know. Convincing are the studies of some of the monsters of the Convention, typical of whom were Fouquier-Tinville and the cripple Couthon, of romantic adventurers like Baron Gérard, of writers for the press like Desmoulins and St. Just. There are interesting sidelights, too, on the last days of André Chénier, and a most thrilling description of Sidney Smith's escape from prison. Of Hébert, "Père Duchesne," we learn that he married a secularised monk, Françoise Goupil. Among her effects, preserved from her childhood, was an engraving representing the supper at Emmaus. It was prudence, and not profanity, as M. Lenotre points out, that prompted her husband to write on the margin: "The *sans-culotte* Jesus supping with two of his disciples in the *château* of a *ci-devant*." Space forbids more than a mention of the papers on Madame du Barry, on Charlotte de Robespierre, Mlle. Montansier, and other famous ladies of the period. These volumes are far and away ahead of the ordinary biographical studies of the day. While relying on M. Lenotre's accuracy, one can find truth, from his pen, vastly more entertaining than most fiction.

A. G.

LADY DARLINGTON AND OTHERS.†

This book, with its alliterative title, its gaudy cover, and its many well-chosen illustrations, would not at a first glance seem to call for extended notice. It consists of popularly written sketches of the lives of the Duchesse de Châteauroux, the Duchess of Kendal, Catherine II. of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, the Comtesse de Lamotte, the Duchesse de Polignac, and Lola Montez; and the author with admirable frankness avows that he has nothing new to relate of these frail women. Alone in connection with

his article on Ehrengard Melusine, Duchess of Kendal, Mr. Trowbridge has, he states in his preface, been fortunate enough to be introduced to "certain information which quite upsets all preconceived notions of Lady Darlington," and which, he might have added, shows George I. in a far more favourable light than he is usually seen.

Let us examine this new matter. Sophia, Lady Darlington, was the daughter of the Elector Ernest Augustus by his mistress, Clara Elisabeth, Countess von Platen, and so was the half-sister of George I.

"The relationship by no means prevented her mother, as to whom there was never any doubt, from bringing her to Herrenhausen when she grew up for the express purpose of captivating her brother. Such nightmare morals were entirely in keeping with the characters of all concerned, and quite common in the semi-civilised courts of the Holy Roman Empire. George had succumbed as the terrible Countess von Platen meant him to, and the result of this monstrous intrigue was a daughter who in later years became the mother, in lawful wedlock, of the celebrated Admiral Howe. As a concession to appearances, to which she never afterwards gave the slightest thought, Madame de Kielmansegg had married the man by whose name she was known in order to provide her child with a legitimate father. Shortly after this event she had inherited a large fortune from her mother."

This is one passage in Mr. Trowbridge's book, and it is quoted as an example of how history is written. Mr. Trowbridge's new information is to the effect that Lady Darlington was never the mistress of George I. This is important, but it is not quite so new as he thinks, for Carlyle refers to the matter in "Frederick the Great," and Dr. A. W. Ward refutes the slander in his admirable monograph on "The Electress Sophia," published five years ago—even the popular historian of the first Hanoverian kings of England might be expected to consult these works; but they do not appear in the printed list of Mr. Trowbridge's "Sources." There is, as a matter of fact, no reason whatever to suppose that there was any suspicion attaching to the paternity of the daughter, who married Viscount Howe.

Even in minor matters Mr. Trowbridge is inaccurate: it was not shortly after the birth of her child that Lady Darlington, as we may call her for the sake of simplicity, inherited her mother's fortune, but actually before she married Kielmansegg, the union having been postponed first on account of the Countess's illness and then of the death. Again, Mr. Trowbridge's description of Lady Darlington's appearance is not to be relied on. He quotes Horace Walpole, who wrote of her looks sixty-three years after her death, and then on the strength of a childish impression. As a matter of fact she was a woman with considerable claim to beauty, and the portrait reproduced in this book contradicts the author's statement as to her personal appearance.

After this, what trust are we to put in Mr. Trowbridge's picture of "a middle aged, grotesque Elector [George I.] with an abnormal lust for hideous women"? Who were these hideous women? Lady Darlington, who was not his mistress? or the Duchess of Kendal, who, in spite of the Electress Sophia's spiteful comment, was a fine figure of a woman in her youth? Mr. Trowbridge tells us that George was perfectly content in his electorate—which is true enough; but he adds that on the death of Anne "it took the English envoys, with the aid of the rapacity suddenly awakened in the electoral court, three weeks to prevail upon him to set out for his kingdom"—which is false. Indeed, the latter statement argues ignorance of the true state of affairs. Hanover was at that time an important state—though this has never been generally recognised by the British public—and the Elector, before leaving his beloved Herrenhausen for St. James's, had many arrangements to make for the administration of affairs during his absence, to appoint a Council of Regency, and to organise the suite that was to accompany him to England; as well as to receive innumerable official and unofficial visitors, and princes and envoys from all parts of Europe, the bearers of messages of condolence and congratulation from the

* "Romances of the French Revolution." By G. Lenotre. Translated by Frederic Lees. 2 vols. 20s. net. (Heinemann.)

† "Seven Splendid Sinners." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

reigning houses, great and small. Indeed, to attempt to write an accurate account of George I. and his Hanoverian court merely on the authority of the reports of John Toland (not Tolland, as Mr. Trowbridge writes) and a translation of the Electress Sophia's journal, together with a few memoirs by Englishmen who had never been to Hanover, is impossible; and it is a pity Mr. Trowbridge has not thought it worth while to consult, among the rest, the letters and writings of Leibnitz, the Duchess of Orleans, Köcher, Schaumann, Vehse, and Malortie.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE CORSICAN SISTERS.*

Modern French writers, among them not a few Bonapartists, Masson, Chuquet, Larrey, Turquan, Rocca, Taine (the friend of the Princesse Mathilde—until he described Corsican progenitors, too dryly it seemed, as unwashed), have set the example of valeting and keyholing the family of Napoleon. The increasing number of Napoleolaters on this side of the Channel justifies the translation of such works into English, and with a mild shrug we apply our eye to the keyhole. Petty details about heroes are always amusing—the family life of the Borgias, Frederic playing the flute, Charles V. at Yuste, Nelson and Lady Hamilton, Wellington and his truckle bed, the meannesses of Marlborough, the amorous foibles of Maurice de Saxe—these things have always been exceedingly diverting, if not always edifying.

It is idle to deny that Napoleon would have cut a far greater figure had he left alone his attempt to outshine the court of Versailles. In his cocked hat and grey redingote, as *le petit caporal*, he commands a respect from us which he goes far to lose when he appears in silk stockings, satin shoes, and the ridiculous petticoats of the Imperial Coronation scene. The extravagant costumes of Josephine, Pauline and the rest, the tyranny of etiquette, the foppery of court pages and ushers—such toys tended to make of Napoleon himself a veritable *roi des colifichets* and to harden even that adamant heart against the sympathy it should have felt for brave men in the field.

What to do with their family is a problem that all parvenus have to face, and a very unpleasant problem it generally is. The best of popes have found it rather too much for them in the end. Had Napoleon looked across the Atlantic, he would have found better models. But as it was, he mismanaged "the family," by which he was obsessed as much as if he had been a Stuart Pretender, from the outset. He laid down elaborate rules for their guidance, or commented cynically upon their fecklessness; but when it came to the point he could refuse them nothing. The family who had taken shipping from Ajaccio in 1793 in a condition of semi-starvation were in a few years to be playing at "general post" among the thrones of Europe. Napoleon tried to make dynastic use of them. He treated them with the same ironical indulgence that Captain Recce, R.N., treated his crew. He soothed them when fractious by promises of crowns as bonbons, with toy armies for crackers. They treated his favours as rights. To hear Joseph talk, as Napoleon once observed, the world would have thought that an ambitious younger brother was keeping him out of an ancestral throne.

Napoleon himself, as Mme. de Remusat shows, cut a poor figure in his endeavour to compete with the First Gentleman in Europe; but his sisters were almost entirely commonplace, crowned courtesans, shameless, unscrupulous, tigerishly jealous and rapacious. The régime of Napoleon,

as both these books show, may well have owed its fall, in part, to the wretched intrigues, parties, cabals, swelled heads, and private dynastic interests of these gay ladies.

The pen of a Balzac would be necessary to describe with an adequate psychology the rise, the superb acme, and the humiliating decline of these vain, arrogant, frivolous, and utterly selfish beings. It is perhaps rather a mean and banal pleasure, that of peeping into the recesses of their private history. This history is discreditable not only to them and to the whole tribe of parvenus, but discreditable even to human nature.

Few middle-class women of the Bonaparte standing, few poor women, I imagine, taken at random, would not have shown more common humanity, more forbearance, more womanly sweetness and graciousness, more humour in the novelty of so amazing an elevation, than did Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. Their contempt for decorum and for their diplomatic husbands could easily have been forgiven, but not so their treachery, or the venom which they never wearied of larding at Josephine, or the effrontery of their avarice, which a play like "The Duchess of Dantzic" entirely fails to burlesque. The sheer bad manners of Elisa and Caroline end by inspiring one with horror. Pauline is such a complete *étourdie*, so pretty a madcap, that one partially forgives her. She had, too, an element of generosity for which we might search in vain among her sisters. She made over a casket of jewels to Napoleon in the time of his greatest need, and this casket was captured in his carriage at Waterloo. She sacrificed several matches to the Bonaparte ambition, but the scandals to which her affairs as a *grande amoureuse* gave rise and the extravagance, exceeding that of a Thais, for which she was responsible must have embarrassed Napoleon not a little.

Elisa was the most domineering and also the most literary of the sisters—a "Duchesse de Maine," Napoleon sneeringly called her. She aspired first to maintain an Hôtel de Rambouillet, and then a military household after the strictest models. Her apéry of Napoleon is in a high degree entertaining: she fancied she had the Napoleonic glance, and so we find her holding reviews, manœuvring cavalry, and browbeating generals in the most approved fashion. Caroline, to whom external fortune was kindest, was the *âme damnée*, cruel, treacherous, insolent in her prosperity, grasping to the end. Through every base intrigue she kept her eyes coldly fixed upon the main chance of a crown falling into her lap. Her intrigues with Junot had important effects for England, and her treachery in 1813 pierced Napoleon to the heart. The soap-boiler's daughter who married Joseph, the barmaid who wedded Lucien, were angels of light when compared with these lineal descendants of Regan and Goneril.

The corroding effects of unlicensed power upon the human "trigonometry" has seldom been laid so completely bare as in the case of the family of this petty Corsican attorney. The mother Lætitia alone was too old to be seriously changed by an accession of fortune so dazzlingly unprecedented. From the first she realised that there must be "some catch in it" and clearly apprehended disaster as the unfailing termination to such a long sequence of trumps. To the end she remained shrewd, strong, loyal, devoted, jealous, revengeful, and as energetic as she was far-sighted. She constantly regretted Corsica. But her darling passion was avarice. Money was her consolation. She doted on the yellow metal, hoarded it, invested it prudently in England and America, and to the last, at Elba and in Rome, she held the money-bags.

What a theme for a new Carlyle is this mad rout of emancipated shop assistants (the young ladies of Dobson's would shame them in deportment), this shallow, sordid exhibition of ill-taught marionettes in which the puppets are all crowned. Above all, what an ugly reflex it throws upon the glamour of Napoleon. Whenever he enters into these narratives, he is generally spoken of with bated breath as a kind of superior being. And by undiscerning worshippers

* "The Sisters of Napoleon: Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte." By Joseph Turquan. Translated and edited by W. H. R. Trowbridge. 34 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Unwin.)—"The Woman Bonapartes: The Mother and Three Sisters of Napoleon I." By H. Noel Williams. 2 vols. 36 Illustrations. 24s. (Methuen.)

such a volume of detail may be thought to contribute to the canonisation of their hero. Most people have gone through an acute phase of Napoleon-worship. The baseness and vulgarity of the Imperial Court was such a disagreeable subject of retrospect to many of the participators in its mummeries that the magnetism of Napoleon, which might be interpreted to extenuate anything, became a subject of competitive exaggeration among a whole tribe of memoir writers. To magnify while multiplying details of this demigod became the safest of all avenues to literary success, and when we find such a thinker and historian as Taine foremost among the miracle-mongers, we may be excused a little temporary hallucination. But the real result of this strenuous attempt to enlarge the roof of the Napoleonic legend is to let far too much daylight in upon it; for white light is the one thing that it cannot stand. The Napoleonic legend has points in common with a religion. It contains many beauties, some great beauties. There is a kernel of truth in it. Napoleon was one of the cleverest of mankind. His talk and correspondence amply prove it. On all the segment of his legend that concerns his activity as *tête d'armée*, the bridge of Arcola, "C'est l'Empereur!" etc., etc., one would be sorry to disintegrate the wonderful process of crystallisation. For it is a saddened and chastened mind which comes to the realisation of the truth of Anatole France's proposition that the real Napoleon le Petit after all was not Napoleon III, but Napoleon I., or the exquisite (underlying) irony of Talleyrand's "Sad it was that so great a man should have been so ill-bred." As the old Hidalgo said to the King of Spain when he was about to put his head into the lion's mouth at Bayonne: "Go home and read Plutarch. He'll tell you what heroes are!" "True greatness," says the sage, "wears an invisible cloak."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

LADY LETTY BRANDON. By Annie E. Holdsworth. 6s (John Long.)

Is it possible that Sir Wentworth Brandon could see his wife in his own house in one hour, and the next come upon her in a cottage on the borders of his estate and be deluded into taking her for her sister? If it could really happen once, could the deception be sustained—could she be going and staying in the cottage daily as her own sister, and yet contrive in the intervals to appear at her husband's house, receive his guests at dinner, and fulfil all her social duties as Lady Letty? The reader should read the book and decide the point for himself. Any summary of the plot would only make it seem more unlikely than it really is, and the story is so attractively written that, probable or not, it is well worth reading. "Love is never given," says old Lady Stormmouth. "You have to pay for it. When you find it, don't haggle over the price. Pay down like a man. It's always worth what it costs." The advice is offered to Maurice Brooke, the artist, and he and Lady Letty prove the value of it. She is prepared to pay in full, but he haggles over the price, and in the end pays heavily, but loses what he has paid for. The dialogue is clever and natural; the book sparkles with epigrams, and is unfailingly interesting.

HENRY OF NAVARRE. By May Wynne. 6s. (Greening.)

This is a picturesque and vividly written romance founded on the play of the same name that is now being presented

at the New Theatre by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. It opens with Henry's arrival in Paris three days before the day fixed for his marriage with the King's sister, Margaret de Valois, and it ends amid terror and tumult with the massacre of the Huguenots on the night of St. Bartholomew. In the interval there has been no lack of gallant adventure, of love and fighting, and intrigue and counter-intrigue; one incident is not ended before another has begun to happen, and never for a moment is the interest of the reader allowed to flag. Miss Wynne has drawn her characters with uncommon skill; Henry, and Margaret, the irresolute King Charles, the merciless Queen-Mother, Catherine de Medici—all the chief persons of the tale are boldly and ably individualised. It is a capital historical story, cleverly and imaginatively written; the sort of book that is simply bound to be popular.

JOYCE PLEASANTRY, and Other Stories. By G. R. Sims. 7s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. George R. Sims has a large and appreciative public; and that public will find in his latest collection of short stories all the elements of pleasing entertainment they are accustomed to expect from him. "Joyce Pleasantry" is the longest of the ten tales gathered together in this volume. It is a strong though somewhat naïve piece of fiction, set in early Victorian days, and compounded effectively of dishonest lawyer, gracious and beautiful daughter, wandering minstrel, long-lost son, old squire and new. It has a genial touch about it which is very welcome; and most of its present companions are written in the same pleasantly idealistic spirit. "The Motor-car of Santa Claus," "The Magic Toys" (a storyette of adventurous childhood and a burgled Murillo), "The Wassail Song," "Joan Grandilees," and "A Shilling a Night." The other four stories treat of middle-class and working-class life in Mr. Sims's characteristically dramatic style; and Bridget Maguire is a really powerful and pathetic sketch of an old Irishwoman in conflict with the spirit of progress as embodied in the London County Council and its policy of slum clearances. An unpretentious budget, "Joyce Pleasantry, and Other Stories"



Miss May Wynne.

is fuller of knowledge and sympathy and good workmanship than many more ambitious volumes; and it should find a large body of admiring readers.

THE POWER OF A LIE. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by Jessie Muir, with an Introduction by Hall Caine. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

From a Northern writer one has at least learnt to expect artistic restraint in fiction, an avoidance of the obvious, a cutting away of irrelevancies. Here one is not disappointed. The story of Knut Norby's sin is outlined in drama, intense, vivid, repressed, and with a moral that is, if not altogether absent, at least elusive. The working out of the consequences that ensue from Norby's initial sin effect the salvation of his own soul and the utter wreck and ruin of the soul of a wronged and innocent man. Wangen, a merchant, fails, and Norby, who had signed for him a guarantee of 2,000 kroner, repudiates his liability, and declares the signature a forgery. He had never intended at first to go back on his word, he is drawn into taking up such a position, shirking the task of clearing up the misunderstanding immediately for fear of what his wife, his rival, his neighbours, will say. The clear-headed man of business Norby goes bail for a weak and irresponsible dreamer like Wangen! Impossible. Every week and every day that pass before the actual prosecution comes on make the admission more difficult, and not until he is in the court-house itself does he definitely decide to commit perjury and crush the unfortunate Wangen. With the decision comes an amazing consciousness of perfect innocence. Wangen too, driven to desperation, forges a letter from a friend to help his case. This forgery is apparent, if the first was doubtful, and the prisoner is convicted and sentenced. Thus Norby is fettered by his neighbours, the traitor Wangen is reviled. The innocent man is broken, the guilty uplifted, apotheosised. And Norby is a better man for the strain he has been through. Envy, bitterness, and hate of his rivals have vanished. His heart warms towards his relations, towards his servants, towards the poor. In an atmosphere of good works and family love, with a soul at peace, he takes up his life again, a nobler man than on the day he signed the guarantee. There is something vital, something intensely suggestive and disturbing, about such a book. The author never fails of his effect. One is impressed by the fact that his work has lost but little in translation, and we make our sincere and grateful acknowledgments to the lady who is responsible for the book as we read it.

LOVE'S MAGIC. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Miss Opal Fielden gets as varied an education as the colours of the stone after which she is called. Three different aunts train her for six years apiece, and then Great-Aunt Jane, an extremely witty and worldly dame, launches her into society. Opal has her lovers. That is the story. It is a wonder that she manages them and herself so well, after the conglomerate training she has received. But her nature is sound, and she finds her mate ultimately before she has singed her wings very seriously. Mrs. Reynolds has written a tale of vivacity and at the same time of poignant feeling. The opening of the story drags slightly. But later on the reader is impressed by the admirable delineation of the heroine's nature, as she passes from girlhood to womanhood, and by the characterisation of the men, good and bad, who appear upon the scene. Clement Doone, the witty man of letters, and Paul Wrainton, the unprincipled traveller (not a commercial one, by the way), serve as a foil to Mark Trent. These three, with Aunt Jane's degenerate son, live and move on the front of the stage, and the reader sees them as if they were living. Mrs. Reynolds drops occasionally into a rhapsodic sort of style, perhaps under the influence of Opal's magical

charm. But her pages are delightful reading—the more delightful that they imply sound pathos and depth of feeling.

THE GHOST KINGS. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Haggard is still among the Zulus, and still dabbling in fantastic, eerie experiences. His heroine is the handsome daughter of a missionary, who is hailed by a tribe of savages as the incarnation of their tutelary spirit. A reputation of this sort naturally leads to inconveniences, and Rachel's position is aggravated by the unwelcome attentions of a half-caste trader. But there is a hero, of course. In this case it is the heroine who delivers the hero from his final peril. Still, this is a detail, and the story ends with marriage on the horizon. The descriptions of the dwarf-tribe in the African jungle and of the Zulu band are done in Mr. Haggard's best style. The introduction of queer visions and trances is perhaps responsible for a certain tinge of unreality through the story, but anything is better than the opposite quality of realism which in South African stories is so often manufactured out of tirades against Boers and Kaffirs and missionaries. Mr. Haggard, in this romance, eschews these cheap expedients. It is a tale of unabashed excitement and adventure, not equal to his earliest books by any means, but upon the whole more convincing than some of the stories he has recently been producing.

THE WAYS OF MEN. By Herbert Flowerdew. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Bad laws are good for the novelist; every improvement in them deprives him of useful material. Mr. Herbert Flowerdew's new novel dates back to a time shortly before the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill; if that Bill had been passed sooner most of his heroine's misfortunes could never have come upon her. Clarice Ellerslie is half in love with the brilliant, careless journalist Denzyl Carmyn; some while before, she had been wholly in love with Aaron



Photo by Schmidt, Cliftonville.

Mr. Herbert Flowerdew.

Harbinger, but her mother and sister had tricked him into marrying the latter, who is lying now on her death-bed. She confesses this to Clarice; says she knows Aaron is still in love with her, and begs her, when she is dead, to marry him and make him happy. Aaron himself carries matters with a high hand; he is a strong-willed, resolute fellow, and makes passionate love to Clarice whilst his wife lies dead upstairs; he boldly defies Denzil and tells him he intends to make Clarice his wife in defiance of them all, and he carries out his design. Towards the end of the honeymoon news comes of the dangerous illness of his father, and he leaves Clarice out in Switzerland and hurries home. He shrinks from telling of his second marriage, being unaware that Clarice's meddlesome clerical uncle has already spread news of it; and his father is anxious that he should marry the daughter of a man whom he had greatly wronged in earlier years. Aaron refuses, and as a consequence the father makes a will leaving practically all his wealth to this girl until such time as Aaron has a legitimate son born to him. Mr. Flowerdew finds a way out of this tangle very ingeniously; it would not be fair to say more than that his marriage and his son prove to be entirely legitimate, and therefore his father's fortune comes back to him, but before this happy end is arrived at Clarice has suffered agonies of shame and fear, has been cast off by her relatives and ostracised by her friends. A capital romance of its kind, and one that may be unreservedly recommended to all lovers of a good story of sentiment and sensation.

WROTH. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Lord Wroth, the hero of this vivid novel, is unlike the nobleman of the same name who is commemorated by Ben Jonson. His tastes are not rural. He is a stormy youth, passionately indulging his scorn of women and morals and the Church, when, all of a sudden, the incomparable Juliana flashes upon his vision. Juliana eventually becomes a young widow, rich and handsome, but a series of misadventures, some of them absurdly improbable, prevent Wroth from marrying her, or, rather, from winning her respect. We are not going to give the story away by sketching its plot, especially as the pivot of that plot is weak. Juliana's conduct at, and after, her second marriage verges on silliness. But a reviewer can call attention to the admirable delineation of the two leading characters, with their stormy pride and hot passions. The scene changes from Italy to England, back and forwards. No slackening of the interest occurs. And when the conclusion is reached, it is after a thoroughly romantic series of passages. The old French Count Spiridion, with his chivalrous love for Juliana, is a capital foil to the general unrest of the leading characters, with their whirl of emotion and their quixotic compound of misery and happiness.

YRIVAND: A Novel of Rustic Norwegian Life. By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

In the course of the six discursive pages which form the dedication of this book to the Countess de Solages, the author moralises upon the fact that the Norwegian tongue does not lend itself to expletives. "If it could have been admitted to the present book I should have snapped my fingers at the waywardness of the Norwegians who are so unorthodox as not to swear." Mr. Baerlein humorously attributes to this perverse continence of speech "the lamentable lack of strength which you will notice in the language of this book." The reader would be grateful if the author had really snapped his fingers, or done something intelligible and vivid, in this tale. Yrivand is a Norwegian village. But the reader does not go far before he feels that this is a mad, misty world into which Mr. Baerlein seeks to introduce him. There is pathos in some of the characters, humour in others. The author maintains an attitude of whimsical interest in them. But the general impression left by the

novel is that of a blurred panorama. Mr. Baerlein has gifts of insight and description. It is a pity that these do not carry with them the knack of story-telling. "Yrivand" is a study rather than a story.

DESIRE. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

Miss Silberrad writes well, and her latest novel is an exceptionally fine piece of work, strong and sincere all the way through. Desire is a woman cast in heroic mould, fashioned and shaped by an author who has learnt to observe the play of motives and the making of character. But it is not the author we think about in reading the book, it is the people so alive before us in whom we are interested. Desire herself, first, frank, courageous, kindly and altogether human. A great woman, good to meet, and better to know—a woman to keep alive hope and confidence in the race. Then Peter Grimstone, patient, plodding, faithful man; brave, too, and no fool—loyal to his friends, because loyal to himself: one who had mastered "the hard-learned lesson that work well done is better than work self-chosen, better than the success which may or may not crown it." Excellent too are the smaller characters, old Ezra Grimstone and his wife, Robert and Bolt, the pottery workers, and Julian Lee. The utter want of sympathy with people like Lady Quebell, Alexander Grimstone, and Mrs. Alexander prevents the author from doing justice to such persons, and the result is they are altogether unlovely. But great art means great understanding, and Miss Silberrad, as her powers increase, will find there is now no room for absolutely black humanity in novels that are to rank as literature.

THE LONG ARM. By F. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

No sensational novelist of to-day writes better, it may be doubted whether more than one other writes so well as Mr. Oppenheim. He always has a good tale to tell, and he always tells it cleverly. "The Long Arm" is the story of a great revenge. Mannister is duped and wronged and nearly ruined by men whom he had thought his friends. There are eight of them; and as soon as he rallies and recovers himself he devotes his time and money and energies to taking stern and ruthless vengeance on them all. He enters their names on a list, and hunts them down in turn; some of them learn of his pursuit and go in horrible fear of him until the blow falls; some of them believe he has forgiven them, and has renewed the old friendship, and just when he seems friendliest he hits, and hits hard. He forgives only one, and that one a woman. Melodrama, of course, but excellent melodrama; the characters are drawn with great skill, and the whole thing is vivid and alive with interest.

THE ALTAR STAIRS. By G. B. Lancaster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Few novels—surprisingly few—have been inspired by the romance and heroism of missionary enterprise. "The Altar Stairs" is one of the best of this few. The picturesque tragi-comedy of the life of the fisher of men and the dull agony of that lonely routine which is an equally essential part of the process of commending the faith to the heathen, alike are brought out finely in Mr. Lancaster's story. Much of the detail of the narrative, we gather, has been gleaned from Prebendary Codrington's "Melanesian Anthropology and Folk-lore," but to this has been added a remarkable degree of imagination and an unusual gift of characterisation. The Pacific lives again, under the graphic pen of our author; the men and women of the tale are vital human beings. "The Altar Stairs" would be worth the reading for its brilliant descriptions of nature and social life in Noumea and its neighbours; Rod

Maclean, the Australian adventurer, who stands for the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; Strickland, the muscular Christian, who symbolises to the native mind the Unknown God; these and the others interest us as convincingly as our personal friends, and their conflict and their eventual understanding the one of the other make up a tale at once absorbing and natural.

The Bookman's Table.

SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG. By E. M. Bishop. (Gay & Hancock.)

This small volume is compact of courage and high-hearted spiritual vigour. It sparkles here and there with humour and youthful gaiety, but now and again expresses with incisive force some philosophic truth or deep-lying fact of human life, suggested by ripe experience rather than by the light-hearted theories of a novice. There is, for instance, that weighty sentence in which the author reminds us that "it is a primary tenet of psychology that high thinking counts for little, and strong emotion for less than nothing (because it weakens the character), *unless they are carried over into some concrete activity.*" That sounds like an over-statement, since there are healthy activities which can scarcely be described as "concrete," and noble emotions which may invigorate the will; but the warning it contains is clear enough and strong enough for all practical purposes. Equally sombre in its grip of actualities is that other sentence in which it is written that "it is a tragedy, silent and terrible, to be young in spirit and old in body; to have the desire and ambition to do as the mature-young do, the desire to be an active factor in the world's arena of accomplishment, but to be prohibited by an infirm, worn, or painfully rebellious body. It is in very truth 'a house divided against itself.'" The book urges that wise "life in the spirit" which so controls and guides the body as not only to keep the "child's heart" through all the days of this earthly journeying, but also much of that physical energy and mental alertness more often associated with youth than with "threescore years and ten." In scanning its pages a question may force itself upon the reader as to whether the eager avoidance of "ruts"—an avoidance continually and emphatically urged by the author—may not, if pursued in the manner she indicates, result in a restlessness of demeanour and of soul, a simulation of immature and volatile charm, really far less beautiful and impressive than the sympathetic repose and well-poised wisdom of a perfect and beloved old age. But it is a book full of refreshment and of charm, a gay, sweet-natured book, in which the results of wide reading and manifold study are expressed with singular simplicity and attractiveness.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SURREY. By Eric Parker. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Of all English roads, as Mr. Parker reminds us at the outset, the great highway of Southern England that runs from the Straits of Dover to Salisbury Plain "has carried the longest pageant." It "saw the beginnings of English history" and has been trodden by forgotten Phœnician traders, by Cæsar and his legionaries, by the Conqueror and his triumphant army, by the Canterbury Pilgrims, by historical figures of peace and war down the generations in endless procession. Mr. Parker has one of the most interesting of English counties for his theme, and he describes its towns and villages, its pleasant landscapes and old ruins, and tells of the great stories and traditions that have

become part of its atmosphere and inheritance vividly and entertainingly. This is one of the most varied and attractive of the "Highways and Byways" Series, and chief among its attractions are Mr. Hugh Thomson's charming drawings—as cleverly simple, as full of delicacy and feeling, as any in this kind that he has ever given us.

THE CATHEDRALS OF NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK. By T. Francis Bumpus. 16s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Bumpus wanders from the subject: on the way to Denmark he lingers at various German cathedrals, such as Osnabrück the alluring and Lübeck the glorious; on the isle of God's Land—which appears to be the meaning of Gottland—he does not permit his enthusiasm for the churches and the ancient wall to make him blind to the amenities of life on God's Land; a green quilted coverlet awaits you there, as well as a bouquet upon the little dressing-table. But one must not think that Mr. Bumpus is merely a pleasant gossip. When it comes to describing a cathedral such as Trondhjem he can be as accurate and expert as is possible, but he is unable to be dull. Nor is there any padding in this large, well-illustrated volume. There is such a lot to say about these churches that their comparative scarcity does not matter. And Mr. Bumpus does not only lead us by the hand—we go very willingly—to examine picturesque bell-turrets and polychromy and vestments: he discourses on State and Church (though he does not seem to mention the curious system which prevails in Sweden, at any rate, of the text for the Sunday's sermon being fixed by the Government and acted on in the established churches), he dwells on the different ways in which Catholicism was set aside, and gives interesting examples, from his experience, of how some parts of it have survived. Perhaps the author might have entered with more detail into the old wooden churches of Norway: the carvings at Urnes are very remarkable and so are certain of the customs, such as that which finds favour with some parishioners if their shepherd is removed for insufficient austerity—at all events in the south-west of Norway it happened that they built him another church at their own expense. But Mr. Bumpus has written a fascinating and important book.

NATURE POEMS AND OTHERS. By William H. Davies. 1s. net. (A. C. Fifield.)

Mr. Davies lacked no gifts of the lyric poet except energy and melody, and the best things in his "Soul's



At Witley.

From "Highways and Byways in Surrey." (Macmillan.)

Destroyer" and "New Poems" could not be surpassed for power, simplicity, tenderness, or, if need were, bitterness. He seemed too simple a man to belong to this age and country at all. His style, almost without epithets, always lucid, straightforward, without extraordinary words or constructions, and handling nothing but what was perfectly intelligible, seemed a hundred years at least too late. But, whatever he has done before, except "The Lodging-house Fire," is surpassed by "Nature Poems and Others." Not only are the best things exquisitely felicitous, but the general level is very high. In fact there are very few men writing short poems to-day who could be mentioned with the same breath as Mr. Davies, Mr. Bridges, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Yeats, not many more. His ear has improved, and most of the lines are of a delicious ease, and there are fewer uncertainties in the expression. We cannot, indeed, imagine that he can, or that any other man can, get beyond the best things in this book. One of the finest begins:

"I had a sweet companion once,
And in the meadows we did roam;
And in the one-star night returned
Together home. . . ."

Another

Now I can see what

Another:

"Her cheeks were white, her eyes were wild,
Her heart was with her sea-gone child. . . ."

But we have space only to quote "The Daisy":

"I know not why thy beauty should
Remind me of the cold, dark grave
Thou flower, as fair as Moonlight, when
She kissed the mouth of a black cave.

"All other flowers can coax the bees,
All other flowers are sought but thee;
Dost thou remind them all of Death,
Sweet flower, as thou remindest me?

"Thou seemest like a blessed ghost,
So white, so cold, though crowned with gold,
Among these glazed buttercups,
And purple Thistles, rough and bold.

"When I am dead, nor thought of more,
Out of all human memory
Grow you on my forsaken grave,
And win for me a stranger's sigh.

"A day or two the lilies fade,
A month, aye less, no friends are seen
Then, claimant to forgotten graves,
Share my last place with the wild green."

It should not be necessary to point out that in writing like this there is a spirit which no amount of learning, wisdom, experience, or taking-pains can ever compass or appear to compass. We mean the spirit of poetry.

THE GREAT ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS.

By William J. Dawson and
Coningsby W. Dawson.
2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

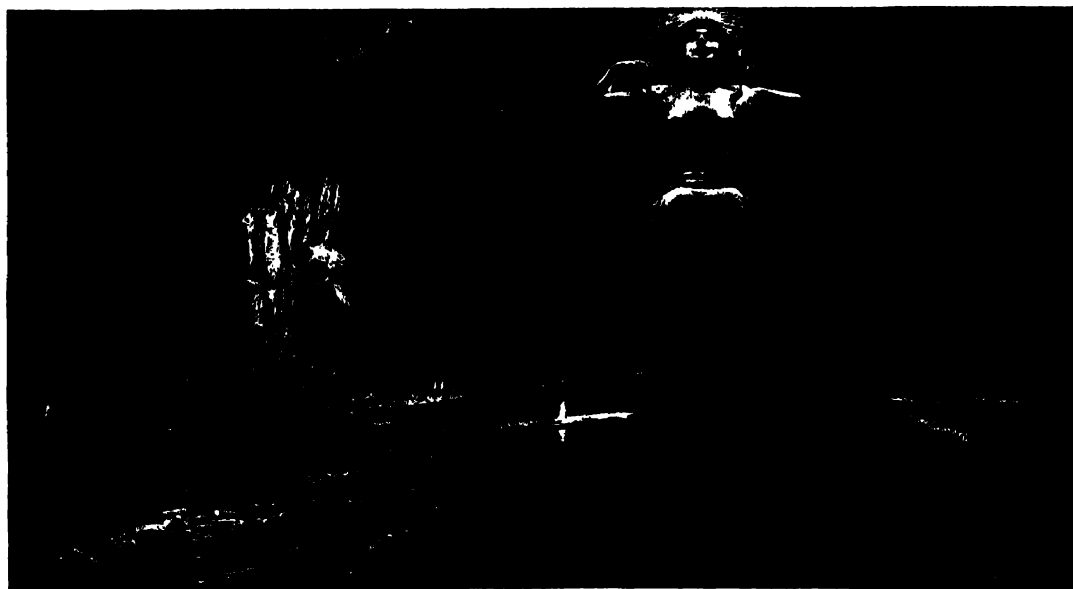
These are the first two volumes in "The Reader's Library" that is appearing under the general editorship of W. J. and C. W. Dawson. The purpose of the "Library" is to present a succinct survey of English literature by

grouping under generic titles the best specimens of its various branches, and in the present volumes the selections are so arranged as to illustrate the growth of the art of letter-writing. The first section, under the heading of "Tribulations of Genius," includes letters from Goldsmith, Crabbe, Coleridge, Lamb, Charlotte Brontë, and the Carlyles, all written in circumstances of financial or domestic distress; the section entitled "Portraits" contains some of the most characteristic letters of Pope, Cowper, Lamb, Haydon, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Thackeray, Dickens, and others; the "Journal-Letters," the letters "Criticising the Critics," and those embodying "Literary Verdicts" are no less admirably chosen. Perhaps the series that most readers will go back to oftenest is that on "Bygone Lovers," which, amongst others, gives some of those wonderful letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne, and the letters Severa wrote from Rome in the room where Keats lay dying—surely some of the saddest, most pathetic ever written, and revealing one of the most beautiful of all literary friendships. The first volume opens with a full and excellent essay on "The Development of English Letter Writing," which is supplemented in the second volume by a thoughtful survey of "The Art and Attainment of English Letter Writing." The books are very tastefully produced, and the editors are to be congratulated on the way they have carried out their intention in them of at once interesting the general reader and serving the literary student.

THE TALES AND POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

6 vols. 21s. net. (Putnam's.)

The recent celebration of his hundredth birthday has proved, if proof were needed, that Poe's popularity is unfading, and among the many editions of his works that the Centenary has brought into demand none is more adequately produced than is this of the poems and stories. The volume of poems includes Poe's subtle essays on "The Purpose of Poetry," "The Poetic Principle," "The Rationale of Verse," and "The Philosophy of Composition"; the five others give all his tales—the dozen that are famous, and the three or four dozen that are of lesser note, though each is alive with some touch of his peculiar genius. In the matter of size and print and binding the books are just what they should be; they are good to look at and light in the hand; and the numerous illustrations of Mr. F. S. Coburn are by turns charming and eerie and grimly humorous and grotesquely or beautifully weird—they are strong and delicate in line and as finely imaginative as are the tales and poems themselves.



"Where an Eidolon named Night
On a black throne reigns upright."
From "The Works of E. A. Poe." (Putnam's.)

Dreamland.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

Patricia Barlag, by Winifred James (6s.), begins in a distinguished style with the self-revealing diary of a little girl—an impulsive, emotional little girl, one with strong affections and well-defined opinions. As is but natural, the story becomes at times very poignant, but, though its style continues to be at times distinguished, it flags in parts and its author becomes rather over-introspective; her views are clear and good, but she is too much in one groove. The little Australian heroine is very attractive, however, and her sufferings at the hands of man compel the sympathies of the reader. But we could have spared one of the episodes.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

A book which will amuse a number of readers is **Dan to Beersheba**, by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun (8s. 6d. net). Mr. Colquhoun may fairly be called a man of cosmopolitan ideas. He is of the right stuff to mix with other peoples; and he has a memory and a pleasant style of recounting his experiences. In this volume an interesting Introduction leads on to a full and "gossipy" narration full of life and colour, of work and travel in India, China, Africa, and America. The author has seen and done big things; he also remembers little ones, and this makes his book the varied and shall we say egotistical? narrative which it is.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Mr. Duncan Cross, in his book, **Choosing a Career** (2s. 6d. net), really gives some very definite information as to what each career needs in the matter of suitability and training, and tells a would-be "success" how to find out about suitability, where to get the training, and how much he will have to pay for it. Mr. Cross covers a great deal of ground, or, rather, he deals with a great number of occupations, and if his information is necessarily limited, it is very pertinent, and his book deserves to be studied.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

The village which was the first to institute an annual Arbor Day, thus setting apart one day in each year for the enriching of its land with young trees, would in any case have proved itself to be a village of alertness, good sense, and originality. But the little book by an anonymous though careful and enthusiastic antiquary, **The Village of Eynsford** (1s. net), illustrated by Mr. Herbert Cole and Mr. Frederick Adcock, proves more than this. It shows that Eynsford has a long history well worth remembering; it shows its life through Saxon days and Norman rule, on through the centuries Henry VIII's time, Elizabeth's time, the period of Charles and Cromwell, through Georgian days to the present. There is an interesting description of a book of silver-point drawings, dated 1622, found in the possession of the Bosville family, showing talent and exquisite finish, but unidentified. Many another item of picturesque interest is included, though the author merely suggests that he here gives the nucleus for future writers to elaborate from. The drawings of Mr. Cole and Mr. Adcock are charming examples of delicate black-and-white work revealing Eynsford's antiquities and beauties.

MESSRS. A. R. MOWBRAY & CO.

To most lovers of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, Miss Coleridge's "Life" will always be the first book to come after Miss Yonge's own works. It will fit into its place, as Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" fits in at the end of the row of Brontë novels. But there is always room for another good book on a favourite author, and Mrs. Ethel Romanes now gives us what she terms "An Appreciation" of **Charlotte Mary Yonge** (3s. 6d. net). Mrs. Romanes has earned our gratitude by adding new details to our knowledge of this pioneer novelist who moulded a generation of Churchwomen, and whose book-titles were at one time household words in nearly every vicarage and rectory in the land. Mrs. Romanes has read and thought over the vivid, romantic stories; she acclaims the high merits of "The Chaplet of Pearls," a book which we ourselves have always felt to be a very fine story indeed, and she emphatically denies that Miss Yonge was in any way a "goody-goody" writer. Times have changed, and nowadays we scarcely understand the daring of Miss Yonge's attitude at the time of her writing; but Mrs. Romanes impresses upon us the great influence of this talented, shy, self-conscious woman. There is a touch too much of condescension in the manner of this book, but it is thoroughly interesting and distinctly valuable as an adjunct to our older favourite.

Mr. Percy Dearmer has found a subject well suited to him in **The Ornaments of the Ministers** (1s. 6d. net). His little book is what it sets out to be—"interesting as well as accurate." It brings into concise form genuine information respecting the why and wherefore of the costumes of bishops, priests, and deacons, their origins, and their signification. It is a book of history and description, valuable as an addition to ecclesiastical knowledge and useful as a reference book.

New Books of the Month.

FROM DECEMBER 10 TO JANUARY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Commentary on the Holy Bible, A. By various writers. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow, M.A. With Maps. 7s. 6d. net (Macmillan)
GOLLANCZ, HERMANN, M.A., D.Lit.—Sermons and Addresses. 10s. 6d. net (Unwin Bros.)
LUDOVICI, ANTHONY M.—Who is to be Master of the World? 2s. 6d. net (Foulis)
OESTERLEY, REV. W. O. E., D.D.—The Doctrine of the Last Things, Jewish and Christian. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray)

NEW EDITION.

- St. Mark. The Gospel of. Westminster New Testament. Introduction and Notes. By Rev. S. W. Green, M.A. 2s. net (Andrew Melrose)

FICTION.

- BECKE, LOUIS.**—The Adventures of Louis Blake. 6s. (Werner Laurie)
BLAIR, H. B.—Sarah Valliant's Problem. 1s. (John Ouseley)
BODKIN, M. McDONNELL, K.C.—The Capture of Paul Beck. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
BYATT, HENRY.—The Testament of Judas. 6s. (John Long)
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—Some Ladies in Haste. 6s. (Constable)
CHATTERTON, G. G.—Fatality. 6s. (John Long)
CHETWYND, T. H.—Little Dorothy. 2s. 6d. (John Ouseley)
DALLAS, DUNCAN.—Paul Richards, Detective. 1s. (John Ouseley)
DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY.—Rachael Lorian. 6s. (Heinemann)
FLOWERDEW, HERBERT.—The Ways of Men. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
FORSTER, R. H.—Harry of Athol. 6s. (John Long)
GRANVILLE, CHARLES.—God's Abyss and a Woman. 1s. net. (Open Road Publishing Co.)
GULL, C. RANGER.—A Gentleman from Portland. 6s. (Werner Laurie)
HOLDSWORTH, ANNIE E.—Lady Letty Brandon. 6s. (John Long)
KENEALY, ARABELLA.—The Whips of Time. 6s. (John Long)
KITTREDGE, DANIEL WRIGHT.—The Memoirs of a Failure. (Britnell, Toronto)
LAGGARD, LIONEL.—Sweet Isabel of Narragoon. 6s. (Greening)
LOOMIS, CHARLES BATTELL.—A Holiday Touch. Illustrated. 5s. (Bell & Sons)
MANSFIELD, CHARLOTTE.—Love and a Woman. 6s. (Werner Laurie)
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Long Arm. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
RAMSEY, OLIVIA.—The Girl from Gatford. 6s. (John Long)
REICHARDT, ANNIE.—Girl-Life in the Harem. 3s. 6d. (John Ouseley)
"RITA."—The House Called Hurrish. 6s. (Hutchinson)
SHIEL, M. P.—The Isle of Lies. 6s. (Werner Laurie)
SHORE, W. TEIGNMOUTH.—A Soul's Awakening. 6s. (John Long)
SOLOMON, JESSICA.—The Flitting of Angelina. 1s. net. (John Ouseley)
SPENCER, CROFTON.—Mark Tallot. 3s. 6d. (John Ouseley)
SWAN, ANNIE S.—The Broad Road. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
TIPPETT, MRS. HENRY.—Flower of the World. 6s. (John Long)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Baronet's Wife. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Case of Sir Geoffrey. 6s. (John Long)
WYNNE, MAY.—Henry of Navarre. 6s. (Greening)

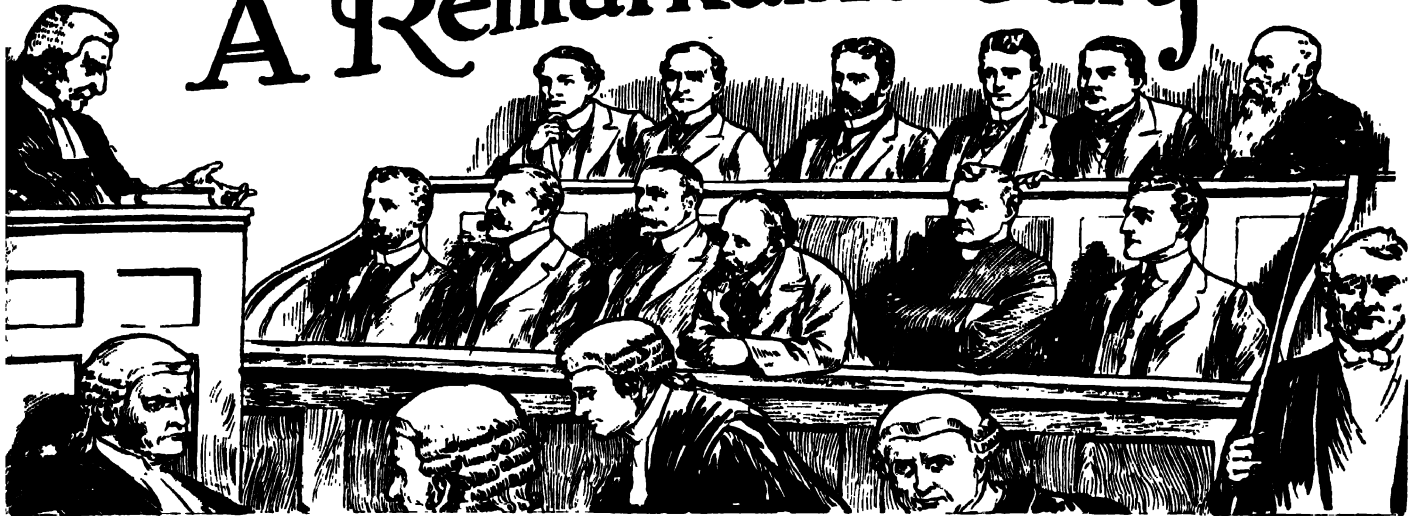
NEW EDITIONS.

- Diary of a Lost One, The. Edited by Margarete Böhme. 1s. net (Sisley)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Great Expectations. 6d. (Nelson)
GOULD, NAT.—Charger and Chaser. 6d. (John Long)
MALET, LUCAS.—The Wages of Sin. 7d. net (Nelson)
WELLS, H. G.—Kipps. 7d. net (Nelson)
WYNNE, MAY.—A Maid of Brittany. 1s. net (Greening)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

- BENSON, SARAH.**—Poems. (Labey & Blampied)
CAMPBELL, WILFRED, LL.D.—Poetical Tragedies. 6s. (Briggs, Toronto)

A Remarkable Jury



WHAT a sensation would be caused throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles if a jury of such eminent men as the Lord Bishop of Norwich; Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, artist and littérateur; Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., statesman and author; Sir William Bull, M.P., famous in the business world and well known as a solicitor; Sir John Hare, one of the greatest actors living; William Sinclair, the Ven. Archdeacon of London; Mr. Marshall Hall, the eminent King's Counsel; Mr. Walter Crane, as famous a lecturer as he is an artist; Mr. Hall Caine, the famous novelist; Mr. Max Pemberton, one of the most popular novelists of the day; Mr. C. B. Fry, whose name is known wherever athletics are practised; and Mr. Cyril Maude, one of our finest comedians, were empanelled to try a case!

The newspapers would report it, word for word, while the demeanour of the jury would be scrutinised by the most competent descriptive writers, eager to catch every passing phase of expression on their faces as a hint of the probable verdict they might give.

In this picture the gentlemen who constitute the jury are the distinguished ones whose names have been mentioned

above. They have not only tried the case submitted to them, but they have actually given their verdict on evidence brought before them by their own senses. In this way there is no possibility of a miscarriage of justice, as there sometimes is in an ordinary verdict in which the evidence is laid before the jury by skillful advocates, trained to make the best of their cause. And the verdict, though unanimous, is expressed by each individual, so that the public may know exactly what he thinks. The case which, without unduly pushing the metaphor, they tried, was that of SANATOGEN, now universally recognised as the greatest food- tonic which science has given to the modern world. The evidence on which the verdict was given was the effect of this preparation in reinforcing strength after strain, restoring waning vitality, re-creating nervous energy, replenishing the faded system, and generally stimulating and building up the natural forces until they were once more as vigorous as they ever were, with the result that the health was made as perfect as that of which the individual was capable.

That is the verdict of the twelve gentlemen as a whole. As individuals, here are their statements.

The Verdict.

MR. HALL CAINE, the author and dramatist:

"My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a tonic nerve food it has on more than one occasion done me good."

Hall Caine

MR. MARSHALL HALL, K.C.:

"I think it only right to say that I have tried Sanatogen, and I believe it to be a most excellent food."

Marshall Hall

MR. MAX PEMBERTON, the distinguished editor and author:

"I beg to say that I have been taking your Sanatogen since the beginning of the year, and would not be without it under any circumstances whatever."

Max Pemberton

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR:

"Sanatogen appears to be an admirable food for invalids and those who suffer from indigestion."

William Sinclair

SIR JOHN HARE, the popular actor

"I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health."

John Hare

MR. WALTER CRANE, the eminent authority on decorative art:

"In recovering from a rather sharp attack of influenza, I certainly found Sanatogen, prepared with milk, beneficial in its effects."

Walter Crane

MR. C. B. FRY, the famous cricketer:

"Sanatogen is an excellent tonic food in training, especially valuable in nervous exhaustion, to which men who undergo severe training are liable."

C. B. Fry

SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.:

"I have much pleasure in stating that I consider your preparation, Sanatogen, is of decided value. It performs that which it promises to do, and I have recommended it to several friends."

William Bull

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P., the author and traveller:

"I have used Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. It is to my mind a true food tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the over-worked body and mind."

Sir Gilbert Parker

MR. CYRIL MAUDE, the eminent comedian:

"I have found Sanatogen quite wonderful. I often take it now during the performance, when I feel rather done up."

Cyril Maude

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH says:

"Mrs. Sheepshanks is taking Sanatogen regularly, and deriving great benefit from it."

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER:

"I feel it only due to the benefit conferred on my general health by Sanatogen to write to inform those interested in that wonderful medicine that in a couple of months' time it has cured me of all gouty trouble. Sanatogen has done me far more good than all the waters of Bath or Harrogate."

Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower

Anyone desirous of learning more about SANATOGEN and of the conditions of ill-health for which it is specially appropriate, is invited to write for the instructive booklet, "The Uses and Merits of Sanatogen," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, which

will be sent free to those mentioning this magazine, on application to the Sanatogen Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

Sanatogen, which, by the way, is used in the Royal Family, can be obtained of any chemist, in packages from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d.

- CHURCH, HUBERT.—Egmont. 2s. 6d. (Lothian, Melbourne)
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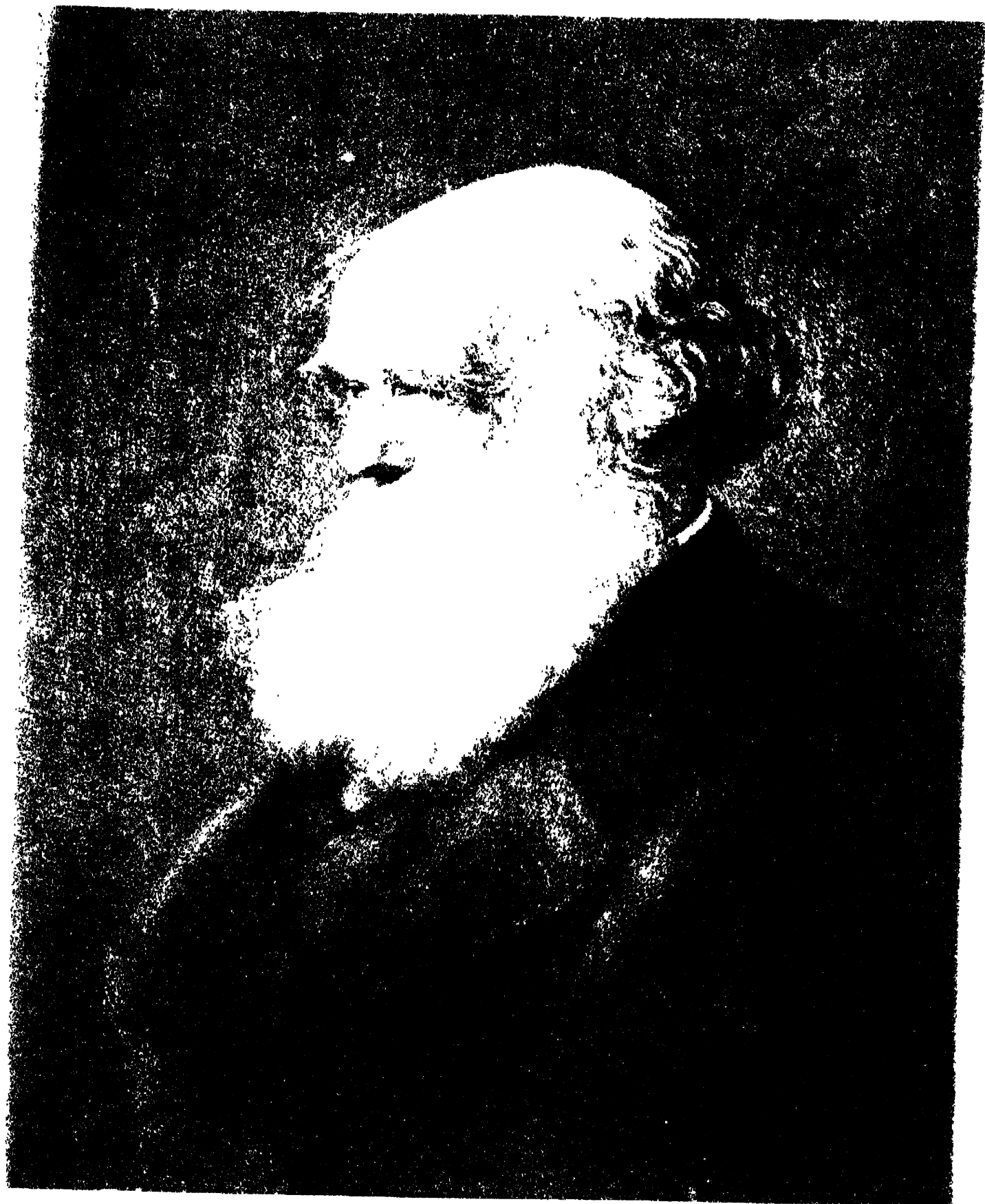
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 243

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 248

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 249

THE READER—

Edward FitzGerald. By A. C. BENSON 251
FitzGerald's "Omar" 257
Two Lyrics from the Welsh. By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES ... 264
Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters By HECTOR MAC PHERSON 265

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS 270

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Not Lancelot, but Galahad By DR. WILLIAM BARRY 271
Mr. Benson's Poems 273
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Halfway House. By LEWIS MELVILLE 274
Social Psychology. By PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS 274
Beethoven. By GEORGE SAMPSON 277
Least Known Europe 277
Tolstoy. By EDWARD THOMAS .. 278
Ninon de Fenclos. By F. G. B. 279
Baldassare Castiglione 279
Naturalist and Mystic. By T. SECCOMBE 280

NOVEL NOTES—

Green Ginger Stranleigh's Millions Mirage The Man who Lived Beyond the Sky-line—The Adventures of Louis Blake Rogues Fall Out The Hand of the Spoiler A Prince of Dreamers Betty Brent, Typist 281-3

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Rossetti Romance of Empire: India Tyburn Tree Valladolid, etc. Poems of Edgar Allan Poe Memorials of Old London The Oxford Thackeray 283 6

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 286

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 288

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News Notes.

We are indebted to Messrs. Harrap and to the Dodge Publishing Company, New York, for permission to reproduce from their "Oriental Edition" of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" two of Miss Hanscom's exquisite illustrations, including the one we have used for our presentation plate; and to Messrs. Routledge & Sons for permission to reproduce from one of their editions of FitzGerald's "Omar" two of Mr. Gilbert James's unique and characteristic drawings, an enlargement of one of which is given on our cover.

For much other help in the preparation of this number we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney; Mr. W. W. Welton, of Farlingay Hall, Ipswich; Mr. Frank Woolnough, the Curator of the Ipswich Museum; Mr. F. G. Bain, Mr. John Long, and Mr. Clement K. Shorter, each of whom has kindly lent us portraits, photographs, or sketches, and permitted the reproduction of them.

We are to have a new volume of poems from Sir A. Conan Doyle. His "Songs of Action,"

published nine years ago, has gone through seven or eight editions, and this has led him to collect the poems he has written since then. They make a somewhat larger volume than the first, and Messrs. Smith Elder have it in hand for early publication.

If proof were needed that Sir Conan Doyle has happily recovered from his recent illness, the number of literary schemes he has in hand would seem to furnish it. He is just now experimenting upon a new sort of historical work to which he is giving the name of "Through the Mists." It will take the form of a series of sketches giving vivid glimpses of the past, keeping very closely to the truth of history, and introducing only that minimum of fiction that enables an author to get colour and human comment into his picture. He has, moreover, completed two plays. One, "In the Days of the Regent," which is so realistic that it will need a daring manager to produce it, is a study of the Prize Ring at the time when it was a national institution; the other combines philosophy with adventure, and is to be called "The Fires of Fate." It will be produced later in the year, probably with Mr. Aubrey Smith to fill the part of the hero.

A book that will be looked forward to with more than ordinary anticipation is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's first volume of poems, "Artemision: Idylls and

Songs," which is to be published by Mr Elkin Mathews next month. A glance through the advance proofs qualifies us to add that Mr Hewlett's verse is as finely wrought and as strongly individual as his prose. The Idylls re-tell some of the deathless stories of the mythology of Greece and Idylls and Lyrics alike have a quaint tender grace and dainty fancifulness that were the common property of the Elizabethan singers but come now into modern poetry with an air of delightful newness.

"The Dartmoor House that Jack Built" Mr John Trevena's new book is a broad satire and if it teaches anything it is this says Mr Trevena. "Let criticism be done decently if not with intellect at least with honesty. A writer is not necessarily a brute because he deals with unpleasant subjects and in 'The Dartmoor House that Jack Built' I have merely portrayed myself drawn the figure that my critics have imagined not all of them of course, but the majority. A good many critics have referred to Mr Trevena as a disciple of Hardy Phillpotts Zola but he assures us that he never reads modern books and as a fact has not read anything of either of those authors. His creed is that it is a mistake for the modern writer to steep himself in the work of his contemporaries and then sit down, saturated with their ideas and expect to be original.

Already Mr Trevena is engaged upon his new novel, "Granite" which he hopes to have finished in time for publication this year. This is the second book in the trilogy of which "Furze" was the first, and will be followed by "Bracken" that is to symbolise "the mysterious side of life, which may be the best."



Mr. John Trevena.



Photo by H. Mills, Hampstead

Mr. Granville Barker.

The volume of "Three Plays" that Mr Granville Barker is publishing with Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson includes "The Marrying of Ann Leete" a comedy of the eighteenth century first performed by the Stage Society. "The Voysey Inheritance" one of the successes of the remarkable Vedrenne-Barker management of the Court Theatre and "Waste," the production of which at the end of 1907 was attended by circumstances that will be readily recalled. One discerning critic speaking of "Waste" said it proved what "The Voysey Inheritance" had led some of us to suspect that in Mr Granville Barker we possess a dramatist in a class by himself—the first class.

The latest publication by Count Tolstoy "What is the Solution?" has been confiscated by the Russian police. Tolstoy discusses in this book the gradual impoverishment of the peasant classes and points out that it is bound to lead to fresh political disturbances.

Mr S. R. Crockett writes very kindly with reference to the symposium on the "Early Struggles of Popular Novelists" that appeared in our January Number. Our letter to him on the subject has only now reached him after some delays, but though the time for answering it has gone past, "not to say anything," he adds, "is impossible and unpardonable. Therefore I will only put down the bare facts of my early literary life. I

edited a paper for £40 a year—oh, so badly!—but then I wrote most of it myself, so I cannot think I was overpaid. From another paper I received 7s. 6d. a column of 1,000 words for my 'Stickit Minister' stories, which makes about a guinea a story. But, then, for the latter ones I was not paid. I bargained for £60 for the entire serial rights of 'The Lilac Sunbonnet,' but I never saw a farthing of the money. As soon, however, as I reached book form I had no trouble, the publisher being satisfied with ten editions of 'The Stickit Minister' in a year, and I, for one, astonished as well. Then I put my work into the hands of Messrs. A. P. Watt & Sons, and lived happy ever after. In those early days I used literature as a staff and not yet as a crutch; still, 7s. 6d. per thousand may well encourage the 'disappointed and struggling.' "

Mr. J. F. Preston Muddock's remarkable book, 'For God and the Czar,' has just been translated into Japanese, the translator being the well-known Japanese litterateur, Kichizo Nakamura, while the publisher is Tamijiro Takikawa, of Tokio, the principal publishing house in Japan. "For God and the Czar" was issued several years ago by George Newnes, Ltd., at a time when the Jewish massacres in Russia were horrifying the world. Since then it has gone through numerous editions and has been translated into many languages, including Yiddish.

Nash's Magazine, Mr. Eveleigh Nash's new monthly, begins its career this month, and has a list of famous contributors that it would be difficult to surpass. The first number will contain short stories by Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, H. A. Vachell, Max Pemberton, Frank Richardson, William le Queux, Morley Roberts, and other well-known writers, and the opening instalment of a serial by Rider Haggard. The contributors to succeeding numbers will include Conan Doyle, Robert Hichens, A. E. W. Mason, Eden Phillpotts, E. F. Benson, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Baroness Von Hutten, Arnold Bennett, Keble Howard, George R. Sims, Baroness Orczy, and, in fact, nearly all the most prominent novelists of the day. The magazine will not be illustrated, but a picture cover in colours by a leading artist will be a monthly feature. The price is to be sixpence net, and No. 1 will be ready on March 27. It seems superfluous to wish *Nash's Magazine* success; with such an enterprising, energetic proprietor behind it its success is practically a foregone conclusion.

Amid the numerous anniversaries just now attracting attention, the centenary of one true poet's birth appears likely to be overlooked. On March 10, 1809, Thomas Gordon Hake was born at Leeds. In his "Memoirs of Eighty Years," the poet claims kinship with many notable persons, the most distinguished being the hero of Khartoum. A less renowned kinsman gave the boy a nomination for Christ's Hospital. He seems to have left the school without regret, and after some further training was placed under an eminent surgeon, and entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Eventually he passed through several British and foreign kindred institutions, and became a medical practitioner.

Hake's first volume, "Poetic Lucubrations," was printed in 1828. It is never referred to in any account of the author; is not mentioned in his autobiographical "Memoirs," and is practically *introuvable*. In 1839 he published "The Piromides," a tragedy dealing with Egyptian mysteries. Later followed an anonymous, privately issued work styled "The World's Epitaph." In 1871 a revised version of this poem was included in "Madeline, with Other Poems." The volume attracted no little notice and brought Hake's name before the public as that of a genuine poet. "The World's Epitaph" is written in diverse metres, and ranges through the various circumstances of life. "Madeline" is a lengthy narrative poem, embodying a suggested story of injured innocence and its avenger.



Mr. Eveleigh Nash.



Photo by Algernon W. Smith, Wrexham. **Mr. Bart Kennedy.**

ment. Hake wrote that having given a lecture on "Sleep, Dreams, Sleep-walking and the Mesmeric State," he conceived the idea of conducting a human soul through these states, and that "Madeline" was the result. The varying metres delighted Dante Rossetti, but Westland Marston was right in saying that there was too much machinery in the poem. The "Other Poems" made the volume famous. "The Lily of the Valley" is a lovely little rustic lyric, written in homely picturesque verse, but it is overpowered by the realistic truth of its companion, "The Deadly Nightshade," a poem as terrible in its way as Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and more artistic. The famous ballad of "Old Souls" first appears in this volume.

In 1872 Hake published "Parables and Tales," with illustrations by Arthur Hughes; "New Symbols" in 1876, and in 1879 "Legends of the Morrow." "Maiden Ecstasy" appeared in 1880; "The Serpent Play" in 1883, and "The New Day" in 1890. All these volumes contained poems sustaining, if they did not enhance, their author's reputation. Selections from his poems, with a Prefatory Note by Alice Meynell and a portrait by Dante Rossetti, were issued in 1894. In 1895 Dr. Hake ended his lengthy and useful life.

Mr. Bart Kennedy makes something of a new departure in "The Vicissitudes of Flynn," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing almost immediately. It is a series of stories mainly in the lighter vein. The adventures of Flynn are too realistic to be always laughable, but there is more of humour in the book than in any that Mr. Bart Kennedy has hitherto given us.

"The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Carl Schurz, the famous German-American politician, has just been published in Germany. The translation has been made from the English by Mary Nolte.

Messrs. Harrap are preparing for publication in the autumn "The Centenary Edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The book will be beautifully produced in colour; in the production of it the artist, Mr. Willy Pogany, is assisted by a competent Orientalist, and the artist's work will, therefore, faithfully preserve the spirit of the poem. The volume will consist of about 176 pages; every printed page will be in colours, and the book is to contain various features of special interest to lovers of "Omar" that should make this edition a unique and every way desirable souvenir of the FitzGerald Centenary.

Messrs. Alston Rivers ask us to announce that the publication of "Salome and the Head," which was to have been out on February 17, has had to be postponed for the present.

Touching on THE BOOKMAN'S announcement of Mr. Hector Macpherson's article on "Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters," Mr. Percy L. Parker has an interesting note in *Public Opinion*. "Lord Rosebery once told me," he says, "how in his early days he came under the spell of Macaulay. As a boy he was taking part in the game of snapdragon, when unfortunately—or fortunately, perhaps—he burned his fingers so badly that he had to keep to his bed. Then some one lent him Macaulay's 'Essays' to read, and he read them with immense interest. . . . Another time Lord Rosebery told me that he by no means despised Mrs. Henry Wood's 'East Lynne,' as it interested him greatly when he read it as a boy at Eton School."

Mr. V. S. Sanjiva Rao, a BOOKMAN reader in India, sends us a very interesting letter and the

photograph which we reproduce on this page. Mr. Sanjiva Rao says he believes that Bangalore, his own city, is the only place in India where the Milton Tercentenary was celebrated on anything of a grand scale. Europeans and Indians of both sexes took part in the proceedings, which were organised by the Friends' Union. Mrs. Alfred Hay, wife of Dr. Hay, of the Indian Institute of Engineering, read a paper on "Samson Agonistes"; Mr. J. S. Chakravarthi, Comptroller of the Government of Mysore, delivered an address on the life of Milton; Mr. K. Ramachandra gave a lecture on the "Paradise Lost," the Rev. A. Brockbank on "Paradise Regained," and the minor poems of Milton were dealt with by Mr. Narasimha Moorthy Rao, recitations by various students being given in the intervals. Among the audience were three Indian Judges of the Chief Court, the Senior Councillor of Government, the retired Councillors, and other distinguished men. Mr. Copeland, the First Assistant Resident, who is seen in the centre of the photographic group, acting as chairman of the meeting.

When authors turn publishers they generally fail; but when a publisher turns author he is mostly more successful. A piquant interest attaches to a new novel entitled "Love and Battles" by F. Sidgwick which is to be published shortly by Mr. Andrew Melrose. The author is a publisher himself; partner in Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, a new firm that has already produced several highly

distinctive books; the novel was sent to Mr. Melrose last year in competition for his two hundred and fifty guinea prize, and it was only after the award had been made that the identity concealed behind the pen-name was discovered. Mr. Sidgwick is quite a young man, who, after he came down from Cambridge, learned publishing with Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen. Another publisher to appear as author is Mr. Laurie Magnus, one of the managing directors of Messrs. George Routledge. Mr. Magnus, whose fine literary gift has already been proved in several publications, has undertaken to write for Mr. Melrose a history of "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century." The book, which is nearing completion, is to appear during the spring, and will be dedicated by permission to Mr. George Meredith.

Mrs. B. M. Croker, whose new novel, "Katherine the Arrogant," has just made its appearance, has dramatised her well-known Irish novel "Terence," and the play, a comedy in four acts, will be produced by Mr. Murray Carson and a strong company at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on March 1.

Lack of space compels us to hold over the "Bookman Gallery" article on John Masefield until our April number, among the contents of which will also be articles on "Spencer Perceval" by Lewis Melville, and on "Boswell's Letters to Temple" by Y.Y.



Photo by Felix S. Wechsler, Bangalore.

Celebrating the Milton Tercentenary at Bangalore.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *February 18, 1909.*

GERTRUDE ATHERTON—it is at her own wish that one refers to her thus baldly, for that ungraceful title “Mrs.” is something which she particularly dislikes—has a distinct popularity in England both as a writer and as a woman.

Mrs. Atherton is now in her home State—California—living on the top of a mountain. Her address is Tavern of Tamalpais, and this is what she said about it when she wrote to me recently:

“There is a very luxurious hotel called ‘The Tavern’ on this mountain (about 3,000 feet high) and rarely a permanent guest. People come up every day, however, to see the magnificent view of ocean, bay, San Francisco and the smaller cities about the bay, islands, and distant mountain ranges, to say nothing of the immediate red-wood forests. I shall stay until the rattle-snakes come out, which—this being bare rock up here they do as soon as the hot weather comes. Then I shall move down into the red-woods, which are always too cool for them.”

Thus interestingly situated Gertrude Atherton is engaged in writing what she describes as “my Munich novel.” This story is laid, says she, in the time of the last Ludwig. She goes on to say: “Although there are a number of German characters in the book and it gives a picture of Munich life in that reign, the principal characters are English and Americans. It is possible that the scene will change to London and New York. Macmillan is to publish it, but I have not decided upon the title.”

Before Mrs. Atherton leaves California again she expects—as indeed does apparently pretty well every writer of distinction in this country—to write a play. She is also going to write a history of her State in one volume, and to a Californian no task could be more grateful than this. Every one knows the story illustrative of the Californian's pride in California. This story tells how, when he gets to heaven, the Californian is inclined to make odious comparisons betwixt his present and his former residences.

As I have said, Gertrude Atherton is writing a play. Play-writing is an epidemic that is sweeping over the authors of the United States, and cutting down—as the old wives say epidemics always do—those who can least easily be spared. Half the best writers in the country are writing plays, and since one may not at the same time serve the theatre and the bookshop, the bookshops are suffering.

For example—this a particularly regrettable and violent case in the epidemic—Booth Tarkington, the creator of that charming character, “Monsieur Beaucaire,” and one of the best-liked writers in America, tells me he has not the least idea when he will begin another book. Together with his collaborator, Mr. H. L. Wilson, he has been at work on a number of plays for the past year, and—to use his own phrase—“is still at it.”

Again, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (whose delightful heroines are accepted by a certain untravelled

section of the English public as being typical of all American society) has been playwriting, and will have two plays finished in about ten days. The title of one she is not yet ready to disclose; that of the other—really a playlet in three acts and only one scene—is to be “Eglantina,” from her story of that title in “The Fair Lavinia and Others,” her last book of short stories.

Mrs. Freeman lives in New Jersey in a town named Metuchen, the pronunciation of which will probably be as difficult to English lips as that of the words Connecticut and Chicago. Then she is working also at her next novel, which is so far nameless, and will be finished and ready for serial publication in May. Meantime she has just written a short story, in connection with which she sends me an interesting little tale.

It seems that not long ago an auction of household and personal effects was announced in a New Jersey paper, and Mrs. Freeman and her husband, Dr. Freeman, decided to be present. Mrs. Freeman was particularly attracted by the idea of going to it because she had not had an opportunity of seeing many auctions.

During the sale a beautiful white lace shawl was put up which so delighted Mrs. Freeman that she told her husband she must secure it. Now—though gifted with a very pretty self-possession under all circumstances—Mrs. Freeman is in no way a forward person, and the idea of having to call out her bid before a big roomful of people did not please her. She soon found out, however, that a nod to the auctioneer at the right moment was just as effective as a spoken bid.

Eager to possess herself of the shawl, she nodded persistently without noticing in her excitement who it was that was bidding against her and was responsible for running up the price of the shawl to such high figures. Finally something made her turn to look for her rival. To her mingled dismay and amusement, she discovered her opponent was her own husband, who also in all innocence had been concentrating his attention on the auctioneer, bent on securing the pretty shawl for his wife.

This decidedly human little episode is the foundation of Mrs. Freeman's just completed and as yet unpublished short story called “The Auction.” With one exception—so she tells me—this is the only time Mrs. Freeman has ever gone out and brought a story-plot home with her. Most of her plots and all of her characters emanate from her own brain, and though life-like, she does not draw either incidents or personages from life.

At the risk even of seeming to over-emphasise my point, I will mention still another author who is bending her attention toward playwriting. This is Mrs. Katrina Trask, well known in England as the author of books of verse (“Night and Morning,” etc.). Her play has already come to the stage and has caused a considerable sensation amongst New York's cultivated people. The play is called “The Little Town of Bethlehem,” and has for its background the episode of the Nativity. Mrs. Trask has achieved something unprecedented in playwriting in that she has managed to write a religious

play which is at once free from anything which could jar on the most reverent, and is yet as full of real intensity of interest as a modern society comedy. The biblical element forms a background for the moving love-story of a Roman beauty who is afflicted with leprosy and cured of it by a divine miracle.

Mrs. Trask's achievement is rendered the more remarkable by the fact that she is unable to use her eyes, and compelled to spend her days in a black room. So handicapped, she does all her writing, and in the case of "The Little Town of Bethlehem" even composing the music also. Her method is to write by feeling, her manuscripts being afterwards copied and read back to her by her secretary.

I have myself seen some of Mrs. Trask's writing, which is as plain as any one's, indeed far plainer than that of most authors. The only peculiarity it possesses is that each sentence is written as a paragraph by itself, thereby showing that when the writer pauses and raises her pen, it is only by guess-work that she sets it down again. There is a courage in this that is more than historic.

What will come as rather a rude shock to some persons is the fact that Thoreau's "Walden," as Thoreau wrote it, is only now about to be published for the first time, and that all the present editions of the work are lacking to the extent of about twelve thousand words. It appears that the first publishers cut the work unmercifully, and that this cutting has been allowed to stand in all subsequent editions. Now the original manuscript has turned up. It was willed by Thoreau to a friend in Massachusetts, who, not knowing its value, gave it, together with the contents of a trunk, to somebody else. Finally it got into the hands of a more appreciative person and now it will be published. All this came out at a recent dinner of the Bibliophile Society, one of whose members is Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

Rudyard Kipling has a new book coming out in this

country, by which fact the Eagle of America is given an opportunity to crow over John Bull's Lion, for the book—according to present arrangements—will not appear in England. It will make a little volume, which will sell at ninety cents (about 3s. 9d.). Its title is "With the Night Mail," and it is to be published this spring by Doubleday, Page & Co. "With the Night Mail" recounts the experiences of the postal packet "162"—an airship—on her aerial run from London to Quebec, her time for the trip being something like twelve hours! The action takes place at about the year 2000 A.D., and Mr. Kipling represents "162's" engineer as complaining at his paltry 200 to 300 miles an hour, and dreaming how "some day—even on the Equator—we shall hold the sun level in his full stride."

America has a well-known inability to do anything in moderation and is proving how amply she has deserved this criticism by the violent form of her literary celebration of Lincoln's centenary. This month all the magazines except those that pride themselves—to quote the words of one of the editors of one of the greatest of the New York monthlies—on "never being timely," are running page upon page about Lincoln. Meantime volumes of Lincolniana are pouring off the presses. One book reviewer of my acquaintance received in one day as many as eight different Lincoln books for criticism, and these eight are far from being all that have been published for the Centenary.

I was introduced recently to an author who, though sufficiently well known to have a name which sounded familiar, was not known to me by his achievements. Guessing at my ignorance, he asked: "Do you know what my claim to greatness is?"

I said I did not.

"I am," said he, "the only able-bodied literary man in this country who has not written a single line about Lincoln."

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1 to April 1, 1909.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

- DUDLEY, GEORGIANA, COUNTESS OF.—Dudley Book of Cookery and Household Recipes. 7s. 6d. net.
KEMPSON, REV. F. CLAUDE.—"The Greenfinch" Cruise. A Cure for all ills. 4s. net.
LOUIS, PROF. HENRY.—The Dressing of Minerals. 30s. net.
MUMM, A. L.—Five Months in the Himalaya. 21s. net.
THOMAS, H. H., and D. A. MACALISTER.—Geology of Ore Deposits. 7s. 6d. net.
WARDLE, JANE.—Margery Pigcon. 6s.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

- AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—Dromina. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

- BROWNE, EDITH A.—Greek Architecture. With full-page Illustrations reproduced from Photographs. 3s. 6d. net.
HODGSON, W. EARL.—An Angler's Season. 3s. 6d. net.
VAILE, P. A.—Modern Golf. With 100 Reproductions of Action Photographs of George Duncan. 7s. 6d. net.
Hampshire. Painted by Wilfrid Ball, R.F. Described by Telford Varley. With 75 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 20s. net.
Lausanne. Painted by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis. Described by Francis R. Oribb. With 20 full-page Illustrations in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
The Heart of Scotland. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. With 24 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Sutton Palmer, and a Sketch Map. 7s. 6d. net.
Tom Brown, E.B.A., R.I. With examples of the Artist's work in Brush, Pen, and Pencil. (Brush, Pen, and Pencil Series.) 3s. 6d. net.
Worcestershire. Painted by Thomas Tyndale. Described by A. G. Bradley. With 24 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

- BUTE, JOHN, MARQUESS OF, K.T. (Translated by).—The Roman Breviary. A New Edition in 4 vols. £2 2s. net.
FRASER, DAVID.—The Short Cut to India. The record of a journey along the route of the Baghdad Railway. 12s. 6d. net.
Historical Records of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. £3 3s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

- GULICK, LUTHER H., D.D.—Mind and Work. 3s. 6d. net.
HAGGARD, H. RIDGER.—The Yellow God. An Idol of Africa. With Frontispiece in Colours and 2 Half-tone Plates by A. Michael. 6s.
KINROSS, ALBERT.—The Love-Brokers. With Frontispiece in Colours by P. B. Hickling. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

- COLLINS, WILKIE.—The Haunted Hotel. 6d.
HARTE, BRIT.—Three Partners. 6d.
HOLMES, C. J., M.A.—The Science of Picture-making. 7s. 6d. net.
READ, CHARLES.—A Woman-hater. 6d.
SIMS, GEORGE R.—Mary Jane Married. 6d.
SYRETT, NETTA.—A Castle of Dreams: A Romance. 6s.

M T. & T. Clark.

- CLARKE, PROF. WILLIAM NEWTON, D.D.—The Christian Doctrine of God. (International Theological Library.)
GEDEN, ALFRED S.—Introduction to the Hebrew Bible.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

- DUMVILLE, B.—Science of Speech. 2s. 6d.
 GOGGIN, S. E.—Shakespeare: Hamlet. 2s.
 KIRKMAN, F. B. B.—Modern Language Teaching. 1s.
 STANWELL, H. B.—Cæsar, Civil War. Book III. Introduction, Text and Notes. 2s. 6d. Vocabulary, 1s. Translation, 1s. 6d. In one volume, 4s. 6d.
 WEEKS, A. R.—Shakespeare: As you Like It. 2s.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

- BAYLEY, HAROLD.—A New Light on the Renaissance. 12s. 6d. net.
 COOPER, C. S., and W. P. WESTELL.—Trees and Shrubs of British Isles. Part I. (To be completed in 16 parts.) 1s. net.
 KALISCHER, DR. ALF.—Beethoven's Letters. Translated by J. S. Sheddock, B.A. 2 vols. 21s. net.
 MUTHÉ, PROF. RICHARD.—History of Modern Painting. Part I. (To be completed in 22 parts.) 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

- CAROTTI, DR. GIULIO.—A History of Art. Vol. II. The Middle Ages. With over 300 Illustrations. 5s. net.
 GALSORTHY, JOHN.—Plays: The Silver Box, Joy, Strife. 6s.
 MORET, SENOR DERUETE Y.—The School of Madrid. With 48 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
 SELINCOURT, BASIL, DE.—William Blake. With 40 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Francis Griffiths.

- HEATH, SIDNEY.—The Romance of Symbolism. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
 VAILE, P. A.—America's Peril (satirical and descriptive). 6s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

- COOPER, FENIMORE.—Deerslayer. 1s. net.
 HOLBROOK, FLORENCE.—A Book of Nature Myths. 1s. net.
 HOLBROOK, FLORENCE.—Northland Heroes. 1s. net.
 MCPADDEN, J. W.—Story of Siegfried. 1s. net.
 NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT.—Fables and Nursery Tales. 1s. net.
 WILMOT-BUXTON, E. M.—Tales from the Eddas. 1s. net.
 The above are the first 6 volumes of "All-Time Tales," with 9 full-page illustrations in each book.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

- BELL, J. J.—Oh, Christina! 1s. net.
 BOYD, MARY STUART.—The First Stone. 6s.
 DIMOCK, A. W., and JULIAN A.—Florida Enchantments. 1s. net.
 GARVICE, CHARLES.—The Scribblers' Club. 1s. net.
 GERARD, MORICE.—A Fair Refugee. 6s.
 LUBBOCK, PERCY.—Peppys. (Literary Lives.) 4s. 6d.
 MASON, A. E. W.—Running Water. 6d.
 MEADE, L. T.—The Girl and Her Fortune. 6d.
 OXENHAM, JOHN.—Rising Fortunes. 6d.
 SAUNDERS, M. BAILLIE.—A Shepherd of Kensington. 6d.
 STAWELL, MRS. RODOLPH.—Motor Tours in Yorkshire. 4s. net.
 The Territorial Year Book. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

- BAILLIE REYNOLDS, MRS.—A False Position. 6s.
 BANKS, ELIZABETH.—Mystery of Frances Farrington. 6s.
 BRADDON, MISS M. E.—Our Adversary. 6s.
 HUTTEN, BARONESS VON.—Kingsmead. 6s.
 PHILLIPOTS, EDEN.—Three Brothers. 6s.
 SABATINI, RAFAEL.—St. Martin's Summer. 6s.
 SIERSZEWski, WACIAW.—A Night from Siberia. 6s.
 SLADE, A. T.—The Alternative. 6s.
 WILSON WILSON, THEODORA.—The Bargain. 6s.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

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THE READER.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(March 31, 1809—June 14, 1883).

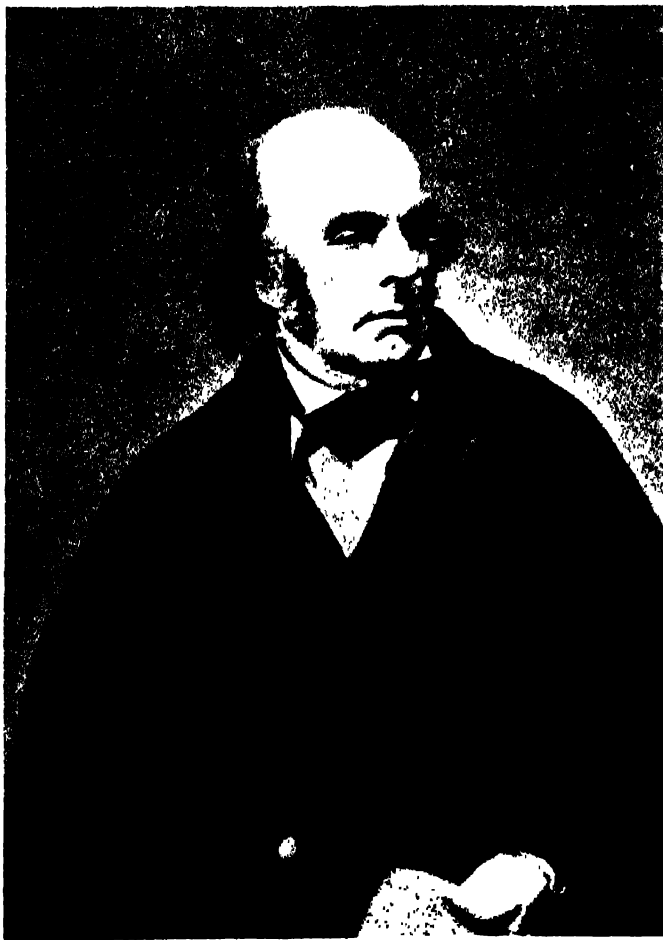
BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

IF there be such things as accidents, it may almost be said of Edward FitzGerald that he became famous by an accident. He, if ever man was, is *homo unius libri*. As was said of Gray, scarcely any writer has ever come down to posterity with so slender a book under his arm. Indeed, Gray and FitzGerald afford many interesting points of comparison: each is famous for a small body of poetical work, slowly and leisurely distilled; each wrote letters full of point and humour and subtle charm, and penetrated with the indelible flavour of personality; both took the same half-tender, half-regretful, wholly ineffectual view of life, regarding it as a thing aloof and apart, as something boisterous and rude, yet attractive withal, somewhat as a child might peer curiously into the windows of a tavern. But here the parallel between the two men would seem to end. Gray was a serious student, while FitzGerald was essentially a dilettante. Gray was a philosopher where FitzGerald was a sentimentalist; but what is the most notable difference of all, the same fineness of quality runs through all Gray's poetical work, whereas with FitzGerald there seldom was a writer so unequal, so little master of the process by which he was once, and only once, enabled to produce such marvellous work. With the exception of a single lovely lyric, the "Meadows in Spring," which is worthy of a place in the most discriminating anthologies, and the "Omar Khayyam," the writings of FitzGerald are practically negligible, and have no literary significance whatever. They will probably never be reprinted, while it is difficult to determine when or why the multiplication of Omar will cease. The translated dramas from Æschylus, Sophocles, Calderon, over which FitzGerald spent so much time and thought, are accomplished, sound, conscientious work, almost wholly uninteresting and uninspiring. It is the

custom to praise the elaborate little platonic dialogue, "Euphranor," as though it were a piece of admirable English prose, but the case can hardly be sustained; it has some picturesque passages, and one transparently beautiful cadence, at the end of the volume, which is the one fragment always triumphantly quoted to prove the merits of the dialogue, and the only specimen of the whole piece with which, it may be safely asserted, the ordinary reader is acquainted. But the dialogue itself is languid, desultory, inconclusive; it is copied not from life, but from Plato; it has neither the sparkle nor the suggestiveness of the master.

What then is the nature of the book which is the slender base of FitzGerald's fame, which confers upon this shy, tender-hearted, almost effeminate, and certainly eccentric recluse so transcendent a reputation, which gives him an undisputed right to a centenary, on the one hand, and, on the other, not only makes an acquaintance with and an admiration of "Omar" an inevitable step in the mental and intellectual progress of an enthusiastic boy or girl, but almost a conventional article of a bourgeois code of culture?

The strange fact is that though the book has established this extraordinary hold over the readers of English poetry, has taken its own niche so firmly and so unassailably in the temple of literature, it yet seems that the volume might still be undiscovered, still drifting helplessly about the bookstalls, if it had not been for the fortuitous circumstance of its falling into the hands of the right man at the right moment. It was no doubt Rossetti's discovery of the book that gave it its chance; for Rossetti's opinion was law to a circle destined to permeate—and which was then actually beginning to permeate—the whole of the artistic



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Edward FitzGerald.



From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence
Edward FitzGerald's Mother.

(From Mr Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald" by permission.)

thought of England, as by a subtle heaven and thus the book came quickly to its own. It is a fruitless quest to indulge in speculative wonder as to what might have been, to be the first to see the quality of the book, under its rich disguises, did require a mind of penetrating insight, and one cannot help wondering whether there may not be books of similar quality lost in the rubbish-heap of the world, books which missed their moment, so to speak, stuck helpless at the ebb when they should have floated off with the flood—for the affection with which books are regarded is enormously augmented by tradition and association, and it is impossible to doubt that there exist books wholly inconspicuous and unregarded, which, if they had but obtained a hearing, would probably have won a secure place in the intellectual affections of the race.

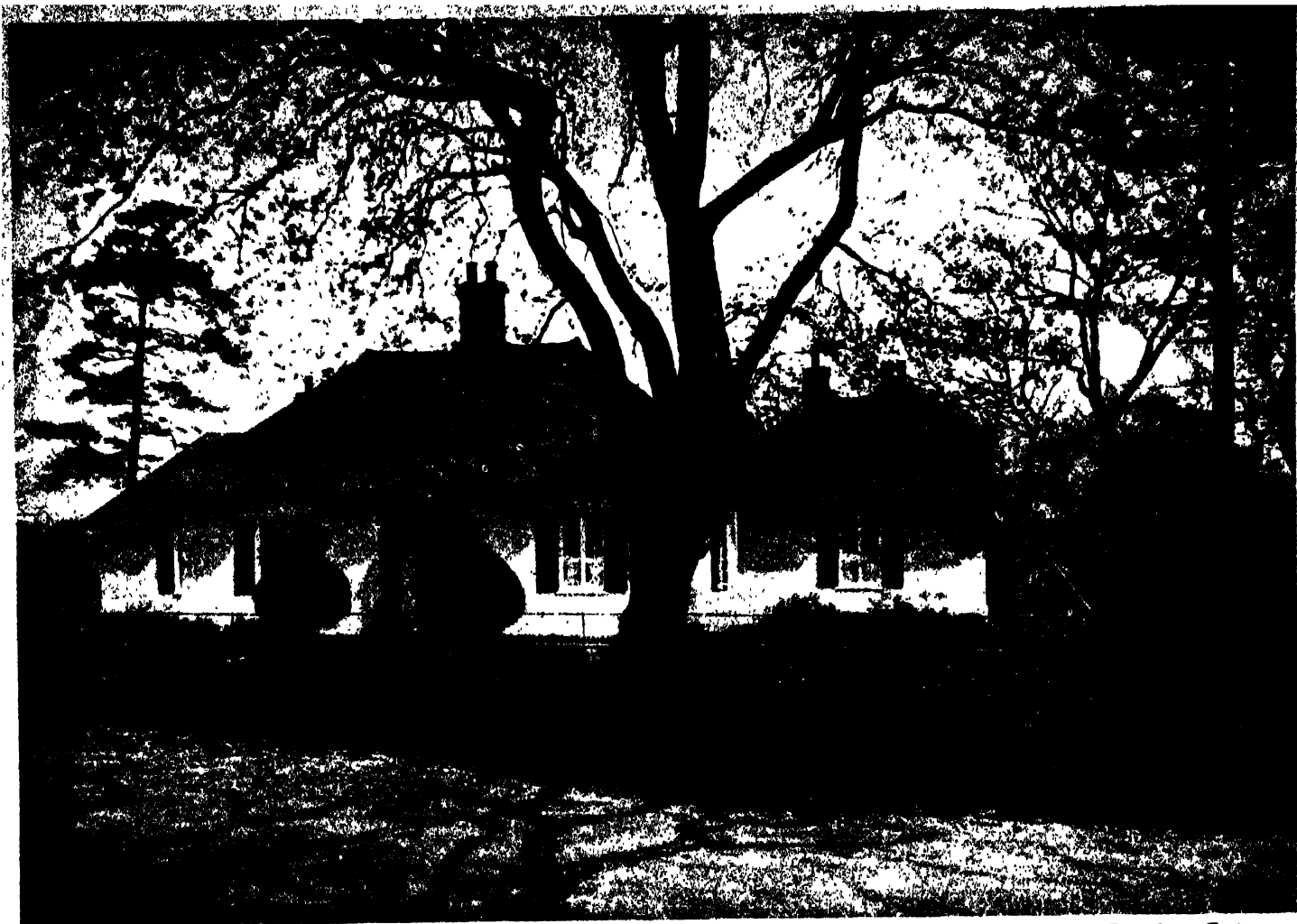
However that may be, there must be at least some cause for the extraordinary hold which "Omar"

has won over the present generation; that effect could hardly have been predicted, yet it is by no means difficult to analyse it. In the first place, the poem came at a moment when the old religious faiths were losing their preciseness, and with it forfeiting, not so much their vitality, as the mechanical support which they had afforded to the minds and characters of persons mildly and ingenuously interested in abstract topics. The rich melancholy of "Omar," the sensuousness, wearing so decorous and refined a note of poetical rhetoric, the fatalism which was sentimental rather than pessimistic, the delicate and suggestive handling of those vast problems of destiny and suffering which are so mysteriously attractive as long as the spirit is not brought face to face with their practical issues—all this gives force and weight to the solemn appeal of FitzGerald's sonorous and majestic verse. Then, too, the poem came like a voice out of the darkness of time, floating almost incredibly across the lapse of the centuries, we know now that the resemblance of FitzGerald's poem to the original is not very close in form and by no means close in spirit and emotion, as Professor Cowell wrote: "FitzGerald was wont, in rendering a poem, to put in some touch of his own large hand—beyond the author's outline." It is true that he did this in "Omar", but he did more—he suppressed even more freely, and thus "Omar," as FitzGerald wrote it, is when compared with the original, more like a crystallisation of thin and diffuse thought. But the unique success of the poem is due to this, that FitzGerald here found a subject exactly and precisely adapted to his own best faculties, and the very limitations of which were his own limitations. The poem is penetrated with the philosophy of the human spirit at bay, when its questionings are unanswered and all refuge has failed. Omar was a sentimentalist and a lover of beauty, both human and natural, and both Omar and FitzGerald alike were deeply penetrated by the emotion which Tennyson called the Passion of the



The birthplace of Edward FitzGerald.

Broadfield House.



Boulge Cottage.

Where Edward FitzGerald lived from 1837 to 1851



Farlingay Hall as it was in FitzGerald's time.

The tree in the foreground was pointed out to Mr. W. W. Welton by FitzGerald as that under which he and Carlyle used to smoke their pipes. Farlingay Hall is now the residence of Mr. Welton, who kindly lends the water-colour by Miss Churchyard (whose father was a local artist of celebrity) from which our illustration is reproduced.



Photo by H. J. Jarman, Bury St. Edmunds.

**King Edward the Sixth's School
at Bury St. Edmunds.**

Where FitzGerald was educated. (From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

Past, the pathos of all sweet things that have an end. All lives are in a certain sense a failure, but on that failure, if it is deliberately faced and not meanly and petulantly resented, is based the vital success of life. FitzGerald's life was one which was a sacrifice to temperament, and it was out of that very sacrifice that the poignancy, the appeal of his poem springs, and it is this that will secure for it—it is hard to believe otherwise—a peculiar and permanent place in the literature of the world.

To turn from the work of the man to the man himself, it may be said that no one was ever less of a hero than FitzGerald; and yet with all his weaknesses, and they were many and deep-seated, his memory has a singular power of entwining itself about the heart. He had no resolution, no sense of responsibility, and but little dignity. His admirers, it is melancholy to reflect, have tended to reduce such dignity as his innocence and unworldliness might have worn by prying too closely into the details of his life, and giving them a publicity which would have been a sore trial to the gentle hermit of Woodbridge if he could have foreseen it. FitzGerald drifted through life, sustaining himself upon great and overpowering affections that were often of the nature of almost abnormal devotions for incongruous and inexplicable people. Yet he had an undoubted genius for friendship; and a man must have been cast in a large mould who could win and retain the devoted love of such spirits as Tennyson, Thackeray and Carlyle. He had no ambitions, no particular principles; his object was to be amused without strain, and occupied without fatigue. He was an individualist who did not recognise that he had any particular duty to humanity at large. But he had many beautiful and admirable qualities. He had a great fineness of critical taste, and laid his finger very surely upon what was best in literature and art. He liked, as he once wrote, to stand by and see the

thing done, and to know in himself whether it was well done. But his preferences were eclectic, and he had a certain petulance of judgment which condemned whimsically, and even irritably, anything with which he was not in sympathy. He had great clearness of intellectual vision, penetrating insight, and a marvellous faculty of delicate observation, which make his personal recollections of the ways and words of

his great friends the most illuminating of biographical dicta. But he made up his mind about his tastes too early in his life, and did not develop as the years went on; he had an almost peevish dislike of new writers, and even of new writings by contemporary writers. He was



Photo by W. Lams, Cambridge.

**Edward FitzGerald's Lodgings in
Cambridge, 19, King's Parade.**

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by permission.)



*From photo lent by
Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney.*

Mr. Kenworthy Browne.

FitzGerald's great friend, whom he visited nearly every summer up to the time of Browne's death



*Photo by Albert J. Cox, Norwich.
Lent by Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney.*

Frederick Spalding.

"Among the friends of FitzGerald at Woodbridge was Mr. Frederick Spalding, at one time clerk to Messrs. Newson Garrett, coal, corn, and brick merchants—a bookish man, naturalist and antiquary."

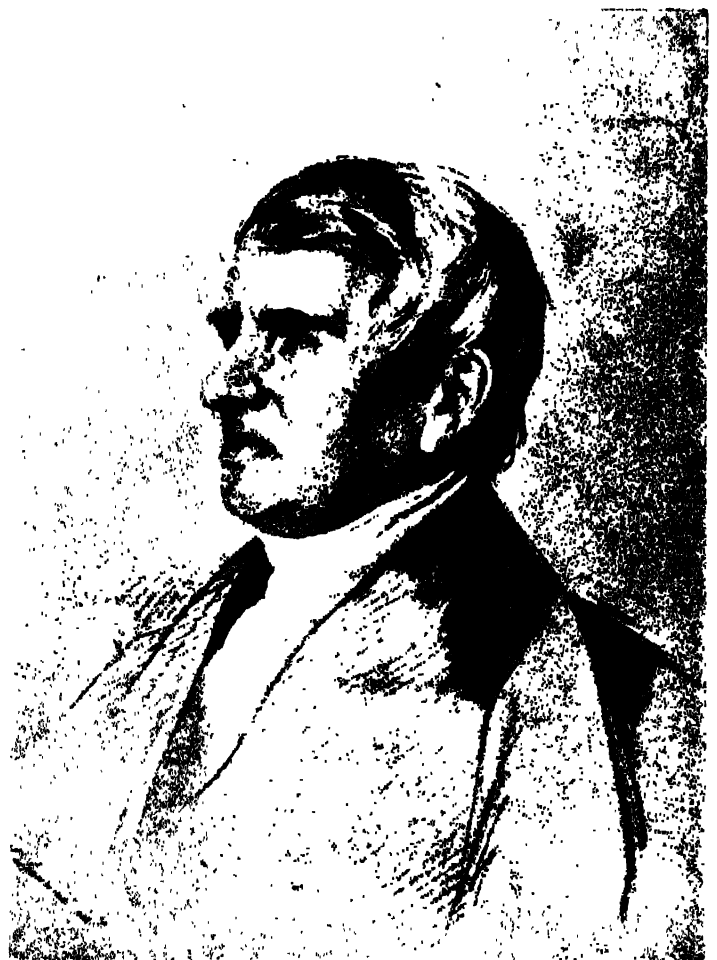
(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")



Photo by A. H. Cade, Ipswich.

Professor Cowell.

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")



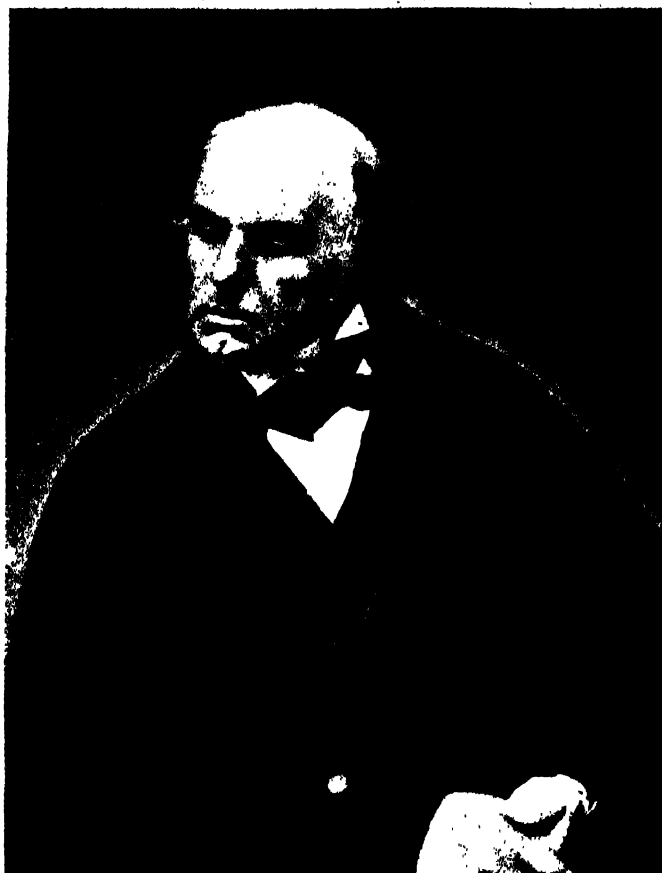
From a painting by Samuel Lawrence.

Bernard Barton.

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

for ever bewailing the decay of Tennyson's genius, even before it reached its zenith; and the personal element played so large a part in his judgments that it was said of him that he never cared for anything his friends published, unless it had been shown him in manuscript. This is dimly seen in his judgments on Carlyle. "Carlyle raves and foams, but he has nothing to propose," he wrote in early days; but after making friends with the Sage, he came to think very differently; "there is a bottom of truth in his wildest rhapsodies," was a later conclusion. His staple reading was really the Greek and Latin classics, which he studied quietly and constantly, with his feet on the fender, tasting the flavour, weighing, enjoying, and often enough, like all dreamers, using the text as mere material out of which to spin his own dreams; and the fact remains that, within the circle of his own preferences, his judgments were both exquisite and illuminating; his letters are full of little critical dicta and seldom fail to touch the very essence of the writer he is criticising.

In England we are far too apt, in dealing critically with a writer, to test his work by a sort of moral standard; and even if we can overcome that temptation, to err by attempting to "place" an author, to compare him with other writers, or even to confront him with the standard of his own powers. This is, perhaps, pardonable in preparing for an examination in literature, or in composing a formal history of literary tendencies; but not thus is art appreciated and valued. FitzGerald is essentially an author who must neither be judged nor compared. We must take his innocent eccentric life, his unaccountable temperament, with all its insight and all its weakness, his unequal performance, as it stands, and not otherwise. From a moral standpoint we may criticise



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Edward FitzGerald.

A rare portrait.

it all harshly and stupidly; from the standpoint of art there is nothing to condemn; he lived his life as he could; it was all the direct and inevitable outcome of temperament, and under no other circumstances could his genius have flowered as it did. FitzGerald, after all, has enriched our literature by a single poem of the highest and purest quality, and by a number of letters which, for grace and charm, delicate pathos and wistful humour, are probably unequalled in the language; this is enough to be grateful for, and the rest silence. But he did more than that; in his inconsistency, his sweetness of mind and heart, his peacefulness, his inconsequent

**Edward FitzGerald at his Organ.**

Sketched by F. C. Bain after a drawing by Charles Keene, and reproduced by Mr. Bain's permission.



Photo by H. Wallon, Woodbridge.
Lent by Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney.

**Woodbridge
Jetty.**



Photo by Mr. F. Woolnough, Ipswich.

Little Grange, Ipswich.

Where FitzGerald lived from 1874 to 1883.

dignity, his generosity, his clear-sightedness, his sense of beauty, his mild melancholy—assisted no doubt by the whimsical oddities and eccentricities of his life and habits—he achieves the distinction of being a figure in literary history—a distinction that is apt to fall with an almost deliberate directness upon personalities that seem to be stubbornly bent upon avoiding any such form of recognition, while with a persistent instinct it leaves uncrowned and unregarded men who by character and work and laborious intention seem to have every right to be remembered, but are not. No one could by any show of argument or rhetoric be persuaded to love and admire FitzGerald; but no one who has once loved and admired him can dislodge his memory from mind or heart.

FITZGERALD'S "OMAR."

MOST great men only reach the height, as Longfellow says, by toiling whilst their companions sleep; but FitzGerald made an easier ascent—he was carried up by lucky chances and almost against his will. More than half his life had gone by before he accomplished anything that could give him a place in literary history. He was born, as he said of himself, with a silver spoon in his mouth. Necessity never jogged his elbow; he never had to work for the market, or to please any but his own exacting taste; from the beginning of his life to the end of it he had always more than money enough for all his needs. His father was a very ordinary country gentleman, fond of dogs and horses and sport, and caring nothing for books but his mother was a brilliant, intellectual woman, whose children stood somewhat in awe of her; she was a lover of poetry, ambitious of playing the great hostess and gathering about her dinner-table men of distinction in art and literature and public affairs.

At Cambridge, FitzGerald numbered Thackeray, Monckton Milnes, and James Spedding among his friends; later he became intimate with Tennyson, Carlyle, and other of the giants of his generation. He haunted the old bookshops of Ipswich, and was a discriminating reader; he was always writing verses; contributed to the Poetical

Miscellanies of the time; wrote his "Euphranor: A Dialogue of Youth," and published it anonymously; compiled an anthology; made an admirable translation of six of Calderon's dramas; wrote a memoir of his friend Bernard Barton, and, in short, did all such things as the literary dilettante generally does, and might never have done anything else, except perhaps those glorious letters of his, if E. B. Cowell had not started him in the right road with a chance suggestion.

On Cowell's advice, at the age of forty-four, FitzGerald took up the study of Persian; it was Cowell again who came upon a MS. of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam at the Bodleian Library and called Fitz-



Photo lent by Mr. F. Woolnough, Ipswich.

Boulge Hall, Suffolk.

Where FitzGerald lived for some years.

Gerald's attention to it, and presently made a transcript of it for him. Thereafter, for some years, FitzGerald was leisurely busied about his translation. Persian literature is, as he said, amazingly garrulous; Persian verse has a fatal facility in "running on long after thought is winded," but Omar the Tentmaker had a mathematical faculty "which regulated his fancy and condensed his verse to a quality and quantity unknown in Persian, perhaps in Oriental, poetry." FitzGerald himself had much of this same faculty; his aim was always to "abridge, concentrate, distil," and in this as in all his translations he allowed himself a large licence, was more concerned with the spirit than with the mere letter of his original, and set himself to retain whatever was



Farlingay Hall.

Where FitzGerald lived from 1851 to 1860. Now the residence of Mr. W. W. Welton, who kindly lends the photograph for reproduction.

a paraphrase. An assertion that leaves us unmoved, except by a wish that every translator of poetry could be guilty of the same splendid faults.

In January, 1858, FitzGerald offered his first rendering of the "Rubaiyat" to *Fraser's Magazine*. He waited a year, then, hearing nothing of it, wrote and asked that the MS. might be returned; and in February, 1859, having made a few additions to it, he published the whole, as a five shilling book, at his own expense, but it had no sale. Omar had never been popular in Persia, and it looked as if his unpopularity was the one weakness in him that FitzGerald's wizardry could not amend. He gave away copies to his friends, and presently took the remainder, about two hundred, to Bernard Quaritch, dumped the parcel on his counter and told him he could have them as a gift. Quaritch reduced the price first to a half-crown, then to a shilling, and

Photo by Mr. R. Eaton White.

"The Quarter-Deck."

Edward FitzGerald's home at Woodbridge, showing the summer-house, and Little Grange in the distance.

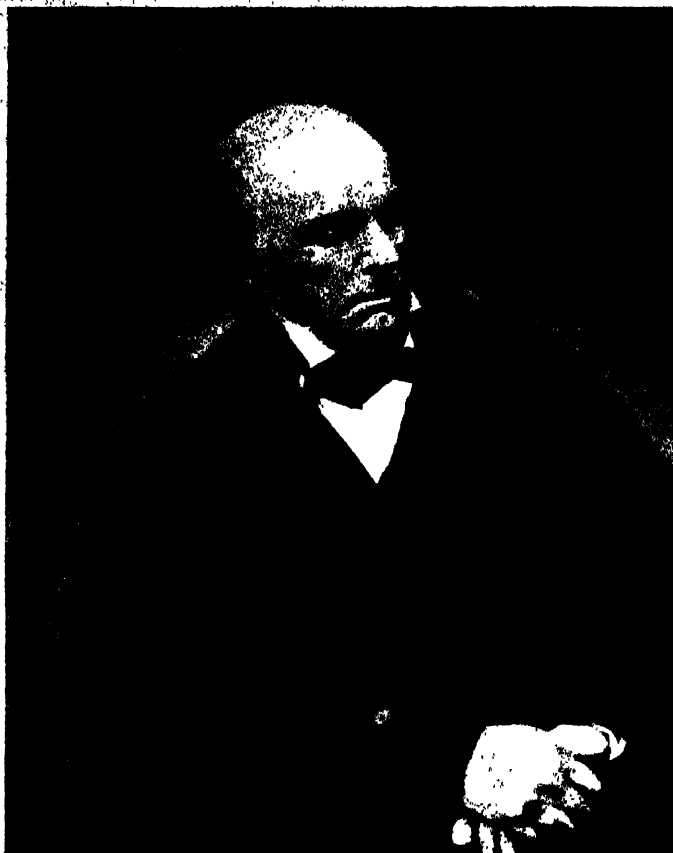
(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by permission.)

"fine and efficient" in it, and to "sink, reduce, alter, and replace" whatever was not. He laid other Persian poets under contribution for some of the imagery and some of the exquisite fancies that are now credited to Omar; he brought his own vision, his own philosophy of life to the work, and gave to each stanza as he reminded it the impress of his individuality; hence to the reader who has no Persian one of the chief values of literal and other renderings of Omar is that they serve to show how much that is richest in thought and expression is wholly, or almost wholly, FitzGerald's; hence also so notable a scholar and poet as Mr. John Payne is probably justified in his strong protest that FitzGerald's version is not a translation at all, but

finally, as there were no buyers, he put the book outside his shop "in the penny box." Then it began to sell.



Photo by Mr. R. Eaton White.



Copyright of "The Sphere" Newspaper. **Edward FitzGerald.**
"The Philosopher" portrait.

Happily Rossetti dipped into the penny box and carried a copy away with him. He read it, and was not satisfied till all the men of his circle were reading it also, and sharing his enthusiasm about it. There is a story of how Rossetti and Swinburne spent fourpence on four copies from the penny box, and of how, going again next day and finding that, in consequence of the sudden run on the book, the price had been raised to twopence, Rossetti gravely rebuked the shopman for his exorbitance.

Nevertheless, it was nine years from the date of the first publication before a second edition appeared. There were four editions in all during FitzGerald's life, and he did not put his name to any of them; before each of the latter three came out he had been further and further polishing, altering, and touching up his verses, but whether the alterations were invariably improvements is a matter of opinion. Sometimes they undoubtedly were, and sometimes they as undoubtedly were not. The magnificent first verse of the first edition—

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight;
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light"—

was varied in each of the subsequent three editions, but not improved, and evolved at length into the incomparably tamer and less beautiful

"Wake! for the Sun who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light"

of the fourth edition. One not only loses the daringly imaginative and essentially Oriental picturesqueness of the first version, but has, in place of it, a commonplace, conventional imagery that has long since been done to death in the service of the poets of the West.

On the other hand, you have in the first edition:

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow,

varied a little in the second edition, and in the fourth transformed into the perfect stanza that everybody remembers:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

One could easily multiply such instances, but these two will serve; if we find that, on the whole, we have lost something by FitzGerald's passion for altering, polishing, and refining, we find that we gain something by it too, and perhaps enough to compensate for what we lose.

Though the poem was steadily winning recognition with an ever-widening circle of readers, it arrived at nothing at all like popularity in FitzGerald's lifetime. On his part, he did not expect it to, and had no wish that it should. He did not go after notoriety, and



Edward FitzGerald's Grave,
Boulogne Churchyard.

The rose growing at the head of the stone was raised from seed brought by William Simpson, artist, from the grave of Omar Khayyam at Nishapur.



"Posh" Fletcher in 1870.

Taken for Edward FitzGerald

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's *Life of Edward FitzGerald*.)

notoriety did not go after him. He kept the even tenor of his way, moving from one place to another in the same corner of his beloved Suffolk, living an easy, recluse, unconventional existence, yachting a little, writing a little, reading a little, paying rare brief visits to London, visited occasionally by old friends who smoked and walked and talked with him for a few days and then left him again to his seclusion. He passed through an interval of worry and irritation when he became partner with his fisherman friend, Posh, in a fishing smack, and some years earlier than that he opened a door to unhappiness by breaking away from his comfortable bachelor habits and getting married. He married at fifty the daughter of Bernard Barton, the poet-banker, who is best remembered as one of Lamb's friends. She was the same age as FitzGerald, and as her father had entrusted her to his care and left her poorly provided for, FitzGerald thought the only right way of discharging his trust was to marry her. It was not long before they both realised that he had made a mistake, and after six months of married life they separated by mutual arrangement, and though they retained the kindest feelings towards each other, they scarcely so much as saw each other ever again.

Six years after FitzGerald's death appeared a collection of his works which included a fifth edition of the "Rubaiyat,"¹ and in the twenty years since he has

¹ *FitzGerald's Collected Works.* (Macmillan.)

come rapidly to his own. In 1890 Messrs. Macmillan issued two editions of his "Omar," and a new edition followed every year until 1896, in 1897 there were two editions and in 1898 three, and in 1899 it was added to the "Golden Treasury" Series, this latter giving both the first and fourth versions of the poem, and appending the variations made by FitzGerald in his other two editions. In 1903 came Mr. Aldis Wright's handsome *edition de luxe* of all FitzGerald's published writings, but of the numerous editions of the "Rubaiyat" alone that have appeared during these last twenty years here and in America in all styles and at all prices, from a few pence to a few guineas, it is hopeless to attempt any adequate account except in a formal bibliography.

The Oriental Edition, that was published last year, takes the text of the fourth edition, by permission of Messrs. Macmillan, and is enriched with an altogether unique series of illustrations by Miss Adelaide Hanscom. The artist has worked upon photographs, for which Joaquim Miller, George Sterling, and other Omar enthusiasts in America posed to her, and this heightening of the art of the camera with that of the brush has resulted in a set of twenty-eight beautiful and wonderfully effective pictures in which the dreamy, shadowy

¹ *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* (Collectors' Edition (Macmillan).)

FitzGerald's Works. Edited by Aldis Wright. (Macmillan.)

Illustrated by Adelaide Hanscom. In art canvas, 10s. 6d. net; limp velvet cover, 17s. 6d. net. Special edition with illustrations printed from photographic plates on India paper and mounted 12s. 6d. net. (London: Harrap; New York: The Dodge Publishing Company.)



Tomb of Omar Khayyam at Naisapur.

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's *"Life of Edward FitzGerald."*)

half-sensuous, half-austere spirit of the verses is cunningly captured and retained. Last year also gave us a re-issue of the second edition of the *Rubaiyat* edited with a scholarly introduction and copious notes by Edward Heron Allen. Oriental scholars in general agree that this second edition is the most valuable and accurate verse translation and the author of the finest prose translation we have of Omar makes an ideal editor of it. In his notes Mr. Heron Allen

furnishes parallel passages from poets Persian and other, wise to whom FitzGerald was more or less indebted and puts before the reader enough of precise data to enable him to judge for himself to what extent FitzGerald's version is a translation and to what extent an paraphrase. He prints in the introduction a very interesting letter he received from Professor Cowell in which Cowell would seem to feel his responsibility for the Western cultus of Omar and to regret the large share he had in creating it. He admired Omar's poetry as literature he said but he did not want the *Rubaiyat* to be dedicated to him and would not join in the 'Omar Cult' and concludes 'I am wittingly incurred

a grave responsibility when I introduced his poems to my old friend in 1856. I admire Omar as I admire Lucretius but I cannot take him as a guide. In these grave matters I prefer to go to Nazareth not to Naishapur."

One of the most charming and every way satisfying of the many popular editions of the *Rubaiyat* is that illustrated by Mr. Gilbert James which is now in its twelfth edition. You cannot look into Mr. James's

¹ Edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Heron Allen. (Duckworth.)

² With twelve photogravures by Gilbert James 3s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

pictures without being almost as sensible of the languorous, fragrant atmosphere of his dim-lit halls and unfamiliar gardens as if you were actually breathing it. His realisation of the life and the scenes he illustrates is not a mere matter of correct architecture and landscape: no artist has got more of the very feeling the strangeness, the mysticism of the East, none has got more of the glamour and magic of the poem into his drawings. The haunting, moonlit nights, the sleepy, golden days, the warmth and colour and glow of the Orient are gathered up into them with a skill and subtle imaginative power that it would be difficult to surpass. Excellent too, in their different fashion are the delicate, vivid line drawings with which Mr. Herbert Cole illustrates the first of FitzGerald's versions of 'Omar' in the delightful

Flowers of Parnassus Series¹ and very graceful and full of charm are the four sensitive Aubrey Beardsley-like illustrations by Jessie M. King to the next edition of the first translation that makes one of the Broadway Book-lets.

But one might go on almost endlessly. You may get your copy of FitzGerald's

Omar in the dainty Carlton Series where it is cleverly illustrated by R. Anning Bell or with the quaint coloured decorations by Blanche McManus in the reprint of the first edition that comes from Messrs. Alexander Moring³ or there is a copy of that same first translation with a frontispiece portrait among

¹ *Flowers of Parnassus* Series. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 1s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

² Illustrated by Jessie M. King. 6d. (Routledge.)

³ With Illustrations by R. Anning Bell. Paper boards 1s. net; leather 2s. net. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

⁴ With Decorations by Blanche McManus 1s. 6d. net. (De la More Press.)



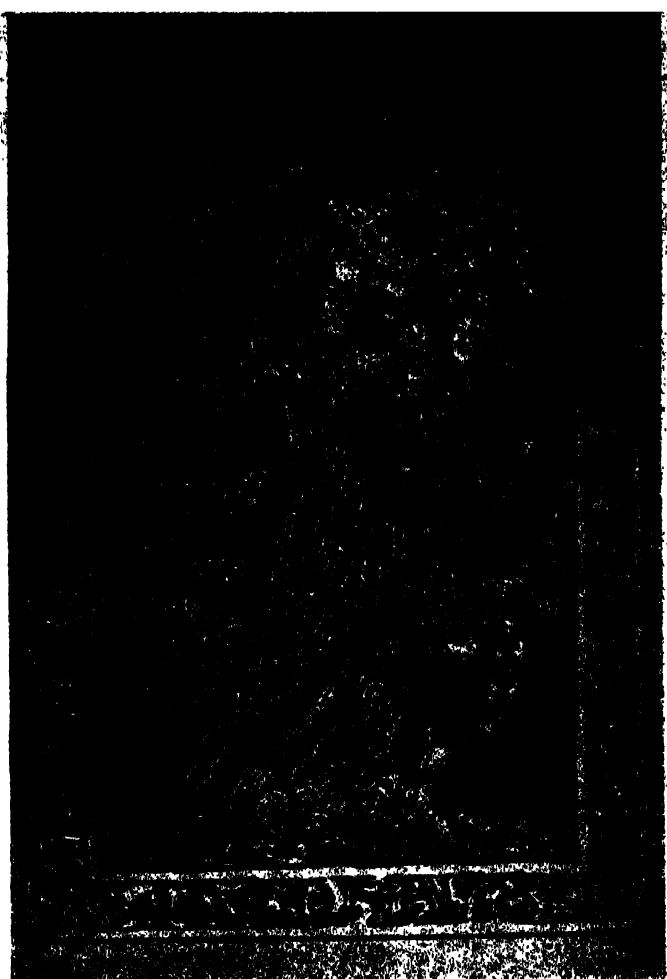
Would I but see wing'd Angels etc. etc. etc.
A east the yet unfolded Rill of Fate
And make the stern Recorder thereof
Register quite obliterate

From Omar Khayyam. Illustrated by Adelaide Harrison. (C. C. Harrison & Co. Ltd.)
Dodge Publishing Co. New York



Designed by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.

For the Club Dinner of 1892.



Designed by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

For the Club Dinner of 1894.



Designed by J J Shannon, A.R.A.

For the Club Dinner of 1895.



Designed by Alfred East, A.R.A.

For the Club Dinner of 1893.

FOUR MENU CARDS OF THE OMAR KHAYYAN CLUB, FOUNDED 1892.

From the collection in the possession of Sir Cameron Stewart.



Ah Moon of my Delight who knowst no want,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again,
How oft hereafter rising she shall look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain

From "The Rubayyat of Omar Khayyam," Illustrated by Gilbert James (Routledge)

the "Sesame Booklets,"¹ printed in large clear type, in soft leather covers, and just the size to be slipped into a waistcoat pocket. There are ever so many other good editions that I only omit to mention because I do not happen to have seen them or to have them by me, and already we hear of other new editions in preparation for this year and next year, so that if at one time it looked as though the book would never come to life, it begins to look now as if it would never die. "Roses blossom by the tomb of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur in Persia," says Mr. Money-Coutts in his introduction to the "Flowers of Parnassus" edition "and roses blossom by the tomb of Edward FitzGerald at Boulge in Suffolk. But the roses in Suffolk are offspring of the roses in Persia. A pilgrim to Omar's tomb brought back seeds from the rose-bush growing there, and two plants, thence reared, were planted by FitzGerald's grave in 1873. Which things are symbolic, for did not the roses of Omar's verse sow themselves in FitzGerald's imagination, and blossom into the beautiful 'Rubayyat' that still flourishes and germinates in our hearts to-day?"

A.

¹ With portrait frontispiece is not Art linen, but not (Hamp.)



Designed for the most recent Dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club
by "F. C. G." showing Mr. Edward Clodd and Mr. Clement Shorter.

Menu Card.

TWO LYRICS FROM THE WELSH, SHOWING THE CYMRIC "INLAID RHYME."

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

WELSH LULLABY.

(After the Welsh of Robert Bryan.)

AS a blossom sweet and rosy
Folds its petals for the night.
In my bosom curling cosy,
Hush you, hush you, baby bright!
While I'm by thee, nothing cruel--
Not one harmful sound or sight--
Shall come nigh thee, O my jewel!
O my armful of delight!

Little flowerets in the meadows,
Little nestlings in the trees
Now are sleeping in the shadows
To the cradling of the breeze;
But the blossom of my bosom,
But the birdie on my knees,
While I lock him there and rock him,
Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only
Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er.
Start not! 'tis the billow lonely
Lapping, lapping on the shore.
Through your dreaming you are beaming,
O so purely now, my store,
You must see your angel, surely,
Smiling through Heaven's open door.

PANT-Y-PISTYLL (WATERFALL HOLLOW).

(After the Welsh of "Llew Tegid.")

ALL the girls of Pant-y-Pistyll
Gather around the foaming fall:
Wherefore seek its freight of crystal,
Each at the selfsame hour of call?
At the stream's enchanting cadence
Every maiden's face is aglow;
Drop by drop, like diamonds flashing,
Into the plashing pail they go.

Yet the peace of purling waters
Dies in the strife of voices shrill;
Since, indeed, when Eve's fair daughters
Chatter, the earth may just stand still.
Then against some erring neighbour
Each like a sabre uses her tongue;
While a host of goblins listening
Into the glistening pails have sprung.

Now, towards her pitcher turning,
Each with a gasp beholds therein,
Into fire the waters churning,
What but an elf with evil grin.
Frighted by the water witchers,
Leaving their pitchers, off they are gone!
"Ha, ha, ha!" each tricksy pixie,
"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughs on and on.

LORD ROSEBERY AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY HECTOR MACPHERSON.

FROM the point of view of political fame, Lord Rosebery has been singularly fortunate. Most young men, even with a wealth of influence to draw upon, are compelled to serve an apprenticeship to politics, but Lord Rosebery at one bound leaped into the front rank. He had scarcely entered upon a political career, when it was recognised that a new force in the form of a striking personality had found its way into the world of politics. It was no surprise to hear Lord Rosebery in the days of his early manhood spoken of as one destined to occupy high office in the State. His ascent of the political ladder was rapid, and when he became Prime Minister, it was felt that his election was quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. Lord Rosebery has paid the usual penalty of greatness, in the shape of numerous newspaper and magazine appreciations and depreciations, and in addition he has been made the subject of several biographies. For the most part, these articles and biographies have dealt with his lordship mainly as a politician, interspersed with such details of his domestic life as were deemed necessary in these days of personal journalism. Of Lord Rosebery as a man of letters not much has been said.

In his book on "Compromise," Lord Morley remarks on the overpowering influence on British public life of the political spirit. Not only does the political spirit make the cultivation of literature difficult for the man of affairs, but it fixes a standard of judgment somewhat unfavourable to politicians of a literary turn of mind. Thus it is that Lord Rosebery's excursions into the realm of letters have never been appreciated at their real value; they are viewed as a species of mental recreation, a kind of parenthesis in the intervals of more serious labours. This view is as misleading as it is superficial. It is safe to say that we get nearer the secret of a great man's personality by a study of his writings than by a study of his political speeches. Political speeches half reveal and half conceal

the soul within. Under our party system, a statesman must needs only reveal so much of his personality as is expedient; whereas in addressing the public through the medium of the printed page he can cultivate freedom of utterance. Thus it comes about that in the case of Lord Rosebery many things in his public career which perplex the student of politics get light thrown upon them when viewed from the literary side.

In coming to the study of a man of letters, two points need to be noted—namely, his outlook upon life as conditioned by his personality and his environment, and his specific function in literature. In the case of Lord Rosebery, great stress must be placed upon the racial element as a factor in his personality. Evidence of this is seen in the numerous Scottish themes which he has chosen for his public addresses. Lord Rosebery in this respect is a Scot of the Scots. No one has surpassed him in giving exquisite expression to the peculiar blend of the romantic and the utilitarian, the sentimental and the practical sides

of the Scottish character. Through his various Recital addresses there is to be found keen appreciation of the advantages which Scotland has gained by the Union with England on the practical side, with an equally keen sense of the loss which she has suffered on the romantic side. As he studies the history of his country, every true Scot finds his soul torn with conflicting emotions. He finds himself responsive to the beauty and winsomeness of Queen Mary, while at the same time his admiration goes out to John Knox. On the fundamental question at issue between the Covenanters and the Episcopalians, he sides with the uncouth men who in glens and in mountain fastnesses held aloft the standard of religious liberty, while he finds much to charm him in the grace and culture of men of the type of Leighton, representatives in a rude ecclesiastical age of sweetness and light. The genuine Scot, as Lord Rosebery somewhere



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lord Rosebery in his Robes as Chancellor of Glasgow University.

says, is always a Jacobite. Clearly alive to the follies and stupid obstinacy of the Stuarts, the Scot cannot resist the glamour of a race whose dismal procession to destruction was made in an atmosphere lit up by the gleaming lights of poetry and romance. Of all students of Scottish history, no one has been so many-sided in his sympathies as Lord Rosebery. No one has done more to set before his readers the kaleidoscopic features of the national struggles. Scottish history has been the battle-ground of fiercely contending factions, and even the great Sir Walter Scott was tempted to take a side greatly to the detriment of his reputation.

Lord Rosebery has chosen the better part. In his addresses to young men at the various universities, he has wisely viewed the history of Scotland from the broadly human standpoint, that of a man of letters to whom every phase of national activity has a meaning, apart from the shibboleths of political and ecclesiastical parties. I am led to ask what insight do Lord Rosebery's studies of the history of Scotland afford us as to his own outlook on life? The impression one gets is that he is somewhat of a detached spectator of the great national drama. On the whole, his sympathies are on the side of liberty, but his artistic sense—so precious to a man of letters—prevents him playing the part of a partisan. Like Carlyle, Lord Rosebery is strongly attracted by the human element in history, and like Carlyle, he is disposed to lay stress on the personal equation apart from the principles at stake. Thus he pays tribute to the saintly Covenanter, Samuel Rutherford, though his artistic sense would have been



After C. R. Leslie, R.A.

Lord Rosebery's Mother as a Maid of Honour at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane I. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

shocked by the violence and narrowness of the men of the Covenant; and to Prince Charlie he extends a sentimental sympathy, though knowing full well the folly of the Jacobite enterprise. I can imagine Lord Rosebery, after the style of Carlyle, doing justice to the heroism of Knox, though he would have been the first to rebel against the Calvinistic régime which was ushered in by the Reformation. In Lord Rosebery's temperament are blended the two forces which went to the making of Scotland—the Hebraic, and what may be called the Hellenic—the one represented by the Evangelicals and the other by the Moderates. The one stands for righteousness in the narrowest acceptation of the term, and found a congenial soil in the sombre side of the Scottish character: the other stands for culture, geniality, and a certain tendency towards epicureanism. Scotland, which produced a Samuel Rutherford, also produced a Jupiter Carlyle, and the Scot who would do justice to his country's history must be in a position to understand and sympathise in a measure with both national types.

It is because, as we see from his writings and addresses, Lord Rosebery unites the characteristics of these two types that he would be an ideal historian of his country. The fragments of studies in Scottish history which he has given to the world lead to the belief that did he set himself resolutely to the task, he could produce a history of his country which in point of accuracy, catholicity, picturesqueness, and literary power would easily out-distance all its predecessors. In the meantime, the history of Scotland, in the true sense of the term, remains unwritten.

Lord Rosebery, as I have indicated, is mainly interested in the personal element in history. Not that

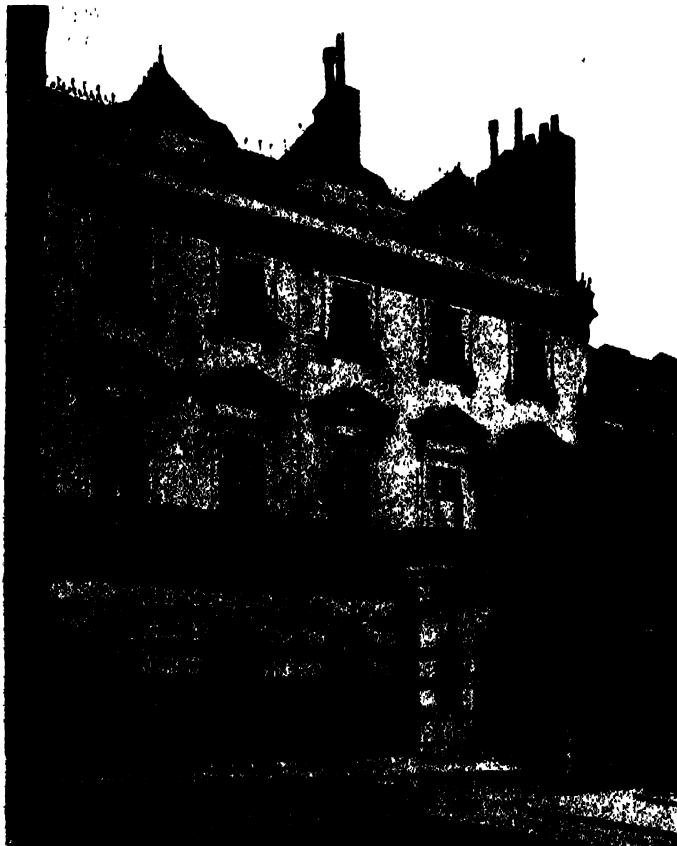


Photo by
Russell & Sons.

Lord Rosebery's Birthplace, No. 20, Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane I. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

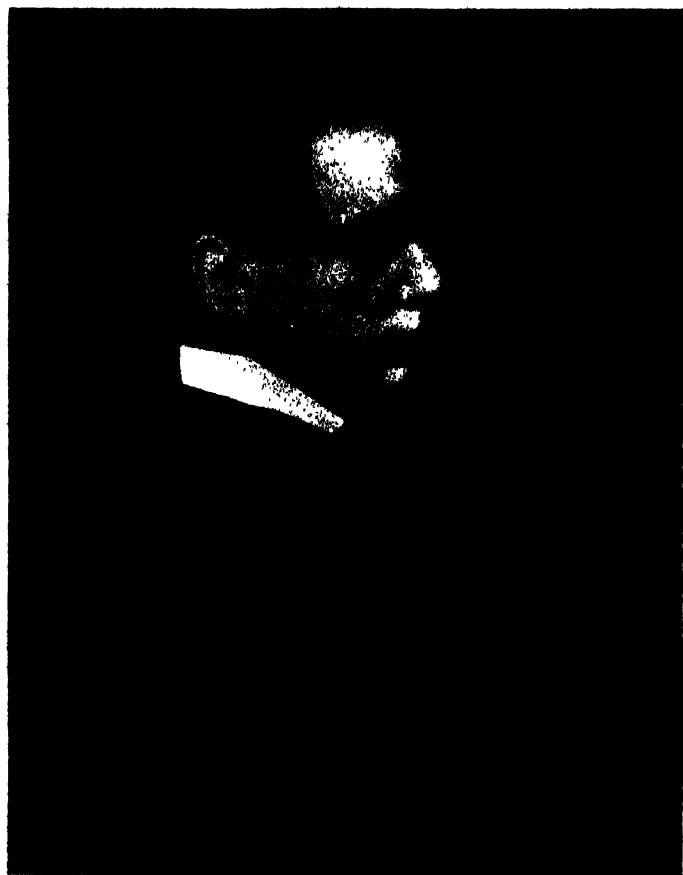


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Lord Rosebery.

he ignores politico-economic forces, but his mind is more at home in the humanities, and it is therefore natural, when he comes to deal with special epochs, that he should seize upon representative men. Scottish history, as Lord Rosebery somewhere says, is rich in bold personalities, and among them stands Robert Burns. Here, as in history generally, Lord Rosebery's interest does not lie in taking sides in a great controversy. His attitude to Burns is not that of the moralist ready with copy-book maxims to pass stern judgment on the erring poet. No! Lord Rosebery, with the true instinct of the man of letters, lifts the controversy free of all parochialism, and views Burns as a master mind, a sublime genius in a lifelong conflict with himself and an uncongenial environment—a figure which the ecclesiastic might condemn, but the man of letters, whose function is the study of humanity, will compassionate with a regret which ever deepens into pathos. Not since Carlyle's famous essay has anything finer been said of Burns than the words uttered by Lord Rosebery in Dumfries in 1896 on the centenary of the death of the poet. In the whole region of Burns literature I can remember nothing grander in sublimity of thought, nobility of

sentiment, and beauty of expression than the following :

"I should like to go a step further, and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. . . . Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us, we stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. . . . Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No! like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons, the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery, moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dishonour: he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold; in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer or the balmy affluence of the spring, its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped—the product, not of one climate, but of all; not of good alone, but of evil; not of joy alone, but of sorrow—perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one?"

Lord Rosebery gives charm to his writings by his habit of taking as the subjects of his literary studies men of complex natures. Like Carlyle, he loves to endeavour to reduce to unity personalities composed of seemingly contradictory elements. In the study of these he is sure to bring out some fresh views, and this he does, not by the commonplace method of applying conventional tests, but by searching for the controlling impulse—the dynamic power of the individual. He is always in search of the key to a great man's character. The key he does not find in talent. He is never satisfied in his studies of men till he seizes what he calls their essential spirit. Take, for instance, his fine study of Cromwell. Thanks to Carlyle, the hypocrisy theory



Photo by C. J. Hopkins.

The Durdans, facing the road to the Downs.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Dalmeny House.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of Cromwell is now dead beyond hope of resurrection, but even Carlyle might have envied Lord Rosebery's fine insight into the very heart of Cromwell's character:

"He (Cromwell) was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations. The man who combines the inspiration, apparently derived, and in my judgment really derived, from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial, the man who has that inspiration associated with the energy of a mighty man of action—such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and he appears to come down to this world below, with no less than the terrors and the decrees of the Almighty Himself."

That goes to the heart of the matter. With a few artistic strokes which betoken literary genius of a high order, Lord Rosebery makes Cromwell stand before us in the guise of an ancient prophet. If we can imagine Elijah, instead of ascending in a chariot of fire, dethroning Ahab and reigning in his stead, we should have a vivid picture of Cromwell in his contest with the enemies of the Lord.

Another historical character which has quite a fascination for Lord Rosebery is Napoleon, and here, too, we find exhibited the same desire not to rest till he gets the key to a complex individuality. "The Last Phase of Napoleon" is a masterly psychological study. Step by step the evidence in regard to Napoleon is carefully tested, and then, when the whole is complete, Lord Rosebery sets himself to form an estimate of the most extraordinary character of modern times. So carefully handled are the concluding chapters in which Napoleon's personality is, so to speak, put under the microscope, that the mind of the reader is gradually prepared for the remarkable chapter in which Lord Rosebery gives a full-orbed view of Napoleon. The qualities to which Napoleon owed his marvellous supremacy are duly detailed, and, what

is of equal importance, the process is carefully traced of the deterioration of the great man's mental and moral powers under the insidious delusion that his superiority over ordinary mortals raised him above the limitations of humanity altogether. Supreme power, as Lord Rosebery puts it, "destroyed the balance of his judgment and common sense, and so brought about his fall." History repeats itself. Just when Herod fancied himself a god, he was struck to the earth to make a repast for worms. When Nebuchadnezzar was

loudest in singing his own praises, he was condemned to herd with four-footed companions; and similarly, just when Napoleon had constituted himself his own deity, the image he had raised was shattered into a thousand fragments.

As becomes a statesman, Lord Rosebery's interest in history and politics is intense. He has given to the public studies of two outstanding statesmen, Pitt and Peel. Inasmuch as both statesmen have nothing specially complex about their personalities, there is not the same scope for Lord Rosebery's striking analytic powers in the sphere of character. Men of the type of Cromwell, Napoleon, and Burns have a peculiar attraction for him. He loves to study genius in its paradoxical and incalculable moods. He is not quite at home in dealing with plain, prosaic, utilitarian temperaments, such as are found in parliamentarians. The study of Pitt is good, but I am convinced that Lord Rosebery would have given us a biographical gem had he taken as his subject Lord Chatham, the father



Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

Two Views of Barnbougle Castle.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

instead of the son. Similarly with Peel. Lord Rosebery's study is thoughtful, suggestive and painstaking, but here, too, he is not sympathetic enough with the plain, unadorned, utilitarian cast of Peel's mind to make the book stand boldly out from the same class of political literature. This line of criticism does not apply to Lord Rosebery's exquisite study of Lord Randolph Churchill. Apart from personal acquaintance, Lord Randolph was just the kind of politician in whose career Lord Rosebery would be interested. He is strongly attracted to the weird, the spasmodic, the impetuous, the explosive types of human nature, and, like Carlyle, he excels in graphic descriptive power. If he has not Carlyle's capacity for taking what may be called instantaneous photographs, literary snapshots, he still manages in a remarkable way to give a sense of vividness to his portraits. Lord Randolph's meteoric career, the strange jumble of Tory prejudices and Radical proclivities which did duty for his political creed, his audacious impetuosity which scared his friends and irritated his foes, his feverish oscillation between boundless hope and rayless despair, and above all his magnetic personality--these are all touched upon with exquisite skill by Lord Rosebery, who, as memories of his friend crowd upon him, passes in the course of a few pages from humour to pathos, from hearty admiration to profound regret. As a piece of literature, Lord Rosebery's appreciation of the brilliant meteor who flashed in the political sky and all too soon went down into the darkness will hold permanent rank in political biography.

High as is the quality of Lord Rosebery's contributions to literature in the orthodox form of books, it seems to me that it is to his speeches and orations that we must turn to find his artistic genius at its best. It almost appears as if



Photo by W. E. Peggott, Leighton Buzzard.

The Gardens at Mentmore.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K. G.," by Jane F. Stoddart. (Holt, Rinehart & Co.)

Lord Rosebery needed the stimulus of an audience to stir his nature to the depths, and to touch the secret springs of admiration, humour, irony, and pathos. Conditions of space prohibit quotations, but the reader who desires to find Lord Rosebery at his highest as a master of phrases, as an artist in words and thought, should be referred to such great efforts as his eulogium on Gladstone, his address on Burns to which reference has been already made, and among others to his beautiful appreciation of the late Lord Kelvin, whom he described as standing on the mountain top and communing face to face with the transcendent mysteries of Nature.

Lord Rosebery has been careless of his literary reputation, else surely he would have his scattered speeches and orations collected and made accessible to the ordinary reader. As one who has done service in other and higher spheres, Lord Rosebery's literary efforts may seem to him but sparks from the intellectual anvil. His humility is misplaced. In the field of letters he has done enduring work. His speeches, especially on historical and literary topics, do not lose their value with the passing hour. They bear the unmistakable mark of genius. They are the product of a mind which even yet is somewhat of an enigma to his countrymen.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

Judge him by his political deliverances alone, and one would be inclined to credit him with the Whig temperament of the old Scottish type, whose thoughts and activities were wholly bounded by the secular horizon. This estimate is fostered by Lord Rosebery's humour, which with its vein of cynicism leaves the impression that his mind moves contentedly in the seen and temporal. But as a friend of mine, the late Robert Wallace, one of Scotland's brilliant sons, once remarked to me, "Rosebery uses his humour to hide the inner workings of his mind." In his books, and

in some of his orations, the screen is partially removed; and to those of penetrating vision there is revealed a soul which, while keenly responsive to the many-sided influences of this work-a-day world, has mystical affinities with the Unseen and Eternal—affinities which but for the depressing influence of party politics and the detachment born of high social position might have found embodiment in sustained literary efforts which would have made Lord Rosebery not merely an occasional contributor, but a distinctively representative man of letters.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best passage from English literature touching on the best or the worst of growing old.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the REV. F. HERN, Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

SEVEN SPLENDID SINNERS. BY W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE.
"With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass*.

Among the best of the others received are:

MOTOR TOURS IN YORKSHIRE.
BY MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL.

"These violent delights have violent ends."
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi.

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

TONO BUNGAY. BY H. G. WELLS.

"Phoebus! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

A GENTLEMAN FROM PORTLAND. BY RANGER GULL.

"He says the other prisoners are commonplace and rude."
W. S. GIBBERT, *Bad Ballads*.

(Miss Mary G. Patterson, Pinehurst, 103, Church Road, Upper Norwood, Surrey.)

SALOME AND THE HEAD. BY F. NESBIT.

"Why should I think of *Maud*?"
TENNYSON, *Maud*.

(Eric S. Barber, 51, Bootham, York.)

HENRY IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.
BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

"A man prepared against all ills to come."
HERWICK, *The Christian Militant*.

(W. M. Seaber, Firdale, Sheen Lane, East Sheen, S.W.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best selection from English prose or verse treating of the advantages or disadvantages of possessing relations has been awarded to Miss M. M. NICHOLSON, 24, Promenade, Bridlington, for the following :

"The modern writers who have suggested, in a more or less open manner, that the family is a bad institution, have generally confined themselves to suggesting, with much sharpness, bitterness, or pathos, that perhaps the family is not always very congenial. Of course the family is a good institution because it is uncongential. It is wholesome precisely because it contains so many divergencies and varieties. It is, as the sentimentalists say, like a little kingdom, and, like most other little kingdoms, is generally in a state of something resembling anarchy. It is exactly because our brother George is not interested in our religious difficulties, but is interested in the Trocadero Restaurant, that the family has some of the bracing qualities of the commonwealth. It is precisely because our uncle Henry does not approve of the theatrical ambitions of our sister Sarah that the family is like humanity. The men and women who, for good reasons and bad, revolt against the family, are, for good reasons and bad, simply revolting against mankind. Aunt Elizabeth is unreasonable, like mankind. Papa is excitable, like mankind. Our youngest brother is mischievous, like mankind. Grandpapa is stupid, like the world; he is old, like the world." —G. K. CHESTERTON, *On the Institution of the Family*.

Very good selections have been received from Mrs. Bowell (Cranbrook), B. J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Miss E. M. Kendal (Cheadle), H. Caby (Fordham), R. H. Smith (West Norwood), Miss Botstford (Llanishen), Miss Ethel M. Alcock (Liverpool), L. Gray (Frinton-on-Sea), Mrs. A. Lang (St. Andrews), and many others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Mr. W. G. HANSON, of 34, Lombard Street, West Bromwich, for the following :

TONO BUNGAY. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Wells has not yet succeeded in writing a novel. There are whole pages in this book that contribute nothing to the story, and they are the best part of the book. Mr. Wells the novelist is a pessimistic reflection of Mr. Wells the social dreamer. While we feel that "the Bladesover system," with its respectability and feudalism and modern commercialism, with its vulgarity and immorality, are equally intolerable, we feel also that no social paradise such as in his prophetic books Mr. Wells has imagined can ever be inaugurated by the people who buy and drink "Tono Bungay."

Several good reviews are disqualified because they exceed the hundred words limit. We select from the large number received

GEORGE CANNING AND HIS FRIENDS. Containing hitherto unpublished letters. EDITED BY CAPT. G. BAGOT. (Murray.)

Not enough justice has yet been done to the great name of Canning. Though he started in politics under a Tory Ministry, he created many of the watchwords of progress for the nineteenth century, and made good his policy by administration. What Wellington and Nelson won by the sword, he put on a solid basis by diplomacy. In these letters we see the lighter side of Canning, his gibes and jokes, his intimacies, his capacity for forming friendships, and his humanity. This work is an invaluable contribution to our understanding of a great patriot and a great man.

(A. Rowberry-Williams, 3, Pigott Villas, Ruthin Road, Denbigh.)

THE HEART OF THE WILD. By S. L. BENSUSAN. (John Milne.)

Amongst the nature and open air books which have lately become so popular with readers who weary of the endless sentiment and problems of novels, we can recommend the above. It gives a great deal of interesting information as to the habits of animals and birds in the form of short life stories which are so convincing that a brace of grouse, for instance, upon the dinner-table will always in future give us a prick of the conscience, remembering the story of the red grouse so vividly told by Mr. Bensusan. Does any one know whether he is a vegetarian?

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

LITTLE PEOPLE. By RICHARD WHITEING. (Cassell.)

Mr. Whiteing's literary sympathies have always been with "the dear Little People who feel they are going to be nothing and get nothing to the end," his satire reserved for the wealthy and ruling classes, whether in Mayfair or the country house. His latest collection of essays and sketches attempts with considerable sympathy and success to interpret the soul of the common people, illustrating with understanding and insight their trials, vicissitudes, failures, and hopes. Though dealing with common subjects, they never become commonplace, but are full of the characteristic humour and satire which distinguish all Mr. Whiteing's books.

(G. E. Wakerley, 9, Myrtle Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by James Todd (Darlington), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Robert Hodgkinson (Westhoughton), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), E. M. Kempson (Birmingham), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), M. Ford (Bristol), John Hood (Ayr), Miss Kathleen M. Comber (Hedcliffe), E. F. Solomon (London, N.W.), Miss Beatrice Beedorth (Scarborough), and Miss Audrey A. M. Bell (Hampstead, N.W.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MR. M. WINDEATT ROBERTS, Chudleigh House, Bideford.

New Books.

NOT LANCELOT, BUT GALAHAD.*

Our brave English boys have dipped into Sir Thomas Malory's fighting epic of the "Morte d'Arthur": many young women, sentimentally disposed—the Elaines of our modern school-training—have taken to themselves passages learnt by heart from Tennyson's "Idylls": and a crowd of tourists, with or without an ear for music, have exhausted the spaces at Bayreuth where "Parsifal" is given.

* "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal, its Legends and Symbolism." By Arthur Edward Waite. 12s. 6d. net, subscription. (Rebman.)

So much the world at large knows or has heard touching the Holy Graal. Then comes the man of letters, Professor Saintsbury or another, and he deals with his subject as romance, mediæval prose moulded on French poetry, fashioned by Walter Mapes into the most perfect "action" ever set out in words, complete, not admitting of a sequel; and its centre is Lancelot. A fiery Welshman, the Oxford scholar who was Professor Rhys, claims with vehemence a Celtic, even a Cymric, origin for the enchanting tale. He was an adept in archæology, and a host follows him led on by Mr. David Nutt, rich in folklore, bearing analogies from

the land of Faëry that in their profusion bewilder us. But the Celtic strain lords it over all. Another Welshman, Dr. Sebastian Evans, renders into stately archaic English the "High History of the Holy Graal," or the "Longer Prose Perceval." To him it is a legend with a covert meaning certainly, but anti-papal, Albigenian, set up against Innocent III. and the official Church of the Lateran. We look round for Germans; they come upon us in troops, wild and tame—Birch-Hirschfeld, Hertz, Heinzel, Hagan, Nitze, to say nothing of early commentators, K. Simrock and San Marte. Of course, the French could not be wanting to a problem which lies deep in their own literature; and M. Paulin or M. Gaston Paris—gifted father and son—will be cited at once for the charm and vivacity they have brought to their task of scholarship. The "Matter of Britain," as we must never allow ourselves to forget, is after Dante's achievements the great literary wonder of the Middle Ages. But what does it mean? How shall we pierce to the heart of it?

If we pursue the credible trail of its composition, starting from Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia Britonum"—he died in 1146—and coming down by Layamon, possibly by Walter Mapes, to the disputable French originators, Robert de Borron and Chrétien de Troyes, two questions open a wide hunting-field. First, who invented Lancelot? and second, who brought into the Arthurian Legend the quest of the Graal? These combined elements of an earthly passion and a heavenly aspiration have made the story perfect; so much is sure. But shall we construe it as a romance of misguided human love—which, on the whole, is Tennyson's way—"unsoldering" the "goodly fellowship" of the Table Round, or as something far more spiritual, with Galahad, not Lancelot, for its hero? Let me say at once that a Catholic reader of the "Idylls," however he may admire their beauty, will be little satisfied with what he finds in them wherever the deep things of his religion are touched upon. In Alfred Tennyson there was no chord that vibrated strongly to the music of the Mass. He remained kneeling outside our sanctuary, in a distant unsympathetic mood; and hence when he sings of the "Holy Grail" his form is delightful, but its contents are somewhat shallow. To use a significant phrase in Shakespeare, he does not realise that during the mediæval period in every church the "life of the building" was the Blessed Sacrament. Now we may ask whether a story which moves upon the supernatural as does the "Morte d'Arthur," inspired by monastic no less than chivalrous ideals, could have aimed at nothing else than to tell how Lancelot sinned, how Guinevere wrought her husband's ruin, and how the King disappeared into Fairyland. On that supposition, what is the Graal? A decorative incident merely, so little entering into the lives concerned that, if it were left out altogether, they would scarcely be affected. Is such an interpretation sound, even from the literary point of view? Assuredly, it does no kind of justice to the unmistakable religious temper which abounds in our English versions and rules the development of the French. On Wolfram von Eschenbach and the German cycle it is needless to demand more than Professor Saintsbury has allowed; in these mystical romances "the perfect knight is only an armed monk," who converts the heathen, mortifies the flesh, and falls into trances where he contemplates the sacred mysteries. To the professor all that seems a "chilly ideal," or even moonshine—which does but prove (*pate tant viri*) that an accomplished man of books need not be a "sensitive" in religion.

This long preface I thought useful as at once prelude and shelter to my notice of an extraordinary volume, "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal." One merit of a high order it undoubtedly has: it reminds our age, so superficially curious but so reluctant to exert itself strenuously as our forefathers did, that literature after all is only expression, and that the inquiry into what it expresses ought still to be made. Unless we do make it, are we not

as much dilettanti triflers as any Della Cruscan that ever wrote sonnets? Now Mr. Waite shows himself a brother of the literary craft by all possible tests. He has learning in many languages; he knows whatever is extant regarding his subject in print, as well as the record of its MSS. And his own style (we may like or dislike it) is opulent with innumerable lights and jewels from alchemies, liturgies, old romance, secret orders of initiation, and other recondite sources not easily unlocked by the explorer. To archæology or folklore he takes no objection. He grants everything which the mere *littérateur* (what a "mere" was that! but it is quite justified), which, I say, the critic as usually we think of him, can require. Still, the "arch-natural," the divine elements, in this "truest and holiest" of stories according to Sir Thomas Malory, ought to be given its due. And now I have lighted on the word I was looking for: the Holy Graal is not "machinery"; not anything artificial or extraneous at all. It claims a rank so august, and is so emphatically the morning and evening star of these adventures, because to the Catholic genius which bound them up in a world-chronicle and epic of chivalrous pilgrimage it was supremely real. Not therefore simply a relic of the Lord's passion; not, except in symbol, the *sacro catino*, long venerated at San Lorenzo in Genoa (and how much less a magic cauldron borrowed from Welsh or other folktales!), but the Eucharist itself. The Eucharist in romance, not in terms or articles precisely of dogma, though never wilfully in opposition to dogma, yet as bodying forth under earthly tokens that which all seekers after God have been travelling to reach, and so the "Great Experiment." This is what our volume maintains, which I sum up in the contrast between Lancelot who fails, and his mysterious son Galahad who succeeds, in the sacred Quest.

Negatively, then, we must not read into the story a revolt or a manifesto put forth by the Celtic Church against its Roman vanquisher. Nor does it anticipate the Knights Templars' tragic quarrel with Philip the Fair and the Holy See. To its language the peculiar dialect of alchemy affords a suggestive parallel; and so does the mediæval Jewish Cabala; but the lines are independent, they never

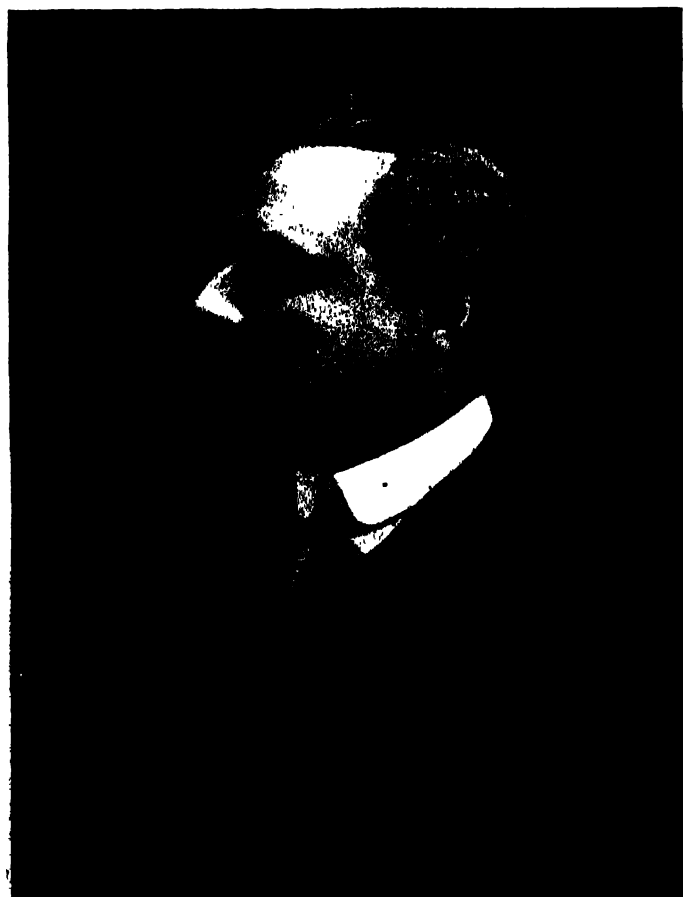


Photo by Russell & Sons.

Mr. A. E. Waite.

meet. Even the Masonic ceremonies and allusions to "Lost Words" or to temples never finished do not throw any light upon the coming and going of the Holy Graal. If it still has hidden keepers, and a secret church gathers round it, and the vision is not utterly withdrawn, all this implies no sect or heresy or *Aufklärung* in the manner of a "Lodge"; it does but indicate the treasure of which ritual, creed, sacraments are the outward signs and assurances. The "Quest of the Holy Graal" is Catholic in a sense most orthodox, and therefore, as the writer admirably concludes, most spiritual. It is an allegory of the pilgrimage of grace.

To readers as well as reviewers in no small measure this point of view will be exasperating; for they want in their romance not religion but amusement. Ever so many are quite willing to take Perceval or Galahad or any other knight as a symbol, Pagan, Masonic, what you please, and then to have done with it. They cannot endure to be edified by allusions to a doctrine in which they never have believed. The praise of chastity, poverty, and faith in the supernatural leaves them cold, if it does not provoke their scorn. But granting that there may be a hidden sense in the literature of the Graal, is it forbidden to search it out? That epithet of "moonshine" recalls the eighteenth-century love of similar disenchanting adjectives. We smile now at "gothic" and "barbarian" applied to the miracles of Catholic architecture. The great dogma of the Eucharist may well have kindled in dreaming hearts a sense that the Graal poetry has taken over and made "stuff o' the fantasy": but it is something more intimate to our lives than holiday reading. Perhaps the time draws near when, as our author says, criticism of such poetry must be carried beyond the region of "official scholarship"—itself not surely well versed in the religion on which these adventures were founded—into the Holy House, or to Sarraas the spiritual city. Whenever that happens literature will gain a value now often lacking to it, and among the pioneers this modest yet efficient guide will deserve to be named. Even now his companions in the spirit bid him not to lose heart. He is valiant, wise, and self-controlled. It is not for me to give one who stands outside the Roman Church an imprimatur; but I accept his conclusion gladly. "the Holy Graal is the Catholic Quest drawn into romance." *Ainsi soit-il!*

WILLIAM BARRY

MR. BENSON'S POEMS.*

If you adopt the practice that finds favour with so many critics and look into Mr. Benson's poems for traces of his poetical ancestry, you will readily discover that he has certain marked affinities with Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold; but it is with a poet as with any other man—he need be none the less individual and peculiarly himself because he has a family likeness to some notable predecessor. Mr. Benson has something of Wordsworth's love of nature and perfect simplicity of style, but he has a saving *self* of humour that Wordsworth had not; something of Arnold's urbane and brooding thoughtfulness he has, but nothing of his austere pessimism; and he has a restrained and essential sanity of vision and utterance that were characteristic of Arnold also.

In his sonnets and lyrics, no less than in his stately didactic poems, Mr. Benson is, before all, the prophet, the teacher, through all the changing melodies of his verse run a high, calm philosophy of life, a quiet, deep religious faith, a quick sympathy with human sorrow and weakness, and an alert sensitiveness to the beauty of common things. Looking out upon life serenely, he can see it at its worst without losing heart, still believing that good will come of it—

* "The Poems of Arthur Christopher Benson." 5s. net. (John Lane.)

"... to the sea
He hears the streams grow larger, feels the day
Shine purer, though uncleanly voices call;
And though the funeral horns blow harsh and high,
He sees the smile upon the face of God."

He has been daunted by the insoluble problems of life and death, and cannot close his eyes or his ears against the miseries of the world; but he has arrived at patience and humility of spirit, and holds to it in his soul "that all things are made new, all dark desires forgiven."

The poems included in this collection are selected from the six volumes that Mr. Benson has published during these last seventeen years, and in tone and subject their range is very wide and varied; some are slight almost to triviality; others, such as the lyrics "To My Father" and "The Shadow of Death," are charged with profound feeling and emotion; some have the sun and wind of the open country shining and blowing through them; others are edged with a sort of cool, cloistered placidity and breathe an air of scholarly, speculative aloofness. The bookish poems, the monologue "Thomas Gray," for example, and the sonnets to Gray, Gilbert White, Omar Khayyam and Edward FitzGerald, are finely finished and shrewdly critical; but always Mr. Benson is at his best not when he takes other poets or even pastoral nature for his theme, but when he muses on the hidden things of the spirit, when he simply looks into his heart and writes, and is most intimate, most frankly personal. He is probably the most popular of living essayists, and this welcome edition of his collected poems forms a body of verse that assuredly justifies those critics who have already ranked him with the very few poets of this generation that will matter to the next.

DUMOURIEZ.*

It had long been known to students that Dumouriez was employed by the British Government in the first decade of the nineteenth century as an expert adviser on strategical questions. Copies of many portions of an elaborate memorandum prepared by him for the War Office, dealing with the defence of the United Kingdom, are preserved in the Record Office, though the original manuscript was supposed to be lost. But four years ago a French manuscript of 397 pages came into the possession of Mr. Dobell and was subsequently purchased from him by Mr. A. M. Broadley, well known as a collector of Napoleonic literature and as joint-author of "Napoleon and the Invasion of England." This document has now been proved to be the original memorandum of Dumouriez, written throughout in his own hand. It contains not only an elaborate plan for the defence of England, but also a supplementary memorandum on Ireland and Portugal; and its discovery adds another romance to the history of book-collecting. It has now been translated and edited by the fortunate purchaser, in collaboration with Mr. Holland Rose, and the joint-authors have added a sketch of Dumouriez's career, and a number of letters addressed by him to Nelson, Wellington, and prominent statesmen of the time.

Nelson met Dumouriez in Hamburg in the autumn of 1800, and appears to have been favourably impressed by his strategical abilities, and the authors suggest the possibility that it was Nelson who urged the Government to consult the French expert. In any case it is clear that Dumouriez, who certainly never underestimated his own capacity, was pressing his services upon every minister to whom he could find an excuse for writing. The precise conditions under which he was employed are not clear, but there is nothing in the correspondence to justify the importance claimed for Dumouriez's work by the authors. There is nothing to

* "Dumouriez and the Defence of England." By J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

show that either Pitt or Wellington took him very seriously. When Wellington replied to his fulsome and "gassy" letters, many of which he left unanswered, he wrote in the bluntest way and showed no desire to take the self-styled "advisory expert" into his confidence. No decisive step in the conduct of the war is traceable to Dumouriez's influence, and in one important point, his insistence on the necessity of multiplying small craft for coast defence, Pitt, fortunately for the nation, adhered to a totally opposite policy, and devoted all his resources to strengthening the high seas fleet. On the other hand, the liberal "retainer" which Dumouriez received and the equally liberal pension afterwards awarded to him go to prove that considerable value was attached to his collaboration. On the whole, the most reasonable view appears to be that Dumouriez was called into consultation partly as a concession to public opinion, and partly, as experts often are consulted, to work out the details of a policy the main lines of which were already settled.

The Memorandum itself is a document of the greatest interest and remarkably minute and thorough, when it is remembered that Dumouriez was working mainly from maps. Improved means of transport have so altered the conditions of modern warfare that Dumouriez's work is only of historic interest, but as a systematic study of the problems of defence under the conditions prevailing at the time, the Memorandum is highly creditable to the industry and acuteness of its compiler. Dumouriez rightly insists on two cardinal points, the danger of a French landing in Ireland, and the consequent necessity for holding Portugal. The entire document is well worth study, and suggests a far more favourable idea of Dumouriez's capacity as a theorist than the unpractical and visionary letter which he wrote to Wellington after Fuentes d'Onoro.

HALFWAY HOUSE.*

Mr. Hewlett has broken what is, for him, fresh ground. In "Halfway House" he has given us a story of modern life, of country society and ordinary everyday people. But he has invested all this with his own charm; the grace of style, the hint of the fantastic, the delicate fancy, are all here as they were in his mediæval romances and in his novel of the Regency period, "The Stopping Lady"; and his characters are everyday people "with a difference." Both Mary Middleham, the little underbred nursery-governess, and John Germain, the aristocratic country gentleman, are instinct with poetry, with delicate humour and pathos. Indeed, one feels inclined to apply to the author the words he uses in speaking of Senhouse (the "Halfway House" of the story, "the power of the adept, of the seer into the dark, of him who would mock if he were not full of pity."

Perhaps no one but Mr. Hewlett could have drawn his heroine, Mary, so unflinchingly and yet made her so pathetic, so appealing, above all, so comprehensible. This tremulous, responsive, nymph-like creature is sensitive enough to feel that the attitude of Tristram Duplessis towards her is intolerable, or, as Mr. Hewlett, with his pitiless honesty, suggests, "she may have been ashamed to find out that it was *not* intolerable," but, always too weak to resist when he speaks of love to her, "she thrilled to it as the earth to a beam of the sun." To this man she is just "a small, secret, pale and careworn little huntress"; to John Germain, the man of fifty, whom she afterwards marries, she is "so young, so simple, so ardent a creature!" And in reality? Mr. Hewlett answers the question. "She was very woman to the extremities. Nothing else in life really interested her but the attitude

of men—of this man or that man—towards her. . . . Love, indeed, in its real sense, was a sealed book; but curiosity absorbed her, and she was as responsive to the flatteries of attention as a looking-glass to breath. . . . Her philosophy was really very simple, and, I say, perfectly innocent." Her marriage is a tragedy, as could have been foreseen by every one but the simple, honest gentleman who hoped so much from it, and who has to find his solace in "kisses . . . if he chose to call for them, clinging arms, a warm and grateful heart."

From the moment of her meeting with John Senhouse, her character begins to develop and the soul of her to emerge. He shows her depths in herself of which she has never guessed, and she forgets to be self-conscious, to wonder—or to care—what he is thinking about her. Senhouse, artist and poet, with his gardens and his tinkering and his sublime belief in his own way of life and the idiocy of others, is a delightful personality—one would like more of him.

Interesting as is the whole story, there are two scenes which, by their strength and reticence, linger in the memory. One in which Mary, realising her love for Senhouse, for the first time in her life is strong enough to resist the "huntress" instinct, and to glory in the man's self-restraint; the other in which, as her husband lies on his death-bed, helpless, almost speechless, she confesses herself to him, withholding nothing, even in pity, speaking with terrible candour for the sake of the truth that is in her.

LEWIS MEIVILLE.

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY.*

In the autumn of 1908 appeared within a few weeks of each other three remarkable treatises, dealing more or less directly with the problems of group or collective or social psychology. Up till now, English has been deficient in works of this kind. The French psychologists have made this subject peculiarly their own, and in their hands remarkably good work has been done. Gustave Le Bon wrote a very popular treatise on the "Psychology of the Crowd," but the most striking contributions were made by M. Tarde, whose "Opinion and the Crowd" and "The Laws of Imitation" are the classical books on the subject. It is worth while noting, however, that though it is not technically a treatise on Social Psychology, William Bagehot's "Physics and Politics" appeared in 1869 before M. Tarde's works. One is tempted further to include Malthus among the pioneers in Social Psychology, and even Adam Smith may not be denied a place. In Bagehot in particular there are at the very least anticipations of the recent developments in this subject.

In view of the fact that while he was penning his preface two other works in English were already in the press, it is interesting to read what Professor Ross has to say in introducing his recent work.* He begins: "It requires some hardihood to put forth this, the pioneer treatise in any language, professing to deal systematically with the subject of Social Psychology." It is only by emphasising the word *systematically* that Professor Ross can justify this preliminary statement. It is true that he differentiates between Social Psychology and Psychological Sociology, since "the former considers planes and currents; the latter groups and structures." This in itself is hardly enough, so he proceeds to limit Social Psychology to the "uniformities due to social causes, *i.e.* to mental contacts or mental interactions. . . . The fact that a mental agreement extends through society bringing into a common plane great numbers of men does not make it *social*. It is *social* only in so far as it arises out of the interplay of minds." Even with this limitation, it has to be admitted

* "Halfway House." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

* "Social Psychology: An Outline and Source Book." By Edward Alsworth Ross. 6s. net. (The Macmillan Company.)

that a great deal of work has been done in Social Psychology, though perhaps not very systematically. The importance of Professor Ross's book, coming as it does with two companions, is that it indicates the coming to consciousness of this department of psychological study. We have here a new science deliberately claiming recognition as such.

Up till quite recently Psychology confined its attention to the individual mind. To be sure, the moment we write this we are reminded that as far back as Plato we have quite a clear example of collective Psychology in the "Republic." But in the technical sense in which the term Psychology is— or in view of certain recent theories must we say *was*?— usually understood (*i.e.* the science of consciousness), it will be generally admitted that its subject up till now has been the individual consciousness. The individual mind is limited to a knowledge of its own states. In the lines quoted with approval by Noah Porter, we are told that the soul is

"Allied to all, yet none the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness."

In seeking to get beyond this isolation, our efforts may take two quite different directions. We may try to solve the problem of the relation between the individual consciousness and the general consciousness: we may seek to penetrate into the universal consciousness, to find ourselves in the spirit of the time, to establish in our experience the true relation between the individual consciousness and the consciousness that permeates the universe. Recognising the hopelessness of this task, sensible men turn their attention to the other alternative, and treat Social Psychology as the science that deals with the individual consciousness as the unit of a system of actions and reactions that make up the dynamics of society. To this end we must study the individual as carefully as before, but we must study him from a new standpoint. We must study him not only for and by himself, but in his relations to others. The old museum methods of Psychology that consisted in examining, classifying, and labelling must give place to the laboratory methods of the newer schools. We must treat the individual consciousness as a living force that absorbs its environment at the same time that it is absorbed by it. What is imperatively needed at the present moment is a treatise on Psychology that shall bridge the gulf that separates the old individualistic psychology from the new Social Psychology—and this is precisely what Mr. Macdougall supplies in his recently published book.*

It is characteristically English to name the book an Introduction. But in this case there is more than modesty to justify the title. The work really is what it professes to be, an introduction to the study. That is to say, it prepares the ground for a genuinely scientific examination of the phenomena that must be treated in the new subject. It may be objected that the first three-quarters of the book really deal with the psychology of the individual, but the most superficial examination will show that the whole method of treating the individual is different from that formerly adopted, and is directly related to the work of Social Psychology. Professor Ross, on the other hand, deals with the real subject-matter of the new science, without going into the preparatory details that the English psychologist considers necessary. As a matter of fact the two books are complementary to each other. Professor Ross makes a daring and not unsuccessful attempt to adumbrate a complete science, but he is keenly alive to the necessary imperfections of a first sketch. He is more anxious to prepare the way than to proclaim hard-and-fast principles. His sub-title is significant: "An Outline and Source Book." One is rather misled by the words into

expecting a somewhat full bibliography; but the sources referred to are rather those from which materials may be found for the prosecution of the study. As a matter of fact the book contains a great mass of material gathered from all sources. A very large number of writers is laid under contribution, and the resulting copious quotations fully justify the sub-title.

Logically Mr. Macdougall's book precedes Professor Ross's. The first lays down the fundamental principles on which we may treat human nature, the second applies those principles to the general problems of social interaction. In the third book* of the trio, Mr. Graham Wallas supplies some admirable illustrations of the applications of the general principles of Social Psychology to a rather special and very important field. One is tempted to wish that the three books had appeared in their proper order—Macdougall, Ross, Wallas—with a year's interval between each, so that each of the more concrete writers might have had the advantage of the pure psychologist's more abstract but thoroughly constructive work. But their simultaneous appearance has many compensations. Each author has had to work out his general principles for himself, and we are thus provided with an excellent opportunity of comparing results of independent research in the same field. As it is, Mr. Macdougall must have a good deal of satisfaction in applying his general principles to the applications found in the other two volumes, while the other two writers will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have come to conclusions that will stand the test of verification by a different method. Besides, had the books appeared in the seriatim order, the two later volumes would certainly have lost in spontaneity and freshness of presentation, and nothing could be better than the present two volumes from this standpoint. They are, indeed, intensely interesting.

Reverting to Mr. Macdougall's book, there is nothing that more clearly proves the freshness of his point of view than the lack of terms to describe the facts of the new science. In all cases of interaction there are the active and the passive aspects of the process, and very frequently we find that language supplies a term for only one of these aspects. In education, for example, we have the two correlatives teacher and pupil. But these refer exclusively to the relations in the process of teaching. When it comes to be a matter of education as opposed to mere teaching, we are left with only the active term *educator*. There is no passive correlative, so writers are compelled to use roundabout phrases, such as "the person to be educated." Those who have occasion to write technically on this subject are reviving an old term, the *educand*. So we find Mr. Macdougall reduced to use the words *agent* and *patient* as technical terms to represent respectively the active and the passive persons in any case of social interaction. In dealing with the three processes represented by the terms *suggestion*, *sympathy*, and *imitation*, he is even harder pressed. "In each case," he says, "we need a pair of words to denote the parts of the agent and of the patient respectively." Indeed, M. Tarde extends the meaning of the one word *imitation* to cover all three processes on the passive side. But even thus there is a correlative word required to include the three processes on their active side, and to fill this gap Mr. Macdougall uses the words *impress* and *impression*.

A characteristic of all three writers is an almost vehement determination to allow nothing to interfere with drawing the conclusions to which their science leads them, irrespective of consequences. Mr. Macdougall says quite plainly that "Psychology must not allow its investigations and theories to be biased by moral needs," and Mr. Wallas makes merry over those writers who neglect what human

* "An Introduction to Social Psychology." By William Macdougall. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

* "Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. 6s. net. (Constable & Co.) [This work was recently reviewed, in a different connection, in these columns.]

nature is in favour of what human nature *should be*. It is idle to talk at large about the ideal man. Mr. Wallas wants to know what we would think of a doctor who began a medical treatise by saying: "The ideal man requires no food, and is impervious to the action of bacteria, but this ideal is far removed from the actualities of any known population." But while it is essential that we should know human nature exactly as it is, there is nothing to hinder us using all our knowledge, when acquired, to modify that human nature. The whole problem of education is here involved, and an educational parallel to Mr. Wallas's political manual would be very acceptable. Perhaps the most valuable educational suggestion in the three books is Mr. Macdougall's two important differences between the truly moral man and the prig. The moral man adopts a praiseworthy attitude for its own sake, the prig adopts it because it is praiseworthy; the prig's ideal is easily within reach and he is self-satisfied, the moral man's ideal is never attained, so he is continually being stirred up to effort.

Mr. Macdougall's system is admirably built up. Its foundation is laid in the distinction he draws between the instincts and the sentiments. Adopting the view that instincts are "certain innate specific tendencies of the mind that are common to all members of any one species . . . that can be neither eradicated from the mental constitution of which they are innate elements, nor acquired by individuals in the course of their lifetime," and following those who maintain that "man has at least as many instincts as any of the animals, and assign them a leading part in the determination of human conduct and mental process," he goes on to develop the theory that we have certain general innate tendencies such as suggestion and imitation, but also certain more or less specific tendencies. Following Mr. A. C. Shand, he regards the latter as sentiments. "Our emotions, or more strictly speaking, our emotional dispositions, tend to become organised in systems about the various objects and classes of objects that excite them." It is obvious that this view at once removes psychology from the individual to the social plane. We become different according to the persons and things round which we organise our emotions.

Discarding the view that pleasure and pain are in themselves springs of action, and regarding them as serving rather to modify instinctive process, Mr. Macdougall treats the instinctive impulses and the acquired habits of thought and action as the powers of the human mind leading to thought and action. Reducing the primitive instincts to the following seven: repulsion, fear, pugnacity, curiosity, subjection (the negative aspect of self-reference), self-assertion (the positive aspect of self-reference), paternal instinct (or the tender emotion), he combines them in the most ingenious way to form the various sentiments that our experience makes us acquainted with. Thus hate is made up of repugnance, fear, pugnacity, curiosity, and subjection; while love is made up of all the seven primitive instincts except repulsion. According to this scheme *admiration* is a binary compound made up of curiosity and subjection in varying proportions, while *awe* is a tertiary compound in which fear is added to the two previous instincts. On this scheme of the combination and interaction of instincts and sentiments, Mr. Macdougall is able to build up a consistent theory of character formation that is not only useful in itself, but makes an admirable preparation for the study of the interplay of personalities in society. His treatment of volition in relation to libertarianism and determinism is remarkably free from the serious objections to which most writers on this thorny subject expose themselves. In another connection the whole chapter would well repay full discussion, but for our present purpose it is enough to quote his final definition of volition: "The supporting or re-enforcing of a desire or conation by the co-operation of an impulse

excited within the system of the self-regarding sentiment." It will be readily seen how skilfully this definition is arranged to fit into the scheme by which Mr. Macdougall correlates the development of the individual with that of the society in which he lives. The actual application of his scheme to the life of societies is compressed into less than ninety pages. Though the space devoted to technical Social Psychology is thus limited to a "Section II," that covers only about a quarter of the whole volume, it cannot be said that the book does not justify its title. Though there is nothing fresh introduced in this final part, it has all the originality that is implied in the application of the carefully worked out scheme of the main body of the work.

It would be a matter of reproach that the intellectual elements do not get their fair share of attention, were it not that Mr. Macdougall expressly states that he is reserving the full consideration of this branch of the subject for another volume. Older writers would have done the intellectual part first as the more fundamental, but in the three books under discussion there is a marked distrust of the intellect in relation to social reactions. We are far too apt to think that our dealings with one another are based upon reason. "But," Mr. Macdougall tells us, "mankind is only a little bit reasonable and to a great extent very unintelligently moved in quite unreasonable ways. The economists had neglected to take account of the suggestibility of men which renders the arts of the advertiser, of the 'pushing' of goods generally, so profitable and effective. Only on taking this character of men into account can we understand such facts as that sewing machines, which might be sold at a fair profit for £5, find a large sale at £12, while equally good ones are sold in the same market at less than half the price." In the same strain Mr. Wallas begins the first part of his book with the statement: "Whoever sets himself to base his political thinking on a re-examination of the working of human nature, must begin by trying to overcome his own tendency to exaggerate the intellectuality of mankind." Then he proceeds to establish his point in a chapter on "Impulse and Instinct in Politics" that reads like a series of examples of the application of Mr. Macdougall's theories. But Mr. Wallas goes farther, and warns us that not only do we give intellect too high a place in our calculations of social reactions, but that we are very apt to assume that all inferences are of the same kind, and are produced by a uniform system of reasoning. He gives a whole chapter of illustrations of the fallacy that all our inferences are rational. This again is quite in keeping with Mr. Macdougall's results, though no doubt we shall hear more of this side of the subject in the promised second volume. Professor Ross is equally clear about the need to recognise mere impulse in the drawing of conclusions, as is shown in the very practical distinction he makes between the appeal to the judgment and to the feelings: "When means or methods are in question, we appeal to the judgment; when ends are in question, we aim at the feelings."

Professor Ross holds to the theory of the transmissibility of acquired characteristics by heredity, while Mr. Macdougall declines to follow Bagehot in a certain matter because "he wrote when biologists still believed with Lamarck and Darwin and Spencer in the inheritance of acquired characters."

Not only does Social Psychology come to self-consciousness in these three remarkable volumes, but they are an indication of the awakening of social consciousness to its own existence. In the education of the individual there sometimes comes a time when he "takes himself in hand" and conducts the rest of his education for himself. The same sort of thing may come about in the education of a race. It is suggestive that to one of our three authors may be traced the origin of one of the most significant terms in this connection—"race suicide."

JOHN ADAMS.

BEETHOVEN.*

There was obviously need for a new life of Beethoven in English. Indeed, I might have omitted "new," for we have nothing in volume form, either new or old, at all worthy of the master—nothing, to qualify further still, at all worthy of any master. We seem as incapable of producing good biographies of musicians as of producing good criticisms of their music. Perhaps the one inability may explain the other—if both are not inexplicable; for why are we dumb in music, when we have produced classic biographies of authors, and admirable collections of literary criticism? I decline to admit that we are an unmusical nation. Our appreciation of the best in music may not be widely spread, but it is very true and just; and we have produced, though not very often, composers of undoubted, if limited, genius, ranging (to take wide extremes in time and character) from the comic operas of Arthur Sullivan to the church music of William Byrd. In spite of all this, our musical criticism is the worst in the world. Could you name three volumes of really excellent work in musical criticism, as easily as you could name thirty volumes of excellent work in dramatic or literary criticism? The silliest parts of our newspapers are those that report musical performances—their very worst book-reviews are positive literature compared with their very best music-notices. I am fiercely interested in music, and only moderately interested in horses; yet I am delighted by what the newspapers say about Pretty Polly, and disgusted by what the newspapers say about Beethoven. The aggressive stupidity of bad old critics like Chorley and Davison was at least provocative, and so better than the pointless fatuity of present-day writers. You could count upon one hand the men now among us who either write, or have written, worthily about music.

Obviously, the nation that cannot produce good criticism of an art will not produce good biography of the artists; and so for the literature of music we must continue to rely upon the invaluable German and the occasional Frenchman. Our poverty makes Mrs. Diehl's volume specially welcome. For all general purposes it is the best account of Beethoven's life to be had in English; it is readable, and, as a special merit, it never dehumanises one who, with all his Titanic power, had the appealing helplessness and simplicity of a little child.

Perhaps the truest view of Beethoven's life could be given, not in a biography, but in a tragedy. Conceive him, this incarnation of the power of sound, this leonine man, with the deep, dark eyes, the swarthy, rugged face, the vast, impendent brow, the crown of wild black hair, and the poor deaf ears that heard nothing at least, as we lesser mortals hear—of his own mightiest evocations! Can you think of any incident more moving than the concert at Vienna in May, 1824—three years from his death—when for the first time were produced the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D? There in the midst stands Beethoven himself, forlorn, isolated, completely unconscious of the mighty volumes of sound surging around him—the praise of Joy the god-descended, and the adoration of the Lamb, God-given for the world's iniquities. The singers cease—he does not know; the audience applaud—he cannot hear. Some one turns him round that he might see their tribute; and then the assembly, remembering his tragic fate, are seized with compassion and add tears to their storms of applause.

Born to abject poverty, son of a drunken,

* "The Life of Beethoven." By Alice M. Diehl. 20s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

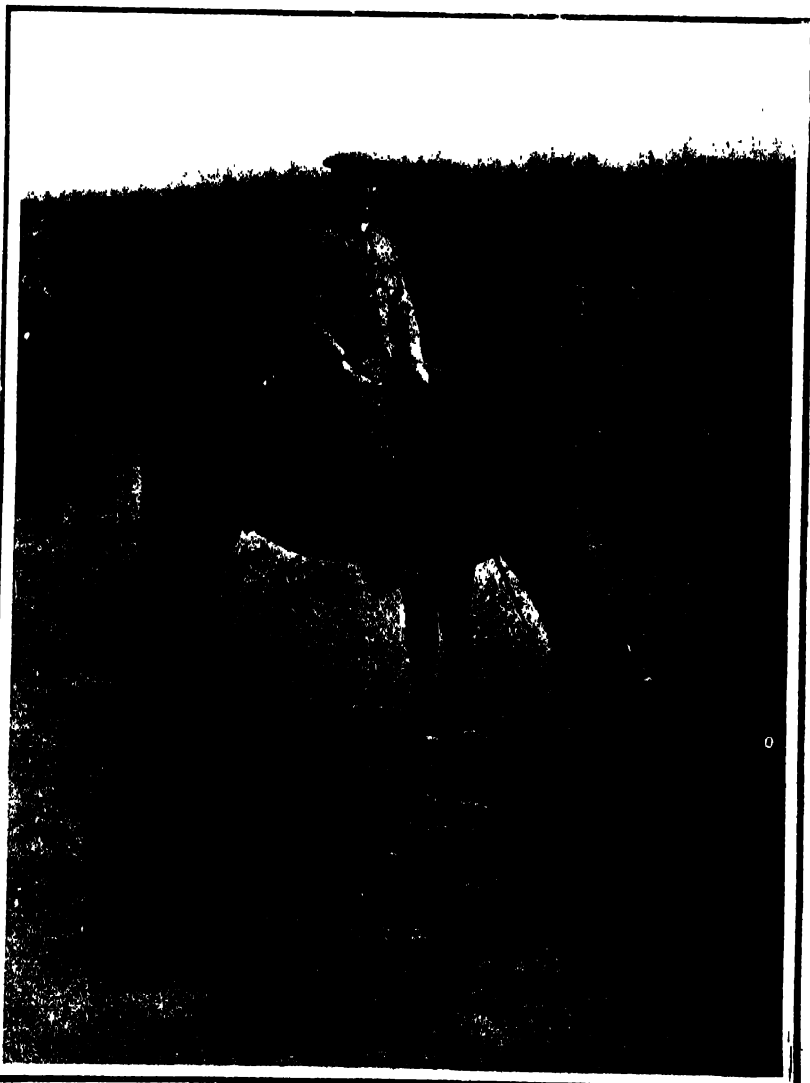
dissolute father, brother of men without gifts or principles, he was himself one of the whitest souls that ever took flesh in this unholy world. He was almost fierce in his chastity, and when the world had bruised him, he clung for comfort to good women as innocently as a hurt child runs to its mother. In nature, too, he found comfort, and he saw much, even though he heard nothing. He was magnificent even in his faults—his anger, his injustice, when he found that men whose virtues had been created by his own magnanimity proved to be but faulty beings in a world out of joint. Yet he was not always in the mood of tragedy. The web of his life is shot with humour and with geniality, and in all his works—typified and epitomised in the greatest of his overtures (the greatest ever written)—Despair is startled and banished by the trumpet-call of Hope. And mark how the world rewarded this man. It gave him poverty; it condemned him to endure the insulting patronage of Viennese princelings; it flung him away to die in a corner, and forced him to utter, even from his death-bed, a bitter cry of want. Is it not a theme for tragedy? He was deeply religious, as the world conceives religion; but within his soul he knew that his music was a religion and himself a god. "I am Bacchus," he says, "pressing the wine that shall make men drunk with the Eternal Verity."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

LEAST-KNOWN EUROPE.*

When a writer has visited countries of which most people are completely ignorant but about which they find

* "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. 16s. net. (Seeley & Co.)



Major Percy Henderson.
From "A British Officer in the Balkans" (Seeley & Co.)

themselves reading nearly every day in the newspapers, and has the power of recording his impressions in a pleasant, interesting manner, he is justified in expecting that a book on his experiences should be popular. Such a success is well deserved by Major Henderson. He has an eye for the picturesque—as the many beautiful photographs with which this volume is illustrated amply testify—and a happy knack of recording incidents which combine to conjure up before the reader a vivid picture of the Balkan countries. Nor is the book without a directly practical value as well; for Major Henderson gives a number of hints as to the best seasons for visiting these countries, the routes to be followed, and so forth, which should be of distinct service to anybody who is on the look-out for some new field for a holiday and has scarcely realised that Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia and Montenegro, are both within easy reach of London and “offer few difficulties in the way of transport or accommodation.” Not that Major Henderson’s standard of judging these matters may not, perhaps, be that of the experienced traveller rather than of the ordinary holiday-maker. The Balkans assuredly are not lacking in “local colour,” and not every one might care to travel to Cetinje along a precipitous hill road so tortuous that at one point you can count “fifteen double loops of white ribbon-like road stretching down the face of the precipice beneath you”; more especially as the car-drivers have a casual trick of getting off the box, flinging the reins over the horses’ backs and “walking on the inner side of the narrow road, playfully flicking the animals with the whip, and so inducing them to take the outside edge of the path.” To read this book is to realise that Disraeli was right when he declared that there are still adventures for the adventurous.

TOLSTOY.*

The first fifty years of Tolstoy’s life take us to 1879, when he wrote the “Confession” that marks the chief turning-point in his life. Tolstoy was always a teacher with a passion for reforming the world, but until the period of the “Confession” the teacher kept company with the artist in a desultory, and not always harmonious, manner. Mr. Aylmer Maude has therefore left his appreciation of Tolstoy’s main tenets to the volume promised for next year, “The Life of Tolstoy: Last Three Decades.” The one before us, though it covers “Peace and War” and “Anna Karénina,” is one of preparation. Tolstoy is fifty years old at the end of it, but he has not ceased to surprise us. His development is so various and active that you can “see him grow” like a child. The book before us is almost entirely biographical, and it would have been a more perfect, or rather a more polished, book had it been completely so. It is, for example, out of place here to say that the “Confession” shows us what had been going on in Tolstoy’s mind and soul from 1874 to 1879, “though no doubt with some amount of artistic heightening.” But that is only worth mentioning because it is a trifle. Had there been much of this criticism, it would of course have passed without notice.

It is a wonderful book, a most modest and faithful arrangement of material from the writings, professedly revealing him or not, of Tolstoy and his contemporaries, and from the personal intercourse of Mr. Maude and others with the man. All the details tell, and they are impressive also in their bulk. They are of an infinite variety, showing us the youthful or the maturing Tolstoy in the presence of men and women of

all classes—soldiers, authors, princes, landowners, officials, children, relatives, gypsy girls. It depends in no way upon Tolstoy’s eminence for its profound interest. Nor even is it interesting only because it leads up to the noble simplicity of the “Confession” with its painfully unaffected meeting of the one great difficulty of life: “I knew I could find nothing along the path of reasonable knowledge, except a denial of life; and in faith I could find nothing but a denial of reason, still more impossible to me than a denial of life.” For at every point we are in view of that rare and, always fascinating and tremendous spectacle of a nature thoroughly alive, in vital relation with the world of men and women and Nature and ideas. His life has none of the beautiful but so often narrow consistency of purely artistic natures, where a good angel has taken care that there shall be no disorder. There is, indeed, many a strange prophecy of the mature man in the passions of the child, as when his tutor St. Thomas threatened to flog him, and young Tolstoy “experienced a dreadful feeling of anger, indignation, and disgust, not only towards St. Thomas himself, but towards the violence with which he was threatened.” But there is also the dissipation, redeemed only by its abandonment, the champagne, gambling, gypsy girls, and so on. In order to appeal to every one he seems to have been condemned to be every one. One thing he never ceased to be, an aristocrat. There have been men, not aristocrats, of high courage and fearless obstinacy; but they have perhaps been usually men of a lesser range, of one or few burning ideas.

But of such apparent impudence of egoism we must turn to the aristocrats for the finest examples. Well might he say that “in his opinion incompatibility between a man’s position and his moral activity is the surest sign of truth.” But exquisite conscientiousness grew out of we know not how many revulsions. He was by nature the least amenable of children and men to discipline, and Mr. Maude is careful to point out the many occasions on which Government, law, and officials developed that nature by antagonism. One of the strongest principles of what appears to be human progress is the relaxation of discipline from without and the strengthening of discipline from within the man. It is true of nations, and it is true of individuals. Tolstoy himself embodies the principle. And this is not an easy progress for an aristocrat to make, since upon him less than upon other men does the weight of external discipline fall with an awakening violence, and it is therefore easy for him to enjoy a kind of freedom without an effort, and to disparage the efforts of the less fortunate. But Tolstoy, bold and critical towards others, could not live without effort; he was equally bold and critical towards himself, even when he was unconcernedly throwing stones through his own glass house. It would not be discreet, and it would not be fair, in view of all the facts, to lay stress upon one point that Mr. Maude has made, but it is worth mentioning in this connection:

“The detachment from the real business of life in which young Russians grew up, and the comparative isolation in which they lived on their country estates, explain the extremely radical conclusiveness often arrived at by those of them who wished to make the world better. Chain a man to the heavily laden car of social progress, and he can only advance very slowly, though every advance he does accomplish represents much effort, and is of practical importance. Detach him from that car, and he may easily and pleasantly fly away on the winds of speculation to the uttermost realm of the highest heaven, without its producing any immediately perceptible result in the lives of his fellow men.”

This, by the way, serves to show that Mr. Maude, while scrupulously faithful to the meaning and facts of Tolstoy’s life, preserves a thoroughly Western attitude which will no doubt give most of his readers the more confidence in him and in his prophet. Another point of the same kind is that Tolstoy has often shown himself conspicuously careless or unable to take care of small matters of detail, whether he suffered or not as a result. But in spite of those things,

* “The Life of Tolstoy: First Fifty Years.” By Aylmer Maude. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

and not altogether in spite of them either, the effect of the "Life" is to put Tolstoy's achievement—both as an artist and as a teacher—upon a firmer foundation than ever. We see that if his speculation rises "pinnacled dim in the intense inane" it is rooted as deep as the mountains in a wide and a sleepless experience, physical, mental, and spiritual, of which the record supplies a natural complement and in some ways an antidote to his artistic work.

EDWARD THOMAS.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.*

It is scarcely surprising that the career of Ninon de l'Enclos should attract the biographer. A woman who, after starting a life of gaiety at sixteen or seventeen, could keep her beauty and continue to have lovers till old age, was, it is obvious, no ordinary woman. But Ninon was uncommon in other ways than in loveliness of person and extravagance of passion. She had also intelligence and wit—enough intelligence to be able to win the love of such men as Coligny, the great Condé, Rochefoucauld, the Marquis d'Albret, and the Maréchal d'Estrées, and to count among her friends Scarron, Molière and St. Evremond, enough wit to be able to "run" a salon and to attract to it in her later years some of the most distinguished ladies of her time, including Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Coulanges, Mme. de la Ferté, and Mme. de Lafayette. Mme. de Sévigné had every reason for hatred of the fickle Ninon, yet even she fell a victim in the end to the charm of her rival's conversation and personality. But Ninon de l'Enclos has other claims on our attention—she refused to act as Richelieu's spy, she did her best for the Court during the troubles of the Fronde, and she won the friendship, which alone would prove her remarkable adaptability, of the woman whom Louis XIV. ultimately honoured with marriage, Mme. de Maintenon. Finally, with all her frivolity and light-hearted pursuit of pleasure, she was a creature whom the Fates singled out to play a part in one of the most horrible tragedies of passion that could well be conceived, one of her sons, the story goes, who had been brought up in ignorance of his origin, fell madly in love with her, and could only be cured of his infatuation by the true account of their relationship, which made him end an impossible situation by suicide.

A heroine with so extraordinary an experience as hers was bound to inspire many biographies, the latest of the series comes from the pen of Helen Kendrick Hayes. This is a vivacious record of Ninon's adventures from the time that she rode as a boy-soldier in her father's regiment to the day on which she faded out of life at the age of eighty-six; but it scarcely justifies its ambitious title, "The Real Ninon de l'Enclos." A title of that sort suggests a "life" in which the author quotes authorities for every statement and furnishes the reader with material for testing its accuracy. Helen Hayes's book is just a popularly written narrative coked out by transcripts of the letters, mere letters of compliment—which passed between Ninon and St. Evremond when both were octogenarians, and by a resumé of the opinions held of Mme. de l'Enclos by her contemporaries and by one of her ablest biographers, M. Armand Bourgeois. The author herself has not thought it necessary to adopt towards her heroine the attitude of either the prude or the preacher, but on the other hand she has sedulously avoided the romanticising of vice. She is evidently of opinion that Nemesis itself, in the history of Ninon's own son, pointed sufficiently the moral of so irresponsible an existence as hers. Perhaps Miss (or Mrs.) Hayes exaggerates somewhat the intellectual side of Ninon's

epicureanism and over-emphasises the influence of her father and of Montaigne and of such sceptical friends as St. Evremond on her conduct. After all, she was born with a temperament that would have fulfilled itself with or without the excuse of any reasoned philosophy.

F. G. B.

BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.*

To whatever height of popularity a good book may attain, in order to establish its fame on a basis that is constant rather than variable, some ideal, lesson, or example worthy of study and of imitation must be set forth within its pages. Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier" fulfilled this condition to a remarkable degree. It succeeded in depicting, as Spenser aimed at depicting in his "Faerie Queen," "a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline," and its vogue will last "while courts shall last, princes endure, ladies and knights meet together, and valour and courtesy have an abode in our souls." Nevertheless, ideals grow dim, lessons and examples fade, courtesy and chivalry are hidden at times beneath the bustle and din of existence, and an occasional reminder that it is possible to contemplate them anew is very acceptable. Such a reminder is before us in "Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance."

The author divides his work into two parts. The first is devoted to the life and times of Baldassare Castiglione, the latter to his writings. It is a daring task to give an abridged version of such a well-known work as "The Book of the Courtier," with personal annotations and adaptations, but the author has successfully retained the essential spirit of the theme, and modestly expresses the hope that this "dim foretaste of its beauties" may serve to send readers to a complete edition of "the most representative book of the Italian Renaissance."

Castiglione's character and reputation were summed up at his death by Charles V. in the words, "one of the finest gentlemen in the world is dead." His life is not a record of success and fame, but of courage, honesty, and courtliness in difficult places and times of stress and against odds and disadvantages. Great names appear in his story: Isabella and Beatrice d'Este, the Duke of Urbino, Gonzaga, Medici, the lovely Duchess Elizabetha, Raphael, Charles V., the Duc de Montpensier and many others. The romance of Castiglione's marriage with Ippolita Torelli was short and sad, his work as ambassador and Papal Nuncio disappointing and inconclusive, the sack of Rome a blow under which he staggered and from which he never recovered. The golden years of his life were those spent at the Court of Urbino, an enchanted land to him, ruled by an incomparable lady, by whom he was inspired to write of those who gathered round her. It is upon this record that his fame depends. Castiglione lived in stirring times, in the rush of a new movement, new art, new aims; a great political drama was being played, one act of which was the struggle between François I. and Charles V. which culminated in the defeat and imprisonment of the French king. The material might have been worked into a strong and striking history, or a fine romance full of colour, life, and art. But the author has not succeeded in presenting either the one aspect or the other. While his book forms a readable sketch of times and manners, it is superficial and does not always enlighten. The subject seems to demand deeper and more serious study; it requires the firm touch of scholar, artist, and historian, and though Christopher Hare is a writer of some experience, his impressions appear to be gathered from books rather than from an insight into human nature and appreciation of individual character.

* "The Real Ninon de l'Enclos." By Helen Kendrick Hayes. 7s. 6d. net. (Sisley's Ltd.)

* "Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance." By Christopher Hare. 10s. 6d. (Harpers.)

NATURALIST AND MYSTIC.*

It was time to have another reading of Richard Jefferies, one of the very greatest of God's naturalists, and in the ripeness of time has come for once the right man in Mr. Edward Thomas. It was not always so—in 1887, for instance, when, at the height of his fame and in the flush of his reflected glory in the foundation of the People's Palace, Sir Walter Besant sat down to write in forty-eight hours or so what Mr. Garnett not unfairly calls his "benevolent, but fussy and bourgeois" Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. That it was a most kindly intentioned work from every point of view is quite unquestionable. But for an absolutely secondary and imitative novelist, who fits in, as we can now see, to an inappreciable gap between William Black and George Gissing, to patronise a poet-naturalist of original genius such as Jefferies was a superfluous provocation to the Ironical Spirits. And yet Besant had a glimmering of the truth about Jefferies, which is more than can be said for Henley, who loved to regard him "as a kind of literary Leatherstocking." Henley, in short, regarded Jefferies as an inferior Alphonse Karr, a second-hand and second-rate Gilbert White. Lowell wrote once of this last-mentioned naturalist how he would annalise the comings and goings of a hedgehog or a chaffinch with the same assiduity and solemn diligence with which the presiding genius of the *Court Circular* chronicled the afternoon drive in Windsor Park of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice. So Henley wrote of Jefferies as the scandalous chronicler of the warren and the rookery—the newsmonger and intelligencer of creeping things, and things that fly and things that run. He could tell you with unexampled accuracy how many milestones there were on the Dover Road, he could map out a big tree for you, and tell you every industry that is practised upon or under its surface, as Figuiet, or Van Bruyssel has done in his "Population of an Old Pear Tree"; but for him the study of a tree never led to an understanding of the wood, still less of the cottage, which an English wood ought to connote. Jefferies could report the realities of nature. Reality, however, is but the beginning, the raw material of art; and Jefferies was not an artist, but a common reporter, who could not select, who could not inspire. And so, beside his stoats and hares, his pike and his rabbits and his moles, his men and women (the proper subject-matter of art) are of little moment, whence the Henleian conclusion that the total product of Jefferies' limited range and excessive activity was and must remain "a trifle disappointing." "He thought, poor fellow! that he had the world in his hand and the public at his feet; whereas, the truth to tell, he had only the empire of a kind of back garden." Henley is often so splendidly right, especially when dealing with writers of high literary lineage whose aristocratic traits are apt to be overlooked by the multitude, such as Sidney, Disraeli, Fielding—that one is sorry to have to record such a complete misprision of literary judgment as this. If, instead of Jefferies, we were to read Frank Buckland, it might perhaps be contended that so much information about rats and freaks could not be deemed consistent with a profound knowledge of the human heart. But this would hardly be just, even to Buckland. The most extraordinary thing about Jefferies is his steady advance and progress from natural history to nature worship, and to describe "The Story of My Heart" as a "Leatherstocking" tale is really about as felicitous as to describe "Paradise Lost" as a nursery rhyme. Mr. Henry Salt in his "Richard Jefferies, His Life and Ideals" of 1894 thoroughly appreciated the mystical side in Jefferies to which "Wood Magic" supplied the open sesame; and in his delightful little book we have a worthy precursor of the full-length study by Mr. Thomas. The mind of Jefferies is the subject of his latest bio-

grapher, rather than the man. It was predicted in 1888 that documentary evidence would come to light which would reveal a wonderful background to a series of books so intimate with the heart of Southern England as that commenced in "The Gamekeeper at Home." But the externals of Jefferies' life, so far as Mr. Thomas has been able to discover them amid the conflicting and reluctant testimony of rustic contemporaries and relatives, hardly seem to corroborate this view. Jefferies was not a letter writer, and every fragment of personal expression had to be converted into copy. He was a recluse from the manufactory of literary gossip, a lonely walker by day, his interests within doors concentrated upon his married life, his small library, his lamp and his manuscripts. He had to work extremely hard to make both ends meet, and his existence is almost unmarked by incidents save such as are connected with his progress from journalism to literature, and the miserable record from 1881 to 1887 of progressive ill-health. Into this sad part of his story is crammed everything possible in the way of "continued torture, necessity of work, poverty, anxiety and hope of recovery continually deferred," during which he lived successively at Surbiton, Brighton, Eltham, Crowborough, and Goring. As with Lafcadio Hearn, one feels that Jefferies must have been essentially a solitary artist. His inability to make friendships deprives his biographer of the chance of a really first-hand description by one competent to delineate his strange personality. To a synthesis of personal gossip, eked out with a stray letter here, a newspaper paragraph there, or a wandering rumour in any of his places of residence, the seriousness of Mr. Thomas's method and purpose does not readily accommodate itself. Of the sentimental side of Jefferies, of his attachments and of the fluctuating estimate formed of him by contemporary critics, we shall not find very much in these pages. Upon the influence of his native downs and the whole of his local environment and upon such autobiographical revelation as his own books afford, on the other hand, Mr. Thomas has concentrated profound attention—with admirable results. The first phase of Jefferies' work that counts coincides with his departure from Wiltshire. His satchel was already filled with country material that lasted for the rest of his life. Proximity to London gave him a new inspiration; but for a time he was content to write inventories of the farm, the village, the estate of England, past and passing, and all the paraphernalia of what Mr. Wells calls "the Bladesover régime."

He deifies a gamekeeper, tells the story of a rookery or a rabbit warren, narrates the life-history of a waggon, describes a Sussex plough or a harness belfry, and discovers the secret history of a poacher's lurcher. Several writers have done this kind of thing since, but very few indeed had done it before Jefferies, and those few to be found mostly, not in England but in France. Most readers of Jefferies that I have come across judge him by this part of his work, and by this part alone, illustrated in such books as "The Gamekeeper at Home," "The Amateur Poacher," "Wild Life in a Southern Country," and "Round About a Great Estate." Jefferies reverted to this applied natural history now and again in his later career in collections of essays such as "Nature Near London," when he was writing against time, but nearly always with an added note of reflection and melancholy. "The melancholy is not in the fair itself, nor in the droning of the roundabout—the plough-boy likes it! It is in ourselves, in the thought that thus, though the years go by, so much of human life remains the same—the same blatant discord, the same notorious roundabout, the same poor gingerbread."

But his present biographer is mainly concerned with the later phases and manifestations of the genius of Richard Jefferies. He gives us with a rare insight and sympathy a panorama of the landscape influences which contributed to his author's palette. His colours were not far sought. He went abroad but once or twice for short visits to Paris

* "Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work." By Edward Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

or Belgium. He seems never to have been in Wales, Scotland, or even in the north of England. The four foci of his intellectual and imaginative life were places so humdrum as Swindon, Surbiton, London and Brighton. But everywhere he went, whether it was "into the fields, to take what the sweet hour yields," or into Trafalgar Square, Bermondsey or Bloomsbury, he took with him the imagination of a poet, developing rapidly from "Wood Magic," "The Open Air" and "The Dewy Morn" to "After London" and "The Story of My Heart," into the illumination of a nature-mystic. The revelation of the inner beauty, of the penetralia of Pan, of the ecstasy of light and summer and of the life-spirit became in him, some would say a kind of momentary hysteria, or others, a variety of religious experience. He had, at any rate, that perfect conviction that the Deity was transpiring in him which characterises all the great mystics. He did not of course formulate it in a religious manner, but he felt it as a religion, and, as in the case of so many seers and prophets, his primary teacher was suffering, nay, physical pain. Much of his best work in "Bevis" and "Field and Hedgerow" was done in agony, when a footstep pained, and the slightest jar tormented. On a sick-bed he had those moments of exaltation in which the heavens opened and he had glimpses of beauty and of what the kindred spirit of Shelley calls "Nature's naked loveliness" which have been vouchsafed to the greatest poets alone. Mr. Thomas has seen and co-ordinated both sides of the greatness of Jefferies. He sympathises with Jefferies' genius as a reporter of nature. He recognises his limitations here, and the lack of that prime instinct for prose style which sometimes led Jefferies to imperil rather than enhance his meaning by expressing it. Mr. Thomas, in short, seems to us to possess precisely those gifts which are indispensable to an interpreter of Jefferies, and he has performed his work of interpretation with a spirit and in a style which lays all students of the poet-naturalist and of the land he has taught us to love under the deepest obligation.

THOMAS SECOMBE.

Novel Notes.

GREEN GINGER. By Arthur Morrison. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is evidently time that we revised our judgment of Mr. Arthur Morrison. Whilst we have been persistently classing him as a grim and sombre realist, he has been developing into one of the most delightfully irresponsible of humorists. Of course we knew from "That Brute Simmons," in his "Tales of Mean Streets," and from certain of the tales in his "Divers Vanities," that he had an abundant sense of humour, but we had not credited him with possessing the breezy, broadly farcical spirit of fun that fills the pages of "Green Ginger" with the best and heartiest food for laughter that you will find nowadays anywhere outside a book by Jacobs. Now and then, as in such stories as "Cap'en Jollyfax's Gun" or "The Copper Charm," he gives you quaint and excellent character-sketches; everywhere the descriptions of persons and places are touched in vividly and with his accustomed skill; but when all's said you come back to the story—the tale's the thing, and though it might be easy to decide which of them has the most ingenious plot, which embodies the most gloriously odd or ludicrous incident, it is very difficult indeed to look back over them and say, where all are so wholly amusing, which is the liveliest and most laughable. Perhaps it is enough to say that the present reviewer, a hardened specimen of his tribe, has read every one of them, taking them in their order, and was only sorry they were not twice as many, and that if you would

like to laugh, and to keep on laughing through three hundred and twenty-eight pages, you cannot do better than ask for "Green Ginger," and see that you get it.

STRANLEIGH'S MILLIONS. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Magazine readers—to say nothing of those who enjoyed this author's "Young Lord Stranleigh"—have already made the acquaintance of one who surely must be the most amiable millionaire in fiction or out of it. "Stranleigh's Millions" consists of half a dozen longish and loosely connected stories. They show signs of having been written in a hurry, for, though every one of them contains a good idea, the style is a little careless, and altogether Mr. Barr is hardly at his best in them. They seem to us especially to suffer from a weakness in dialogue; all the characters speak very much alike. Nor are these characters particularly like real people. However, this is the worst we can say of the book. The stories have ingenious plots and are cleverly constructed; they make good and amusing light reading; there are no "problems" and no moralisings; and Stranleigh is an engaging hero. It is perhaps unfortunate that the book should begin with "The Rise of the Bendale Stores," which we consider to be the worst story. However, if the reader has the good sense to persevere, he may be assured of amusement. There is practically no love interest, so we take it that the author intends marrying his hero in yet another volume. We hope that the success of "Stranleigh's Millions" may encourage Mr. Barr to write it.

MIRAGE. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Mirage" is a novel of the kind that the library attendant of the female species hands to her customers with the recommendation that it is "sweetly pretty." There is the rosebud heroine, the elderly wooer (with a bygone passion for the heroine's mother) who, for no very obvious reason, deludes himself with the idea that the young girl returns his love and is willing to marry him, and the young and eventually triumphant lover (of whom Mr. Thurston is moved to exclaim, in a flash of inspiration, "What a



Photo by F. W. Clark.

Mr. Arthur Morrison.

wonderful thing youth is!"). None of these things are very new, and, it must be admitted, there is an air of artificiality about the whole story; but it is pleasantly told, and the author has contrived to make a charming and picturesque figure of the old French nobleman whose pride will not allow him to admit his poverty, even to his friends. There is a touch of real pathos at the end of the book, where the disillusioned old man returns once more to the dreary, sordid boarding-house existence he had hoped to have escaped for ever.

THE MAN WHO LIVED. By Beryl Tucker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It was really a mistaken kindness on Miss Tucker's part to marry Sidney Hawke to the only person in her book who can be regarded with any sort of respect. Pia certainly was very much in love with him and quite ready to accompany him "out and away to the wilds," but one trembles for the result of the experiment. Sidney had been in the wilds before and in many other places, had "lived" in short, and had come back with the outlook of Upper Tooting, the insight of a schoolboy and the soul of a cad. On the very first page, where he is most minutely described, we are assured that "the observer would recognise a fellow-observer of more than common intelligence." Yet throughout the story he is misreading the plainest psychological data. Miss Tucker's ideas on the comportment of the sexes towards one another are curious. She is not particularly generous to her own sex and seems to think the attitude of selfish bounder is in men too natural and universal to call for question or censure. Which is not really so. Her knowledge, however, of male psychology is not exhaustive, and she has the foolish, though not uncommon, habit of claiming as solely women's thoughts and feelings which are shared equally by men. Neither is she very skilled in the unconventional woman. Such an one (we are frequently assured she is unconventional) would scarcely feel "a nervous tremor throughout her frame" just because a man, whom she did not know and was not going to love, fainted on her kitchen floor. Yet the book has its moments. Pia, at least, is a real human being. The scenes which she predominates are extremely well done. And there are a good many of them.

BEYOND THE SKYLINE. By Robert Aitken. 6s. (John Murray.)

Mr. Aitken has good stories to tell, and he tells them vivaciously. The main criticism we have to pass upon his method is that it is occasionally too allusive towards the end. It is no doubt very effective to hint or to suggest a climax, but the hint should be fairly obvious. Now and then Mr. Aitken's tales leave the reader in a slight confusion as to what exactly he is meant to understand by some enigmatic allusion. But the stories are excellently written.

"There is a world outside the one you know,
To which for curiousness 'E'll can't compare."

The world of these stories is curious and cosmopolitan enough; it covers India, Africa, Scotland, and the high seas, and it embraces comedy as well as tragedy. "A Second-class District," "Paquita," and "The Unlighted Shrine" perhaps show Mr. Aitken at his best as a raconteur, but all the stories are readable, and the general level of interest is much higher than in most volumes of this class.

THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS BLAKE. By Louis Becke. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Becke must be prepared for the conjecture that this autobiographical novel represents a diary of the author. Whether it is so or not, it is a vigorous, adventurous story of the South Seas which opens in the

year 1870 at San Francisco, and thereafter passes out into Mr. Becke's happy hunting-ground among the islands. Mr. Blake and his brother Vern were evidently capable young men. They prospered by hard work and hard knocks, and the book leaves them in a very different financial condition from that depicted in the opening chapter. But the zest of the story lies in its descriptions of whaling and treasure-hunting among the South Sea Islands. Mr. Blake met plenty of rascals there, and he tells of their misdeeds with great frankness. But he puts in a good word for the notorious "Bully" Hayes, who has acquired a legendary reputation for being a monster of depravity. As he appears in these pages, he certainly does not look a man who would have stuck at anything to gain his ends, so that Mr. Becke's certificate is all the more valuable.

ROGUES FALL OUT. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Sir Digby Cheynell is the victim of his butler and his doctor, who blackmail him on account of a crime which is supposed to have been committed years ago upon the person of his brother. Jack Hale, who goes to be his private secretary, is the means of unearthing the truth of the mystery, and, in the course of this involuntary task he not only has some stirring hours with the two rascals, but some amorous passages with Miss Jane Cheynell, the hapless and down-trodden niece of the house. When everything is cleared up, Jane's fortune is recovered for her, and Jack does not leave before offering his hand to Jane. Which is as it should be in that best-regulated of all worlds, the world of sentimental fiction. The sensational part of the book is more interesting than the sentimental, however. The authoress has given herself with all her heart to the episodes of plot and mystery, and Jack is one of the satisfactory lovers who knock down the villain at the right moment and who turn up in the nick of time to unmask the rogues, though he is better at kicking than at kissing when the moment comes. The novel is both engrossing and humorous, however, in spite of the tragedy which threatens at first to overpower the leading characters.

THE HAND OF THE SPOILER. By G. Sidney Paternoster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Paternoster has made a reputation as an author of sensational fiction, and in "The Hand of the Spoiler" he has written a book which will probably add one more to his list of successes in work of this kind. Lynton Hora makes an effective, if somewhat stagey, villain. He is an engaging gentleman who has brought up his adopted son, Guy, in accordance with some rather original views on the conduct of life. We confess that we do not find Hora's "philosophy" quite so convincing as the hero does. But there is no doubt about its effect, which is to make Guy a daring and original thief. For a time he is very successful, and even goes so far as to rob his prospective father-in-law. Then, however, Love intervenes in the person of Meriel Challis. Naturally, there are several difficulties in the way before a marriage with Guy is possible. However, Mr. Paternoster contrives an almost wickedly happy ending, in which the hero not only captures his beloved but escapes the just and extremely well-merited reward of his misdeeds. Altogether this is a thoroughly capable and interesting story, while the author shows powers of observation and construction that are above the average of this style of fiction.

A PRINCE OF DREAMERS. By Flora Annie Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a story of Indian life and Indian people, different from the rest of the author's novels in so far that the scene

is laid in the sixteenth century instead of in the India of to-day. It is a clever mingling of historical facts and historical characters with those that are purely imaginary: though, to be on the safe side, Mrs. Steel in her Preface makes clear the distinction between the two. It is scarcely necessary to say that the novel is full of poetry and dramatic intensity, or that it tingles with the life and beauty of the East and is overhung with the sense of mystery, for these are the qualities that have brought fame to the author. The canvas is very full, yet each figure, however small its part in the story, stands out vividly, and grips the imagination: the thumb-nail sketch (it is hardly more) of Mehr-un-nissa, the one female historical character in the book, especially calls for praise: this child of eleven, already hailed as "the Queen of Women," who years after became the wife of Prince Sa'ém, the King's son, is a brilliant and most interesting little study of character. Akbár, "the Prince of Dreamers," is, of course, the pivot round which the story revolves, and this King, swayed always by imagination, filled with pity for all suffering things, is always fascinatingly life-like, from the time when he first hears the song of Atma in his City of Victory to the end when he cries out for the man in him to be satisfied rather than the King. Splendidly conceived is Átma Devi, the woman who claims and obtains her father's office of bard and champion to the King—a splendid example of loyalty and courage: ready to die for the honour of the King, ready, if need be, even to sacrifice her honour for his sake. To analyse the characters in detail is impossible here; but we cannot take leave of the book without a passing mention of the pathetic episode of the little cripple girl Zarifa.

BETTY BRENT, TYPIST. By *W. G. (Werner Laurie.)*

We take it for granted that a novel by "Rita" will deal faithfully with those wicked rich people of the "smart set," and we are not allowed to be disappointed. Therefore when Betty Brent, a pure minded, innocent girl, beautiful and quite the lady (is she not the daughter of the late Professor Brent, that good and great man?), goes down to a country house in her professional capacity, we know that all sorts of unpleasant things may happen. For they are very "smart" people at the country house—"Lulu," Lady de Vigne, "Monty," Cis, Doncourt, Lady Gus, and the rest—and their morals and manners are deplorable. They smoke, and drink champagne, and speak rudely to each other, and go in for private theatricals, and even use slang and bad words, and they all, or nearly all, have titles. Of course poor Betty suffers, and we don't know what would have happened if it had not been for the kindness of the Lady Augusta, and the warm-hearted landlady, Mrs. Grayling, and that handy man her comic sailor son. However, it all comes right in the end, and some of the wicked are made to suffer, and virtue is properly rewarded. But it was surely remarkable that Professor Brent's daughter, aged nineteen, well-educated, and knowing French and German, had never heard of the story of Faust and Mephistopheles?

The Bookman's Table.

ROSSETTI. By Frank Rutter. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti did one thing besides leave behind him works of beauty. He left the problem of the Idea in painting more insoluble than ever. The doctrine of "Art for Art's sake" might have mastered us all by now, had it not been for him. Not that he actually refuted it; for his art, which was wrought in contradiction of its principles, is too full of defects to let us be sure that his poetic conceptions were not their cause. He was a poet-painter



How they Met Themselves.

"While at Paris on his honeymoon he completed his drawing of 'How they Met Themselves,' in which his own wife served as the model for the lady who swoons away as she meets the wraith of her lover and herself."

(From "Rossetti," by Frank Rutter, by kind permission of Mr. Fred Hollyer.)

whom Whistler must have charged with a confusion of two unlike things. And, as a fact, from the impatience born of his poetic spirit he was unable to chain himself sufficiently to the hard practice of the painter's craft, whereby the technique of his work has suffered; whilst, on the other hand, his verse has suffered from too great pictorial feeling. Many other painters and poets have had skill in the two arts, but none like Rossetti has throughout his life been balanced so irresolutely between them. And yet, with all the drawbacks consequent on such rivalry, the work that he brought forth will live by reason of its vision, and the question of the right of painters to be symbolists and thinkers, as well as makers of mere harmony in form and colour, will, in his work, call for answer. Mr. Rutter, in his pleasant little book, besides telling us once more the life story of this singular genius, discusses ably and critically the dual aspect of Rossetti's art—its consequent felicities and failures. He reminds us of the perfect subjectivity of his conceptions, of his frank aloofness from mere Nature. This in itself should have absolved him from the charge of sensuality so rashly brought. As to the weak rhymes and vowel-sounds often to be met with in his verse, Mr. Rutter ascribes these possibly to his Italian ear, but he will not excuse him for essaying often a simplicity untrue in one whose style was naturally ornate. Yet we cannot agree in condemning the redundancy of the last phrase of this lovely couplet:

"But only the one Hope's one name be there,
Not less, nor more—but even that word alone."

This booklet is an admirable relation of the life and work of the most original spirit breathing English air throughout the long course of the nineteenth century.

ROMANCE OF EMPIRE: INDIA. By Victor Surridge. 6s. net. (Jack.)

The latest volume in Messrs. Jack's "Romance of Empire" Series makes excellent reading. Mr. Victor Surridge has been very successful in catching the "atmosphere" of his subject, and his descriptions of fighting are vivid and—so far as we know—accurate. Though written

primarily for children (rather old children), to people with no overwhelming knowledge of one of the most important and almost certainly the most interesting of British possessions, this book should be very acceptable. It gives in three hundred pages a brief and interesting account of the more romantic incidents in the history of India between 1646 and the establishment of the Empire. By this means, while all the old familiar stories of heroism during the Mutiny are retold, several less well-known events in the earlier history of the country are included. In our opinion, these chapters make the best reading in the book, if only for the reason that their subjects are less hackneyed. We particularly like the story on page 114 of how a drunken sailor named Strahan managed single-handed to capture an important fort. On the following day he was ordered up for punishment. "'Well,' he exclaimed indignantly, 'if a flogging's to be the upshot, it's no me that'll be takin' onny more ferts for ye!'" And (remarks Mr. Surridge) there are no records in history to show he failed to keep his word." We know that this is not a new story, but it was distinctly worth retelling. The only criticism we would make is that Mr. Surridge is sometimes inclined to be a little wordy and to load his pages with rather too much colour. On the whole, however, he has fulfilled his task admirably. There is a small too small map, a careful index, and the book has also the advantage of a dozen clever coloured illustrations by Mr. A. D. McCormick, R.I.

TYBURN TREE: ITS HISTORY AND ANNALS. By Alfred Marks. 15s. net. (Brown, Langham.)

There is much in this remarkable book to move us to pity, and much to move us to shame and indignation. What unspeakable horrors have been committed in this England in the sacred name of law and under the solemn authority of the State! With extraordinary pains Mr. Alfred Marks has investigated the annals of Tyburn, and the sheer interest of his work compels us to stand with him and watch through six long centuries the procession of the doomed. The number of victims is estimated on a rough but very moderate reckoning at 50,000. "It is composed of all sorts and conditions of men, of peers and populace, of priests and coiners, of murderers and of boys who have stolen a few pence, of clergymen and forgers—sometimes of men who in their person unite the two characters—of men versed in the literature of Greece and Rome, of men knowing no language but the jargon of thieves. Cheek by jowl are men convicted of the most hideous crimes—men whose only offence it is that they have refused to renounce their most cherished beliefs at the bidding of tyrant king or tyrant mob. As a final touch of grim humour the ex-hangman sometimes figures in the procession, on the way to be hanged by his successor." Concerning the hangman Mr. Marks has many curious items of history to tell us, not the least of these being that Edward Dennis, the hangman condemned to death for taking part in Lord George Gordon's "No Popery" riots in 1780, was not really hanged after all, but was respited. But Dickens was quite right to hang him in "Barnaby Rudge." To wade through this story of Tyburn Tree is a task for those not easily affrighted by tales that are calculated to make the flesh creep. As a piece of historical research, done with the utmost care, the book is invaluable. It is a real contribution to a better knowledge of an earlier England—especially the England of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

VALLADOLID, OVIEDO, SEGOVIA, ZAMORA, AVILA, AND ZARAGOZA. By A. F. Calvert. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Not the least value of photography is its efficient ministry to reproduction and book-illustration. Thanks to photography, even the poorest of us may adorn his walls with

excellent copies of priceless pictures. Thanks to photography, we may buy at a small cost admirably illustrated monographs on great artists or famous cities. The camera can do what the brush and the pen cannot do except at a price, or cannot do at all. Yet such is the perversity of mankind, that the modern photographer turns his back on the main excellence of his art—its faithful and instant minuteness—and aims with oil and gum at producing claubes of sheep and smears of trees, which he will label with some tag of a title, taken at second hand from a book. A volume like the present is a complete justification for the existence of pure photography. It costs three-and-six and contains no less than four hundred and thirteen full-page plates, reproducing details of these Spanish cities with a fidelity impossible in any other process. What form of hand work could equal the camera in presenting us the Retablo in the Cathedral at Oviedo, the tomb of Archbishop Don Lope de Luna at La Seo, or the high altar in the Cathedral at Zaragoza?—and what would be the cost of a volume containing four hundred and thirteen original drawings? Mr. Calvert will forgive us for speaking of the pictures before his letterpress. His name carries its own recommendation. He is an old hand at this game, and his six chapters on the six cities of his title are altogether excellent. Oviedo, cradle of the Spanish kings, Zamora, city of warriors, Avila, shrine of St. Teresa, and the rest—their very names are music, the horns of Elfdand fall not richer on the ear, as Stevenson says of other matters. An admirable volume in this admirable Spanish series. We hope Mr. Lane will extend the idea to other lands.

POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. 1s. net. (Routledge.)

This is a timely reissue, in the cheap and tasteful "Muses Library" series, of the poetical works of Edgar Allan Poe. There has been a good deal of criticism poured out about Poe lately; uncompromising eulogists have tried to fit him with a wreath that is altogether too large for him to wear; and there have not been wanting detractors who, if their word was law, would have whittled his greatness down and made a very small thing of it. But when all is said, "The Raven" is not going to die of the few bathetic, uninspired lines with which it is marred; one or two of his lyrics are as nearly perfect as any of Shelley's, and his strong individual note and imaginative forcefulness give him his own high place among the poets of the English-speaking race. His essays on "The Poetic Principle," "The Philosophy of Composition," and "The Power of Words" are included in this volume, which is prefaced with a concise and wholly adequate biographical sketch of the poet by his best and best-known biographer, Mr. John H. Ingram.

MEMORIALS OF OLD LONDON. Edited by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Bemrose.)

This is the newest addition to the valuable series that Mr. Ditchfield is editing under the general title of "Memorials of the Counties of England"—the newest and, to the present writer's thinking, the most interesting. Each chapter is written by an expert who has made a special study of the side and period of London life that he deals with, and the various chapters concern themselves with London in Celtic, Roman, Saxon and Norman Ages; Mediæval London; Elizabethan London; the Clubs, ancient and modern, Inns, Coffee-Houses, Literary Shrines, Inns of Court, the City Companies, the Civic Institutions, and bygone life and manners of London at various stages of its history. The volumes are illustrated with numerous photographs, old prints, plans and drawings, and Mr. Philip Norman supplies two admirable frontispieces in colour. They are handsomely produced and to be read for pleasure no less than for instruction, since the history

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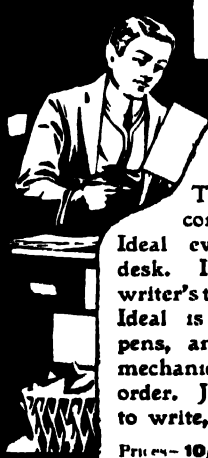
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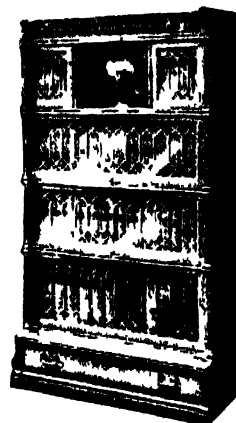


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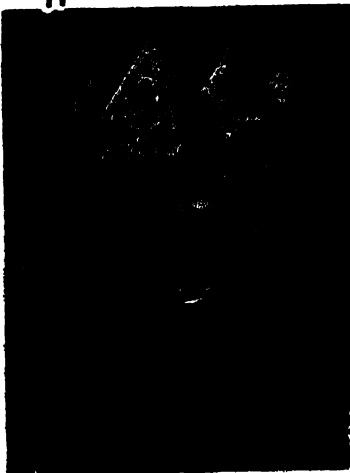
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The Real Boswell. By V. V. ... 32

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MELVILLE 34

The Lure of Eve 35

An Arctic Problem. By J. E.

PATTERSON 35

The Far East Again. By CLIVE

HOLLAND... .. 36

The Two Hungaries 37

Everything for the Best. By

THOMAS SECCOMBE 38

The Ways of the World 39

Scotland under the Stuart Restora-

tion. By WALFORD D. GREEN 40

Nineteenth-Century Poetry. By

ROGER INGPEN 41

Three Men and their Visions. By

FRANCIS BICKLEY 42

The Great Oyer of Poisoning. By

A. G. 42

A New Poet. By WALTER DE LA

MARE 43

NOVEL NOTES—

The New June—The Yellow God

The Firing Line—The Com-

pact—Geoffrey Cheriton—The

Gifted Family—The Sin of

Alison Dering—The Interrupted

Kiss—Money—The Two Good-

wins—The Dartmoor House that

Jack Built—Septimus 44-7

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Eliza Brightwen—Whistler—

Rubens—A Favourite of Napo-

leon—A Standard Bible Diction-

ary—Dictionary of the Bible

The Itinerary of John Leland—

Selected Poems 47-8

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 49

WITH 32-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

News Notes.

Professor Albert Leitzmann of Jena has edited a new edition of Humboldt's "Letters to a Friend," compiled from the original sources. This book discloses the painful fact that these letters, which were written to Charlotte von Diede and published by her, contain a great number of misrepresentations and deliberate forgeries. The first edition of the book appeared about sixty years back. The most interesting parts of the new publication are several letters from Humboldt concerning Goethe, in which he gently banters the receiver upon her aversion to the poet and especially on her anti-Werther fanaticism. He says: "I don't believe the tale that men have committed suicide through Werther. One doesn't kill one's self for a book; if such were really the case these unhappy people had only to accuse their disordered senses,

and not the poet." This and other letters in a similar strain were suppressed by the first editor, or deliberately altered, so as to produce a quite different opinion from that which Humboldt really had of the poet. *The new edition is published by the Insel Verlag of Leipzig.

"The All Red Series" of books that Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing are designed to give full and authoritative descriptions of the British Empire as it is to-day. The first volume in the series is "The Commonwealth of Australia," by the Hon. Bernhard Kingrose Wise, formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales; the second, which is now in preparation, will be "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur P. Douglas, Bart.

Mr. C. E. Lawrence's new novel, a story of modern London, was to have been called "Winged Victory," but has, at the eleventh hour, been re-named, and will be published by Mr. Murray with the title of "Much Ado about Something."

"An Incomplete Etonian," Frank Danby's new novel, will be published by Mr. Heinemann this week.

The name of Mr. Francis Grierson is not familiar to the average book-lover; his literary genius has blossomed late. He was born in Cheshire in 1848, and his parents emigrated to Illinois in 1849. He is a cousin of General B. H. Grierson, and on his mother's side he is related by blood to Viscount Wolseley; he is a direct descendant of Robert Grierson, the Redgauntlet of Scott's famous novel. Mr. Francis Grierson's father was an aristocrat of the old school who took it into his head to go to Illinois and live the life of a farmer. He became an American citizen, helped to elect Lincoln, and returned to England for good in 1871.

The two slender volumes of essays which bear Mr. Francis Grierson's name were issued in 1899 and 1901, and those who know "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament" know that they rank amongst the most stimulating critical volumes of the present generation. Mr. Grierson's first book, which was written in French, was published in Paris in 1889, and elicited warm praise from Maeterlinck and from the leading Academicians of Paris. His new volume, "The Valley of Shadows," which Messrs. Constable announce, forms the first part of his autobiography. It comprises a series of memories and impressions of his boyhood in Illinois during the wonderful years that culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. In

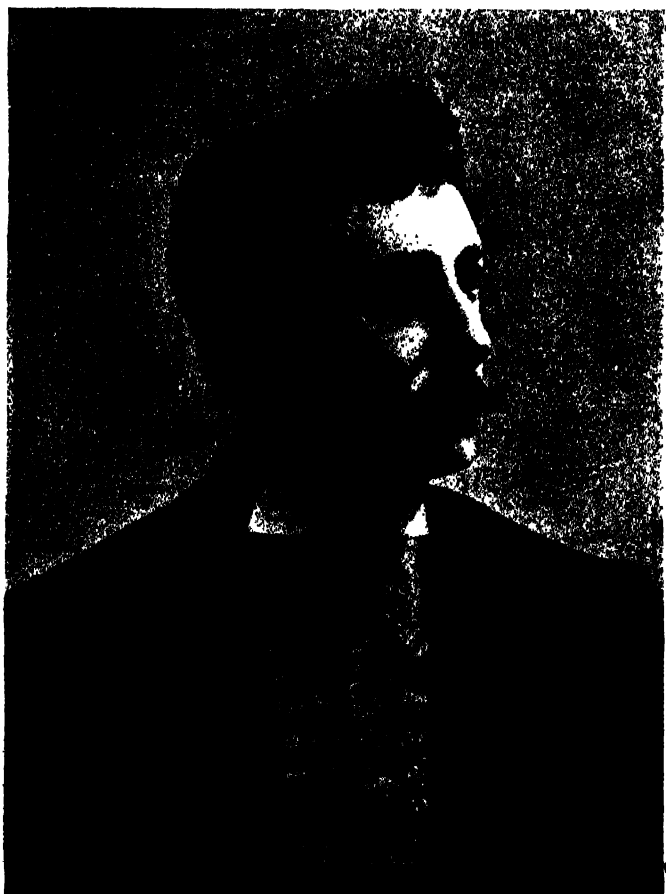


Photo by Russell & Sons.

Mr. Francis Grierson.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Tom Gallon.

a later volume Mr. Grierson hopes to tell of his wanderings in European countries as a musical prodigy.

Every novelist has either written for the stage or is going to. Mr. Tom Gallon says he finds that nearly every novel and short story he writes is pounced upon by some one desirous of obtaining the dramatic rights, so he is determined to devote more of his time, in future, to developing that side of his work. One recent story of his that appeared in a popular magazine brought him as many as fourteen applications for the dramatic rights in the course of a single week.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles is one of the most voluminous of living authors and editors; to say nothing of many books issued anonymously, there are over a hundred and fifty items down to his name in the catalogues of the British Museum, and Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing three new books of his this year: "Ballads of Brave Women," which is to appear almost immediately, and "A Book of Brave Boys" and "A Book of Brave Girls," which are in hand for the autumn. All three books are edited by Mr. Miles, who is also one of his own contributors.

Mr. Miles is perhaps best known for his amazingly

popular series of Reciters, but his most important work is "The Poets and Poetry of the Century," Messrs. Routledge's new edition of which, in twelve volumes, we review on another page. As a youth, Mr. Miles passed through all the departments of a publishing house, and the knowledge he so acquired has stood him in good stead, for nearly all his books have not only been initiated by himself, but have been published at his own risk. When you talk to him of the enterprising spirit that animates the British publisher, he smiles and tells you that as he could not find a publisher for the first of his "At Reciters," he published it himself, and sold half a million copies, and it is still selling daily. He had to produce also "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" at his own expense, and the ultimate success of the venture has amply justified him. In the preparation of this latter work he was greatly encouraged by Mr. Watts-Dunton and the late Dr. Richard Garnett, Dr. Garnett contributing a number of articles to the volumes and generously refusing all payment for them. Once again, when Mr. Miles originated his famous series of "Fifty-Two" books—the "Fifty-two Stories for Boys" and "Fifty-two Stories for Girls"—he could not find a publisher to take up the idea as a speculation, and it was not until nineteen volumes had been issued at his own risk that his publishers took over the property and paid him a handsome price for it. Two or three of these volumes have appeared annually since 1889;

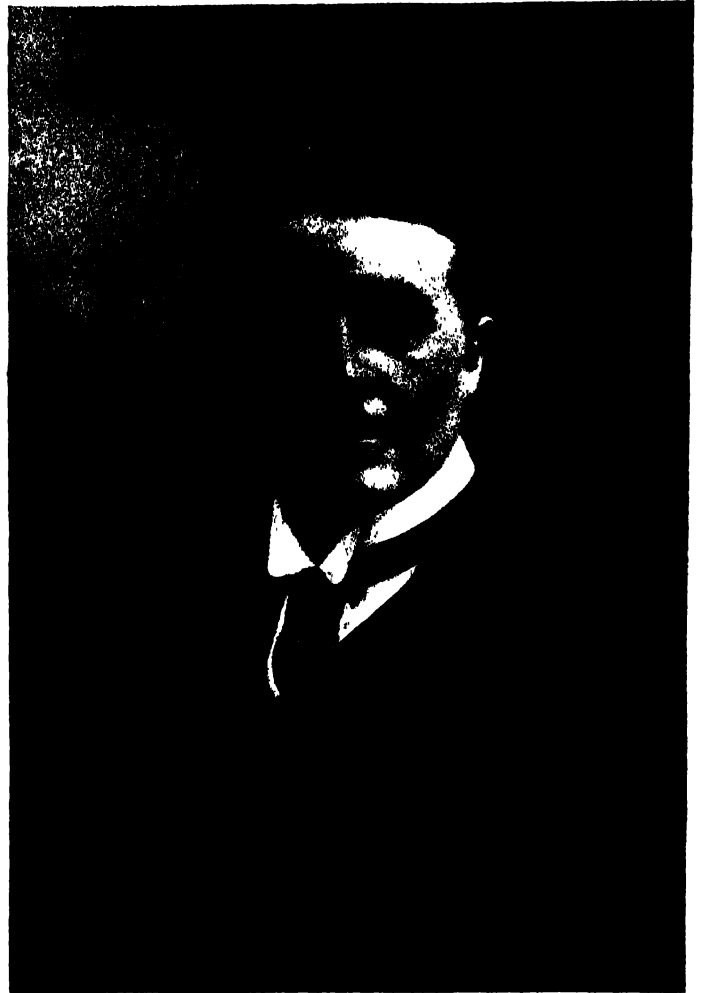
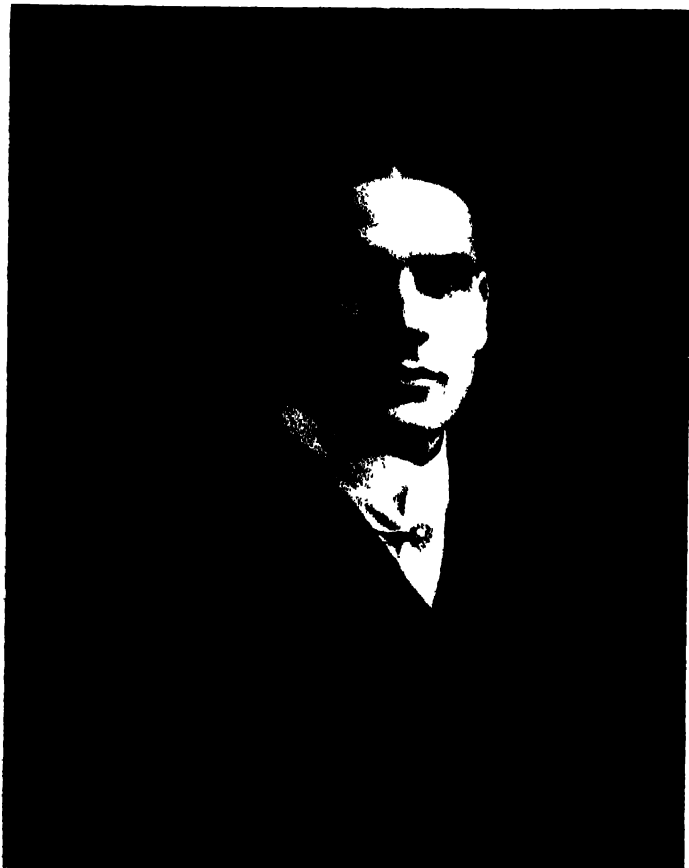


Photo by the Dover Studio

Mr. Roy Horniman.

a total of fifty-two of them have now made their appearance, and a quarter of a million copies have been sold.

**Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.**

Mr. Hope Hodgson is the son of an Essex clergyman. Unlike most authors of vigorous adventure stories, he has roughed it aboard ship and about the world, and is a notable athlete; moreover, he holds the Royal Humane Society's Bronze Medal for saving life at sea. He is still a young man, in the early thirties. His forthcoming book, "The Ghost Pirates," is the third in a sort of trilogy, of which "The Boats of the *Glen Carrig*" and "The House on the Borderland" were the first and second, and having published it he intends to set himself to develop a different type of story, which will, he says, enable him to put forth some of his fresher and older ideas.

Mr. Evelyn Nash is publishing a new novel by Roy Horniman. It deals with what Mr. Horniman calls the professional beauty period, to wit, the early 'eighties, and faithfully reproduces the society of that generation.

"Though I employ no press agency, I have seen

enough criticism of my books," says Mr. James Blyth, "to know that I am accused of over-drawing the sordid tragedy of village life in East Anglia, but only the other day I had the great pleasure of being thanked for my novels by the rector of a Suffolk village, who assured me that so far from having over-drawn the conditions which obtain, I have understated them." In "The Member for Easterby," which Mr. John Long is publishing, Mr.

Blyth has used two actions which occupied the Courts some twelve years ago to illustrate certain facilities for blackmail which are afforded by our divorce laws. In "The Penalty," which the same publisher has in preparation, he has tried to show the scandalous conditions under which employees are forced to live by the system which places so much female employment in the hands of alien managers of hotels and restaurants. Mr. John Milne is issuing a third new book of Mr. Blyth's, "Ichabod," which deals with the subject of alien immigration.



Mr. James Blyth.

Mr. Blyth was born in Norfolk, and when he is not putting the neighbouring villages under his literary microscope, he is star-gazing (having lately acquired an admirable three-inch telescope by Newton), and finds that nothing brings more home to a man the insignificance of the human race than the observation of the planets. His hobbies are photography and yachting, and the shooting of snipe and wildfowl. While he was at Cambridge he

made the acquaintance of Mr. Barry Pain, with whom he collaborated in writing "The Hand of the Unseen" and "The Luck of Norman Dale."

Before he began his career as a novelist Mr. Nat Gould did brilliant work as a journalist in Sydney and Brisbane; his signature of "Verox" was at one time familiar all over Australia, and later his novels, of which over six million copies have been sold, have established his fame as a sporting novelist wherever the English language is spoken. Mr.

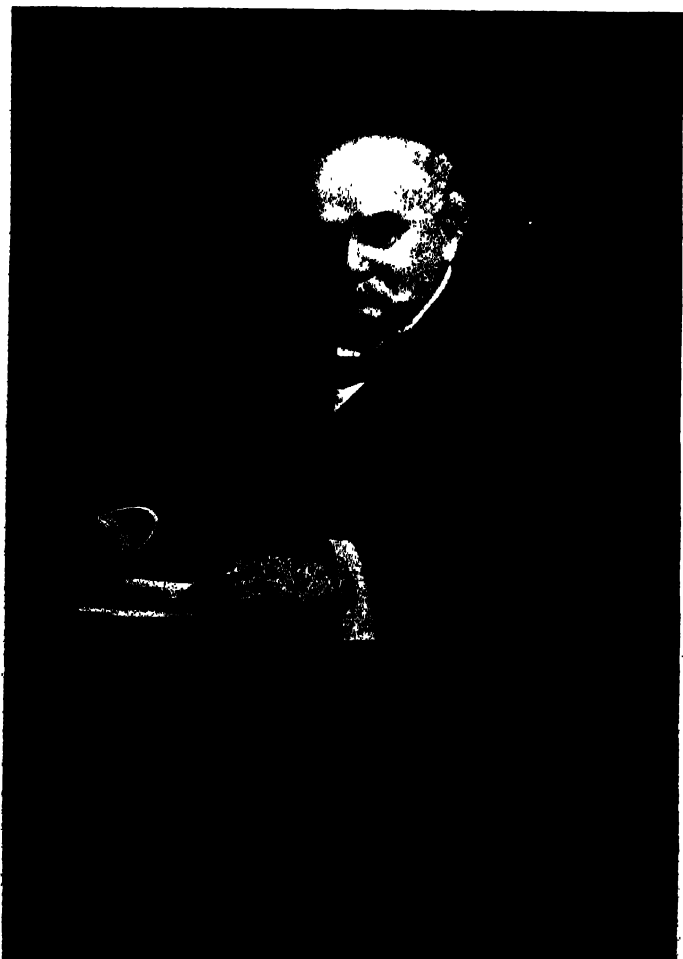


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Nat Gould.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. John Long.

John Long has now become sole publisher of all his new books, and in his latest work, "The Magic of Sport," Mr. Nat Gould pays a friendly tribute to his publisher that makes very pleasant reading.

Mr. Frank Sidgwick is a Cambridge man, and a cousin of Mr. A. C. Benson. He won the Chancellor's Medal for English verse in 1900, has edited several volumes of old ballads and poems, and has recently joined the ranks of London publishers. His first novel, "Love and Battles," has just been issued by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

The first number of Messrs. Cassell's *New Magazine* makes a very strong bid for popularity. It is attractively produced, devotes some dozen pages to matters of especial interest to women, has a humorous section, and an art supplement containing portraits of well-known actors and actresses, but is mainly given over to fiction. There is no serial, and acting up to a belief that what pleases the public in a magazine is not the notoriety of its authors but the goodness of their work, the editor, Mr. Newman Flower, gives fifteen varied and excellent tales ably illustrated by such artists as Cyrus Cuneo, Fred Pegram, Albert Morrow, Gordon Browne, and Paul Hardy. Mr. Newman Flower was born in the Thomas Hardy country twenty-nine years ago; has some vivid memories of Hardy's father; and



Photo by Russell & Son

Mr. Newman Flower.

is an enthusiast in whatever concerns Hardy and his work. All his early days were spent in Dorsetshire; twelve years ago he began life as a journalist, and for these last three years has been with Messrs. Cassell. He is responsible for the great success of the *Storyteller*, which he started two years ago, and now controls no fewer than five of the Cassell publications.

"Pretty Fanny's Way" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Murray Gilchrist which Messrs. Everett are publishing during the present month. It is a story of Derbyshire folk, and of the innocent mischief made by a pretty and irresponsible stranger who arrives among them.

The City, which puts out its fourth number in April, is a breezy and interesting little monthly, written and printed at Letchworth (the first of the garden cities) and published by Messrs. Dent. It touches particularly on matters of local interest to the garden citizens, and generally on whatever concerns the progress of the movement, its purpose being "the quickening of the civic spirit."

One of the most interesting centenaries of the year is that of the *Quarterly Review*. Its Centenary Number this month is to contain, in addition to centenary articles on Darwin and Tennyson, and all its usual features, a history of the Review from



Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge. **Mr. Frank Sidgwick.**

its commencement, with portraits of the editors and of some of the more important contributors.

John Barnett (Mr. J. R. Stagg) is a contributor to *Punch*, and has done much excellent work in the magazines. His two novels, "The Prince's Valet" and "The Luck of the Lanes," revealed him as a writer of marked ability; last year he made a very successful essay into lighter literature with his book of humorous stories, "Joseph, a Dancing Bear," and a few days ago Messrs. Smith, Elder published his new novel, "Geoffrey Cheriton," which we review on page 45.

Mr. J. H. Whitty, the well-known American critic, writes us a very complimentary note from Richmond, Va., on our Edgar Allan Poe Centenary Number, and says incidentally: "One looks in vain among the many published works of E. A. Poe for any reference to Goethe. Among other interesting writings of Poe in my possession which have been overlooked by all his biographers is the following note: 'It is really difficult to conceive what must have been the morbidity of the German intellect, or taste, when it not only tolerated but truly admired and enthusiastically applauded such an affair as "The Sorrows of Werter." The German approbation was, clearly, in good faith; as for our own, or that of the English, it was the quintessence of affectation. Yet we did our best, as in duty bound,



Mr. R. C. Lehmann.



Countess Martinengo Cesaresco.

Author of the forthcoming book, "The Place of Animals in Human Thought."

to work ourselves up into the fitting mood. The title, by the way, is mistranslated: "Lieden" does not mean sorrows, but sufferings."

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Charles W. F. Goss, chief librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute, who has kindly lent us from his unique private collection of such prints several of our pictures of Pepysian persons and places, including the view of old Cornhill that we reproduce on the cover.

Our thanks are due also to Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons and Mr. H. B. Wheatley, to Messrs. Cassell and to Messrs. Chapman & Hall for others of the Pepys illustrations; to the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge, with whose consent we reproduce, as one of our presentation plates, the portrait of Pepys in their possession; to Mr. John Lane for the Carlyle portraits; to Mr. Alexander Carlyle for permitting us to use as our second presentation plate the miniature of Jane Welsh, which is reproduced in colour in "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh"; and, in connection with other of our illustrations, in the ordinary pages of *THE BOOKMAN* and in the Supplement, to the various publishers to whom due acknowledgments are made elsewhere.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1 to May 1, 1909.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

- ALLEN, J. W.—The Place of History in Education. 5s. net.
 BRACKENRURY, GEN. THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY, G.C.B., K.C.S.I.—Some Memories of My Spare Time. With Portraits. 5s. net.
 COMBE, MRS. KENNETH.—Cecilia Kirkham's Son. 6s.
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 LINDSAY, JAMES, D.D.—Studies in European Philosophy. 10s. 6d. net.
 OLE-LUK-OIE.—The Green Curve. 6s.
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- FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—Quaint Subjects of the King. 6s.
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 MCCALL, FLORINDA.—Double Bonds. 6s.
 PEMBERTON, MAX.—Wheels of Anarchy. 6d. edition.
 PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Show Girl. 6s.
 RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS.—The Circular Staircase. 6s.
 WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6s.
 Nature Book. Vol. II. 12s. net.
 People's Library. 15 new vols. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net.

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- HARPER, CHARLES G.—The Tower of London. With many Illustrations by W. S. Camplish. 7s. 6d. net.
 SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON.—Memorials of St Paul's Cathedral. With numerous Illustrations by Louis Weller. 10s. net.
 STORY, DOUGLAS.—Insurrectionary India. 12s. 6d. net.
 WADDINGTON, SAMUEL.—Chapters of My Life. 7s. 6d. net.

The Clarendon Press.

- COLLINS, F. H.—Authors' and Printers' Dictionary. 8s. net.
 DANTE.—Convivio. Translated by W. W. Jack. (Oxford Library Translation.) 3s. 6d. net.
 HALL, J.—Specimens of Middle English.
 LISTER, LORD.—The Collected Papers. Vol. I. 3 vols. 42s. net.
 PEACOCK, T. L.—Memoirs of Shelley. (With letter from Shelley to Peacock.) Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.) 2s. 6d. net.
 PELHAM, HENRY FRANCIS (the later).—Historical Essays. (Edited by L. Haverfield.)
 STEWART, J. A.—Plato's Theory of Ideas.
 A Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse in the Irish Language printed in facsimile from the MS. in the Bodleian (Rawlinson, B502). With Introduction and Notes by Kuno Meyer.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

- CANENS, F., D.Sc., A.R.C.Sc., F.L.S.—Botany for Matriculation. A text-book of Elementary Botany on modern lines, adapted to meet the requirements of the new London University Syllabus in Botany for Matriculation.
 GOGGIN, S. L., M.A.—Shakespeare, Hamlet. For the London University Intermediate Arts Examination, 1910. 2s.
 STANWELL, H. B., M.A.—Cæsar, Civil War. Book III. Primarily intended for the Cape of Good Hope Matriculation, 1910. Introduction, Text and Notes, 2s. 6d.; Vocabulary and Test Papers, 1s.; Translation, 1s. 6d. all in one Vol. 4s. 6d.
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"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD.

IT is seldom that criticism and creative romance go hand in hand. When poetry joins them, we are hard put to it to know how our author should be judged, whether on the merits of his verses, the critical acumen of his introductions to the classics, or the virtues of his imaginative prose. It is neither my province nor intention to attempt a "placing" of Mr. Masefield among contemporary writers, but if it were I should put aside his critical work altogether, leaving him to stand, firstly, the author of a dozen imaginative sketches that go to make up "A Mainsail Haul," and, after those, of certain numbers picked from two little books of ballads. It is the easier to deal with these two manifestations of his talent together, for the prose of his imagination is half poetry, enriched continuously with jewels of colour and fancy. Mr. Masefield has achieved distinction in a third department of his art. He is an historian. "On the Spanish Main" and "Sea Life in Nelson's Time" disclose a wide knowledge of maritime history, sea-warfare, and adventure, the build and rigs of ships, of the men who worked them, their food, the way they went about their work. I doubt if there are experts in advance of Mr. Masefield on these subjects. I feel very sure that if there are, they can

none of them commit their knowledge to paper with the art of which he is master.

Mr. Masefield prefers that his readers should build up his personality from his books. Having read them, it really matters little to us where he was born, or when. It is environment that is of real importance above the other things, and I think the day in Mr. Masefield's life that mattered most was the day on which it was decided that he should go to sea. It seems to me inevitable that he should have become a sailor. It is difficult to conjure up a picture of him in any other sort of life, in the all-important years of youth and early manhood. Even if he had gone into the navy, and not the merchant service, there would have been a very different sort of John Masefield at the end of ten years or so. About naval men there always hangs the suggestion of an official atmosphere. They have "what is called the silent routine." It is not their custom to roar out the tuneful, rhythmical chanties dear to the merchant service, when busy at the capstan, the halliards, or the hauling of the sheets.

It was on the training-ship H.M.S. *Conway* that Mr. Masefield first heard some of the best sea-stories

in what I think is his best book, "A Mainsail Haul." The man who told them to him was an old sailor of the name of Wallace Blair, an instructor in seamanship, and a type that has now passed away among sailor-men. He was of the sort "whose hair—so the legend says—was rope-yarn, whose fingers were so many marline spikes, and whose blood was good 'Stockhollum tar.' His kind old mind was full of coloured threads, each thread a bright tangle of romance." Others of the tales that he has put down in beautiful, glowing words the boy whom the old sailor taught picked up from others of his ship-mates on his travels. He sailed once to America, left his ship, and took to the road. He slept in barns, under hay-ricks, here and there he got a few weeks' work at a farm.

He left the road to seek, with two friends, for work in New York. A week or two, and we find him serving behind a hotel bar, in a subordinate position. The two other bar-tenders, Johnny and John, mixed the subtle drinks in vogue, and it was the new hand's duty to clean the glasses which these two artists filled for the thrifty. He had other duties, such as to keep the beer-pipes packed in ice, the free lunch counter supplied with food, to clean, on their proper occasions, the electric light shades, polish the brass-work of the bar, and "separate all combatants" so tactfully that no good client should have reason to take his custom elsewhere. Another of his duties was to squirt soda-water in the faces of thieves and beggars. "At about 2 or 2.30 a.m.," he says, "I took a tot of whisky and went to my garret, where I read the 'Morte d'Arthur,' my only book, until I fell asleep."

We should look, I think, to all this hard work and these many hard knocks for the cause of that virility which is so marked a feature of Mr. Masefield's work. He is ever for strength, for life. If he cannot make the language of his characters alive by other means, he does it by the use of colloquialisms, of slang, even of swear-words. In "Captain Margaret," his last book and only long novel, Mr. Masefield has essayed a very difficult thing. He has worked out an intricate psychological study of four men and a woman, who spend months cooped up together on shipboard. His psychology is admirable, but it is of the twentieth century. His *milieu* is admirable too, but it is—of all things, Jacobean. Charles, Olivia, Stukeley, are from a country house of to-day. They are masquerading on a high-built wooden ship, with gilt

and painted upper-works and stately masts. Mr. Perrin wears "a suit of dark blue silk, heavily laced at the throat and wrists. The sleeves of his coat are slashed, so as to show a bright green satin lining." And King James is on the throne. We don't believe it. "You've got a nerve," "You rotter," and "I don't think" are among the expressions of the crew. It is very curious and very interesting, but I think it hardly justifies itself.

It was perhaps partly owing to his love of manly strength that Mr. Masefield was brought to edit that little known classic, "The Fancy," written by J. H. Reynolds, whom he had found occasion to study as a friend of Keats. This little book, embellished with thirteen characteristic illustrations by Mr. Jack B. Yeats,

the frontispiece depicting "Peter Corcoran," as he signed himself, working in bed, was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews four years ago, in a form similar to that of "A Mainsail Haul." The stories in this last little book, of which "Port of Many Ships" and "A Deal at Cards" prove Mr. Masefield for what he is, a poet and an artist, came out, many of them, in the *Manchester Guardian*. The same journal, with the *Speaker*, *Macmillan's*, and *Country Life*, first printed those that were incorporated in a second series, "A Tarpaulin Muster," issued by Grant Richards in 1907.

Mr. Masefield adopted the prose-writer's usual method of appearing first as a poet. The point to notice about this is that he was a real one. "Salt-Water Ballads" was published by Grant Richards in 1902, and "Ballads" by Elkin Mathews in the following year. From

the second, "Cargoes," I think, best shows his combined feeling for colour, rhythm, and vigour:

"Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir

Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine

With a cargo of ivory,

And apes and peacocks,

Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

"Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dripping through the tropics by the palm-green shores,

With a cargo of diamonds,

Emeralds, amethysts,

Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,

With a cargo of Tyne coal,

Road-rails, pig-lead,

Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays."



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. John Masefield.

Most delightfully typical of the author of "Salt-Water Ballads" is "One of the Bosun's Yarns." The sailor who tells the story describes his feelings on waking up after being stunned in a collision at sea:

"'N' then the stars began to shine, 'n' the birds began to sing,
'N' the next I knowed I was bandaged up 'n' my arm were in a sling,
'N' a swab in uniform were there, 'n' 'Well,' says he, 'n' how
Are yer arms, 'n' legs, 'n' liver, 'n' lungs, 'n' bones a-feelin' now?'

"'Where am I?' says I, 'n' he says, says he, a-cantin' to the roll,
'You're aboard the R.M.S. *Marie* in the after Glory-Hole,
'N' you've had a shave, if you wish to know, from the port o' Kingdom Come.
Drink this,' he says, 'n' I takes 'n' drinks, 'n' s'elp me, it was rum!'"

Strength and beauty, too, are behind the gruesome horror of the lines "Burial Service," from "Salt-Water Ballads." They begin:

"It's a rummy jig of a guffy's yarn, 'n' the juice of a rummy note,
But if you buries a corp at night, it takes 'n' keeps afloat,
For its bloody soul's afraid o' the dark 'n' sticks within the throat."

Mr. Masefield is a poet and a critic of poets. He has edited Marlowe's "Faustus," annotated Keats, and written an introduction to Herrick. He has compiled an anthology of "Lyrist's of the Restoration" (Grant Richards, 1905), and "A Sailor's Garland" (Methuen, 1906). "Our true sea-epics," he says, "are written in prose rather than in verse." Nevertheless he has gathered together a most delightful collection of ballads, sea-songs, chancies, and sailors' love-poems in this last book. Also until lately Mr. Masefield has jumped from time to time and with characteristic vigour on new poets in the review columns of the *Daily News*. Two of his plays, "Nan" and "The Campden Wonder," have

within the last year or two been produced at metropolitan theatres. In his historical capacity he has written "Sea-life in Nelson's Time" and "On the Spanish Main" (Methuen, 1906), wherein he talks learnedly and delightfully of Drake, Oxenham, Morgan, and Dampier, of Nombre de Dios and the sacks of Portobello and Panama, of sixteenth and seventeenth century ships and rigs, of their guns and gunners, and of the men who formed their pirate, or semi-pirate, crews. "Dampier's Voyages," published in two fine volumes by Mr. Grant Richards in 1906, was edited by Mr. Masefield, who was responsible, too, for the introduction prefacing the "Everyman" Hakluyt. The introduction to "The Travels of Marco Polo," in this series, we also owe to Mr. Masefield. "Marco Polo, almost the first European to see the East, saw her," he declares, "in all her wonder, more fully than any man has seen her since. . . . In the East of romance there grows 'the tree of the sun, or dry tree (by which Marco Polo passed), a sort of landmark or milestone, at the end of the great desert. The apples of the sun and moon grow upon that tree. Darius and Alexander fought under its shade.' Those are the significant facts about the tree according to Marco Polo. We moderns, who care little for any tree so long as we can murmur its Latin name, have lost wonder in losing faith."

It is a good introduction, this preface to the earliest and best of travel-books, as the Dampier and the Hakluyt introductions are good, and the prefaces to the poets and the maritime histories. But I think that the Masefield who really matters is not the Masefield of the introductions, of the anthologies, or of the daily press, but the Masefield of "Port of Many Ships" and "From the Spanish," of "Spanish Waters" and "The Ballad of Sir Bors," whose language has rich luxuriant life, whose sentences blossom as with crimson roses, whose periods are ornate with the gold, the jewels, and the ivory of beautiful and inevitable words. And behind this surface efflorescence there is the conviction of that splendid sea-vigour. Vigour and grace, strength and beauty, what else is there to be required in a writer?

ASHLEY GIBSON.

TO PYRRHA.

(Horace, *Carm.* 1. 5.)

AH, Pyrrha, 'mid the roses
What perfumed gallant now
His heart to thee discloses
'Neath some cool grotto's brow?
For whom dost thou

Now braid thy tresses golden
With artless grace? Alack,
Though now clear skies embolden,
Soon shall he quail 'neath black
Storm-clouds and wrack,

Who trusts (poor fool!) thy favour,
Nor dreams that storms can rise
Or anger darken ever
The heaven of thine eyes,
Hapless the unwise

On whom thy smiles are squandered!
But I for perils o'er
Thank-offering due have rendered,
And tempt the seas no more,
Saved and ashore.

A. M. R.

THE READER.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

By HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

PEPYS'S admirers, who now form a numerous body, will welcome the contemporaneous appearance of two new lives of their hero. Miss Moorhouse* has done well in giving a clear account of his life's work, so far as it is known, in the management and, when he had sufficient power, in the re-construction of the English Navy. Mr. Percy Lubbock† has devoted himself more especially to an elucidation of the difficulties of the Diary and an attempt to show the harmony of the whole, although he does not neglect the light to be obtained from Pepys's printed Correspondence.

Before entering into further details it is well to consider in what estimation this man has been held during the two centuries since his death. He was known merely from the outside until the publication of his Diary. During his life the public knew him as a grave and learned servant of the State. After his death he was almost entirely forgotten except at the Admiralty, where it has always been a tradition, handed down from generation to generation, that he was a man to whom the country owed much. When in 1825 the Diary was first published everything else was overlooked by reason of the dazzling interest of its contents and the vivid account of the incidents which came under the notice of the writer.

Unfortunately the confessions of passing thoughts and of some evil doings caused many readers to treat the writer with a considerable amount of friendly contempt, the reputed contempt of the valet for his master, even when they took him to their hearts. Hence arose the ridiculous

* "Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip." By E. Hallam Moorhouse. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "Samuel Pepys." By Percy Lubbock. Literary Lives Series. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

idea that he was a mere busy-body and an early Paul Pry. Of late, certain men who could see farther than the ordinary readers have rejected the belittling of a man of ability and distinction. The improved position held by Pepys in popular esteem has been greatly helped forward by the increased public interest in the Navy, and my friend Dr. J. R. Farrer, by his valuable Descriptive Catalogue of the Naval MSS. in the Pepysian Library, has done much to show how well founded is this improved estimation.

If it be difficult to know ourselves, how much more difficult is it to know others. Pepys has laid his soul bare to us, and we think we know him thoroughly, but is this so? After all, the more a man confesses and lays his soul bare, the more difficult it really is to know him, because the inconsistencies stand out so strongly that we cannot decide what is permanent character and what is merely temporary sentiment. On this point Robert L. Stevenson writes: "Not then for his own sake only, but as a character in

unique position, endowed with a unique talent and shedding a unique light upon the lives of the mass of mankind, he is surely worthy of prolonged and patient study."

Three characteristics of the man stand out so distinctly that there can be no difference of opinion respecting them:

(1) He was an excellent official, in fact one of the most admirable England ever had. The work of his life was done with a thoroughness that few could emulate. He entered office completely ignorant, and by continuous labour he managed in a few years to obtain a thorough knowledge of his business and to bring his work to a high degree of efficiency. He was always equal to the great occasions of life. From the time he became the active official of the Navy Office until his



Samuel Pepys.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in Magdalene College, Cambridge. By permission of the Master and Fellows, and of Messrs. George Bell & Sons. From Mr. H. B. Wheatley's Edition of the Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



From the painting by Hales.

Mrs. Samuel Pepys

"Mr. Hales began my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Katharine. While he painted, Knipp and Mercer and I sang."—Pepys's Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)

death his one main interest was the advancement of the Navy, yet he lived every hour of his life, and still had time for every pursuit that interested him, and he seems never to have lost his enthusiastic vitality. He also exerted great influence over all with whom he came in contact.

During the five years he was out of office as Secretary of the Admiralty (1679-84) the condition of the Navy became so bad that he had to be called in to set things right and to reorganise our naval affairs. He had a poor opinion of the members of the Navy Board, and no doubt he was justified in this opinion. He had method and was so capable a man himself that he was impatient of the incapacity of others. Penn and Batterf were doubtless good sailors, but they were incompetent in the office. Although he eased his mind in the secrecy of his Diary, there is no reason to believe that he was not fairly friendly with his colleagues in their daily intercourse.

(2) He was a man of taste and a collector in advance of his time. He collected an interesting library, kept it in excellent order, bound all his books well and some beautifully, gathered together a large number of fine engravings, portraits, and views, and made provision for their continuance as one collection by desiring his heir to make arrangements, for depositing them at Magdalene, Cambridge—his old College.

I do not like to differ from a former Pepysian Librarian,

but I do not think Mr. Lubbock quite enters into the feelings of the collector. He says:

"With all its intrinsic interest it [the Library] seems designed to be looked at rather than to be used. It is these very details, no doubt, which most account for its personal savour, such excess of precision being obviously the mark of an individual taste; but they also, by the same token, give the collection the air of being dressed up for exhibition."

Now from appreciation of Pepys gained by knowledge of both the Diary and the Library, I hold that he was as thorough and complete a booklover as ever lived. He loved his books for themselves, but in gratitude he wished to see them well covered, well cared for, and well shown, not for mere display. It is true that some lovers of books are contented with a ragged regiment of volumes, but this carelessness is not to be commended.

It is rather the fashion to treat Pepys as a philistine, a man of common sense, but also to some extent commonplace. This is really unfair. He did not possess the higher imagination nor any appreciation of the higher flights of poetry, but of many distinguished men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the like may be said. We may take it for certain that the true musician must have a soul above the commonplace, and Pepys was unquestionably a musical enthusiast, as Sir Frederick Bridge calls him, and he confessed that "Musique is the thing of the world I love most."



From the painting by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker, London.

Sir Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich.

Always referred to by Pepys in the Diary as "my Lord."

"This afternoon I got my £50, due to me, for my first quarter's salary as Secretary to my Lord. . . .
"At my Lord Sandwich's, where I was a good while alone with my Lord; and I perceive he confides in me, and loves me as he uses to do."—Pepys's Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



The Great Fire of London : Ludgate Hill.

"Soon as I dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts loaded with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another."—Pepys's Diary.



The Great Fire of London.

"So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire."—Diary, Sept. 2, 1666.



After the portrait by Kneller.

Charles II.



From the painting by Lely.

Catherine, Queen of Charles II.

(From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

(3) He was a true friend. All those who were connected with him through life and were worthy of his help succeeded in their avocations, although some of these are found fault with in the Diary. At times he was irritated with his brother-in-law Balty St. Michel, but Balty obtained good advancement in the Navy through Pepys's influence. He helped his brother loyally when that brother was in trouble, particularly at the time of the Popish Plot persecution.

This is much to be able to say of a public man, and may be taken as a set-off against some of his reprehensible actions for which we have only his own authority. One feels that one must not be too hard upon a man who confesses his sin.

Unfortunately his confessions are usually without

expressions of regret. We are let into secrets we were never intended to know, and therefore one feels in the same position as if reading a private letter of a man long dead, who acknowledges a discreditable action. You wish to forget it, and feel ashamed to know it.

In trying to understand the man we have two things to help us—the Diary and the Library. Respecting the former, we know nothing from the outside, and therefore a large number of conjectures have been hazarded respecting it. It was kept up to date, and was not written without rough notes. It forms a beautiful MS. with little or no evidence in any of



Inside the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

[This view represents the stage as it was in Pepys's day.

To the Duke of York's Playhouse, and there saw 'The Impertinents,' a play which pleases me still; but it is with great trouble that I now see a play, because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me. —Pepys's Diary.

the six volumes of what the writer calls writing "slubberingly." Mr. Lubbock writes :

"He kept it solely because he loved it. He nowhere hints that he has any other object in view, least of all the object of ultimately giving it to the world. Nor does he appear to have kept it for the future pleasure of reading it. He never once speaks of having turned back the pages to live the rapturous days over again—exactly the kind of thing he would have recorded if he had ever done so."

These are reasons that require consideration, but I don't think they are conclusive. Very probably Pepys had little time to read the pages while he was busy keeping them up, but in after days I picture him in his solitude reading them very constantly with the greatest pleasure. The volumes must have been locked up, for his clerks knew the shorthand, and could easily have read it. He



From Mr. Chas. W. F. Goss's Collection.

John Evelyn, Esq.

"By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me much excellent painting in little; in distemper, Indian incke, water colours; graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardénage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. . . . In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams."—Pepys's Diary.

kept the Diary secretly while he was writing it, and must have done so all his life. The further question why he did not destroy it before his death is difficult to answer. Probably, as he loved it, he postponed the date of destruction and left it just too late.

How can we describe the contents of the Diary? There is important historic information which throws great light on the early years after the Restoration, with its wars, plague, and fire; and there are the invaluable sketches of domestic life, habits, amusements, etc.

Lord Macaulay was a thorough-going lover of Pepys's Diary, and Sir George Trevelyan remembers his uncle taking him to see the old house on

Clapham Common (now destroyed) where the diarist lived in his later days. All will remember Macaulay's



From a portrait by Kneller.

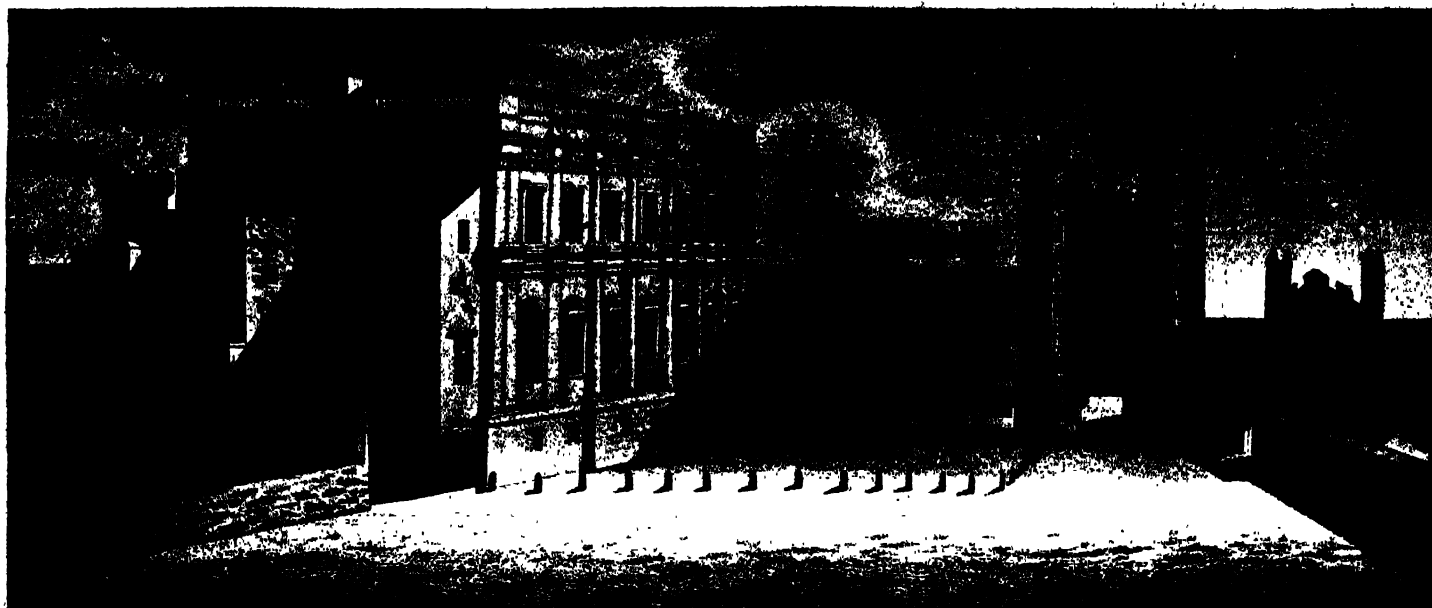
Samuel Pepys.



From the painting by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker, London.

James II.

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



The Palace of Whitehall, as it was in Pepys's time.

Showing some of the more ancient remains of the Palace, adjoining the Banqueting Hall, and the celebrated gateway designed by Hans Holbein.



From an original drawing by Wyke in the British Museum.
From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.

Taken near Temple Stairs.

View of the Fair on the River Thames, during the Great Frost in 1683-4.

"1683-4. January.—9th. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts and horses passed over.
"10th. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City."—Diary of John Evelyn.



From an ancient painting in Dulwich College.
From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.

Somerset House in its original state.



Anne, Duchess of Albemarle.

"At noon Sir W. Batten, Col. Slingsby and I by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's, to dinner; where great good cheer. High company: among others the Duchesse of Albemarle, who is ever a plain homely dowdy."—Pepys's Diary.



*From a picture by J. Richardson.
From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.*

**Ann Oldfield,
the actress.**



**Duchess of Cleveland
(Lady Castlemaine)**

"Here, among other pictures, saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture; and one that I must have a copy of."—Pepys's Diary.

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



*From the painting by Sir Peter Lely
in the National Portrait Gallery.*

Nell Gwynn.

"We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell came and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon the people: and with a comrade of hers, of the Duke's house, that came in to see the play."—Pepys's Diary.



Portrait of Pepys, by an unknown painter, at the Admiralty.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)

vivid dream that the Diary was a forgery and his awakening with the bitter feeling that he had helped to

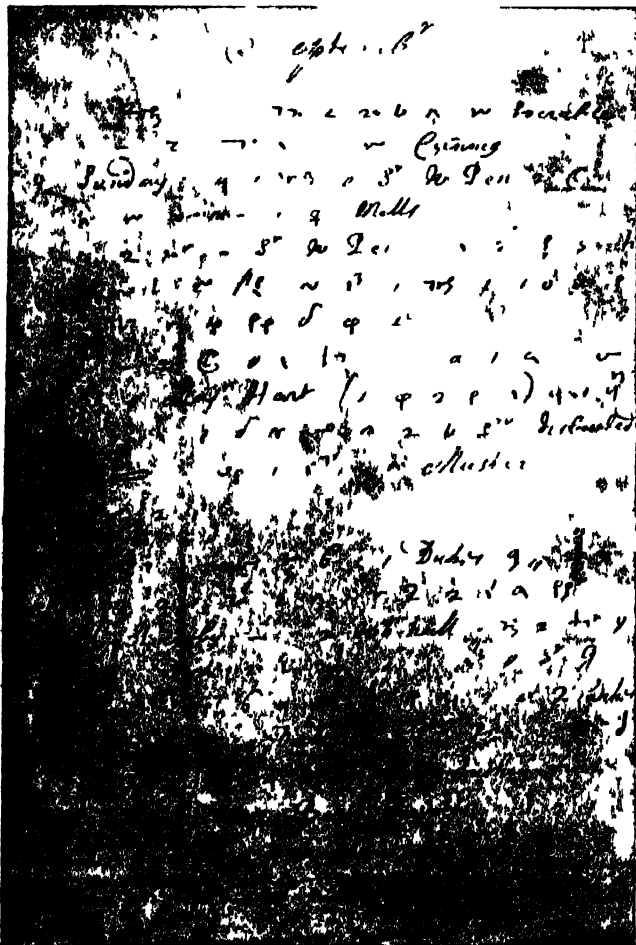
deceive the public by his references and quotations. There are the little things set down in the Diary which give infinite pleasure to most readers, but to some seem frivolous. Miss Moorhouse writes:

"He dealt equally with large or small matters with that strange lack of the sense of proportion which distinguished many of the Royal Society's first quests of scientific knowledge"

What has proportion to do with a diary? What is written on the spur of the moment, day by day, must be out of proportion, and that is a merit. We constantly complain of historians or memoir-writers for not telling us what we want to know because the writer thought it unimportant and common to all. The sentence is equally unjust to the Royal Society, as proportion is a term of art and not of science. If scientific men had neglected the small matters, they would have missed half their greatest discoveries. The majority of us do not think there is too much set down but rather, like *Oliver Twist*, wish for more.

When I sent off for the press the last revise of the Diary after reading again and again proofs and revises, I felt I was parting from an old friend and keenly regretted that there were no further outpourings of his heart for me to read.

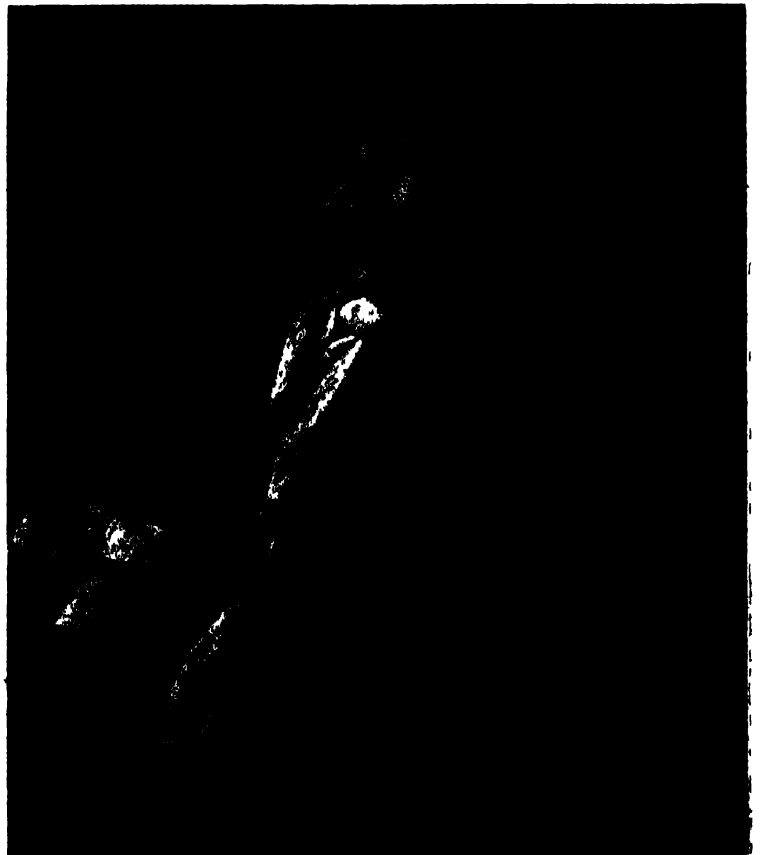
After the Diary was discontinued we are left entirely to our conclusions, and it is almost impossible



By permission of Messrs George Bell & Sons.

First Page of the MS. of Pepys's Diary

From "Samuel Pepys," by Percy Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



From the painting by John Hales in the National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker.

Samuel Pepys.

"To Hales's, and paid him £14 for the picture, and £1 5s. for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by." —Pepys's Diary, March 17, 1666.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)



From the painting by Kneller.
Sir Christopher Wren.
 (From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)



From the painting by Kneller.
Grinling Gibbons.
 (From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)



Sir Godfrey Kneller.



Sir Anthony Van Dyke,
 painted by himself.
 (From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

"I was only pleased at a very fine picture of the Queens-Mother, when she was young, by Vandike; a very good picture of a lovely face."—Pepys's Diary.



Sir Peter Lely, painted by himself.
 (From Mr. Charles W. F. Goss's Collection.)

"After I had done with the Duke, with Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's, the great painter, who came forth to us; but believing that I came to bespeak a picture, he prevented it by telling us that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner."—Pepys's Diary.



From a miniature by Lewis Crone.

Samuel Pepys.

(In the Collection of the Duke of Buccleuch.)

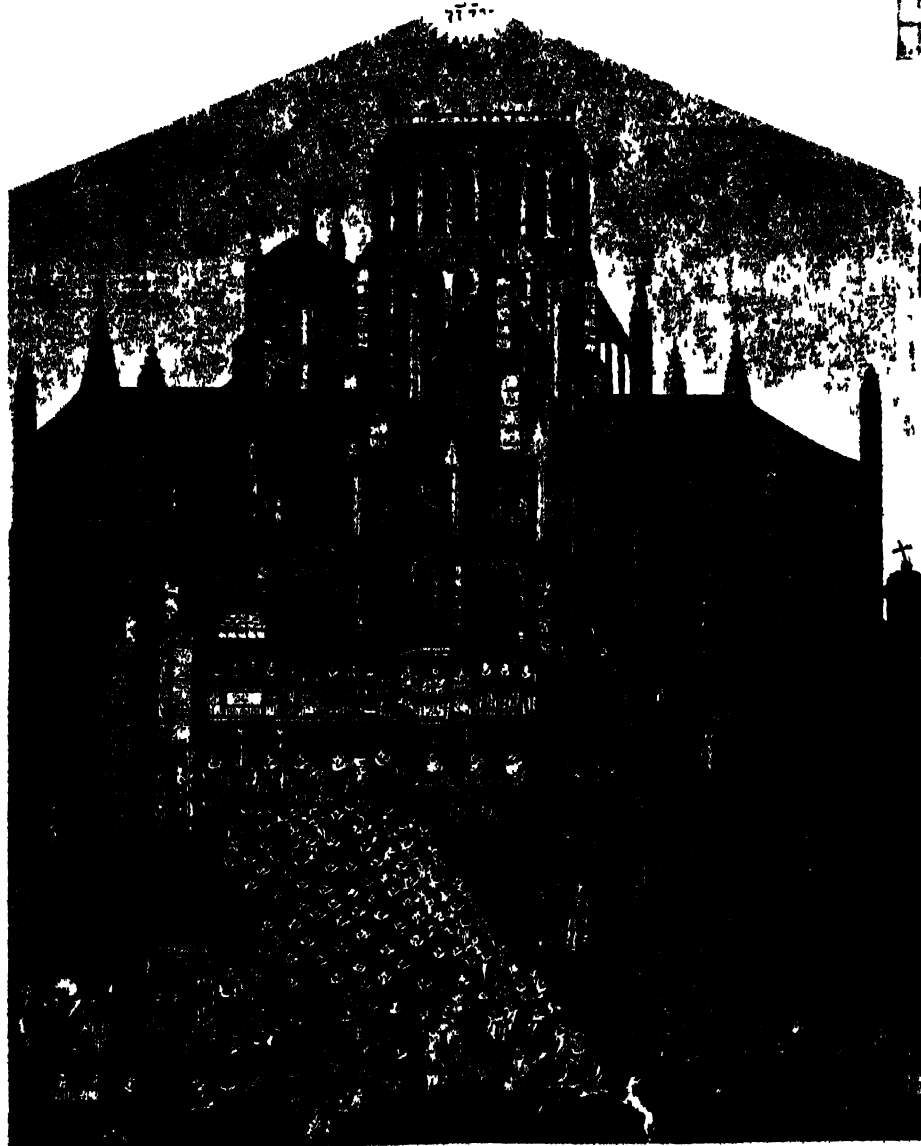
to say anything for certain as to Pepys's character after 1669, but we believe that he mellowed and changed much in later years. His business increased and his circle of friends contained some of the most distinguished men of his time. The list of his correspondents is a very large one, and all of them esteemed him highly. There is every evidence of an honoured old age, the friends of his youth were the friends of his age and a body of officials had arisen who had learnt all they knew from his teaching.

He had more leisure than he wished for, but although after the Revolution he desired to return to the House of Commons, he was not wanted there by ministerialists, and old calumnies against him were revived.



**Tomb of Mrs. Pepys
in St. Olave's Church.**

(From "London Town," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)



**Old St. Paul's Cathedral and Cross as it
was before the Great Fire of London.**

When King James I. was received by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Cockayne, and preached to by Dr. John King, then Bishop of London.

He found peace and tranquillity in his library and amongst his friends. As past President of the Royal Society, there was a wide circle amongst the Fellows of men who honoured him. He was not treated well at the Revolution, but so intimate a friend of James II could not expect much consideration from the new Government, and he was sent to the Gatehouse at Westminster. He was soon released on bail, when it was seen that he was no plotter nor a danger to the State. The Crown was in debt to him to the amount of £28,000, but he received neither pension nor remuneration of any kind after his enforced retirement. After the Revolution he lived fifteen years, being always ready to give good counsel for the welfare of the nation, and his old friends came to him when in difficulty to consult the "Nestor of the Navy."

All true lovers of their country and of their country's main defence will always hold him in the greatest honour.



After Easthorpe.

Sir William Davenant.

"I up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses and many hacknies that made it look, methought, as if it were the burial of a poor poet."—Pepys's Diary.



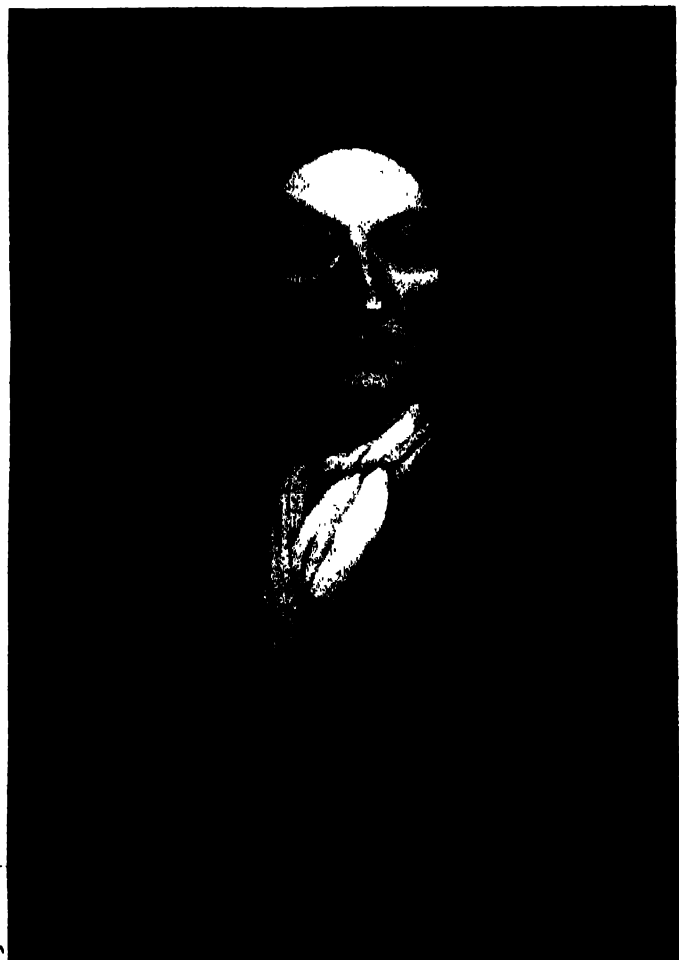
Thomas Betterton.

"And so to the Duke's house; and there saw 'Hamlett' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton."—Pepys's Diary.



Thomas Killigrew.

"The King dining yesterday at the Dutch Ambassador's, after dinner they drank and were pretty merry; and among the rest of the King's company there was that worthy fellow my Lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence: which do give much offence to the people here at Court to see how cheap the King makes himself."—Pepys's Diary.



From the painting by Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

John Dryden.

"I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's, upon the present war; a very good poem."—Pepys's Diary.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *March 20, 1909.*

WHEN I called on Mrs. Hodgson Burnett this afternoon in the roof garden of New York's latest Ladies' Club, which is nicknamed by New Yorkers "The Club for Millionairesses," I made an opening speech to the effect that English folk counted her one of the most attractive of all American authors.

"But," said she protestingly, "why do you call me an American author? What makes you think I am an American?"

"Why, you were born in America, were you not?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it; I was born in Manchester."

"Then it must be because you have lived so much in America."

"But I have lived in England quite as much," said she.

"Well, perhaps it is

because the scene of your stories is usually in America."

"But" returned Mrs. Burnett with an air of triumph that left my patriotic theory without a leg to stand on, "my stories have far more often an English setting than an American one."

So I had to admit America could lay only an ill-supported claim to Mrs. Burnett. I fancy, however, that most of her admirers, both American and English, have, somehow or other, got the same impression of her nationality as did I.

Just now, as it happens, America's claim to her is stronger than it has been for many years, for the reason that Mrs. Burnett has lately had to give up her charming home near Tunbridge Wells, in which she has been

accustomed to spend about half her time each year. At present she is living in a village near New York, and is preparing a new home for herself on Long Island.

Of literary work, Mrs. Burnett has not done much since she finished writing "The Shuttle," which has been one of her greatest successes on both sides of the ocean. At present she is writing a story called "Barty Crusoe," which is meant for the delectation of little children of about five years old. (In "Who's Who" this authoress gives as her favourite recreation "improving the lot of children.")

"Barty Crusoe" is an elaboration of some stories Mrs. Burnett used to tell to her own



Pepys's House in Buckingham Street, and the Water-gate.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)



The Navy Office in Crutched Friars as it was in Pepys's Time.

From "Samuel Pepys," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall.)



From the painting by Lely in the Town Hall, Exeter.

**George Monk,
Duke of Albemarle.**



George, Duke of Buckingham.



From the painting by Kneller.

**Sir William Coventry, Com-
missioner of the Admiralty.**



*From the painting by Lely in the possession
of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon.*

**Edward Hyde,
Earl of Clarendon.**



All Hallows, Barking.

"I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; everywhere great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore went down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it."
—Pepys's Diary.

son Vivian when he was a little boy, and by a coincidence, which would, I dare say, have startled more than a little both the mother and the child could they have foreseen it, the story will shortly be appearing serially in a magazine now edited by this same son grown up. I mean the *Children's Magazine*.

Mrs. Burnett has also in her mind—indeed, she has been thinking of it for nearly two years now—another child's story. This will be for older children, and will appeal to the same type of readers who delighted in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Another of Mrs. Burnett's literary plans has to do with publishing rather than writing. This plan is to incorporate into one book for the American market two stories which have always been so offered to English people, but which have hitherto appeared in America under separate covers. What was in England "The Making of a Marchioness" was in America known half by that title and half by the name of "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst."

Hereafter the two will stand amalgamated under the former title.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, like Mrs. Burnett, is an author whose nationality it is a little difficult to determine. She was born in this country, but she lives much in England, and made her first reputation there. This was as an actress. As an author, I fancy her fame is pretty equally divided between her native country and her adopted one.

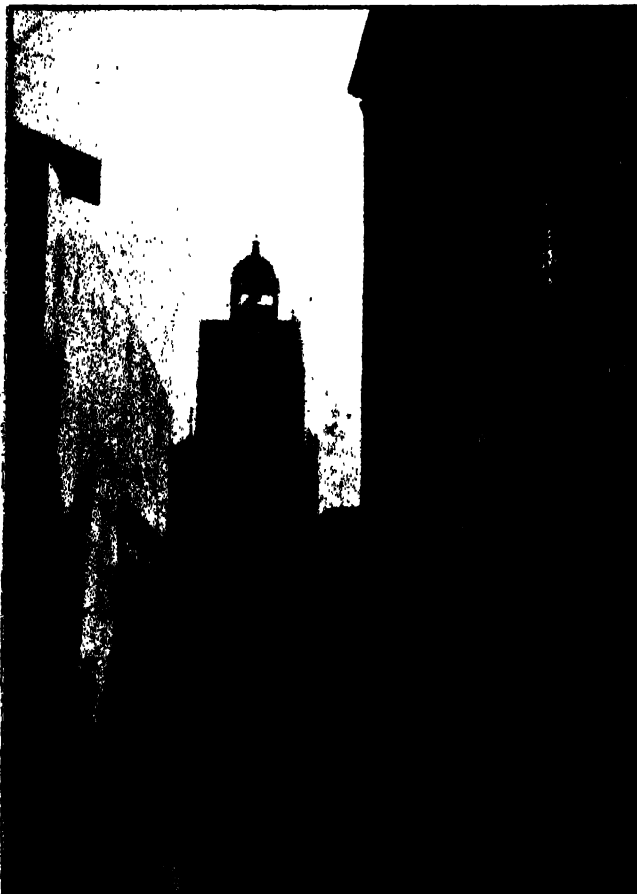


Photo by Augusta A. Temple.

Seething Lane, in which Pepys lived, with Barking Church beyond.

"About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take away, and did, and took my gold, which was about 60,000."—Pepys's



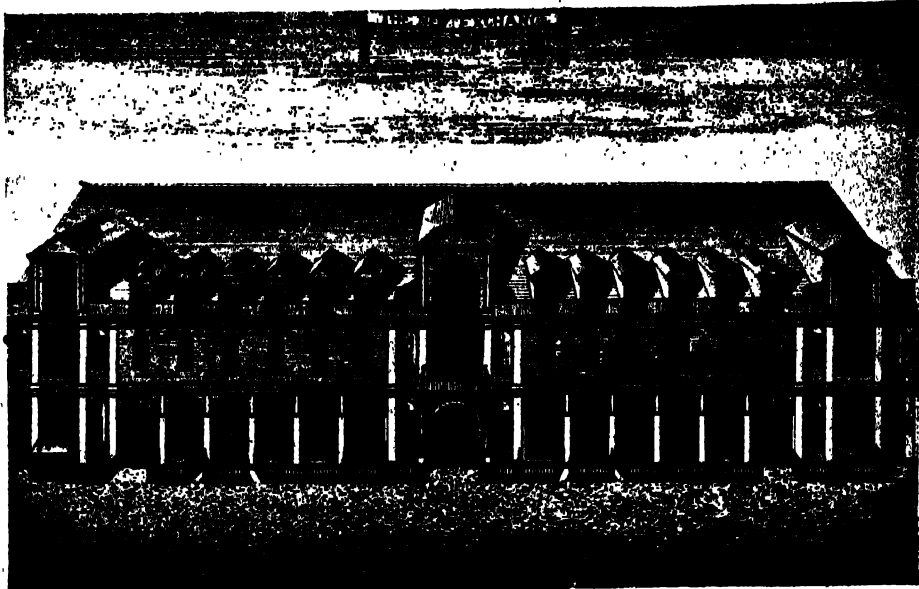
Book-Plate of Samuel Pepys.

Her next book is to be ready for publication in the autumn, and will be called "The Florentine Frame"—rather a misleading title, since the locale of the story is an American university (obviously Columbia in New York City, I am told). This is how a friend of Miss Robins, who shares her confidence about the new story, describes it to me:

"'The Florentine Frame' is a long and powerful novel of life in an American university community. It deals with the fortunes of the wife of an elderly and influential professor and a young and ardent instructor, and describes how what is at first merely an intellectual intimacy ripens into romantic affection, without the realisation of the fact by either the man or the woman. The knowledge of how they feel toward one another is revealed to both only after the man has engaged himself to marry the young daughter of his patroness. The situation is a most dramatic one, and Miss Robins leads it to its climax very skilfully. The daughter discovers the truth after marriage and assumes, naturally, the control of succeeding events. The climax is one that satisfies both common sense and the romantic possibilities."

This friend goes on to say that in his opinion "The Florentine Frame" will stand easily at the head of Miss Robins's work.

A well-known New York publisher points out as a noteworthy fact that "the literature Americans read is more and more coming to be written by Americans," and as proof of this states that only one book of his



The New Exchange, Strand.

As it appeared in Pepys's time, and so often mentioned by him.

"With my wife by coach to the New Exchange, to buy her some things: where we saw some new-fashion petticoats of sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife has a mind to one of them."—Pepys's Diary.

present list is by an Englishman. One cannot but notice, on the other hand, that in the list of six "best sellers" which is issued month by month by the American namesake of this magazine, two names are those of Englishmen. These are W. J. Locke and Phillips Oppenheim, and certainly when two out of six of the most popular writers of the moment are of the nationality that spells honour with a "u," it is something of a terminological inexactitude to say that "the literature Americans read is more and more coming to be written by Americans." Indeed it must be plain, even to the most independent of us, that it will at best be some years before America is in a position to crawl out altogether from beneath the wing of her literary inamma.

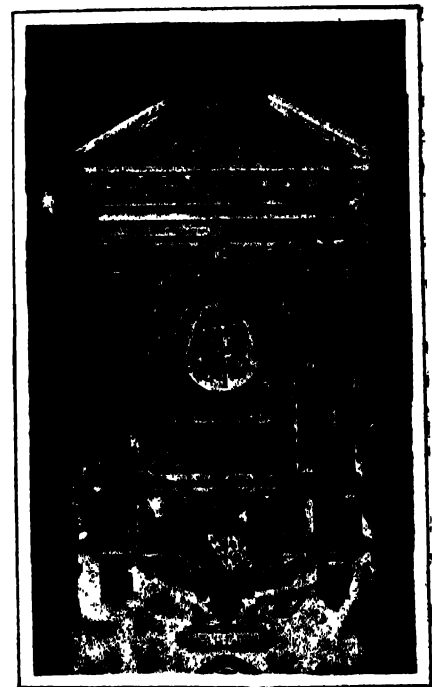
In connection with the American "best sellers" who



From a water colour by G. Robertson. By kind permission of Mr. B. Corcoran, Churchwarden of St. Olave's.

South View of St. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

Showing the exterior staircase used by Pepys to gain access to the pew in the gallery specially reserved



Tomb of Samuel Pepys in St. Olave's Church.

(From "London Town," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)

are really American, the name of Robert Chambers comes inevitably to mind. I am afraid to say how many hundred thousand copies of his books are sold every year. At any rate, the figures are such as would make those in the English sales of even the most popular of English novelists look as weak and pitiful as an early Victorian spinster.

Robert Chambers is writing another book, but the title of this new story is as closely wrapped in mystery as the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. This is because Mr. Chambers has had, I am told, a rather discouraging experience with titles. Time and again he has christened some book or story by what seemed to him a particularly suitable and alluring name, and then, either through coincidence or because the fairy godmother at the christening babbled, has seen the title appropriated by somebody else.

Alfred Noyes is receiving a compliment which comes to few English poets at America's hands. This is to be the publication in this country of his book "Drake" by Messrs. Stokes. English poets have often, to be sure, been able to dispose of stray copies of their works in the United States, but Mr. Noyes is in a position of unusual good fortune in that his "Drake" is to appear in a separate American edition. This is all the more striking, moreover, in that it will be published with the imprint of a house not often given to issuing verse. I am told that Alfred Noyes and Stephen Phillips are more widely read over here than any other living English poets.

As for American poetry, readers complain these days that contemporary American versifiers are growing almost unbearable because of their affectations of metre. "They give us all Whitman's peculiarities with none of Whitman's charm," said an old-school critic to me the other day, adding, "The modern American poet turns out verses which in typographical appearance strongly resemble that quaintly shaped verse in 'Alice in Wonderland'—I don't for the moment recall its name—but I refer to that poem of which the first



From the painting by Kneller.

Samuel Pepys.

(By permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons, and the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge.)

"26th May (1703). This day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house, and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation."—Diary of John Evelyn.

line contains a normal number of words, the second line something less, and the last few lines only one word each, so that the general effect is that of a tail dwindling away to a point. Much of the work of our contemporary poets presents nearly as curious an appearance."

One of the most peculiar literary developments in America of recent years is that which has to do with the scientific pursuit of health, both mental and physical. From Boston, for example, comes what is known as "The Emanuel Movement," with a plentiful literary accompaniment. It would ill become a layman to undertake to sum up in a few words the creed of this movement, and I can only say that I believe "The Emanuel Movement" has to do largely with the influence which mental peace has on physical health.

However this may be, it is stated that the recently published leading book of this movement was the best selling non-fiction work of its day.

Another movement which to the unenlightened bears a certain resemblance to that from Boston is "Fletcherism." Horace Fletcher has become associated in the vulgar mind with a doctrine which has to do with thorough mastication. The frivolous-minded man in the street renders Fletcher's doctrine as follows: "If you want to go to heaven, chew!" and pretends that "Fletcherites" spend so much of their time in masticating their food that they are forced to forswear pretty well all other worldly activities. Needless to say, this point of view—as is usually the case with that of the man in the street—is wrong. Though chewing is the "Fletcherite's" battle-cry, his doctrine, I understand, comprises much besides, and one of its principal tenets is the importance of cheerfulness to him who wishes to preserve bodily health. As proof of the literary importance of the "Fletcherites," it is only necessary to instance the fact that, by one publisher alone, over twenty books have been published in a few years which would never have been written had it not been for "Fletcherism."

GALBRAITH.

THE CARLYLE LOVE-LETTERS.

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

I.

MR. JOHN LANE has published in two very handsome volumes, well and fully illustrated,* the love-letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. In his preface Mr. Carlyle justifies his action in a convincing manner. It is true that he has violated the injunction of Carlyle against the publication of the letters which passed between himself and Miss Welsh before they married. But, as he says, the injunction has been already violated, and what would have been rank sacrilege at one time has now in the altered circumstances become a pious duty. Froude read the letters, and printed one, besides giving extracts from thirty-three others. The love-letters printed in the present two volumes fill over 730 pages. They were read by Charles Eliot Norton and William Allingham as well as by Mr. Froude. Both Norton and Allingham condemned Froude's proceedings. Allingham wrote: "Carlyle's 'Life.' Melancholy book. F. has manipulated his materials cunningly." It is mainly for the correction of Froude's interpretation that Mr. Carlyle has thought himself bound to publish, and the monstrous outrage committed by the representatives of Froude since his death most fully justifies him. His editorial work has been done with the greatest care and exactitude. Perhaps once or twice Mr. Carlyle's German renderings might be improved. Thus in vol. ii. p. 153, "Verschmerzen werden wiss" is translated "We shall endure the smart of it." Should not this read "We shall get over it"? In vol. ii. p. 163, "So mache dich auf mein Kind!" is translated "So make haste, my child." Should not this read "So get ready to start, my child"? But on the whole the warmest praise is due to the pious labour of the editor.

* "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." Edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. 35s. net. (John Lane.)

We may discuss in connection with the book first the absolute literary value of the letters, and next the inferences to be drawn from them as to the feelings, the characters, and the prospects of the writers. There is much more to say on the second question than on the first.

It is needless to remark that the letters are very good letters. Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh were born artists in letter-writing. Their characteristic qualities appear in their slightest notes. But neither of them is seen at the very best in the letters which marked their troubled courtship. It may well be questioned whether any first-rate love-letters have ever been printed. Few books are more depressing than collections of love-letters of famous men and women. We have been reminded that in Abbé Hue's delightful books about China there is an anecdote of a schoolmaster who, having an opportunity of writing to his mother, ordered one of his scholars to prepare a suitable letter which in due course the schoolmaster fastened up and addressed without even looking at its contents. The printed love-letters even of men like Congreve and Farquhar often read like academic exercises. Perhaps the very best love-letters ever

printed are those of Mary Wollstonecraft to Imlay. The correspondence between Carlyle and Miss Welsh was carried on under extraordinary difficulties. Miss Welsh's mother, who did not favour Carlyle's advances, insisted on reading his letters after a certain stage, and it would even seem that she read her daughter's letters, for expressions of endearment were mostly put into foreign languages which Mrs. Welsh did not understand. In any case the mere feeling that a love-letter is to be read by some one other than the person addressed must be stiffening and cramping. There are many sentences and passages in these letters which do not suggest the liberty of the unhampered heart. Also Miss Welsh was



From a drawing by Daniel MacIver, R.A.

Thomas Carlyle, act. 36.

From "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." (John Lane.)

not willing for a long time to commit herself to Carlyle. It is easy to see that the end was inevitable if the lover persevered, provided that no more eligible suitor appeared on the scene. Carlyle persevered and had his way. If he had been even a little less resolute, it is very likely that the correspondence would have taken end. But during the whole of the first volume, and even a part of the second, we are not reading the love-letters of an engaged couple. The letters may be called love-letters if one pleases, but neither of the correspondents would have made the admission at the time. After the engagement took place there were even more than the usual difficulties about ways and means. In truth the real love-letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle were mostly written at Craigenputtock: a certain number were written in London. But the pure joy and abandonment of love is best found in her letters to her husband in the first years of their marriage.

II.

The letters, however, throw a strong, vivid, and welcome light on the history of this remarkable pair. They relate to the mind as much as to the heart. It hardly seems over-bold to say that any one knowing these letters and knowing naught besides might forecast with a wonderful degree of accuracy the story of the Carlyles. Such a reader might anticipate a hard-won and costly eminence for Carlyle; he would probably say that with all her dazzling gifts Jane Welsh had no chance of achieving literary fame in the ordinary manner; he would predict, I think, even fiercer collisions than those that actually took place between the two. In particular, he would be quite certain that when such friends parted, it would be the survivor who died.

Mr. Carlyle shows much good sense and good feeling in his treatment of the various episodes that come up in this correspondence. On one point only we decidedly differ from him, and it is but fair to say that on the controverted question he pronounces no dogmatic opinion, and gives the evidence on the other side.

III.

We may enumerate a few of the points that are either brought out for the first time or brought out more clearly in these letters.

The most wonderful thing is that Carlyle evidently fell in love with Miss Welsh at their first meeting. He was taken to Haddington by Edward Irving in 1821, and he wrote immediately to his brother: "I came back so full of joy, that I have done nothing since but dream of it." It is clear that Miss Welsh received him with effusion. She was only twenty then. Carlyle wrote to her immediately after his return to Edinburgh, on June 4, 1821, a letter commencing "My dear Friend." He gives her advice about reading, and then says:

"Positively, I must see you soon, or I shall get into a very absurd state. And then if I should come to visit Jane herself professedly, what would Jane say to it?"

What would Jane's friends say? Would to Heaven some authorised person would 'force me to go voluntarily'!"

He asks her to write to him and say whether she has "ever deigned to cast one glance or recollection on those few Elysian hours we spent together lately."

"No doubt you may refuse me; you may even forbid me to repeat such questions. But it will be very cruel if you do; and even then there will be one inalienable comfort left me—the comfort that no man, woman, or child can hinder me to cherish 'within the secret cell of the heart,' as long and as tenderly as I please, those sentiments of deep and affectionate interest, which I have thought meet to conceive towards you. . . . Excuse my impertinences. You see I never dream of remembering that we have not yet been quite twenty years acquainted. It seems as if we had known each other from infancy upwards, and I were simply your elder Brother. You would cut me to the quick of the heart, if you took offence at this. But you will not, I know. *Addio, Donna mia cara.*"

This is pretty well for a beginning. Further on in their correspondence Miss Welsh gives him her own impressions:

"Our meeting forms a memorable epoch in my history; for my acquaintance with you has from its very commencement powerfully influenced my character and life. When you saw me for the first time, I was wretched beyond description; grief at the loss of the only being I ever loved with my whole soul had weakened my body and mind; distraction of various kinds had relaxed my habits of industry; I had no counsellor that could direct me, no friend that understood me; the pole-star of my life was lost, and the world looked a dreary blank. Without plan, hope, or aim, I had lived two years when my good Angel sent you hither. I had never heard the language of talent and genius but from my father's lips. I had thought that I should never hear it more. You spoke like him; your eloquence awoke in my soul the slumbering admirations and ambitions that *His* first kindled there."

These passages make hopeful reading, and the impression of them is not reversed by the worst things that happened after. In short, there was true love from the beginning and to the end between Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, although the course of that love often ran rough.

Though Miss Welsh was only twenty when she met Carlyle, she was by no means without experience in affairs of the heart; her experience was somewhat in excess, for she had already been engaged. George Rennie had been her fiancé, but he went abroad to study art, and proved himself a faithless lover. She says herself playfully that her first love occurred when she was only nine years of age, and this love is described as deep, overpowering, transcendent, and never to be forgotten. In a letter already published in the "Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," she enumerates among her list of lovers George Rennie, James Aitken, Robert MacTurk, James Baird, Robby Angus. In fact she seems to have been as much courted as Mrs. Nickleby.

"Suitsors, my dear!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a smile of wonderful complacency. "First and last, Kate, I must have had a dozen at least."

"Mamma!" returned Kate, in a tone of remonstrance. "I had, indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, "not including your poor papa, or a young gentleman who used

to go at that time to the same dancing-school, and who would send gold watches and bracelets to our house in gilt-edged paper (which were always returned), and who afterwards unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep (I don't know how they got there), and was going to be hung, only he accidentally choked himself, and the government pardoned him. Then there was young Lukin," said Mrs. Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb and checking off the names on her fingers, "Mogley Tips-lark—Cabbery—Smifser——"

"Having now reached her little finger, Mrs. Nickleby was carrying the account over to the other hand, when a loud 'Hem!' which appeared to come from the very foundation of the garden wall, gave both herself and her daughter a violent start."

I am far from wishing to make a joke of a very serious matter, but like Mrs. Nickleby, Miss Welsh was not able to give a full list of her suitors, and it may be doubted whether she was willing. The relations between herself and Edward Irving make one of the most controverted topics in her history. Mr. Carlyle is not inclined to minimise them. But he thinks that Miss Welsh's love for Irving was a mere girlish fancy. Edward Irving was Jane Welsh's teacher when she was only ten and he was nineteen. This was in 1811. In 1812 Irving went to a school at Kirkcaldy, and fell in love with the minister's daughter, Miss Isabella Martin, and became openly and formally engaged to her. The story has been that Irving wished to break off his engagement with Miss Martin after seven or eight years in order that he might marry Miss Welsh. Mr. Carlyle says:

"Happily for Irving's good name there is no positive proof, no probability even that he seriously attempted to break his engagement. At the worst it is only doubtful, and Irving ought in fairness to have the benefit of the doubt."

I cannot accept this conclusion. It appears plainly to be refuted by the utterances of Miss Welsh and Irving himself. Mrs. Montagu, as has long been known, wrote to Jane Welsh during her engagement urging her to tell Carlyle before her marriage that she had once loved Edward Irving. "There must be no Blue-beard's closet in which the skeleton may one day be discovered." On this Miss Welsh wrote the following letter to Carlyle:

"TEMLAND, Sunday, '24 July, 1825."

"MY DEAREST,—I thought to write to you from this place with joy; I write with shame and tears. The enclosed Letter, which I found lying for me, has distracted my thoughts from the prospect of our meeting, the brightest

in my mind for many months, and forced them on a part of my own conduct which makes me unworthy ever to see you again, or to be clasped to your true heart again. I cannot come to you, cannot be at peace with myself, till I have made the confession which Mrs. Montagu so impressively shows me the need of.

"Let me tell it then at once. I have deceived you,—I whose truth and frankness you have so often praised, have deceived my bosom friend! I told you that I did not care for Edward Irving; took pains to make you believe this. It was false: I loved him—must I say it—*once* passionately loved him. Would to Heaven that this were all! it might not perhaps lower me much in your opinion; for he is no unworthy man. And if I showed weakness in loving one whom I knew to be engaged to another, I made amends in persuading him to marry that other and preserve his honour from reproach. But I have concealed and disguised the truth, and for this I have no excuse; none, at least, that would bear a moment's scrutiny. Woe to me then, if your reason be my judge and not your love! I cannot even plead the merit of a *voluntary*

disclosure as a claim to your forgiveness. I make it because I *must*, because this extraordinary woman has moved me to honesty whether I would or no. Read her Letter, and judge if it was possible for me to resist it.

"Write, I beseech you, instantly and let me know my fate. This suspense is worse to endure than any certainty. Say, if you *can*, that I may come to you, that you will take me to your heart after all as your own, your trusted Jane, and I will arrange it as soon as ever I am able; say no, that you no longer wish to see me, that my image is defaced in your soul, and I will think you *not unkind*. Oh that I had your answer! Never were you so dear as at this moment when I am in danger of losing your affection, or what is still more precious to me, your respect.

"JANE B. WELSH.

"[On the cover, in Miss Welsh's hand: 'One enclosure only.']

Beneath which words Carlyle has written, in his later handwriting (*circa* 1860)

"Some of Mrs. Montagu's nonsense (Pff!)." "

Miss Welsh wished to visit Irving in London after his marriage. He made various excuses about the unprepared state of his house, etc., but to Miss Welsh he wrote:

"One thing more, my dear Jane, into your own ear. My dear Isabella has succeeded in healing the wounds of my heart by her unexampled affection and tenderness; but I am hardly yet in a condition to expose them. My former calmness and piety are returning. I feel growing in grace and in holiness; and before another year I shall be worthy in the eye of my own conscience to receive you into my house and under my care, which till then I should hardly be "

To me this statement seems decisive, but it must be allowed that Irving even as an engaged man was always ready for a flirtation. For example, he made up to Miss Margaret Gordon, who has hitherto been supposed to be



Jane Welsh, act. 25.

From the miniature by Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., now in the possession of Mr. Alexander Carlyle, Editor of "The Love-Letters." Reproduced in colour in the volume

From "The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh (John Lane.)

the original for Carlyle's Blumine. It seems that when Margaret refused Carlyle she was engaged, though it is doubtful whether she was satisfied with her lover. Irving corresponded with her and she wrote

"What a noble character is Mr Carlyle! Nature has endowed him with many a rare and valuable gift. I have no hesitation in saying the correspondence of one with a mind so richly gifted would be pleasant and improving to me but it would be unfair. I may write to Mr Irving because no evil can result from the interchange of friendship he being under an engagement and I in no danger of falling in love with any one least of all with my quondam Teacher."

Of Isabella Martin, Irving's devoted wife, it would be well to refer to a long article by Mr Kegan Paul which appeared in the *Athenæum* when the Carlyle controversy was at its height. That Miss Welsh's wound was cured at once and very easily is proved by the following passage

"When at Haddington immediately before his wedding Irving invited Miss Welsh to come to London and pay a visit to him and his wife. Miss Welsh accepted with exuberant delight and waited long and impatiently for him to fix the date of the visit."

Mr Carlyle rightly says: "Overjoyed, forsooth, at the idea of being the guest of her 'lost lover' and of having for hostess her successful rival!"

But Irving's nature was far deeper than Mrs. Carlyle's, and the strange and sad wreck of his career may have been due far more than is supposed to a deep wound in his affections.

Carlyle too had his day. Jane Welsh was not his first love. His first love was Jean Johnston, who became the reigning beauty of Annan. Was this the daughter of the Secession minister at Ecclefechan? I have not been able to lay my hands on Carlyle's pathetic acknowledgment of his deep affection for her.

IV

In the second volume, when the preparations for the marriage are being practically discussed, there is the frequent flash of swords. Miss Welsh writes

to Carlyle early in the year which preceded their marriage:

"I love you. I have told you so a hundred times, and I should be the most ungrateful and injudicious of mortals if I did not, but I am not *in love* with you, that is to say, my love for you is not a passion which overclouds my judgment and absorbs all my regard for myself and others. It is a simple honest serene affection made up of admiration and sympathy and better perhaps to found domestic enjoyment on than any other. In short it is a love which *influences* does not *make* the destiny of a life."

Carlyle replies later

"Shall I confess it dear as you are to my heart, I feel that I do not love you with a tithe of that affection which

you might merit and obtain from me. It seems as if I *dared* not love you! That nobleness of nature that generous tho' aimless striving for perfection attracts me towards you as with the force of fascination but my understanding seems to call upon me to beware seems to tell me that situated and intentioned as we are it can be for good to neither of us. A thousand times have I denounced the artificial misdirection and delusions that deface the pure celestial ardour of your soul. A thousand times have I wished that you had been some humble maiden with no possession no accomplishment but the ethereal spirit the true fervent heart which Nature gave you that you might have joined with me mind and hand in the great and only right pursuit of life the *real* not *seeming* perfection of our characters the proper guidance and contentment of the faculties that Providence has committed to our charge."



Edward Irving.

From a photograph which hung in Carlyle's dressing room at the time of his death.

From 'The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh' (John Lane)

I have not been able to touch on many points of the utmost interest and importance. These volumes are a mine of entertainment and instruction, a permanent addition to English literature, and better adapted to provoke friendly discussion than any other book I have read for long. For example, Mr. Carlyle argues plausibly that Jane Welsh was Blumine. It is impossible to doubt that there was a true affection between Carlyle and Jane Welsh almost from the hour they met, but at the time of marriage neither of these proud and fierce spirits had surrendered to the other.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best brief quotation from English literature asserting the superiority or inferiority of woman to man.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to BERTRAM J. SAUNDERS, 104, Berw Road, Pontypridd, Glam., for the following:

SOME ONE PAYS. BY NOEL BARWELL.

"I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake my Little ones, and fill the Cup.'
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

We select from the many other quotations received:

THE MAN WHO LIVED. BY BERYL TUCKER.

"The man recovered from the bite.
The dog it was who died."—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(Mrs. Moss, Bletsoe Rectory, Bedford.)

MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE. BY P. LOWELL.

"I will make a Star-chamber matter of it."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

THE COMBAT. BY ARTHUR CAMPBELL.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?"
Kemble, The Panel.

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

VALLADOLID, OVIEDO, SEGOVIA, ZAMORA, AVILA,
AND ZARAGOZA. BY A. F. CALVERT. (John Lane.)

"Hold, enough!"—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, V. VII.

(V. Ford, 14, Woodland Road, Bristol.)

TYBURN TREE: ITS HISTORY AND ANNALS. BY A. MARKS.

"And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."
BRET HARTE, *Society upon the Stanislaus.*

(Miss E. Bullock, Hillesden, Congleton.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best passage from English literature touching on the best or the worst of growing old has been awarded to MISS EVELYN M. ABBOTT, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire, for the following:

"As the disease of old age is epidemic, endemic, and sporadic, and everybody that lives long enough is sure to catch it, I am going to say, for the encouragement of such as need it, how I treat the malady in my own case. First, as I feel that, when I have anything to do, there is less time for it than when I was younger, I find that I give my attention more thoroughly, and use my time more economically than ever before; so that I can learn anything twice as easily as in my earlier days. I am not, therefore, afraid to attack a new study. I took up a difficult language a very few years ago with good success, and think of mathematics and metaphysics by-and-by. Secondly, I have opened my eyes to a good many neglected privileges and pleasures within my reach, and requiring only a little courage to enjoy them. You may well suppose it pleased me to find that old Cato was thinking of learning to play the fiddle, when I had deliberately taken it up in my old age, and satisfied myself that I could get much comfort, if not much music out of it. Thirdly, I have found that some of those active exercises which are commonly thought to belong to young folks only, may be enjoyed at a much later period. . . . But now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the ten-foot sculls, because your arms are too weak, and, after dallying a while with eyeglasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles, if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low that where its flame reverberated there is only the sombre strain of regret, and where its coals glowed only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century if you can last so long."—O. W. HOLMES, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

Excellent selections have also been received from Miss Agnes H. Neill (Lytham), Miss Ethel M. Inglis (Harlesden), R. H. Smith (West Norwood), Mrs. P. E. Timms (Northampton), George C. Thomson (Callander), A. Whitehead (Leeds), Miss Hebditch (Saffron Walden), S. L. Ogilvie (Aberdeen), Rev. T. J. O'Connor (Ballinasloe), Miss E. Bullock (Congleton), and many others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to MISS JOSEPHINE EWING, 3, Free School Lane, Cambridge, for the following:

CROSSRIGGS. BY MARY AND JANE FINDLATER. (Smith, Elder.)

The Miss Findlaters are at once broadly human and delightfully original, and "Crossriggs" is a most happy product of their powers. Their delicate insight and pathos is immeasurably removed from mawkishness—in fact, it is frequently relieved by a refreshingly caustic touch. All the characters stand out (the maid and children not least)—the plain, witty, self-sacrificing heroine, with her capacity for sustained work and suffering; the unconquerable optimism and incurable "faddism" of her father; the hero, a true Scot, self-contained and sensitive; and

finally Matilda, most womanly of women, neither clever, nor beautiful, nor heroic, and yet lovable.

We select also for printing :

A FRIAR OBSERVANT. BY FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD.
(Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

The Friar Observant gives an admirable sketch of German people, German life and German interests of the middle of the sixteenth century. Charged by the dying Earl of Lhanpylt to deliver his legacy to his daughter, the friar hastens to Germany and the Lady Anne. He records in lively strain the many misfortunes which befall him ere he is able to fulfil his promise. It is seldom that one meets with Martin Luther and his colleagues in a novel, and the author has very cleverly combined the problems of the theologians with the spirit of adventure.

(E. E. Solomon, 81, Alexandra Road, N.W.)

THE MAID OF FRANCE. BY ANDREW LANG. (Longmans.)

The suit of Andrew Lang *versus* Anatole France is that of the personal *versus* the relative value of Jeanne d'Arc. Mr. Lang contends that she was never the tool of priests, and cannot be accounted for by her environment. His is the passionate vindication of a devoted chevalier. But he has achieved more than

a controversial counterblast, and presents the Maid as a type of militant sainthood : triumphant in defeat ; with the faith that removes mountains ; moving glorious athwart the page of history with her eyes fixed on "the spiritual of the gross ugly picture" of her times.

(M. Windeatt Roberts, Chudleigh House, Bideford.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by J. W. Damant (East Cowes), D. Gill (Redcar), Rev. G. M. N. Hickey (Dukinfield), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss E. J. K. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), V. Ford (Bristol), Miss Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Comrie), Charles Smith (Bootle), Miss Dorothy Gouldsmith (Shanklin), and G. E. Wakerley (Nottingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by LEONARD H. STOWELL, 64, Grafton Road, Acton, W.

New Books.

THE REAL BOSWELL.*

The handsome second edition of Boswell's Letters to Archbishop Temple's grandfather is practically a reprint of the first. So far as I can detect, the original notes by Sir P. Francis (the younger) are retained intact with scarcely an addition. Mr. Seccombe has supplied a brief introduction, but the original Introduction by Francis, to which in his notes he so often refers the reader back, has unfortunately been omitted. Now Mr. Seccombe professes to be highly satisfied with Francis's performances. I am not only dissatisfied but disgusted, and feeling that sooner or later these Letters must be carefully re-edited, regret that the present opportunity has been lost, and so will hardly recur for another generation.

Internal evidence to my mind leaves no doubt that the Letters are authentic. They were discovered in 1850 at Boulogne among a stock of wastepaper, but we are not told what has now become of them or why they have not been collated. The series extends from 1758 to 1795, from Boswell's eighteenth year to his death. Great as is their psychological value, to the general reader they must, until properly edited, be disappointing—and for two reasons. The deplorable long gaps in the correspondence (due, it is clear, to destruction of the MSS.) often occur at most important periods—one is from 1780 to 1787. And secondly, he will be surprised and vexed to find so very little about Johnson, who for long periods is never even mentioned, the first days of the famous friendship alone being dwelt on in detail. Moreover, the volume, as it stands, can give him but an imperfect and distorted view of Boswell's character and career. It must be read as a supplement to the other authorities.

I shall not here attempt an orthodox popular Boswell review, picking out the plums from the Letters—Mr. Seccombe has fairly cleared the meagre dish—that is, selecting, exaggerating, and distorting whatever can be wrested to the author's disgrace, then trying to make the old conventional view of his character look decently original, and after the usual depreciation winding up by patting the "Prince of Biographers" on the back with the usual enthusiasm. My object in seeking to review this book was simply to use

* "Letters of James Boswell to the Rev. W. J. Temple." With an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe, and 3 Portraits. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

it as the text for an earnest protest against what I venture to think the gross injustice, the undeserved insult, and the unreasonable depreciation with which from first to last a man of true genius and appealing humanity has been treated. And Francis and Mr. Seccombe, though neither of them the Prince of Detractors, shall be called as witnesses.

But first a word about Temple, who, also as Boswell's friend, is of course steadily depreciated by our two critics on very dubious grounds. The warm and life-long friendship of these college boys—a serious Warrington and a giddy Pendennis—is surely to their credit. Temple seems to have become a superior country parson after Miss Austen's heart, gaining good preferment and longing for better. Francis pronounces his voluminous works extinct, but Mr. Seccombe's industry has unearthed them all at Cambridge, and he dismisses them as dull. Probably they are. In those days clever clergymen wrote stupid books—it was expected of them. He prepared for publication selections from his replies to Boswell (mostly literary criticisms), but the project fell through, and his letters are lost. Francis's sneers let us pass by, and set down just two points to the credit of his virtues. We are taught that Boswell's idolatry of Johnson was mere vulgar notoriety-hunting, cringing servility—a case of the lion and the jackal, of the mangy cur and his noble master. Was it? Then how comes it that the friend of his youth, to whom to his last day he clung with unvarying respect and devotion, on whom he lavished his most secret confidences and all the unselfish, generous warmth of his heart, was—well, what was he? Illustrious? notorious? a prodigy? a lion? By no means. Simply an obscure country parson, but a man of rigid morals, high principles, conventional piety, of elegant and laborious learning. Is it then blasphemy to urge that what awed Boswell in his illustrious patron, what in his bosom friend charmed him—the taper flame which attracted this frail moth was the effulgence of moral and intellectual worth, the ideals to which he was loyal to the last, but ever approached in vain? Now, a plea for Temple. Why did Johnson so soon make a friend of that raw, tactless, indiscreet youth? Scotch immigrant too! For two reasons. He recognised, as the world does now, in the "contemptible buffoon" a rare and singular genius. But so did Temple—five years earlier. Secondly, as a moral philosopher, or humanist—if I may use the word in this

sense—he saw in Boswell what Fielding, what Sterne, what Dickens and George Eliot and Anatole France—what any great humanist would have seen at once—what a Macaulay or a Francis or any of their tribe could never have seen if it had been pointed out to them—the inner beauty, the natural grace which deforming faults and failings hid from the stolid or hurried observer. But so did Temple. Yet Boswell seems at first sight hardly a congenial or eligible friend for a bishop's pet parson. In short, Temple was neither a fool nor—a Francis.

An analysis of Boswell, much less a panegyric, shall not here be attempted. His faults and deficiencies are glaring. Nor have I Johnson's magnanimity to condone them. To a lover of contemplation, the restlessness of the man, his excitement, his boring inquisitiveness, his love of crowds, his coldness to the charms of poetry, nature, and art, his instability, his varying and fickle moods, his concernment in the passing fashions of opinion and manners, his place-hunting, his intemperance and much else would have been uncongenial, nay repulsive. My object is not to glorify him, but to expose what is perhaps the worst literary scandal of the nineteenth century, the Boswellian Legend or Boswellian Fallacy, foisted on us by confederated Whiggery, Giggery, and Puritanism, maintained through three generations by stupid bell-wether-following, and even to-day kept alive by deliberate misrepresentation or unconscious malignity.

Boswell had faults, the faults of his peculiar genius and environment. The very same faults, but of deeper dye, are condoned in men of far inferior merit. His have been raked up, grossly exaggerated and distorted, and from them, and them alone, a legendary Boswell has been built up—a monstrous Personification of Folly, a pitiful Homunculus, a Shocking Example, a butt for the insult and ridicule of every scribbling tool. Well, the real Boswell was no doubt what we call a "character" not exactly an "eccentric," since his note was his absurd naturalness—but that he was more silly, vain, abject, and contemptible than many highly respectable householders there is absolutely no proof whatever. It is now so long ago that I went through the Johnson-Boswell literature that as usual the facts have faded, but my impressions and conclusions are still vivid. And clearest of all was my amazement at the dearth of evidence to support the legendary Boswell, and at the obvious misconstruction of certain oft-quoted passages and incidents.

Here is no room to trace the curious history of the Legend. Of course, in his lifetime Boswell incurred as much or more blame than he deserved. Johnson's predilection caused some jealousy. Boswell offended or bored most strangers, especially solemn humbugs. Some spiteful detractors, to wit Hawkins and his precious daughter, had secret grudges against the man. His boyish candour and heedlessness laid him open to attack. Another offence. "Poor Mr. Lang does try so hard to be Scotch," said one of his lady friends. Boswell tried as hard to be English. Each from very different, but very laudable, motives. The idealist Boswell, contented only with the best, ever thirsting for the fountain head, proud patriot though he was, found the Modern Athens of his day a little provincial. I fancy supercilious Cockneys, ungratefully enough, hated the Scotch interloper all the more for aping their copyright speech and manners. Finally, his literary success was a galling surprise. Well, the legendists have raked together every scrap of contemporary detraction. What does it all amount to when calmly judged? To no more than was, and is, said behind the backs of other misunderstood men of genius. However, this snowball, instead of melting like others, was steadily kept rolling and growing by a few hostile and strenuous hands, and by many careless and servile. Macaulay gave it the most vicious push, Macaulay, a man—no, not a man, a clever literary machine—who knew as little of the human heart as of radium, who could diagnose nothing in Boswell's case but an alarming want

of Whig tone. His libel is not only insolent but ridiculous, for it flaunts the very faults it reprobates. Vain, shallow, impertinent, bigoted—brave words these! But I confess that I have always found the essayist, save when he forgets himself, an exasperating bore, which Boswell rarely is. For fifty years the Legend has reigned supreme—even Thackeray, who should have known better, joins the cry. Enough! The result was that in writing casually about Boswell, every literary person knew that it was enough to repeat the orthodox praises of the "Life," and ring the changes on some of the dozen or score of stock incriminating quotations and incidents. We are getting tired of them—as of Pepys' wigs, Byron's foot, and Goldsmith's peach-blossom coat. For the miracle is that if only the scribblers had looked up these famous passages they would find that all, or nearly all, have been grossly misrepresented, and will bear an innocent, sometimes a highly creditable, construction. Take off the green spectacles and just try.

Now turn we to these Letters. They are confided to Francis, clever, sensible Whig and blind follower of Macaulay. He knows his business. It is not to elucidate the many obscurities, or fill up the tremendous gaps, and bring out the good points. No, he is not editing Shakespeare or Milton. All he has to do is to ferret out, distort, and gibbet every passage which can bolster up the Legend and bring grist to the Macaulay mill. Mr. Seccombe, too, though his final estimate is sound enough, feels bound to borrow Francis's perversions and discover a few for himself.

A few of the many perversions by both editors which I had noted must be cited. Among various instances of vanity, they make great play with a phrase, "You see, I am really the *great man* now." Well, this occurs often, sometimes with the addition "as we used to say," which is of course carefully suppressed. Obviously, a mere playful allusion to some little old joke of college days. (See the infamous note, p. 119, on the harmless passage p. 121.) Whenever Boswell imparts his little triumphs and successes to his bosom friend, these superfine persons sneer at his vanity; if he confides his frailties and misfortunes *tutus auribus*, it is branded as shameless effrontery or puling drivell. Now take this veiled sneer (Francis, p. 130): "The subject of Boswell's wife in the next letter is touched upon in a very characteristic fashion." The fashion is really most seemly, beautiful, tender, and affecting. Yet Mr. Seccombe dares to write thus: "Nor was he free, it seems, in his unwonted constancy, from fits of passion or gloom, though he ascribes these outbursts, rather oddly, to his wife's great goodness. 'There is something childish in it, I confess.'" Read the passage, remembering that Boswell was always subject to attacks of nervous depression: "You cannot say too much to me about my wife. . . . I own I am not so much on my guard against fits of passion and gloom as I ought to be, but that is really owing to her great goodness. There is something childish in it, I confess: I ought not to indulge in such fits: it is like a child that lets itself fall purposely to have the pleasure of being raised tenderly up again by those who are fond of it. I shall endeavour to be better. Upon the whole I do believe I make her very happy. God bless and preserve her." And this profound and delicate sentiment strikes the critic as "rather odd"!

I strongly suspect Francis of foisting in italics of his own to distort Boswell's meaning. His very ignorance is often detracting. Says Boswell, "Were you as rich as Pliny, had you his fine seat,* your epistles would be as good." "**Sic* in orig." comments Francis contemptuously, mistaking, I suppose, the famous villa for an easy chair or seat on horseback.

Cockney Francis, familiar with black mourning coaches, remarks: "The nineteen carriages, etc., following his wife's hearse certainly afforded the mourning husband no little satisfaction." This to prove "the littleness and vanity of his nature." A most venomous insinuation! Boswell, with perfect propriety, good taste and feeling, merely mentions

to his wife's old friend—as any Scottish gentleman then, or I suppose now, would do—the great respect paid to her memory, according to the customs of the country, by her neighbours and tenants high and low. The infinite littleness is that of Francis. Boswell was a fool and so a sinner, but he was magnanimous. He had at least a soul to save, even if he lost it. All through Francis steadily depreciates, sneers, and misrepresents. But let the above specimens suffice. Moreover, there is internal evidence (which Mr. Seccombe seems not to have noticed) that he omitted some letters—perhaps pruned and garbled others. And while, for instance, he fails to elucidate or comment on the invaluable letter signed N. N. R., he gives us five close pages of Newgate Calendar irrelevance on the disgusting Douglas Cause, and four on Mrs. Rudd the forger.

Such is the latest version of the Boswell Legend! Is it not time to read him with our own eyes and think for ourselves? If so, even in these careless, rambling letters we shall find some original thoughts—for instance, his discovery of the biographic art, and some pregnant sayings, one almost prophetic, "I have compared myself to a taper, which can light up a great and lasting fire, though itself is soon extinguished."

Y. Y.

SPENCER PERCEVAL.*

What exact purpose Mr. Philip Treherne had when writing this brief account of Spencer Perceval is not very clear. It contains nothing new in the way of material, nor does it put forward any fresh point of view; but it is so simply written and the author's attitude is so unassuming that the critic is disarmed. Mr. Treherne, it

* "The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval." By Philip Treherne. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)



A posthumous portrait by George Francis Joseph, A.R.A.

The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.

From "The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval." (Fisher Unwin.)

can be discerned, is well acquainted with the period of which he writes, and he may perhaps one day see fit to present us with a more elaborate work on the subject he has selected. Even as it is, a pleasant hour may be spent with the book by the general reader; though the historical student can scarcely be recommended to devote any time to the perusal of this bald narrative of a famous man's life.

Mr. Treherne, who, it may be said *on passant*, is a hero-worshipper, mentions how Spencer Perceval, though always interested in politics, could not take any active part in the game, owing to the necessity to make his living at the Bar and to provide for the future of his wife and twelve children. Our author goes on to say that "in the history of English politics Pitt shines as a solitary example of an early success in Parliament," which is a statement strangely inaccurate, for, without going any further, Pitt's great antagonist, Fox, took a foremost place in Parliament at the age of twenty-one. As a lawyer, Perceval met with success early in life, being engaged to prosecute for the Crown against Paine and Horne Tooke. Not long after the trial of the latter, Pitt offered him the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, which, however, not yet having amassed a sufficient fortune, he could not afford to accept.

At the age of thirty-four, in 1796, Perceval took silk, and began his Parliamentary career in the same year as member for Northampton. Though he made some reputation for himself in the House of Commons, it was still as a lawyer that he was best known. He was appointed Solicitor-General to the Queen, but, by the irony of fate, it was as adviser to that object of the Queen's hatred, the Princess of Wales, that he achieved something like fame. He appeared for the unhappy lady throughout what is known as the "Delicate Investigation," and in her name wrote the famous letter that occupied so large a portion of "The Book"—which volume, owing to the resignation of the Grenville Ministry, though printed, was never published. He stood by the Princess manfully, and Brougham, who later was to take up his task in the matter of the vindication of her Royal Highness, paid a handsome tribute to his memory, referring to him as "her firm, dauntless, and most able advocate."

Perceval made headway in Parliament, and in the Duke of Portland's administration of 1807 accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, together with the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster—the emoluments of the first office being then so small that the advocate could not consider himself justified without further pecuniary advantages in resigning his lucrative practice at the bar. The Duke of Portland, now an old man, was a feeble Prime Minister, and there is an element of high comedy in the ensuing struggle between Perceval and Canning to succeed him. "I am not so presumptuous as to expect that you would acquiesce in that choice falling on me. On the other hand, I hope and trust that you will not consider it as any want of esteem and kindness on my part towards you personally . . . if I should not think it possible to remain in office under the change which would necessarily be produced in my situation by the appointment of a first Minister in the House of Commons—even in your person." So wrote Canning courteously, and not a whit less politely replied the other, equally decided not to serve under Canning. Canning kindly suggested that Perceval should allow himself to be "kicked upstairs" as President of the Council or even as Lord Chancellor; but Perceval had at present no hankerings after a peerage. Canning had to wait for his turn as Prime Minister through the long years of Lord Liverpool's administration, and Perceval in 1809 was called upon to form a Government. He was, as it has been frequently pointed out of late, the only practising barrister until Mr. Asquith who held the office of First Lord of the Treasury. He was a clever man and a capable administrator, keeping his party well in hand until his

tragic death at the hands of the semi-demented Bellingham. He was honourable, and in those days was regarded even as fastidious in matters affecting his own interests, and it is much to his credit that he was the first Minister of whom it has been recorded that being comparatively speaking a poor man he declined to avail himself to the great amazement of the House of Commons of opportunities to appoint his children to lucrative sinecures.

LEWIS MILVILL

THE LURE OF EVE.*

Nothing in modern art taking the word in its widest application is so remarkable as the general excellence of technique. Modern methods of teaching are producing Paganinis and Paderewskis by the score. Each year Academy contains acres of pictures technically admirable but without originality or any underlying idea. The same thing is true of the novel, the only form of literature which has any genuine vitality today. Of the mass of new

novels published every season very few are technically bad, even the beginners seem already to have mastered the mere mechanical difficulties of construction.

The Lure of Eve is a first novel and very remarkable first novel.



Mrs. Edith Mary Moore.

Author of 'The Lure of Eve' (Cassell & Co.)

but it is not the absence of technical blemishes which lifts it out of the rack. Rather it is something in the spirit in which it is written that compels attention. It is real work, vital and honest, written for the joy of writing, and such work is always rare.

The central idea is simple but adequate. Arthur Laine is a budding novelist, the man who is going to write great books. He is full of theories for the social regeneration of the world, a poor stock in trade for a novelist, and in these theories Woman plays a leading part. Unfortunately Laine, like most undergraduates who have just left the university, knows exactly nothing about women, and adopts the riskiest of all methods of gaining the necessary experience, marriage. He falls in love with a beautiful girl of conventional education and no mind, but quite ready to be the wife of a successful literary man and determined in any case to have what she wants, her chief wants being admiration and pretty frocks, and her husband instead of finding in her the inspiration which he needs is driven to write pot-boilers to satisfy her demands for the minor luxuries of life. The gradual disillusionment of the two is depicted with great skill, and the effect is heightened by the note of irony on which the book ends.

Mrs. Moore is less successful in the treatment of the minor characters, but the portrait of Lora, the real woman

to whom Laine turns instinctively for help, is a sound piece of work. "The Lure of Eve" grips by the nervous intensity with which it is written. If Mrs. Moore will only be simpler and eschew any tendency to write "strong" scenes, she will have to be reckoned with in the near future.

AN ARCTIC PROBLEM.*

In ice-bound exploration—one of the most fascinating phases of adventure discovery, and so far one of the least productive of material benefits that modern times have known, this expedition will probably stand out in the annals of the whole as one of the great little ones. It was great in project, little in comparative result, yet great in result compared to means. It had two great hearts and a shipload of enthusiasm as foundations, but their craft was a small one, in truth hardly fitted for what was expected of her, and the shifts that had to be made in order to raise the necessary funds were at times decidedly humorous, and on the whole, as romantic as the small back street beginnings of a business that afterwards becomes a Bon Marche or a Whiteley's. The fact that Mr. Mikkelsen, on the very eve of their sailing from Victoria, B.C., had to give a public lecture for the means of paying their little personal debts in the place is a fine joke—of a kind which only the enthusiastic explorer can truly appreciate. It must be counted to the honour of the Duchess of Bedford (after whom the adventurers rechristened their little schooner) and Mr. William Heinemann that they went to the financial rescue of these two alluring young men, who had to be rescued in other ways before their experiences were over.

Extending along the north coast of Alaska, and reaching into the Arctic Ocean Polewards, there is what is known as the Continental Shelf. This is really a slowly dipping part of the ocean floor, and since its first discovery certain navigators and geographers have held the theory that this Shelf was the even bed of that sea of almost everlasting ice, in which case working on the rule of the dip and rise of ocean bed, there must be land further north and within reasonable distance. This was the problem which Mr. Mikkelsen and his friend and fellow-courageous Mr. de K. Leffingwell, the scientist of the venture, went to solve in a packet of 55 86 gross tonnage, built in Japan in 1877 for sealing. But they had other game to hunt on their way to that North which has so wonderful a power to draw men again and again into its cold white fastnesses. In passing through the Behring Sea and other waters it was their intention to take soundings and either to confirm or to correct charts wherever they could. This work was done, and much valuable data was gathered as to the old ice in the Beaufort Sea.

At last, after rather unusual difficulties and obstacles, they reached Flaxman Island, off the north coast of Alaska. There they went into winter quarters, and thence was made the sledge trip north, sounding as they travelled, by which they have proved that the Shelf extends only some thirty-five miles from the coast, and that the bed of the Arctic Ocean then deepens with uncommon rapidity from one hundred to six hundred metres. Thus according to the usual run of sea floors, and in spite of the legends of travellers coming over the Beaufort ice to Alaska from supposed lands in the further north, we are now pretty well assured that he who would strike land, say from Point Barrow, and on a course between north-east and north-west, will have to travel a very long way. Then at the end of that great short journey over the unusually difficult ice-fields of the Beaufort Sea, they had to leave the wreck of their little craft on the shore of Flaxman Island. There, too, with the natives, stayed Mr. Leffingwell, while Mr. Mikkelsen, to send relief to him, sledged all along the

* "Conquering the Arctic Ice" By Einar Mikkelsen. 20s net (Heinemann)

* "The Lure of Eve." By Edith Mary Moore 6s (Cassell.)



Photo by J. Enami, Japan.

A Japanese Fire Display.

From "Every-Day Japan." (Cassell & Co.)

coast, by the way of Icy Cape and Point Hope, and away down through Candle to Nome. From Candle he sent the relief; then, at home, he turned east, crossed the Alaskan range and fetched Valdez, in about 61° N. 147° W., whence he could easily get back to Victoria, B.C.

Throughout all this the strenuous explorers were ever busy in making notes on the thousand and one things, natural and unnatural, that fell in their way. From meteorological phenomena to matters human their observations ebbed and flowed; and, remembering the character of the Eskimo fifteen to twenty years ago, it is interesting to know, particularly in face of the fact that the betterment of a nation must lie so largely with its women, that "the women also have got other ideals in life than selling themselves to a whaler. They too have learned to read and write, to cook and sew, to keep the homes clean and tidy, and to take care of their children. They have learnt that a woman must be the wife of one man, must work with him and help him in whatever way they can. . . . And the tribe which . . . was rapidly disappearing under the influence of drink, disease, and starvation is now comparatively flourishing."

When they were about to enter the ice they had a most interesting meeting with Captain Ronald Amundsen, in the *Gjøa*, the smallest craft that ever compassed the North-West Passage, and very little bigger than the *Duchess of Bedford*. Captain Amundsen was then practically at the end of his successful double venture of getting through the Passage and of locating the Magnetic Pole,

and one can easily understand how that meeting put fresh hope and courage into the hearts of those who were voyaging in from the west. On p. 282, vol. ii., of his "North-West Passage," Captain Amundsen mentions this meeting; and reading the two books together at this juncture is for all the world like living off Point Barrow amongst the explorers and the whalers.

The appendices supplied by Mr. De K. Leffingwell and Dr. G. P. Howe are of considerable value. The book is well indexed; the great quantity of reproduced photographs are beautifully clear, and the manner of telling the story is as simple as that of the Elizabethan voyagers.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE FAR EAST AGAIN.*

To Mr. Arthur Lloyd's interesting book *Count Tadasu Hayashi* has written a short Introduction. In it he claims for the volume that it is more likely to be valuable than the work of native writers, because Mr. Lloyd (although resident for many years in Japan), being a foreigner, is likely to set down impressions which from familiarity the Japanese themselves might esteem unimportant and unworthy of notice. A very careful reading of "Every-Day Japan" has forced upon us the conclusion that the author may perhaps have resided too long in the country, and that the fault of omission which Count Hayashi attributes to native writers is just the fault that has overtaken Mr. Lloyd. He leaves too much to the imagination, and his work therefore appears lacking in sympathy and the quality which has come to be known as "atmosphere."

It goes without saying that in the 350 pages which he fills, and the three interesting appendices, there is much of real value. But there are many books amongst those already published which have the saving quality of "intimacy" even when dealing with and describing things already known about Japan and its people, which the volume we are now noticing lacks. There are valuable statistics in it, there are numbers of interesting facts stated, and occasionally one comes across something quite fresh, something of permanent value, something "well and tersely put." But the impression left upon one's mind is not a complete picture of a country or a race. One feels that one has been standing all the while outside the national life as an observer of its differences and development rather than as a participator in these things.

The industrial life and industries of Japan, with which it is obvious Mr. Lloyd is well acquainted, are dealt with somewhat superficially. And the same remark applies to the colourless description of the festivals which play so important a part in the national life even of to-day, though less so (as the author remarks) than formerly. On p. 189 *et seq.* we have much said of "street cries," but instead of telling his readers what they are and describing them—the plaintive, haunting cry of the blind masseuse, for example—which would be interesting—the writer contents himself with stating that there are cries, which is certainly not illuminating. Nor does it seem necessary to explain that the country districts are not

* "Every-Day Japan." By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. Illustrated. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

centres of intellectual life. No one, we presume, would suppose that they are. And after all, the love of the Buddhist monks for beautiful scenery is not (p. 9) distinctive of them in particular, but of the race as a whole.

There are many other small points which one could notice, where the deductions do not appear to us either quite just or clearly defined; but it is more pleasing to pass on to the excellences the volume possesses, some of which are, so far as we know, not to be found in previous books dealing with the subject.

For example, there is an excellent account given of the Imperial Family of to-day, which no student of Japan and its evolution as regards social life can afford to neglect. Mr. Lloyd, too, is quite at home and informative when dealing with the development of commerce, though we think arts and crafts rather inadequately treated. And he gives some interesting sidelights upon the life and methods of Japanese shopkeepers. The same may also be said regarding his account of the training of the modern Japanese soldier, and the results attained.

Of particular interest are the two chapters, "A Day in a Japanese Home." Here for a little while we seem to get more in touch with the people themselves; and the result is far more satisfying and abiding.

Mr. Lloyd is distinctly happy in his "crystallisation" of the Japanese commercial morality when he says it exhibits "defective integrity." And his description of the Japanese farmer is an etching in print.

"The Japanese farmer," he says, "understands all about the rotation of crops, uses manure very liberally, and works hard. When he has had his supper and can work no more in the field, he goes to the brook to wash the immense white *daikon*, which are sent off overnight in carts so as to be in Tokyo (or the neighbouring town) early next morning. I have never seen any people so thoroughly industrious as are the country Japanese. Social life there is none, for there is next to no leisured class. The wives of the few officials call upon one another from time to time, and a few entertainments are given on special occasions. No one has any time for anything but household duties. The things which we associate with country life—hunting, shooting, games, parish teas, and entertainments, and all the little amenities of the village—are simply absent. There is no squire and no rector."

The chapters upon schools and education, upon "The Japanese Stage," and those dealing with journalism, doctors and hospitals, are valuable and most interesting. One can well believe, as our author states, that the fragile houses of Japan, with their thin walls and perviousness to noise, are not ideal places in which to be ill, and that in consequence "nursing homes" are numerous in all parts of the country, where quiet often more necessary than medicine—can be secured.

A word or two as regards the illustrations. Those in colour strike us as rather crude and lacking in atmosphere. Two only are really good, one, "A Ladies' Dinner Party," is charming. Of the numerous reproductions from photos it need only be said that most are excellent and informing, and that the subjects have been unusually well chosen.

CLIVE HOLAND.

THE TWO HUNGARIES.*

Were not the maxim that every obverse has its reverse a patent platitude, its truth could not have been better illustrated than by the publication of two such volumes as these which now lie before us. In the main both books deal with the same aspects of their common subject. Both books, for example, contain a good deal of history; both have chapters upon education; both, again, discuss literature and the arts generally. This similarity, which, in other circumstances, might make one hesitate to read two books upon the same topic, is, in this particular instance, an

additional reason for not resting content with having read one of the volumes only. Upon many of the topics, of course, no fruitful comparison can be drawn, but upon a review of the works as a whole one is tempted to invert the French saying and to exclaim that the more the thing is the same, the more difference is there. What the attitude taken up in the volume which Mr. Alden has edited is, scarcely needs to be explained. Written as it is by "members of the Hungarian Government, etc.," it contains the most optimistic statements upon the achievements, civilisation, and future of that country, and makes a frank appeal to the sympathy of Great Britain. On the other hand "Scotus Viator"—or to give him his real name, Mr. Seton-Watson—writes with the one determined object of proving that not only are the Magyars not deserving of any sympathy on the ground that they are an oppressed nationality, but that they are themselves the most relentless oppressors. And what makes Mr. Seton-Watson's diatribes the more remarkable is that (in his own words), "when I first devoted myself to the Austro-Hungarian question I was imbued with the conventional admiration felt by most people in this country for Louis Kossuth, and the ideals with he represented." The most obvious perhaps, of the conflicting conclusions here illustrated is supplied by the respective remarks upon education. Count Albert Apponyi, whose name in this connection is so well known, sums up his chapter upon elementary education in Hungary with the words:

"All this proves that the Hungarian Legislature has settled the question of elementary education on the most liberal basis, with the most considerate regard for individual and corporate rights, even in places where the interests of the State dictated greater severity in the restriction of those rights."

As against this statement must be set the counter-statement of Mr. Seton-Watson that nothing shows more strikingly "the Magyarising tendencies of education than the system which has been followed in the erection of State primary schools. In 1906 there were 2,046 State schools in existence, but although they were attended by 117,746 non-Magyar children, the language of instruction in *all save one* was exclusively Magyar!" So far from finding elementary education founded upon a "most liberal basis," Mr. Seton-Watson rounds off his chapter upon this subject with the declaration that

"The present educational policy of the Magyars is based upon two radically false assumptions, first that patriots can be created by Act of Parliament, and second, that language is the sole basis of nationality. Neither is true, and the Hungarian Parliament, if it must needs shut its eyes to the obvious examples of Ireland and Scotland, might remember that the foremost champions of the nationalities have received a Magyar education and have a complete mastery of the Magyar language."

For our own part we believe that the ultimate survival of a language is a matter mainly of commerce and economics, and that the artificial revival of Erse, for example, though no less splendid and heroic, is as much doomed to failure as were the efforts of Vercingetorix to rally a conquered Gallia against the all-conquering legions of Julius Caesar.

We have given this, perhaps undue, importance to the one question of education because it so well exemplifies the fundamental differences of conclusions reached in the two volumes. It is not for us, in the columns of a non-political journal, to go into the question of which book appears to speak the political truth. We can at any rate affirm in perfect good faith that each cause is singularly fortunate in the manner of its presentment. Mr. Seton-Watson is already known as a sound and interesting historian, and his work all through shows the same evident marks of careful study and scholarship. He devotes, perhaps, an excessive amount of trouble to defending himself against the charges brought against him, but this, we imagine, is something which he will not repeat in any subsequent volumes. No less is Mr. Alden to be congratulated upon the way in which he has accomplished his editorial duties. Under his auspices his Hungarian friends are enabled to

* "Racial Problems in Hungary." By "Scotus Viator." 16s. net. (Constable.)—"Hungary of To-day." Edited by Percy Alden, M.P. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

address their British readers in language which bears none of those angularities which are apt to creep into all but the most careful translations. Nor can we conclude without reference to the chapter written by Mr Alden himself upon "The State Child." In her treatment of child life Hungary will be acknowledged by all to set an example to Western nations, and Mr Alden is not saying a word too much when he avers that the student of social questions will admire the carefully planned and scientific machinery for preventing the waste of child life which is all too common both in England and on the Continent."

EVERYTHING FOR THE BEST.*

It is a great thing in an age of desperadoes of people who despair not only about the commonwealth but about the universe to come across an optimist so robust as the author of "Araminta." One cannot help liking Miss Perry—Araminta is her name but they call her Goose because she is 'rather a silly.' They also call her Featherbrain and Goose girl and she has a sister whose name is Elizabeth really but they call her Muffin because she is *rather* a ragamuffin. The Goose girl comes up from Slocum Magna near Widdiford to be adopted by her aunt the Countess of Crewkerne who lives in Hill Street. She is six foot high with a perfectly ludicrous drawl, an enormous appetite, a dilapidated wooden box and a ferret called Tobias. The countess's titled friends with one accord begin to fall in love with this amazing phenomenon. A literary and artistic earl who seems a little 'dotty' on the subject of Chopin discovers that she is a perfect throw-back to Araminta, Duchess of Dorset who had been painted by Gainsborough—a goddess, a Juno, a great work of nature. He dresses her in character in a lilac frock with an enormous black hat and a wonderful feather to surmount her daffodil mane in which fiery he takes her to the circus to church and to discuss cream tarts at Buszard's. But the literary and artistic earl has a ferocious rival, a dook called "Gobo" because he gobbles like a turkey, who talks of Miss Perry as a regular bouncer, a fine-looking gal who comes from where the cream comes from—at which remark Miss Perry licks her lips. The accomplished earl exerts all his diplomacy (and he is a supreme social diplomatist) to thwart the machinations of this turkey-faced ruffian and duke the most dangerous man in London. But the poor earl like so many great diplomatists in their day entirely misapprehended the point of the compass from which real danger was to be anticipated. Professing to be Gainsborough mad the earl introduced into Lady Crewkerne's drawing room a young artist of talent named Jim Lascelles ostensibly for the purpose of copying that lady's famous Gainsborough portrait of Araminta, Duchess of Dorset but really as the event proved to create an epoch making canvas of the overgrown Goose girl. Now Jim and Miss Perry had been intimate chums in the old days when Jim resided at the Red House, Widdiford.

"What fun!" exclaimed Miss Perry. "Do you remember teaching me how to draw cows?"

"Yes, I do," said Jim Lascelles. "you could draw as good a cow as anybody I ever saw, and that's the only thing you could do except sit a horse and handle a ferret and eat bread and jam."

"Miss Perry sat in the middle of the sofa. By force of habit she assumed her most characteristic pose."

"There was also one other thing that you could do," said Jim Lascelles. "When you were not actually engaged in eating bread and jam, you could always sit hours on end with your finger in your mouth, thinking how you were going to eat it."

"Jim took up his charcoal."

"Goose girl," said he, "it's the oddest thing out. Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, had the habit of sticking her paw into her mouth. And I'll take my davy her thoughts were of bread and jam. Now don't move the Goose Piece, you silly. The light of the morning strikes it feebly. Really I doubt whether this yellow be bright enough."

"Araminta." By J. C. Snaith. Ga. (Smith, Elder.)

"Jim," said Miss Perry, "to-morrow I will show you my new hat."

"Stick your paw in your mouth," said Jim, "and don't dare to take it out until you are told to. And keep the Goose Piece just where it is. Think of cream buns."

"They are awfully nice," said Miss Perry.

Jim is struck all of a heap by the growth, the beauty, the social success and the fine feathers of his old playmate, and he paints now as he never painted before or since. The catholic and benevolent earl makes friends with the rising young artist's doating mother. Together they scheme for his advancement, talk tearfully of Chopin and Gautier, and score heavily off *la haute société* of Balham. The old Tartar and haridan of an aunt dislikes the young man, and would have sent him about his business but for the disinterested pleading of the unsuspecting earl. Poor old Gobo hasn't a look in—he is out-manœuvred at every point by this Earl of Cheriton which should have been Crichton. A formal offer of marriage is made for the niece's hand and accepted—by the aunt who thanks to Cheriton's incomparable wiles has come out most handsomely in the matter of settlements. The Goose Girl herself is one of a rectory quiverful and it is needless to say has not a penny piece. But in the meantime alas! the ground has been cut away from the elderly and accomplished nobleman's feet by his talented young protégé. Jim and his model are engaged. They are hopelessly in love. Aunt Caroline is speechless with indignation. The tides of convention and duty respond to her spitting. Araminta is nothing if not docile. Jim Lascelles after a very straight talking to by the old Gorgon determines to maintain his tripartite rôle of a Lascelles, a hero and a gentleman. But the stars in their courses were fighting all the time for the two young lovers. The Earl of Cheriton which should have been Chesterfield withdraws from the field with the renunciatory grace of a Marquis of Esmond. The entire family of Slocum Magna came up to London and stayed a whole week at Morley's Hotel and among other things all went one day to see the Exhibition and found there was not one. Jim married the Goose girl at St. Sepulchre's on the first of April and had his picture purchased by the Chantry Bequest. They went to the land of Velazquez for their honeymoon and are now living at the Red House at Widdiford.

I have tried not to distort the story needlessly in this brief summary and my labour will have been vain if I have not proved that verisimilitude to what is readers of Anatole France "Fraternité" and "L'Ono-Bungay" we are bound to regard as the ruling motives of human existence in 1909 is not one of the strong points of "Araminta." But if the reader should conclude that I think poorly of "Araminta" he would be quite wrong. There is a friendliness and a charm about the author's way of writing which make even his absurdities irresistible.

There are a hundred faults in this thing. The same thing it will be remembered was said about "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Mr Snaith I should imagine is no very impartial observer of life. He has a frank partiality for the view that life is well worth living. He has a taste for kindness, for slang, and for fun—an excellent taste I should be inclined to say. He has an enthusiasm for good literature. Like his own Araminta he appears to me to be a throw-back to the good old novelists of forty or fifty years ago. Lady Crewkerne and Cheriton are pure Thackeray. The first sixty pages are a perfect *risacimento* of the West End of Thackeray's great trilogy, adapted by a few artless touches to the requirements of the present day. Jim is a mixture of J. J. and Clive Newcome. There are suggestions of Black, Blackmore, Meredith, and Dickens, while the ending is pure Barrie. The author has a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the best novels, which he invites us to share. We gladly respond. But, though he builds largely from old masters, his work is quite original, perfectly sincere, and admirably lively.

THOMAS SNAITH.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

Whatever my disqualifications may be as a judge of fiction, I credit myself at least with a catholic taste, a modest readiness to believe that possibly my novelist knows his business, and a rational recognition of the facts that he is not bound to be mistaken because he does not see things from my standpoint, and that his book is not necessarily bad because I think it might have been better if he had invented a different plot for it or written it in a different style. To a large extent, I am always willing to accept my author's premises and submit myself to his moods. If he writes a realistic story of how life, I shall not complain that it is rather sordid, for I know that such life must be so; if he writes a romance, I shall not sniff at it because it is romantic; and if he sets himself to thrill me with a sensational novel, I shall be contented to find it sensational, and not censure its vivid colouring or its melodramatic moments.

I don't know how many of this year's novels I have not seen, and I have lost count of how many I have read, but if I were put to it to mention the three that have pleased me most and have seemed to me the ablest and the best of them, I should name "Katherine the Arrogant," "Uncle Gregory," and "Kincaid's Battery"; but I should have made "Magnificat"¹ one of the three, and probably first of the three, if it were not for the manner of David Carew's death in the last chapter but one. Frankly, I cannot believe in that death; it is too timely. It enables Mr. Vincent Brown to dodge the problem of David's regeneration: it smacks of the very old-fashioned tract and wears a religious supernatural aspect that is too superficial to be convincing. This lapse would be less disappointing if Mr. Brown did not write so well; his pictures of life in the drab Bloomsbury boarding-house are admirably realised; David, and the rest of the boarders, all young men, most of them dabbling in journalism, are drawn with a knowledge of human character that makes them wonderfully alive; Mrs. Grimsdick, the landlady, with her elderly, parasitic sister, who was formerly a theatrical star, are photographically true to life; and Annie, the maid-of-all-work, a simple, deeply religious little country girl, is a charmingly idyllic and pathetic figure, her quiet goodness drawing David back again and again when he yields to the dangerous fascinations of Hilda Selby and goes "building on the sands of pleasure" that, as Gabriel Lurcott warns him, "are always shifting, and may engulf you at any moment."

The London boarding-house scenes in "Katherine the Arrogant,"² and in "Daphne in Fitzroy Street" are as cleverly done and as actual as are those in "Magnificat," but the boarders are of different types. Those among whom Katherine lives are inquisitive, gossiping old women (weary, fretful creatures of small incomes and narrow sympathies), and young students and commercial men whose manners do not err on the side of delicacy. She had been used to far better things, has had opportunities of marrying well, only a sense of humour and a mocking tongue had frightened her admirers away from her. On the death of her father, she is left nearly penniless; and now, tiring of the wretchedness of the boarding-house, and resentful of the insults she has to endure as a friendless girl, looking for employment, she swallows her pride and becomes companion and maid to her father's old friend Lady Warbeck, a sly, sprightly, septuagenarian widow who passes for rich and mean, but is in reality poor; and with her Katherine travels about, goes into miscellaneous good society and meets with many adventures. It is an excellent story; crisply and vivaciously written, and thoroughly interesting from start to finish.

¹ "Magnificat." By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

² "Katherine the Arrogant." By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Methuen.)

Daphne's³ fellow-lodgers are of a livelier, more Bohemian quality, mostly artists and artists' models. She is fresh from a convent school in France, and runs away from her guardian's home with her small half-sister Doris, bent upon earning her own living; and how she did it is all so brightly and pleasantly told that for a girl to be cast on her own resources and working for her bread in London would seem to be the very best fun imaginable. I suppose it is—sometimes. The heroine of "The June Princess"⁴ has this much in common with Daphne and Katherine, that she sets out to make a career for herself and find a way to happiness. "How easy everything is," she remarks, "if one turns it into a fairy-tale!" and that is precisely what Miss Smedley has done with this novel of hers. It is amusing, crammed with incident, and has many dainty fantastic touches, but I confess it irritates me all the while to have the heroine called "the Princess" throughout; to have the hero, an ordinary young man, named "the Fairy"; an American publisher, who comes over and gives the Princess an engagement, dubbed "the Fairy Godfather"; a London editor christened "the Attaché," and so forth.

Perhaps the most original and most remarkable of recent novels is "Uncle Gregory."⁵ The plot of it is nothing, but the characterisation and treatment of the whole thing is wickedly delightful. Uncle Gregory, like Marley, is dead, to begin with. He was a great statesman, philanthropist, scholar, public speaker, and by his will he has founded a Trust for the upkeep of certain institutions he established, the carrying out of certain of his ideals, and the writing of his biography. I believe I could name the famous nineteenth-century statesman who is satirised in the person of Uncle Gregory, but I will not risk it. His relatives are obsessed by the necessity of continuing his work, mastering his enormous piles of correspondence, and getting his Life written; his memory is like a living presence about the place, tyrannising over them, ruling and directing them, cramping their outlook, limiting their careers to a glorification of his. This, and how they were eased of their responsibilities and the troublesome important Life gets written at last, is the whole story; and if you think there is not enough here to make a book of, you may take it from me that Mr. Sandeman has found it sufficient to furnish forth one of the most brilliantly ironical novels that has appeared for a long time.

"Kincaid's Battery"⁶ takes us away at once into the glamorous realms of old romance. It is one of those tales of old Creole days that Mr. Cable has the secret of telling with unflinching tenderness and power; a tale of love and battles that begins "in the full flush of a new year, the war year, 'Sixty-one," and carries you gallantly into the stirring days of the fierce struggle between North and South America, and on to a happy and ideal ending; an absorbing romance that fascinates you the more for being so subtly written that it reads as if it might every word of it be true. "King Penda's Captain"⁷ is romance again—an admirable historical tale of early Britain when Penda, king of the Mercians, championed the cause of heathendom against the rising forces of Christianity. Feargus, his captain, falls in love with the daughter of a Christian king and is divided between his allegiance to his chieftain and the desire of his heart. Mr. MacBride has woven a very beautiful romance round these two lovers of far-off half-forgotten years; he recaptures the brave barbaric spirit of the time, and writes gracefully and with just enough of archaic phrasing to subdue us fittingly to his illusions.

¹ "Daphne in Fitzroy Street." By E. Nesbit. 6s. (G. Allen & Sons.)

² "The June Princess." By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

³ "Uncle Gregory." By George Sandeman. 6s. (Heinemann.)

⁴ "Kincaid's Battery." By George W. Cable. Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁵ "King Penda's Captain." By MacKenzie MacBride. With Coloured Illustrations by John Duncan. 6s. (Dent.)

The four stories of "Nightshade"¹ fulfil the gloomy anticipations awakened in you by their title. They are written with marked ability, but the shadow of death is heavy on them all. There is murder in two, suicide in another, and death by starvation in the fourth; they are skilful studies in morbid subjects, but for my part I like Mr. Horniman better when he works in brighter colours and with a lighter hand. "The Graven Image,"² again, is as sensational as the heart of the gentle reader could desire, but it is a breezy, healthy sensationalism, involving the mysterious disappearance and final recovery of a graven image which brought luck to the owner's family. Here, as in two or three of the novels I began with, you have the heroine, Faylande Heath, left without means and going as companion to a lady; it is surely a sign of the times, an echo of something in the air, this persistent showing of the solitary girl facing life independently and fighting her own battle with circumstances; and the startling quest that Faylande soon finds herself embarked upon, and the thrilling and dramatic adventures that befall her in the course of it, are ingeniously and plausibly contrived and make capital reading. *Lil of the Slums*,³ too, has come down in the world and is slaving for a living. She has come down lower than any of the other girls I have been reading about, and earns a poor pittance by sewing in a garret. At first she has her mother with her; but presently the mother dies and she is alone, except for a small street-urchin whom she has adopted. She is sorely tempted to marry a howling bounder for his money, but remains true to the decent shop-assistant who has nothing to give her but his love. It is a good story, easily and sympathetically told, and a striking true incident arising out of the loss of the Thames steamboat *Princess Alice* is adroitly employed to influence the misfortunes and the fortunes of Lil and her lover.

But if you want lurid and rampant sensation of the ruddiest and most breathless order, here is "The Dream—and the Woman," or, wilder still, "The Mystery of the Myrtles."⁴ What do you say to a secret society of occultists, an amazing hypnotist who, with his disciples, practises devil-worship, sets up an altar on the closely secluded lawn of a suburban garden, and sacrifices animals and even human beings to the evil and horrible unseen presences who so sensibly inhabit the dense shrubbery round the lawn that strangers trying to force a path through it are shaken with dreadful fears and fly without knowing why they are afraid? That is what awaits you in "The Mystery of the Myrtles"—that and tales of the robbing and kidnapping of aristocratic victims destined for the sacrifice, and a bizarre and delicate love romance that gains not a little from its grim and gruesome environment. "The Dream—and the Woman"⁵ seems almost quiet and idyllic by comparison, and yet it is, as a foreword indicates, "the story of one of the strangest deceptions ever practised upon the world in general, and upon one woman in particular: a story of the long-suffering and patience of that woman, and of a man's villainy; the tale of one who left the things of Life—touched Death—and stretched hands from the grave back into Life again." And the rich promise of that tempting foreword is not broken. The mystery is cunningly devised, and Mr. Gallon has effectively resorted to the Wilkie Collins method of allowing divers of his characters to ravel and unravel it; from the moment when Mark Hardwick, the "ridiculously rich" millionaire, and his friend Leonard Trent, the barrister, walking through Soho, dash to the rescue of an effeminate stranger who is suddenly set upon and stabbed by a stealthy foreigner, you follow

"The Dream—and the Woman" through all its unlooked-for developments with a keen and increasing interest. This is certainly the strongest book Mr. Gallon has yet given us, and I shall be surprised if it does not prove also the most popular. A.

SCOTLAND UNDER THE STUART RESTORATION.*

A picture of the bitter years of the Restoration in Scotland, when Kirk and State fought for the mastery, when Lauderdale reiled and the Covenanters made their last stern struggle,⁶ is drawn by Mr. Lang in this biography. Mackenzie, after all, was no great historic figure, but he was the instrument of ruthless ministers, the agent of a policy that was brutal enough in design and method, but necessary as a stage in the growth of a nation. Mr. Lang, of course, writes graphically, vivaciously, and entertainingly, and his volume recalls the chief events and personalities of the time; whether he succeeds in his special object of making Mackenzie's character clear is doubtful, and it is certain that he finds it difficult to understand the Covenanters, and is unable to appreciate the reality and force that were at the root of their character. Cameron and Cargill were fanatics; their scheme of government was an impossible theocracy, their politics and theology were narrow and violent, but they were valiant soldiers in the great cause of individual freedom in religious opinion. As another historian than Mr. Lang has said: "The dilemma had again arisen with which Scotland had been familiar since the Reformation—allegiance to a legitimate king or obedience to the dictates of conscience."

Mackenzie was in the earlier part of his career a courageous and able opponent of Lauderdale in the Parliament, but he changed sides at an opportune moment and was afterwards a zealous servant of the King's ministers. By temperament and training he was averse from what Mr. Lang calls "Knoxian ideas and clerical pretensions"; he had been educated at Bourges, had written a novel in the style of Mlle. Scudéri, and a book called "The Religious Stoic," in which he treats all religious fanatics with the good-humoured contempt of a philosopher. Jehu, he wrote, was a more dangerous man than Gallio. "It fares with heretics as with tops, which, so long as they are scourged, keep foot and run pleasantly, but fall as soon as they are neglected and left to themselves." He declared in a later book that "the civil government in Scotland was never bigot" under Charles II., and his general view was that a man should accept and follow the religion of his country as established by law. "When men not only recede from the canonised creed of the Church, but likewise encroach upon the laws of the State, then, as of all others they are the most dangerous, so of all others they should be most severely punished." A man with these views was bound sooner or later to join the Court side, and Mackenzie "resolved to submit to his Prince." He was appointed King's Advocate in 1677. At this moment Lauderdale was hesitating between an agreement with the Presbyterians and a policy of repression; he hankered after the promised subsidy of £15,000, but was not convinced that he would obtain it, and quickly decided that the conventicles must be suppressed. The King's Advocate earned his title "Bloody Mackenzie" by his active support of this policy of suppression. It is only just to say that he believed in giving prisoners a fair trial; his conscience as a lawyer insisted that the forms of justice should be observed and that the defendant should be properly represented by counsel.

Mr. Lang's history of a famous case, the second trial of James Mitchell on the charge of attempting to murder Archbishop Sharp, is characteristic of his method. He

* "Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh: His Life and Times, 1636 (?)—1691." By Andrew Lang. With 4 illustrations. 15s. net. (Longmans.)

¹ "Nightshade." By Roy Horniman. 6s. (Sisley.)
² "The Graven Image." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (John Milne.)
³ "Lil of the Slums." By Dick Donovan. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
⁴ "The Mystery of the Myrtles." By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
⁵ "The Dream—and the Woman." By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

goes through the facts with great care, but his judgment on the whole matter fails in lucidity because he does not decide on Mackenzie's conduct either from the strictly legal or from the purely ethical standpoint. It will be remembered that Mitchell confessed his crime on the promise that his life should be spared, and later withdrew his confession. Mackenzie was his counsel on the first indictment, which failed, and prosecuted in the second trial. He used Mitchell's confession as principal evidence of guilt. The defence produced copies of the Act of Council mentioning that the confession was made on the assurance that life would be spared. The Court declined to admit this as evidence, and the prisoner was convicted. From the ethical standpoint Mackenzie was guilty of baseness because he knew, as former counsel for Mitchell, the whole of the facts about the confession; but from a professional standpoint the King's Advocate was entitled to object that the copies of the Act produced were not evidence, and to argue that the only evidence was the confession itself. Mr. Lang says that the case is "an indelible stain upon the ermine of Scottish justice," that "there is infamy enough for all parties to divide"—but "Mackenzie's whole conduct remains a puzzle." Surely it is clear that Mackenzie deliberately subordinated all sense of fairness to his professional duty as Advocate. He was there to get a verdict, "within the letter of the law," it is true, but without consideration for the spirit of justice.

Mr. Lang's judgment of the general turn of events in Scotland is sound. "Things had come to a state in which the brute forces of evolution directed them. There was violent disorder, there was violent repression, all working to one end, the restoration of the form of Church government which the country demanded, without the unessential but hitherto inseparable domination of ministers." He does not attempt to defend the tyranny practised by the King's representatives, or to acquit Mackenzie of his share of responsibility for the use of torture. Not confining himself to biography, he throws considerable light upon the ruin of Argyll and the "Fanatic Plot." Finally we have a more peaceful picture of Mackenzie in retirement at Oxford. Mr. Lang reverses no historical verdicts, and the character of Mackenzie is not redeemed from obloquy; he will still be considered an able lawyer, a courageous and intelligent servant of State power, anxious always to keep within the law but determined that the law should be powerful enough and severe enough to repress the fanaticism which he dreaded as a politician and despised as a philosopher.

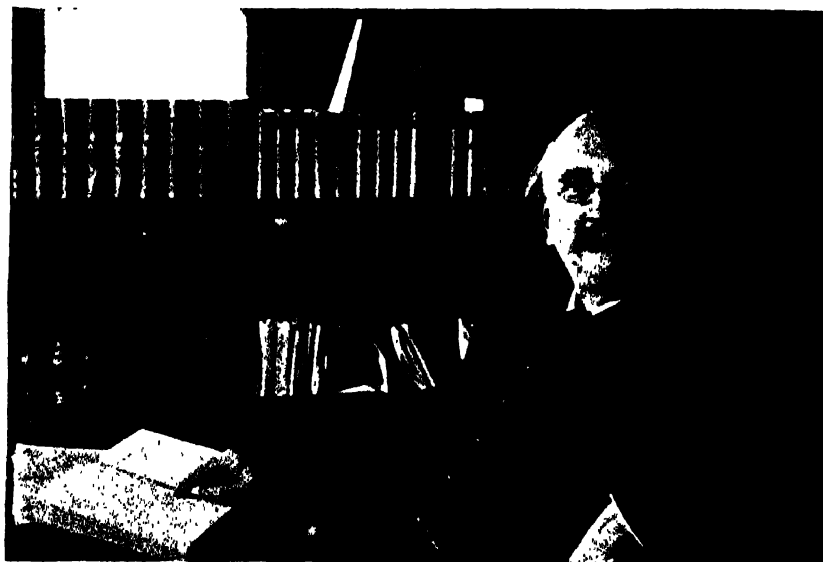
WALFORD D. GREEN.

scheme in a manner that earned for him the gratitude of all lovers of poetry. Such a task of the same proportions is not likely to be undertaken again, at least for many years to come, and if undertaken it is unlikely to be done as well, notwithstanding that a future editor would have the benefit of all Mr. Miles's spade-work. Figure to yourself the labour that these twelve volumes represent: the greater part of the collection comprises the work of poets whose positions in literature have not been placed, whose works still hang in the trembling balance, and time alone can decide whether they can pass the test. This work stands alone among anthologies of which there is now such a perplexing crowd, and for that reason it offers no comparison. It is more of a collection than a selection, not so much an anthology as a garden, containing both cultivated flowers of the mind as well as specimens from old-fashioned stocks of a wilder growth—there are no exotics, though a few show signs of foreign influences. The scheme of the collection has enabled Mr. Miles to bring together for the most part all the poems that he deemed necessary for his purpose—and he appears to have given characteristic specimens from the poetry of the writers represented, and not necessarily the few inspired lines which have the effect so frequently of showing a poet to such advantage in an anthology. His object seems to be to present a critical collection of rigid impartiality, and it is an excellent one too. If the poet is great he does not suffer by the process—but in the case of minor singers, the ordeal is somewhat devastating in its effect. It was a courageous feat to undertake, especially with the work of contemporary writers, and such sensitive beings as poets, but he has overcome his difficulty by a wise discrimination in his selection from the works of living authors, and unless they discover a grievance in finding their verse excluded they will have little to complain of. Personal preference of course, after all, is the only thing that matters in an anthology, but no choice ever gives entire satisfaction to the public, and frequently not even to its compiler. The most hopeless failures are the selectors who pander to what they consider popular taste, the most successful are those who possess perfect judgment and exercise it impartially. Comprehensive as Mr. Miles's selection is, there are some omissions that seem a little unaccountable. Their exclusion may be due to design, they can hardly have been overlooked, or they may have been left out owing to copyright restrictions. More important than these omissions is the remarkable range offered by Mr. Miles in his "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." There one may find the work of many a neglected poet whose poetry one is only too glad to become acquainted with. What a godsend Mr. Miles must have been to the maker of minor anthologies: we

NINETEENTH-CENTURY POETRY.*

Mr. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century" is an old friend that now appears in a new, revised, and more popular form, increased by two volumes, and enriched by many additions. We may safely call it an old friend, because many must have been happy enough to have known these volumes in their original form from childhood; and we can think of few books more worthy to take their place in a house where there are young people. It is some eighteen years since Mr. Miles first conceived the idea of a representative selection from the poets of the nineteenth century on a scale sufficiently liberal to supply the student with material for the study of English poetry during that period. The editor with the help of a number of distinguished authorities was enabled to accomplish his

* "The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 12 vols. 16mo. 1s. 6d. each. (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.)



Mr. Alfred H. Miles.

cannot help holding him to some extent responsible for the great increase of poetical selections that have appeared of late years. It would be impossible in a short article like this to detail the various changes that have been made in this new edition. It is sufficient to say that the works of many a poet whose poems were strictly protected by copyright when Mr. Miles's first edition was published are now public property; he has thus been able to give a more representative selection. Some of the introductions, too, have been revised or re-written. Among those whose poems have been extended we may mention Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. William Watson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. John Davidson. There are many other poets who appear now for the first time in Mr. Miles's collection.

One word may be added with regard to the format of anthologies: they should, in our opinion, invariably make small volumes. By a happy coincidence the most delightful volumes of selected poetry have been published in pocketable form, for instance, Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Mrs. Meynell's "The Flower of the Mind," Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of Poetry" and "The Pilgrim's Way," Mr. E. V. Lucas's "The Open Road" and "The Friendly Town," and William Allingham's "Nightingale Valley." The size of Mr. Miles's volumes is ideal, and the paper and binding are quite good considering the very cheap price of the volumes (1s. 6d. each).

ROGER INGPEN

THREE MEN AND THEIR VISIONS.*

"His art was, of course, intensely *literary*," writes Mr. Ross of Aubrey Beardsley, and throws the word in defiant italics to those to whom it is anathema. Yet literary, in an allusive sense, art must always be, so long as it is made by men to whom old tales are fuller of meaning than present life. The term can only be used reproachfully of the artist who merely illustrates a story, his own or another's, and leaves us unsatisfied, curious as to the fate of his characters, the result of his situations. And that precisely is what Beardsley, more almost than any man, certainly more than any who has drawn pictures for other men's books, does not do.

Rossetti in his earlier work was too often literary in the bad sense. Practising both painting and poetry, he was apt to confuse their functions. Whistler asked him why he did not frame his sonnets. Pictures like "Dante drawing the Angel" and "The Writing on the Sand" are nothing but literature. It was a fault of the Pre-Raphaelites. In their desire for sincerity they too often found only the obvious and ephemeral. They forgot that in painting, which has no before or after, the eternal moment must be seized. Rossetti, however, soon freed himself from their school, eventually indeed from everything but his dream. The pictures in this book—which is just a series of excellent reproductions with an adequate historical introduction—are arranged chronologically, and one sees how, gradually, he abandoned "subjects" almost altogether and came to content himself with a single figure, with perhaps a few subordinates, or two figures in essence one, like Paolo and Francesca. His name will ever be associated with that long line of beautiful, languid women who call to mind what was written of Whistler's "Little White Girl":

"But one thing knows the flower, the flower is fair."

Many people regret this falling-off in invention, this final surrender to one insistent type. Humanly speaking, in that Rossetti's indifference to the actual world was the result of ill-health and sorrow, it is regrettable. But artistic-

* "Dante Gabriel Rossetti." With a Biographical Study by Ernest Radford. 5s. net. (Newnes.)—"Burne-Jones." By J. E. Phythian. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Aubrey Beardsley." By Robert Ross. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

ally it was right. His dealings with modern things were never more than half-hearted, nor was he of the temper that makes a great religious painter. No man can do more than paint his vision. Rossetti's was of Proserpina and Lilith.

To a large extent Burne-Jones accepted the same conventions, the same symbols, as Rossetti. But, essentially, his art was a very different thing. Art for art's sake it may have been, but only because, to him, art and ethics were one. He believed in the ultimate good as fervently as did Morris. Every picture he painted has its moral value because the beautiful was the good itself to him, not the symbol or manifestation of it. His aim was to express truth as beauty, not through beauty, like Watts, who too often tainted his pictures with the preacher's purpose. It was a dream, perhaps, but a noble one, and well set forth by Mr. Phythian, who has written his little book with such sympathy and charm that even those who know Lady Burne-Jones's fine biography may read it with pleasure.

The hand of Burne-Jones may certainly be seen in Beardsley's work of one period, but, as for soul, the two men spoke different tongues. It is significant that Malory, who was to Burne-Jones an inspiration, seemed to the younger man rather long-winded. He who worked with such enthusiasm at those fleeting Union frescoes illustrated the "Morte Darthur" because it stood to him for all that was best in the high, old temper that he loved. Beardsley illustrated it because he was commissioned.

Yet Beardsley, in that he did what he set himself to do more faultlessly than they, was a greater artist than either Rossetti or Burne-Jones. He created an absolute beauty that was quite independent of beauty of idea. Not idea, indeed, but caprice was his motive as often as not; and his art had no existence but on the paper. Many of his drawings are but exquisite patterns, meaningless in a sense, yet fraught with the whole meaning of his personality. That is never absent. Constantly changing his style, borrowing hints from many arts of many ages, he was really one of the most original artists who ever lived. His hand never lied.

Mr. Ross has written a book, for which, perhaps, there was room, telling what there is to tell of Beardsley's brief days of miraculous achievement. Subtler criticism is, however, still to be found in Mr. Arthur Symonds's essay. Half the volume is occupied by a revised version of Mr. Aymer Vallance's iconography, useful for reference and fruitful of reminiscence to those who know the artist's work. The illustrations are well chosen. They make one realise that, after all, not his command of line, but his power of suggesting what line might enclose, was Beardsley's unique gift. One wonders at the exquisite penmanship of the "Siegfried" and the "Questing Beast." But before him who made the "Salome" drawings and the "Wagnerites" one bows as before a master.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE GREAT OYER OF POISONING.*

Among the crowd of figures whose destinies or reputations are bound up with "The Great Oyer of Poisoning," the facts concerning which are now set forth lucidly and at length by Mr. Philip Gibbs, that of Dr. Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, moves, by contrast, wrapt in a white aura of truth and sanctity. To the end that a certain Robert Carr, favourite of the King and backed by the influence of the court party, might possess the fair woman whom he desired, it was sought to set aside, on most scandalous and insufficient grounds, her marriage with the young Earl her husband, he being in the certain possession of all his bodily and mental faculties, and, it is to be noted,

* "King's Favourite." By Philip Gibbs. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

in love with his wife. Yet because it was known to be the King's will, the Bishop of Lichfield, "that suave and treacherous man," and their lordships of Winchester, Ely, and Rochester, gave their votes for a decree of nullity, despite all the arguments and pleadings of the good Archbishop and one or two righteous adherents, on no evidence at all, even James admitting that their ground must be *vitium animi non corporis*. Thereupon the mutual passion of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard was crowned with the official sanction of holy Church.

In 1615 a strange tale came over the water from Flushing. An English refugee had died there, a most insignificant person, an apothecary's boy in fact. The apothecary's boy had a secret on his conscience, which weighed heavily enough to prompt his keeping death at bay till he had confessed it. At the instigation of powerful agents, themselves inspired by, it was alleged, personages very much higher still, he had conveyed a "poisoned Clyster" into the Tower of London, for the use of a prisoner, Sir Thomas Overbury, one-time confidant and right-hand man of the Earl of Somerset, Lord Chamberlain of England. This Sir Thomas had been imprisoned, nominally, for contumacy to his sovereign, but he had been also, it was by some persons remembered, bitterly opposed to the connection that had grown up between his employer and the lady who was now his wife.

Sir Thomas Overbury was a scholar, a poet, and a man of letters. His "Characters," with their wit and observation, their quaint conceits of phrase, are as a landmark in the evolution of the English novel. He was hailed as a brother genius by Ben Jonson and the Mermaid Tavern coterie. This praise was due largely to the merits of his poem, "The Wife," to which the moral delinquencies of Lady Essex had inspired him. It is probable that its publication set the seal on her determination to be revenged upon the man who, in his counsels with her lover, had wrought so continuously against her interests. To those verses he owed fame—and a poisoned clyster.

The scandal raised by the news from Flushing was so serious that James, though he doubted little of its baselessness, was constrained to order an inquiry. The day that he decided on this course was a black one for the Earl and Countess. The eye of Justice was no sooner to be cast on the circumstances of that death in the Tower than a vast and complicated tangle of crime was to be revealed. Witness accused witness one after another, dark tales of witchcraft, poisoning, and murder were unfolded, the Countess of Essex was implicated, and, with her, the favourite himself. Mr. Gibbs seems to make it clear that Carr was not a party to the murder of Overbury, and indeed was probably quite unaware of the real manner of his secretary's death, though it is certain that he was privy to the incarceration in the Tower. It is certain, too, that he knew nothing of the spells and mummeries practised by his wife upon her first husband, though they may have come to his knowledge after his own marriage with Lady Essex. Yet in court the evidence against Carr seemed convincing enough, and, when his wife acknowledged her guilt throughout, who would be likely to raise his voice in defence of the fallen favourite, cordially and generally hated as he was in the days of his prosperity? Though even at that time few were found to believe in the suggestion of Chief Justice Coke, that young Prince Henry, the first lover of Lady Essex, had also met his death through poison, James himself, warm as his affection still was for his former favourite, felt himself convinced of Carr's participation in the plot that removed Overbury. Out of his clemency he ultimately pardoned the pair, though they were banished from court and capital. The picture that Mr. Gibbs draws of the last days of this man and woman, full of bitterness, no longer loving, but hating each other with a sullen hatred, is not the least tragic in his book. And for the man the crowning bitterness must have been the reports that filtered through

from court of the rapid rise and signal tokens of the royal approval heaped upon Sir George Villiers, a handsome and amiable young man, recognised already by courtiers and populace as His Majesty's new favourite.

In this story that Mr. Gibbs has dealt with there has been no temptation, as he observes, to impart a romantic atmosphere at the expense of truth. Despite repetitions that were probably on occasion unavoidable, and a not always restrained weakness for dramatic appeal to the gallery, he has written a book that, in an age of bookmaking, is better made than most of its kind.

A. G.

A NEW POET.*

To discover a poet; amid the roaring and restless ocean of current literature to be the Columbus of the tiniest, unknown green isle of poetry, is an experience of which at any rate the verdant reviewer is ever patiently hopeful and expectant. So far as regards this little collection of "Twenty Poems," however, he can merely congratulate those who have already landed and set up their flag-posts on the shore; for many of them have already appeared in the *Spectator*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and the *Academy*. True poetry, however wide or narrow its range, is beyond criticism; it is, as it were, its own consummate and final criticism. Even the most enthusiastic appreciation of it is like lighting a candle to look for the moon. The reality and the sincerity of the best of these poems are perfectly evident. They come from the thought and the sensitiveness of a man who really has had at heart what he has tried to express. He has not borrowed or feigned his emotion. Though his natural masters unmistakably peep out, in a phrase, in an epithet, in a definite turn, here and there (Cassius and Patmore more particularly, perhaps), his own voice and personality dominate his verses. They reveal a rather introspective mind, intent on its own point of view, concentrated on its own experience of the world, and recognising as old friends recognise one another, such aspects, such beauty and strangeness, as appeal more directly to its own individuality. It does not roam at large. In some of the most beautiful—the "Prayer to my Lord," "To my Mother"—the meaning, the whole bearing of the thought to be expressed is obviously of far more importance to the poet than the mere fact that he is writing a poem about it. The grace has had to edge in as best it can; the versification has been compelled to submit, rather than to run in happy alliance. One or two others have not these easily forgivable flaws; the poetry occupies the idea as a little pool of water occupies the hollow rock in which it rests. "Happy Death," "The Tree," "The Escape"—all are complete. We quote the last of these:

"Like one who runs
Fearful at night, he knows not why,
Dreading the loneliness, yet shuns
The highway's usual company;

"Wherefore he hastes,
The friendly gloom of ancient trees
Unheeding, and the shining wastes
Lying broad and quiet as the seas;

"The beauty of night
Hating for very fear, until
Beyond the bend a lowly light
Beams single from a lowly sill;

"And the poor fool,
Flying the sacred, solemn dark,
Leaves gladly the large, cool
Night for that serviceable spark;

* "Twenty Poems." By John Freeman, rs. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

"And thankful then
To have 'scaped the peril of the way,
Turns not his timid steps again
That night, but waits the common day;—

"So I, as weak,
Have fled the great hills of Thy Love,
Too faint to hear what Thou dost speak,
Too feeble with fear to look above,

"And hastened to win
Some flickering brief security,
In sinful sleep or waking sin,
From the enfolding thought of Thee."

No good, unusual work goes off with a loud report. Mr. Freeman, because of his aloof outlook and introspectiveness, because he is interested in and intent on what most people shun, or ignore, or cannot see, will win over his readers one by one. He may widen his interests; mere time widens most men's—but he at least cannot deepen them; and whatever work he may do in the future, he will, we think, never have reason to regret this.

W. DE LA MARE.

Novel Notes.

THE NEW JUNE. By Henry Newbolt. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It is not for the reviewer to decide how much truth and how much fiction have gone to the making of any historical romance. Mr. Newbolt tells us here, in a dedicatory letter, something of his own methods: he is restrained from taking liberties with the great figures of history by a feeling that the game is too easy, and by "a

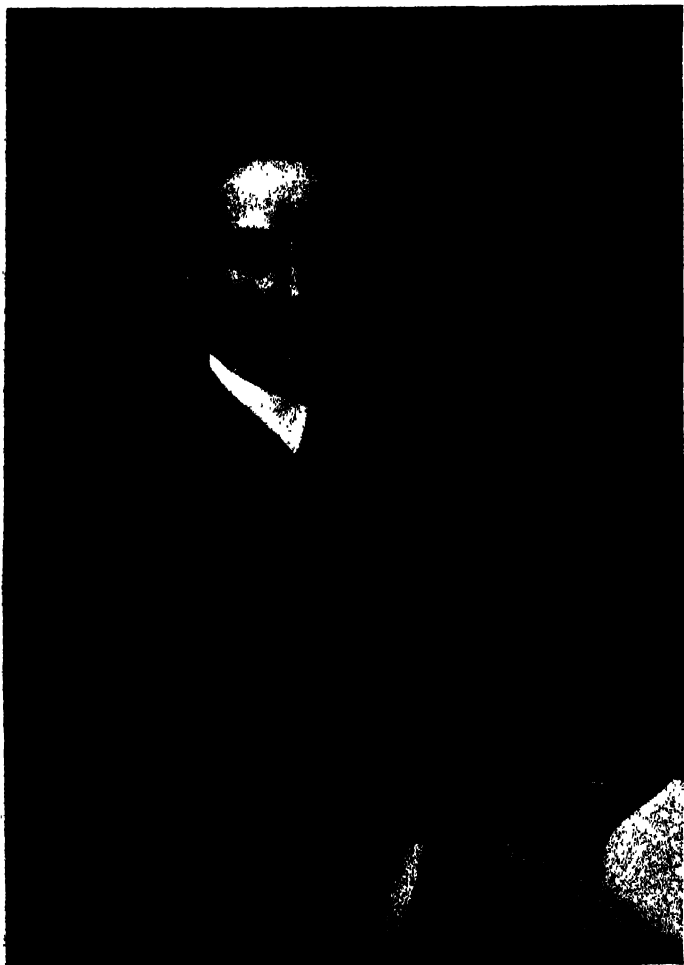


Photo by Frederick Hollyer.

Mr. Henry Newbolt.

perhaps exaggerated respect for those who have once lived the life and borne the names of men." He writes of the people of the past "not so much to make a story, as to puzzle out a secret"; and the problem which delights him is this—"given certain facts, to put together the life to which they belonged; given a bone or two, to reconstruct the moving, breathing organism." Needless to say, this is not the way to make a popular historical novel; it may be even doubted whether such methods are essential to the production of good literature; but from the purely historical standpoint they are wholly commendable. Mr. Newbolt's pictures of the days of the second Richard seem a little laboured, a little lacking in colour; he builds up his organism from that bone or two, and he makes it move, but does it breathe and live? Again and again one wishes Mr. Newbolt would let himself go, would put into his tale something of the rich, raw vigour he has put into his ballads. The romance does not grip; it is carefully and excellently written, and the story of those two who, "after grief and danger and long separation," begin life together at last, has all the stuff of great romance in it. You read it with immense interest, saying how good it is, how sane and balanced in tone, how finely finished in style, and yet how much bigger a thing it might have been had the author been one of those careless fellows who would sooner sacrifice art to life than life to art.

THE YELLOW GOD. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Cassell.)

Though "The Yellow God: An Idol of Africa"—to give its full title—is not quite so good as the author's first essays in this line, it shows that Mr. Haggard can still construct an exciting and readable romance. It also brings him forward in a new light. We had never considered that the author of "King Solomon's Mines" was a humorist, but this book very nearly proves that he is. Jeekie's wit is not perhaps of the most subtle, but for all that the old negro says some very funny things. Sometimes, certainly, he is a little out of place, and his garrulousness detracts from some of the grip of the "horror" part of the book. Nevertheless, we are very glad to have made Jeekie's acquaintance, and we recommend our readers to do likewise. All Mr. Haggard's old and tried materials are here: the previously unexplored region of Africa, the magnificent savage inhabitants, the beautiful immortal who falls in love with the manly British hero, and in addition an excellent plot. The book is sure to be popular, and we wish it every success. Lovers of the adventurous in particular will find it thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. A. C. Michael's three illustrations are clever and striking.

THE FIRING LINE. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Appleton.)

"The Firing Line" makes excellent skipping. It is a book that badly needs compression. A work of fiction must be out of the ordinary if it is to hold the attention for more than, say, 350 pages. Mr. Chambers gives us 500, and closely printed at that, while neither his theme nor his treatment of it is particularly unusual. Another fault of the book is due perhaps to the author's American (and, therefore, idealistic) outlook. We refer to the action of the heroine, who, overcome by the revelation that she is a nameless child, marries out of hand a young man for whom she has no affection. She at once returns to her adoptive parents, never lives with her husband, and soon comes to hate him. We can sympathise with Shiela's more or less unreasoning dislike for Malcourt—a very well-drawn villain—but we cannot understand why she should have married him. The reason given by the author seems to us utterly insufficient; but the moral is obvious—that American young ladies should not have sudden shocks. But we have no wish to give the impres-

sion that "The Firing Line" is a bad novel. If the reader is judicious enough to omit the numerous *longueurs*, he is certain to find it interesting. The plot is fair, the chief characters are lifelike with an unusually charming heroine—and the style of the writing attractive. Mr. Chambers's dialogue generally is good, and he handles the majority of his more dramatic scenes very cleverly. When he has decided to omit unessentials, we shall expect a first-class novel from this author.

THE COMPACT. By R. Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In "The Compact" Mr. Ridgwell Cullum in no wise falls short of his former high standard. The scene opens in London, and the first two chapters tell of the struggle of Mary Gordon, an underpaid actress, to support her widowed mother and two sisters. Into her life has come the inevitable love story—Guy Chalmers, a man who has been connected with the free-booters of Bechuanaland, has during a short stay in the "old country" met Mary, and falls violently in love with her. His affection is returned, and their marriage is being talked of when he hears there is likely to be an outbreak of hostilities in the Transvaal. He immediately arranges to go back, hoping to make money, and promises that he will return at the end of three years, but tells Mary that if she does not hear of him in that time, she must count him dead. The three years pass, and presently Mary is wooed by rugged, great-hearted Furman Elwood, an African hunter and trader, and eventually she marries him, though she tells him she has no love left to give him, her heart being in the grave of a dead lover, whose name does not transpire. She goes with her husband to Africa, where Elwood is in touch with many political men, and has obtained knowledge of Germany's agreement with the Transvaal to take over Bechuanaland, and intends to outwit them. He asks his wife to keep watch on a suspect, who proves to be none other than Guy Chalmers, who is in active league with Germany. The author depicts life in Africa as only a man who has been there can do. The wild scenery is very vividly described. Reading, one feels the fierce African sun blazing down on miles of bush and sand, sees the transport team moving over the horizon, hears the rumble of the wheels and the crack of the whips as the teams of large horned Kafir cattle move along the veldt. The compact between husband and lover as to who shall, in the future, possess Mary furnishes some telling situations, and its political aspect only serves to intensify the interest of this powerful human drama.

GEOFFREY CHERITON. By John Barnett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The chief merit of "Geoffrey Cheriton" and it is a great merit—lies in its characterisation. The plot is slight, but lends itself admirably to the presentation and development of character. Geoffrey is a shy, reserved man, of a naturally stubborn, somewhat sullen aspect, but he has a magnificent genius for friendship, and the friend to whom, in his undemonstrative fashion, he gives his whole heart, is a clever, attractive, unstable fellow who alienates all his other friends and makes a wreck of what might have been a brilliant career. He and Geoffrey are "pals" at school; later, whilst he has no need of him, he does not trouble about Geoffrey, but he hunts him out when he is in need of his services, and still later, when he is fallen into deep disgrace and is in the dock at the police-court, Geoffrey is the one man who hurries to him, stands by him in the shame he has brought upon himself, and in his darkest hour voluntarily makes him a promise, the fulfilment of which means that there is no room in his life for love and happiness with the woman he loves and who loves him. It is the story of a magnificent friendship, written with a restrained pathos, a quiet strength and suggestions of a reserve of power



Photo by Lavender, Bromley.
"John Barnett"
(Mr. J. R. Stagg).

that make one feel that, good as this is, the author has it in him to do work that shall be even better.

THE GIFTED FAMILY. By Barry Pam. 6s. (Methuen.)

"At six o'clock on Saturday evening the Prendergast family gathered at the round table in the sitting-room above Mr. Prendergast's shop in the Finchley Road." Mr. Pam begins the story of Sandra, the youngest girl, from that evening when a wealthy doctor's motor breaks down opposite the house and the said doctor catches sight of her. To see her is to love her. Sandra's love-story has its tragic cloud, but the sunshine prevails, and all is happy at the end. The Prendergast family, in fact, are all gifted in a sensible kind of way, the three girls all marry well, the son gets on, so does the father, and the story ends with prosperity all round the Prendergasts. The girls' gifts end in matrimony, it is true, but this is the common "transformation of the devotion to the art into the devotion to the artist," as one of the characters observes. Mr. Pam excels in this kind of sketch. The perfume manufacturer, the physician in Harley Street, the theatrical manager, and the artist are all sketched with an amusing mixture of insight and railery. Novels of this class are apt to be either satirical or sordid. Mr. Pam steers clear of both extremes. His readers will find this a thoroughly cheerful story, sparkling with optimism and good nature.

THE SIN OF ALISON DERING. By L. G. Moberly. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Alison, though doubtless a very captivating person, was not an original woman, even in her sin. A series of the usual misfortunes that beset the path of the distressed damsel in fiction leave her in the first chapter brooding in the second floor front of a cheap Southampton lodging. To her enter the young widow, conveyed in a moribund condition from the South African boat by its steward, the landlady's husband. Alison tucks the new arrival into bed and sends for the doctor, but before his arrival the little fair and fluffly-haired girl with eyes like forget-me-nots has murmured her tale of the young husband murdered by natives in Central Africa, whose people she is on her way to live with, and expired. So it only remains for Alison to ransack the fluffly-haired girl's box, possess herself of all the letters she can find, and write to the father and mother of "Reg" as Rosamund Metcalfe. Everything goes smoothly, and Alison, or Rosamund, is accepted without question by the denizens of Pailsham Hall, into whose lives she brings sweetness and light.

In the privacy of her apartment she is ever confronted with the photograph of her alleged husband, which portrait she finds herself falling in love with. Two villains make their appearance at this juncture, Hubert and Stephen, and Alison's peace of mind is much disturbed till the resurrection of "Reg," who had not been eaten by savages at all, puts a new complexion on the whole case. The sequel we must leave to the reader.

THE INTERRUPTED KISS. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Cassell.)

One fine morning John Culver, a moneylender in a large line of business, is found dead in his study—obviously murdered. In addition to a somewhat sinister butler, there are five guests staying in his house at the time. Every one of these people would appear to have known of the murder before the official finding of the body by the butler. None of the guests are friends of Culver, who is so unpopular a person that, when he is in need of society, he is compelled to fill his house with his enemies, and three of them confess to having stolen documents from the drawers of his desk. It is characteristic of the book that nobody expresses any regret for the dead man; in fact, the general opinion seems to be that the best thing possible has happened. But the author of the story is Mr. Richard Marsh, which, as most people know, is tantamount to saying that the situations are treated with freshness and ingenuity. We confess to having been in the dark for a long time as to who the murderer was and how the crime was committed. That we were disappointed in the *dénouement*, which reminded us of a musical comedy curtain, is our misfortune. However, we can heartily recommend the book to lovers of the sensational who are not too exacting in their demands. Such people will find that it will make a couple of idle hours pass very quickly.

MONEY. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Opening in the wilds of Australia with a discovery of gold by men who are starving, "Money" unfolds a striking and vividly imagined story of the callous and brutally selfish methods of the successful business man in modern England. Michael Cardross is one of the three starving men in the bush country who had discovered the gold that was, in the end, to prove more of a curse than a blessing; he had killed, or apparently killed, one of his comrades in self-defence, in a quarrel as to the division of the "find," and the man who is believed to be dead rises up against him, and is one of his greatest enemies in the after years when he is beset by his business rivals and fighting for his supremacy in trade. The story is crowded with incident and excitement; it has a strong, attractive love interest, and is worked out with uncommon ingenuity.

THE TWO GOODWINS. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (John Milne.)

This is another of Mr. Murray Gilchrist's admirable romances of the Peak district, and, with many charming and quietly realistic incidental pictures of rural life and character, tells the story of young Will Goodwin and his half-sister Charlotte. It is just one of those slight, delicate, skilfully woven plots that can no more be summarised without being robbed of much that is finest and most essential to its completeness than you can handle a butterfly without marring the soft bloom on its wings. William is adopted and spoiled by his wealthy old grandmother, after his father is married again; he loves at last and marries in spite of the old lady's wishes, and love makes a man of him, and he wins her favour again by daring to lose it. Charlotte, meanwhile, grows out of childhood into womanhood, beautifully devoted to her father, a kindly, prosperous tanner, and wakens into a pleasant, gentler romance of her own. Mr. Gilchrist has a power



Photo by Seaman & Sons, Chesterfield.

Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist.

of minute observation, a grace of style and a subtle gift of interesting you in his men and women that make "The Two Goodwins" as true to life as it is easily and singularly attractive.

THE DARTMOOR HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. By John Trevena. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Trevena seems to have been experiencing the dislike felt by natives towards an author who exploits their local traits, and he has allowed this to affect his style. His latest book is really not a story. There is no plot in it. The house is never built, and the Jack remains rather an ambiguous character. There is an author who settles in Dartmoor and begins to build a house for himself, much to the disgust of the natives, who suspect him of having written a recent novel in which their various foibles are held up to the unflattering light of day. The countryfolk are described with the same kind of whimsical detail as in the Devonshire stories of Mr. R. D. Blackmore, only with an added spice of scornful satire. Apart from them, the leading figures are the wife and daughter of the vicar, and a Bohemian maiden, Beatrice, whose cheery habits blow like a breath of fresh air through the pages of the book, upsetting incidentally the love-affair between Margery, the vicar's pretty, indolent daughter, and Jack. Mr. Trevena is quite successful in catching the spirit of the whole scene, but he stops abruptly, without rounding off the various plots, or rather sub-plots, which he has begun to outline. This lends an inconsequent air to the story. The reader gets interested in the scheme of Ann Cobbledick and her son Willum to discover and prosecute the unknown author of the novel which has libelled their dirty, drunken manner of life. It is part of Mr. Trevena's tantalising fun to excite this interest and then stop without gratifying it. The method is not artistic, and the effect of the book is further spoiled by the excessively malignant or carping spirit in which the poor vicar and his family are described.

SEPTIMUS. By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Murray.)

Mr. Locke's new novel will not disappoint those who know him mainly as the author of "The Beloved Vagabond," and to say that is to say a great deal. The hero

of this tale is also a lovable eccentric, a "muddle-headed seraph," who contrives to unite inventive genius with a guileless simplicity which renders him adorable to two sisters. One of the sisters marries him. But we must not give the plot away any further. It would spoil the reader's pleasure in this delightful novel if he knew the ingenious turn of events beforehand. Mr. Locke has chosen a smaller canvas than usual. There are four central figures, two men and two women. One of the former is the ardent promoter of a quack ointment, and the reader shivers with apprehension lest Mr. Locke should have gone the way of Mr. H. G. Wells. It is woeful to see a novelist spoiled in an exploiter of social programmes. But these apprehensions are soon allayed. This is a true novel of character, not a disguised pill of satire or reform. Septimus is one of the endearing characters who are after Mr. Locke's own heart; he is generous and unsophisticated, unable to pack his own portmanteau, but capable of heroic and even quixotic self-sacrifice. He is described with the accuracy and whimsical sympathy which made "The Beloved Vagabond" so attractive to the discerning minority of the English public, and we can promise the reader of the earlier novel an equally unalloyed pleasure in the pages of "Septimus."

The Bookman's Table.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN. *The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist.* Edited by W. H. Chesson. With Introduction and Epilogue by Edmund Gosse. 5s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Brightwen's writings penetrated where other natural history books had never been before, and often certainly made way for many others. She was accurate and unusually observant, and the stamp of a genuine and lifelong reflection was upon all her work. Mr. Gosse tells us in his charming introduction how Mrs. Brightwen set about making an author of herself in her sixtieth year. Before then, in fact from her early solitary childhood, in suburban gardens she had seen and cared as much for Nature as for anything else; she had read scientific books and made notes; but she suffered from her own and her husband's sickness, and for ten years she was cut off from books, Nature, and friends "by acute bodily illness aggravated by mental distress." It was only after the death of her husband in 1883, when she was past fifty, that "her real existence began"; only then that she "discovered in herself a remarkable gift of natural magic which enabled her to win the confidence of beasts and birds," and perhaps, so she thought at least, of bees and butterflies. Her character grew in charm and power, and from that



From an oil painting by Mr. Percy Bigland.

Eliza Brightwen.

From "Eliza Brightwen." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

time until her death she was happily engrossed by the activity which incidentally produced her well-known books. The story of her life is told in this volume in a sufficient way. Mr. Gosse gives a sketch of her character (she was his aunt), and illuminates the periods which are not covered by her autobiography and diaries. The autobiography and journal relate to the first forty years of her life, down to 1872, and the "thoughts" to 1892-1895. They have no decided positive qualities, but they are simple and unflinchingly true, and they reveal the under-side of an ordinary-looking life with a clearness that is far from common. They will disappoint none of her admirers, nor indeed any others, so long as they care for Nature and human character. Mr. Chesson transcribed the manuscript from which the book is made, and he has added notes wherever they were necessary.

WHISTLER. By T. Martin Wood. **RUBENS.** By S. L. Bensusan. 1s. 6d. net each. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

These are two more of the admirable series of "Masterpieces in Colour," edited by Mr. T. Leman Hare. Excellent type and excellent reproductions of some of the best work of these two masters are here given. Those of Whistler's work are, perhaps, the better of the two; for the relative thinness and sobriety of his colouring is doubtless easier to reproduce than the rich impasto of the mighty Fleming. Indeed, it is amazing how faithfully in these plates we are reminded of the luminous night of Battersea and Chelsea that Whistler so much loved, and as we look at the famous "Bridge" we are more than ever lost with wonder at the witticisms to which during the trial it was subjected. The same may be said of the marvellous nocturne, "St. Mark's, Venice," of which, when it was first painted, a critic said that the only worthy fact about it was the price, £630—"just about twenty shillings to the square inch." The story of Whistler's life and work, which Mr. Wood very pleasantly reviews, is one which is yet only tentatively to be written. We are too near to the reaction in his favour that followed such long injustice to be able as yet to be sure of our perspective. The writer of this text reserves himself, and us, from final judgment. We turn to Mr. Bensusan's "Rubens," with which, not for its literary quality, but on account of two of his opinions, we have some slight quarrel. He accuses Rubens of a want of poetic fancy, as if the "Triumph of Silenus" were not here, on Trafalgar Square, to answer him. Does fancy cease to be fancy because it calls up things robust and coarse? In that case, Caliban himself would be a prose creation. And only coarse, not vulgar, as Mr. Bensusan says, were the mythologic visions of this virile man.

A FAVOURITE OF NAPOLEON: Memoirs of Mademoiselle George. Edited by Paul Cheramy. 10s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Memoirs of actresses are in the air at present, and those of Mademoiselle George are not the least interesting. Of mixed French and German parentage, she was born at Bayeux in 1787. When fifteen she attracted the attention of Mlle. Raucourt, who had a commission from the Government to take as a pupil any person she thought to be worthy of her teaching. George had already a reputation for beauty, and this, combined with real talent, ensured her a successful début. Eighteen months later she became a Sociétaire of the Comédie-Française. It appears to have been shortly after this—Mlle. George is weak in her dates—that her *liaison* began with the First Consul. The story of the actress's relations with Napoleon is given with remarkable fulness and unblushing frankness. While no doubt they give an interesting sidelight on the manners and thought of the period, we incline to the belief that it is a pity that the translator (who has by no means done his work well) did not cut out a few paragraphs. Had he done so, we could have recommended the subject.

matter of the book without hesitation. As it is, we can only say frankly that it is very far from being a work suitable for all readers. We wish to find no fault with the book on this head. It is not nasty, it is merely outspoken in an unnecessary degree. The memoirs cease with the breaking off of George's relations with Napoleon, but, under a section entitled "Loose Leaves," we are given a few short descriptions of her travels and impressions at a later period of her life. It was Mlle. George's intention to write her complete autobiography, which was again to be "written up" by two friends before being placed before the public. As the editor says, it is a great pity that she was unable to complete the programme of the work she intended to do, for later in her life she was the first great actress to be associated with the Romantic movement, and was the personal friend of Hugo, Dumas, de Vigny, and other celebrities. Nevertheless, these memoirs are long enough for us to get the impression of an amiable and attractive, though perhaps not very moral, character. The book is beautifully produced, but the translation is entirely unworthy of the interest of the subject and makes enjoyable reading a matter of some difficulty.

A STANDARD BIBLE DICTIONARY. Edited by M. W. Jacobus, D.D., with E. E. Nourse, D.D., and A. C. Zenos, D.D. 25s. net. (Funk & Wagnalls.) — **DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.** Edited by James Hastings, D.D., with J. A. Selbie, D.D., J. C. Lambert, D.D., and Shailer Mathews, D.D. 20s. net. (F. & L. Clark.)

Hitherto that invaluable possession a Bible dictionary, has almost invariably been an expensive book of many volumes; but this year has brought us two treasures in the shape of single volume Bible dictionaries, each of which is what is known as a storehouse of knowledge—a mine of information. In both books the chief aim seems to have been that of general usefulness combined with sound scholarship. In the "Standard Bible Dictionary" the text of the American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible has been adhered to, but there has been no question of ignoring either the Authorized Version of the English-speaking world, or the English Revised Version. The difficulties, we can well understand have been immense, but the editors' full and generous realisation of what a Bible dictionary should be has made the result a feat to be proud of, and a volume of admirably varied interest, stored with biographies, accounts of manners and customs, language, and literature, while its maps and pictures add very considerably to its value showing not only the lands, but the agricultural and household implements, furniture, scenes, and people. Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible" claims in its turn an equal meed of praise. It must not be thought that this single volume is a condensation of the earlier work. The earlier work has, undoubtedly, been an aid, but the book is in truth a new book. Here again are skill and scholarship, and all who know anything about editorial work will yield generous praise for the quite masterly manner in which the immense quantity of material has been arranged. Here is conciseness with generosity. There is no trace of scrappiness. The biography of St. Paul, for instance, is allowed nearly a dozen pages, and more than thirty pages are given to the articles on Jesus Christ. In both dictionaries this excellence is seen; and the long list of scholars who have contributed in each case is a sure warrant for the accuracy and broad principles of the work. For busy clergymen and ministers, for Bible teachers and all interested in theology, these one-volume dictionaries will come as a boon.

THE ITINERARY OF JOHN LELAND. Vol. IV. (Containing Parts VII. and VIII.) Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. 12s. net. (Bell.)

Our appreciation of former volumes of Miss Toulmin Smith's edition of Leland's famous Itinerary may be

cordially extended to the present one. In the main, it consists of Leland's journey through the western midlands, starting from Alberbury in Shropshire (Part VII.), and of the notes on Kent from the Leland Collectanea (Part VIII.). Part VII., says the editor, is the only portion with any claim to be written narrative of the Itinerary; but, as before, the narrative may be most justly described as connected notes, which in this edition frequently differ but little from the disconnected notes or jottings of the Collectanea; for it has been one of the most difficult and most important parts of Miss Toulmin Smith's task to sort out the disconnected notes and to insert them in those positions in the Itinerary to which topographically they belong. So well has the work been done that, to the non-archæological reader at all events, Part VIII. will probably prove the more interesting on account of its long notes, written with all Leland's love of detail and of the salient fact, on places in and around the Romney Marsh, where, before as well as since Leland's day, the changes in the contour of the land and the importance of towns have been both rapid and great. Of the appendices, I. contains the Genealogy of the Earls of Oxford and an Abstract of a Chronicle of the Church of Tewkesbury, removed from the text "with which they seemed to interfere"; II. some scattered notes on Herefordshire, Carmarthenshire, East Yorks. and Lincolnshire, together with Leland's extracts from an ancient Welsh Chronicle; and III. Leland's notes on the Channel Islands, illustrated by a sketch-map and by a facsimile of a map made by himself, which, though much overwritten with jottings, is considerably more accurate than might have been expected. As in previous volumes the editor has traced out as nearly as possible on modern contour maps the route taken by Leland in making his Itinerary.

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Mr. Housman has gathered into this little book a very welcome selection from four volumes of his poems that are now out of print. He has a true and exquisite lyrical gift, and at his highest, in certain of the poems from the "Rue" and "Spikenard" volumes, he catches something of the divine ecstasy of Crashaw, as he does too in that one of his earliest lyrics, "Love Inopportune".

"Dark was the night, and dark as night my heart,
When at my chamber door there knocked a hand.
Then, with glad start,
I rose, and opened.
Nay, not the one I hoped, —
There Love himself did stand." . . .

There is no shadow of latter day doubt and paganism over his thoughts; always he has a good deal in common with the seventeenth-century metaphysical poets; their profoundly devotional spirit, their love of quaint imagery, their dainty fancifulness. Donne himself might have written that tender, haunting little poem beginning—

"If you must do the thing you fear,
I would I were the sin
To knock against your heart, my dear,
Until you let me in, . . .

and ending—

"For then, my dear, if I were there,
I would not be your foe;
You need but breathe the faintest prayer,
And I would let you go."

Which is not for a moment to suggest that Mr. Housman is derivative, but merely that he has natural affinities with a distinctive race of poets who, if they have given us none of our greatest poetry, have given us much that is fine and enduring; his note is not the less individual, and has its own fresh, elusive charm.

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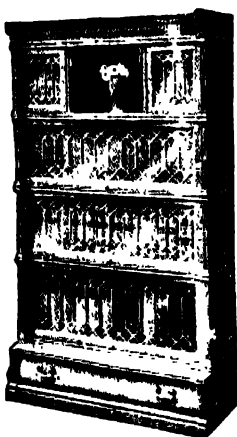
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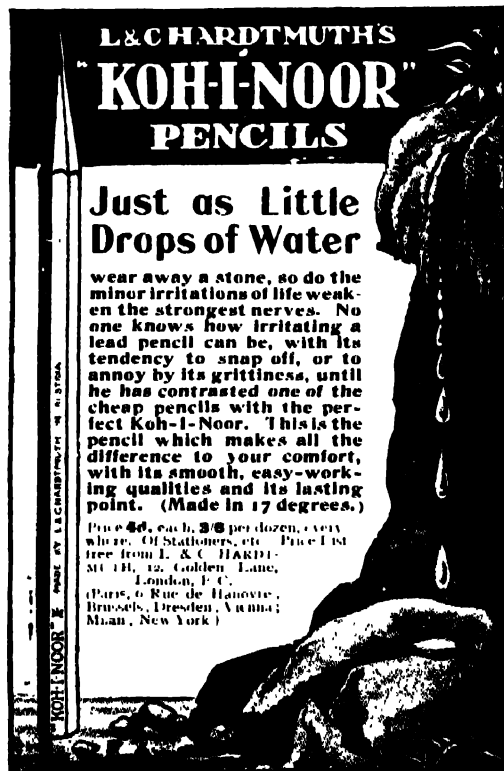
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THE SCRIBBLERS' CLUB

BY CHARLES GARVICE, Author of "Nance," "Just a Girl," etc.

Some little time since, there appeared in various magazines and journals a series of sketches—they were really of the nature of short stories—purporting to give an account of an imaginary literary club, The Scribblers; the author emphasised the fact that, alas! the Club and its members existed only in his imagination. These sketches or stories were so quaint a mixture of the comic and the pathetic, so irresistible in their dry and pungent humour, that they at once attracted attention and "caught on," not only in England, but in America. Published at first anonymously, they aroused much curiosity as to the authorship. However easy it may have been in past times, it is now well-nigh impossible to maintain a literary secret, and it has leaked out that these sketches were written by Charles Garvice. Each sketch, as it came out, was eagerly pounced upon by journals and newspapers all over the world, and now we have much pleasure in announcing that we have obtained the author's consent to collect the sketches and issue them in volume form.

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J. J. B. Author of
**WEE
MACGREGOR**



OH! CHRISTINA!

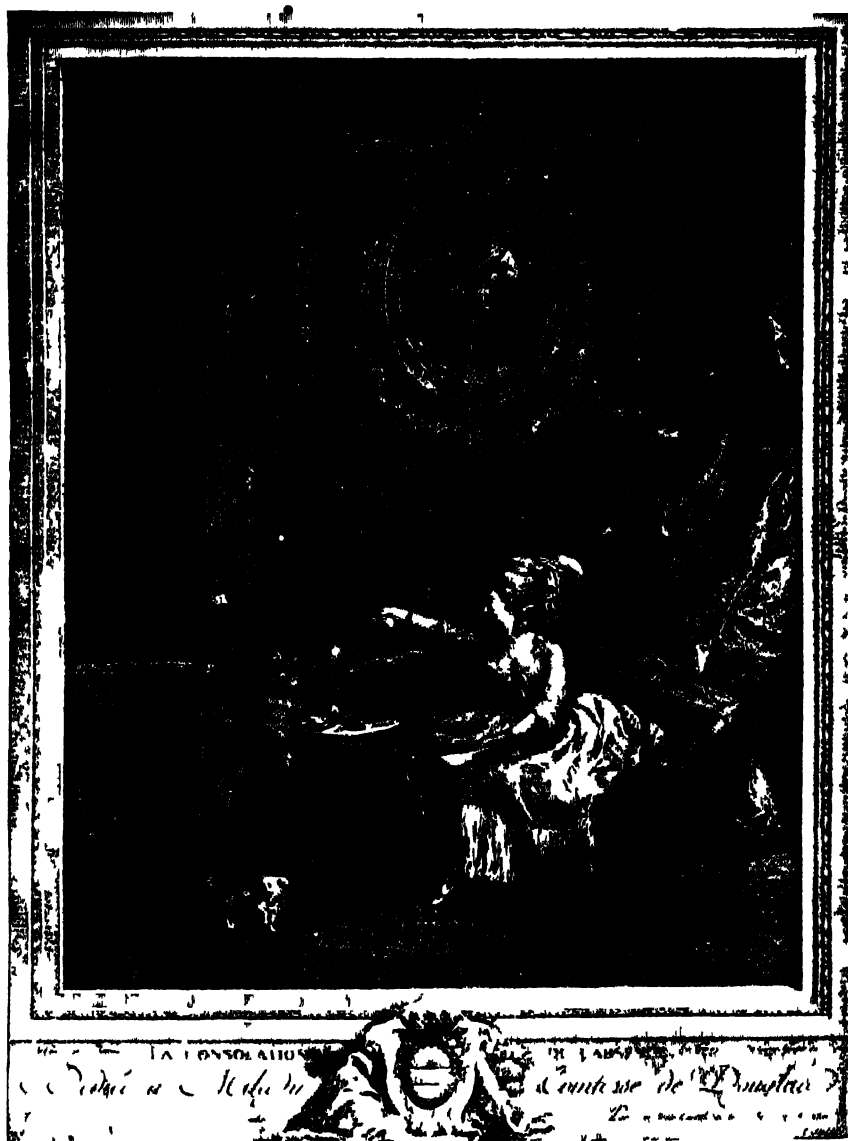
BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEE MACGREGOR"

J. J. Bell has compelled the public to take him seriously, and his serious works—his novels of character—entitle him to a very high place amongst our younger novelists. Still we cannot forget that he created the inimitable "Wee Macgregor," and we are glad that he is once again in a delightfully humorous vein. Christina might almost be called a female "Wee Macgregor." She is a little girl of twelve, an orphan, who, after spending her early years in a Glasgow mean street where she is allowed to run wild, is rescued by Miss Purvis, an aunt, who keeps a small fancy-goods shop in a Clydeside village. Miss Purvis, a not unattractive-looking spinster, but "very genteel and refined," receives many a shock from her niece and has no little difficulty in training the girl in the way she should go. Christina, however, with all her faults, is lovable and loving, and affection ripens between the pair, though Christina's views on running a business successfully, on love, on literature and on many varied subjects, invariably fail to win her aunt's approval.

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THE BOOKMAN SPRING SUPPLEMENT



From French Prints of the
Eighteenth Century
(Museum)

LA CONSOLATION DE L'ARSENCE

FRENCH PRINTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By RALPH NEVILL, F.S.A. (Vieumiller)

Some little while ago the late Lady Dilke wrote with sound artistic judgment and much erudition of the French draughtsmen and engravers of the eighteenth century—but her work, though admirable within its limits, did not attempt to decide the decorative value of the various prints, and scarcely touched upon the question of styles. Mr. Nevill has written what we believe to be the first book in the English language to deal with this subject from the collector's point of view, and in five carefully planned sections he supplies a useful and reliable account of eighteenth century French engravings, with interesting biographical sketches of the engravers and critical estimates of their work. The five parts of his book deal with (1) the line engraver, (2) colour prints, (3) print collecting, (4) the most important French engravings executed in the period with detailed descriptions of them and notes on their various states, and (5) portraits. The volume is illustrated with fifty full-page plates, beautifully reproduced, and has full and serviceable indices.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1909



From Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting
(Duckworth & Co.)

OLD LADY
(N. Maes, Berlin).

GREAT MASTERS OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTING.

By W. BODE. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

This is an excellent book. Dr. Bode's chapters are equally good in criticism and in explanation. The "stars" of his collection are, of course, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Adriaen Brouwer, Rubens, and Van Dyck. To each of these masters is devoted a long and appreciative chapter which will be welcome certainly to the artistic amateur, and—so far as we can tell—also to the professional artist. Besides these great names there are admirable notices of the lesser Dutch and Flemish artists, such as Nicholas Maes, Metsu, Hobbema, Cuyp, and Paul Potter. These chapters seem to us especially worthy of praise. They are of no great length, but they contain a large quantity of the best critical material expressed in a terse and simple manner. We recommend the book especially to those who are anxious to improve their knowledge of a subject of which they are more or less ignorant. Miss (is it Miss?) Margaret L. Clarke has made an admirable translation which reads almost like original work, and a feature of the book is a collection of thirty-nine well-reproduced illustrations from photographs of the various masters' paintings.

HIGH LIFE IN THE FAR EAST

By JAMES DALZIEL. 6s.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Here is a collection of fifteen short stories by an author who has already

made his mark in this style of writing. Comparatively few works of fiction take China for their locale, so that Mr. Dalziel's tales are the more welcome. There can be no doubt the author knows the Far East thoroughly well, and the stories all bear the stamp of actuality. All are well written, interesting, and cleverly constructed. At the same time we venture to think that "High Life in the Far East" would have been a better book had it been more cheerful and rather less "strong." We were duly impressed by the first story—"The Sickness of a Dream"—but when the author proceeds to throw a round dozen sad or tragic tales at our head, we must own to a desire for an occasional gleam of the humour that we are sure Mr. Dalziel possesses. And so our favourite of the stories is "The Career of Abdul Rahman," in which there is a good deal of saturnine fun. The book is not for the young person, but we welcome it, for writers are rare with so highly developed a power of description and so virile a dramatic force as Mr. Dalziel.

UNDER PETRAIA, With Some Saunterings.

By the Author of "In a Tuscan Garden."
5s. net. (Lane.)

The present reviewer was not so fortunate as to read "In a Tuscan Garden." He believes that it had a considerable success. At any rate, if it was at all of the same excellence as "Under Petraia," it deserved success. The author has an extremely light and bright touch and a weakness for showing up the failings of other people. But, even though we cannot acquit a few passages of the book of the charge of malice, we cannot say that we did not enjoy it. Perhaps it may best be described as a series of leisurely essays, in which the author talks of anything she thinks of, making most fascinating digressions on the way to the point she is driving home. A number of the essays deal with the home life of the author "under Petraia," others have for their subjects certain of the old towns of Northern Italy. Here we have the real Italy, as the English "exile" in Florence sees it and loves it; and we have too a number of very good stories. In fact, this is a book that is more amusing (besides more edifying) than nine out of ten novels.



From Under Petraia
(John Lane).

The Royal Italian Villa, Petraia.

FIGHTS FORGOTTEN.

A History of Some of the Chief English and American Prize Fights since the Year 1788.

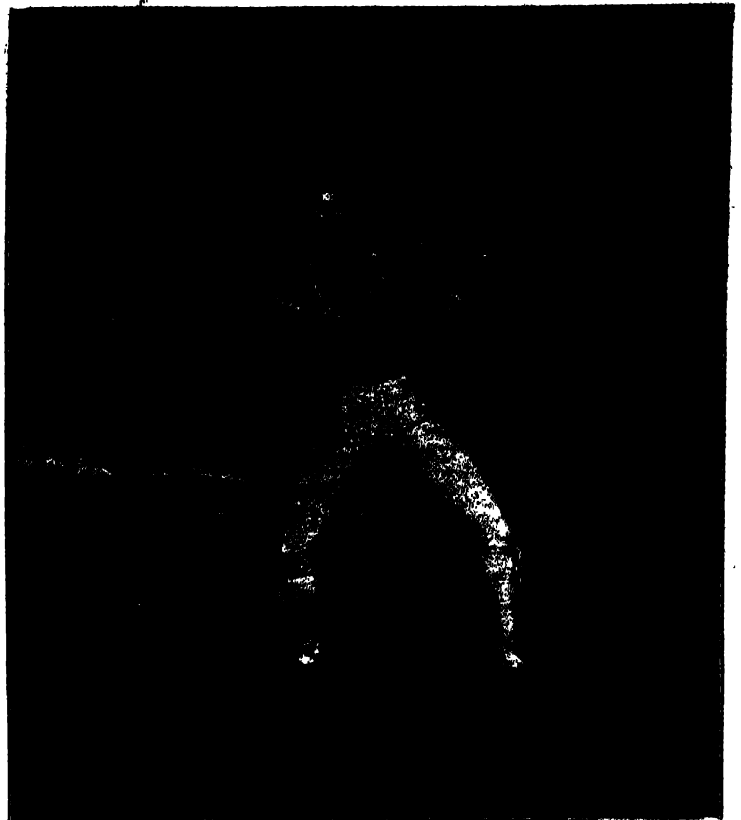
By HENRY SAYERS. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Sayers has put together a singularly fascinating book, and one that is sure to be popular. We were not attracted by the title, but we were agreeably surprised by the contents. The writer is a thorough sportsman and does complete justice to his subject. There are naturally a number of sporting expressions and phrases, but, somehow, they have no weakening effect; indeed, the book is surprisingly well written. Short biographical sketches of the contestants are usually given, and, in all, twenty-five fights are described in detail, ranging from 1795, John Jackson *v.* Mendoza, to 1900, Jem Corbett *v.* Kid McCoy. There is unavoidably a certain sameness about the book, but it is sufficiently exciting, and we recommend it heartily as one of the best of its kind. There are eleven interesting and well-reproduced illustrations from photographs and old prints.

A LIFE'S ARREARS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)

Those ingenuous novel-readers who do not ask for a plot which is bound slavishly in the chains of probability but demand only that a tale shall be at the same time wholesome and exciting, may find "A Life's Arrears" very much to their liking. Regarded coldly with the eye of pure reason, the tale might be condemned as calling for an excessive credulity; read simply with a view to brisk and harmless entertainment, it has its points. Jane Maristow, the daughter of a country parson, having lost the fresh bloom of youth, has declined from the position of model in a West End milliner's shop to that of an ill-paid blouse-maker for the same firm, when she inherits a fortune representing a couple of thousand pounds per annum. She is advised to take a holiday at Monte Carlo (what would our lady novelists do were there no Monte Carlo?): and here she makes the acquaintance of Miles Haldon. Through his friendship she is plunged into a very maelstrom of whirling adventures; and she lies for a while under suspicion of diamond stealing. In the end all is well; and Jane finds happiness in a tardy wedlock. She is a gentle and admirably intentioned woman and her reward is undoubtedly deserved. At the same time we have a feeling that had the mental qualities of Jane been as conspicuous



From *Fights Forgotten*
(T. Werner Laurie).

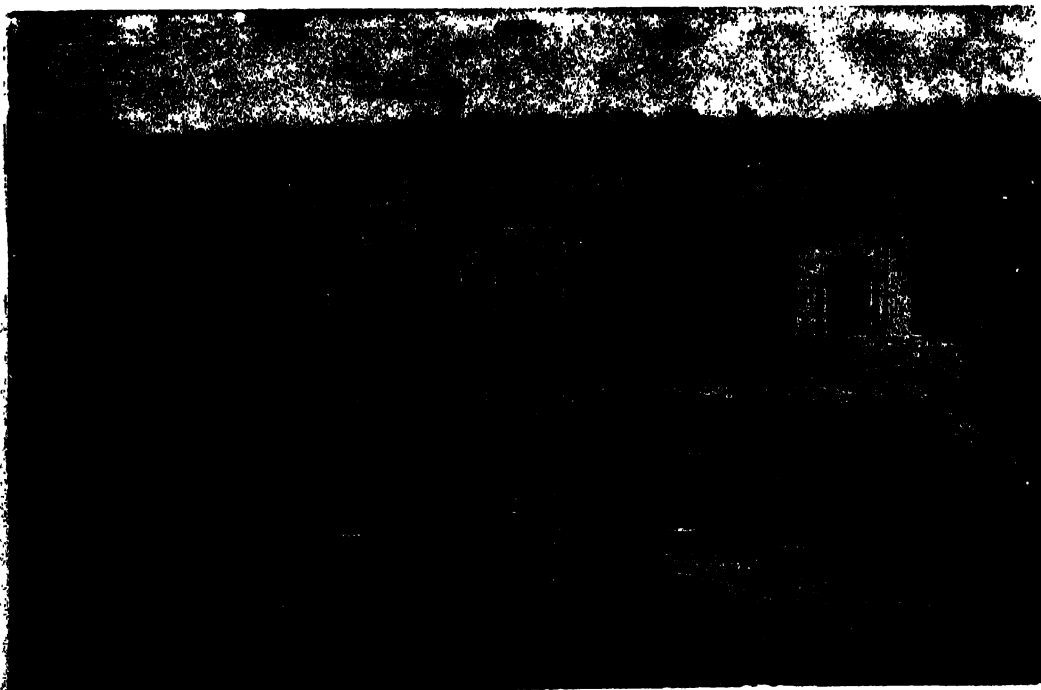
JEM BELCHER.

as her attributes of soul she might have arrived at the same result by more easy paths. "A Life's Arrears" is very readable, however, and several of the figures in the story are drawn with considerable ability.

ROMANCE OF ROMAN VILLAS.

By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. 15s. net. (Putnam's.)

American publishers are said as a rule to produce their books in a more artistic manner than their English confrères. We have hitherto considered this statement somewhat incredulously, but there can be no doubt that "Romance of Roman Villas" is a credit to any publisher and any country. Indeed, it is one of the most beautiful books we have seen. The illustrations—seven in photogravure and over forty others are well chosen and admirably reproduced, and the book is beautifully printed. Miss Champney's nine chapters deal with thirteen villas. Her method has been to choose "as the focal point of each of the following chapters the half-forgotten face of some woman" and around each woman to write the romance in fictional form. The ladies so chosen range from Caterina Sforza to Pauline Bonaparte, and such parts of their lives as the author portrays are both romantic and adventurous. Miss Champney has obviously taken a good deal of trouble to get up her subjects thoroughly, and her treatment of them is interesting. At the same time we wish she had avoided the strange mixture of archaic and colloquial English with which we are regaled. We can find no other fault in a most attractive book.



From *Romance of Roman Villas*
(G. P. Putnam's Sons).

CASINO, VILLA ALBANI.



From Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier **ZIARAT OR SHRINE ON THE TARKHT-I-SULIMAN**
(Seeley & Co.)

These burial-places of holy men are frequently located in almost inaccessible spots on mountains. Yet bed-ridden sufferers are hauled up the precipitous sides in order that they may be benefited by contact with the holy place, as may be seen in the illustration.

THE INDIAN CRIMINAL.

By H. L. ADAM. 10s. 6d. net. (Milne.)

Mr. Adam is a specialist in books on crime this is the

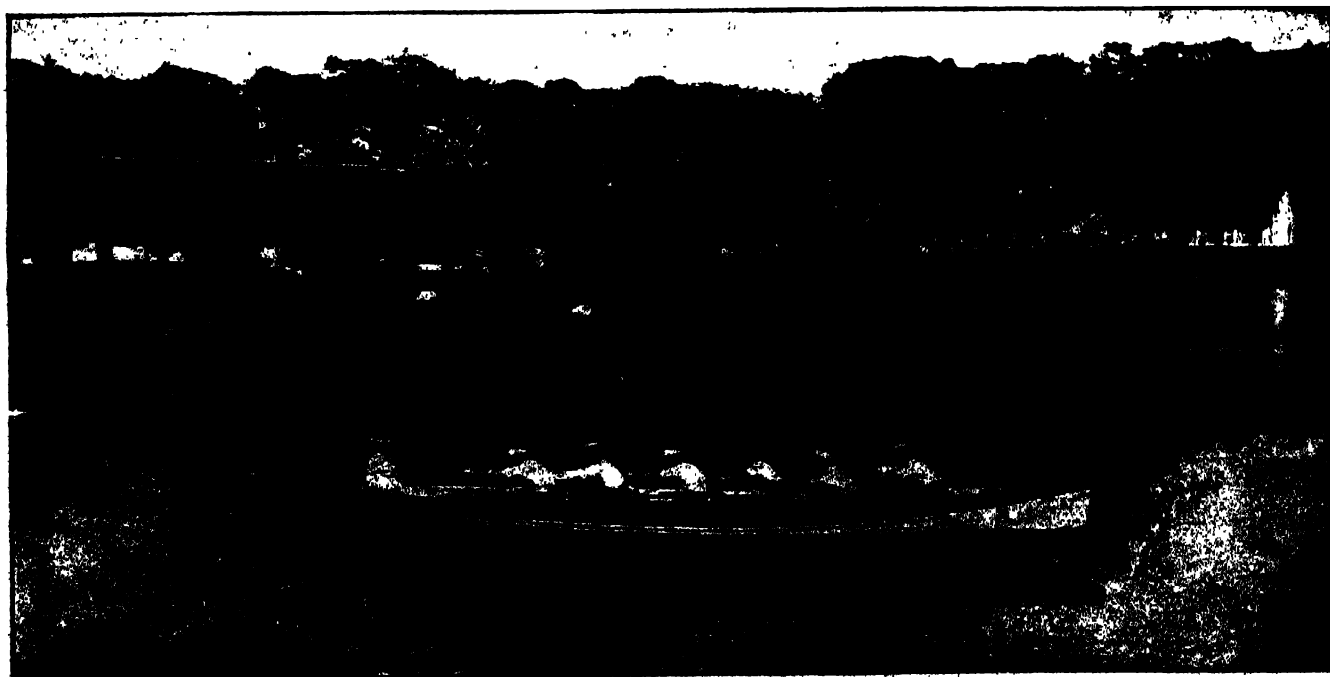
third from his pen that has appeared in little more than a year. To many persons the subject is fascinating, and to Mr. Adam's credit be it said that he deals with it in an interesting and not too harrowing manner. We do not suppose that the work under consideration is the last word on the Indian criminal, but at least it makes an adequate introduction to the study of that very slippery gentleman. In his first chapter the author states that the study of crime in India is a much more interesting subject than that of crime in the West. We are inclined to think that this is the case. The hereditary criminals who occur so frequently in India are more or less unknown in this country, and the examination of their misdeeds makes a curious study. Mr. Adam gives a large number of narratives in his book, and deals with every important branch of crime in that country and of the measures that have been taken to suppress it. The concluding portion of the book is devoted to a description of the penal station in the Andaman Islands. There are also sixteen illustrations from photographs.

AMONG THE WILD TRIBES OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

By T. L. PENNELL, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. With Illustrations and Maps. 10s. net. (Seeley & Co.)

The lot of a medical missionary among wild tribes is one of peril, but at the same time it is one giving unusual opportunities for observation and study of the character of a fierce people. Dr. Pennell has spent sixteen years in close intercourse with the natives of the Indian marches, and from several points of view his record cannot be too highly estimated. Personal characteristics, ways of life and warfare, beliefs, pleasures, methods and superstitions; everything from birth to death, in sickness and in health, is recounted in the full, clear, everyday style which is of so much value to the student of peoples and customs. The

worth of such work as Dr. Pennell achieved in those sixteen years is immense. Hundreds of sufferers were eased by civilised methods, hundreds of prejudiced, ignorant



From The Indian Criminal
(John Milne).

BOAT HARBOUR AT VIPER ISLAND, PORT BLAIR.

men and women were brought under a sane influence, and hundreds of pathways were open to the missionary which would have been closed to him if he had not been a doctor as well as a teacher of the gospel. This volume is packed full of first-hand knowledge, of anecdote and description, and, aided by the camera, the life of the Afghan frontier is laid open for us to read from these pages in safety and in comfort.

THE SHORT CUT TO INDIA.

By DAVID FRASER. With Illustrations and Maps. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

If any one wishes to know about the railway to Baghdad, and does not stipulate for actual Blue-books, this is undoubtedly the volume which must not be passed over. Indeed, if any one does *not* wish to know about the railway to Baghdad, this is still undoubtedly the book to read, for not only will it entertain the reader, but it will make him keen in the future about all that concerns, and happens to, and results from the said much-debated railway. Mr. Fraser travelled along the route from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, and his narrative is one full of information, practical, one may say technical, and of well-told personal experiences. When he started on his journey the Sultan was an autocrat, just as he neared the end Turkey had revolted. Small and amusing details as well as big questions and issues, each recounted with the suitable spirit, find place in these pages. Mr. Fraser writes colloquially, and his book leaves the impression of a clever and animated conversation, cheerfulness and good sense never desert him. Many illustrations bring the railway route before our actual eyes, and at the end of the volume lies a treasure for students, for here, in the Appendixes, are given interesting and unpublished documents relating to the business side of the "short cut to India."

AN OXFORD TUTOR.

By C. E. H. EDWARDS. 1s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

As "Tommy Short," the Rev. Thomas Short, B.D., was familiarly known to generations of Oxford men, very few of whom are now surviving to repeat, at first hand, the many good stories that are told about him. Newman, Roundell Palmer, Freeman and others who

were to become great men were among his pupils: "under his auspices Trinity, from an insignificant college, small in numbers and of slight reputation, grew into a vigorous society, rivalling its compeers in the eminence of its



From *The Short Cut to India*
(W. Blackwood & Sons).

A MESOPOTAMIAN WELL.



From *The Short Cut to India*
(W. Blackwood & Sons).

WHERE THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY WILL PASS.



From An Oxford Tutor
(Elliot Stock).

THE REV. THOMAS SHORT

academical honours." Mr. C. E. H. Edwards writes a sympathetic and delightful little biography of this very able, quaintly humorous and curiously lovable old "Oxford tutor": Short had an excellent vein of whimsicality, and there are several capital, laughable anecdotes of him in these pages, but perhaps the best anecdote of them all is the one of a different type at the end which was told by the late Bishop of St. Albans as showing the depths that lay beneath Short's spiritual reserve. Altogether, it is a pleasing record of a good and useful life.



From The City of Beautiful Nonsense
(Chapman & Hall).

POEMS.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. 7 vols. Cloth, 1s. net each; lambskin, 2s. 6d. net each. Library edition, 3s. 6d. net each. (Gay & Hancock.)

No living poet of America, or of England, appeals to a larger public than does Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her name is familiar and her books sell by the thousand in both countries, and probably the secret of her influence lies largely in the homeliness of her themes, her sympathetic handling of the everyday things that matter to the vast mass of everyday people, in the lilting melody and happy simplicity of her style. Her Muse is no marble goddess that sits loftily enshrined among the unearthly splendours of a chilly temple, but a very woman, graciously human, who walks with you in the light of common day, or comes to you by your own fireside with words of comfort and counsel and good cheer. Some of her poems, such as "One of us Two," "Beyond," "My Ships," and "Solitude," have been copied so often in all manner of papers that thousands of people must know them almost by heart even if they do not know who wrote them: two lines of



From Poems of Ella
Wheeler Wilcox
(Gay & Hancock).

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Solitude" have been as much quoted as any two lines that ever were written—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

These seven volumes, tastefully bound and published at a price that brings them within the reach of slender purses, are sure of a wide welcome, and deserve it.

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Thurston's latest story is an example of pleasant, clever discursiveness, with a very tender love-tale threading its way through. As the story progresses, the discursiveness gradually diminishes, till towards the end the love of Jack and Jill is the paramount matter. Jack is a penniless journalist, Jill is the daughter of a once rich man, and this hero and heroine meet on the eve of St. Joseph's Day in the Sardinia Street Chapel, each praying for what his or her heart needed most. But when they went to buy their penny candles to burn before the saint, there was but one candle left, and the man had bought it with his last penny. But his last penny had bought him

more than the candle for St. Joseph—indeed he yielded the candle to Jill, the lady in the fur coat. The theme develops with a slow easiness which is attractive and diverting, and though the style is marred at times by mannerisms, in his best moods the author shakes himself free of these. "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" (which is Venice) is a book which, opened at any page, will hold the attention. Life in Fetter Lane with some ideals but no money to speak of, life taken casually yet with a good heart and a remnant of childlikeness, is life worth reading about.

GLIMPSES OF THE TWENTIES.

By WILLIAM TOYNBEE. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Toynbee, whose "Vignettes of the Regency" had a considerable literary success, now gives us another book. The present work seems to us more or less supplementary to the former, but it is in no sense necessary to have read "Vignettes of the Regency" to appreciate "Glimpses of the Twenties." Appropriately enough, the



From *Glimpses of the Twenties*
(A. Constable & Co.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES,
AFTERWARDS GEORGE IV.

book consists of twenty chapters, in which Mr. Toynbee tells the inner history of the most interesting political and semi-political events during the ten years he has chosen. It appeals to us as something more than mere book-making, for the author writes with a verve and spirit that are unusual in these days of mechanical biographies. The figure of George IV. is one of the most interesting in English history, and the author presents him in an entirely satisfactory manner. Throughout, the human side of the persons dealt with is insisted upon; the result is a collection of bright and illuminating little narratives. In fact, we can strongly recommend this book to the reader who wishes for something a little "stiffer" than popular fiction. There are a number of clear and interesting portraits.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, and Other Poems

By CHARLES WOLFE. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Everybody knows "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but not one general reader in ten could say off-hand who wrote it; and most of the minority who could, have long since put Wolfe down as a man of one poem. Certainly he owes his fame entirely to the famous ballad; if he had not written that it is safe to say this slender little book would never



From *The Burial of Sir John Moore*
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

PORTRAIT OF
CHARLES WOLFE

have been published. Nevertheless, there are some two or three charming lyrics in it, notably "If I had thought thou could'st have died," that were worth binding up with the greater poem, though they are not likely to add any fresh leaves to Wolfe's laurels. The volume contains a portrait and a collotype facsimile of the original manuscript of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and is prefaced with an extremely interesting introductory memoir by C. Litton Falkner, who tells the story of how the ballad came to be written and its authorship disputed, and gives a just and discriminating estimate of the author's genius.



Frontispiece to *A Book of Parodies*
(Blackie & Son).

JAMES HOGG, THE
ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

After a picture by Sir John Watson Gordon.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1909

A BOOK OF PARODIES.

Edited by ARTHUR SYMONS. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie & Son.)

Frankly, we envy Mr. Arthur Symons the pleasant task he has had in editing this book of parodies. It is always quite conceivable that running about in search of fun may not be funny. But whatever Mr. Symons has been obliged to read and discard, the fact remains that he has had, perforce, to cheer himself with quite an appreciable amount of dipping into the fun of Frere and the polished tricks of Lodge and Maginn and the cleverness of Calverley, Canning, J. K. S., and others of a like fancy. Parody does not always mean quite what we have grown to understand by the word, and many an early poem in this collection differs from our later examples of wit cut to another's shape. Often there is more of faithfulness to form than jocularly of matter, or there is humour of a less epigrammatic style. One of the great interests of this most entertaining collection lies in this variety of the styles of parody, this wide understanding of the word. Mr. Symons gives us examples by Maginn, Gay, Landor, Frere, Pope, James Smith, Horatio Smith, Poole, Coleridge, Leyden, Lodge, Lamb, Phillips, Southey, Shelley, Canning, Hogg, Keats, Lewis Carroll, Swinburne, Calverley, J. K. S., Aytoun, and many others; and when we say that these delights are published in one of the desirable, always satisfactory Red Letter volumes, we need vouch no further for the excellence of production.

JAN OF THE WINDMILL.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. With Illustrations in Colour by M. V. WHEELHOUSE. 2s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

To Messrs. George Bell & Sons must hearty praise be given for one of the daintiest, we may say most fragrant,



From *Jan of the Windmill*
(G. Bell & Sons).

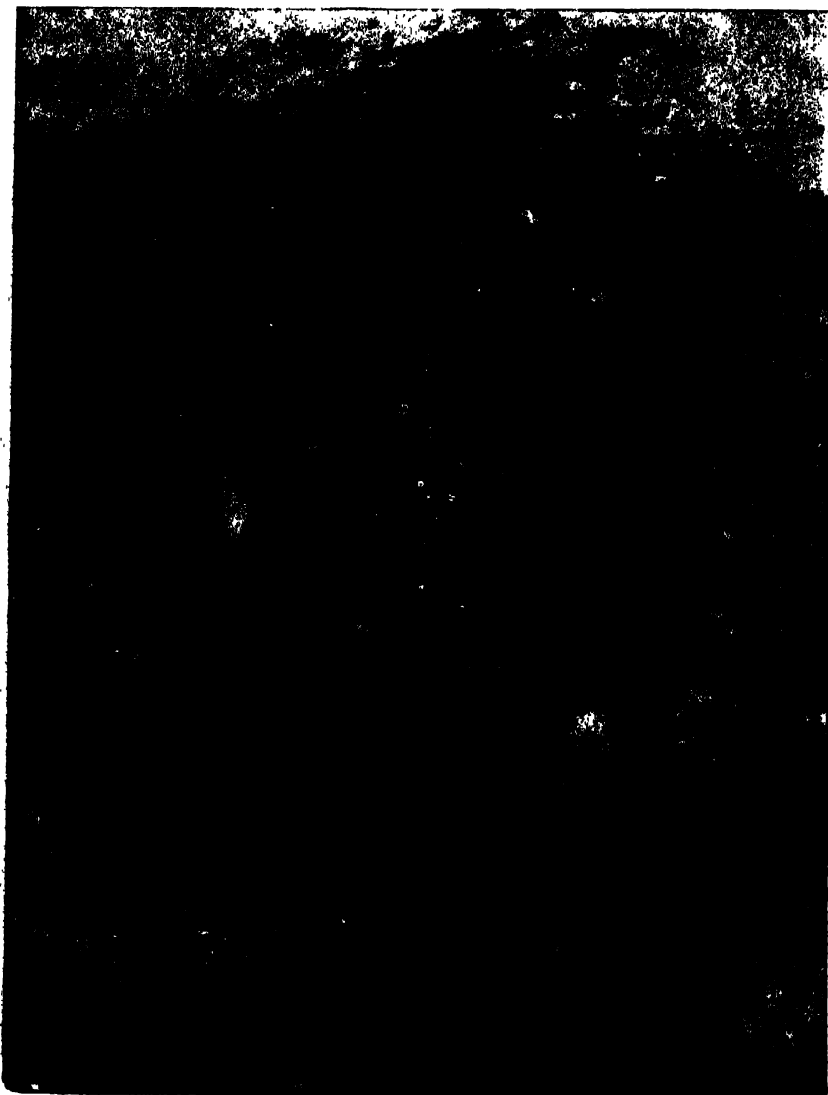
It's Boov'

series of reprints which have been offered to the public for many a long day. This is "The Queen's Treasures Series" which began last year with that charming but heretofore too little known idyll "Cousin Phillis," by Mrs. Gaskell. Since then the series has been devoted to the delicate genius of Mrs. Ewing, and after delighting us with "Six to Sixteen" and "A Flat Iron for a Farthing" now gives us the tender, beautiful tale of the old Wiltshire windmill and of the little Jan who came to it on the night of the great storm. It was a happy fate which placed these gems of child-fiction in the hands of Miss Wheelhouse for illustration; in her graceful lines and delicate shades of colouring she proves how entirely she is in sympathy with the art of the writer. Miss Wheelhouse may be congratulated on having added a new joy to Mrs. Ewing's stories.

GREAT ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

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Frontispiece to *A Holiday in Connemara* (Methuen & Co.)



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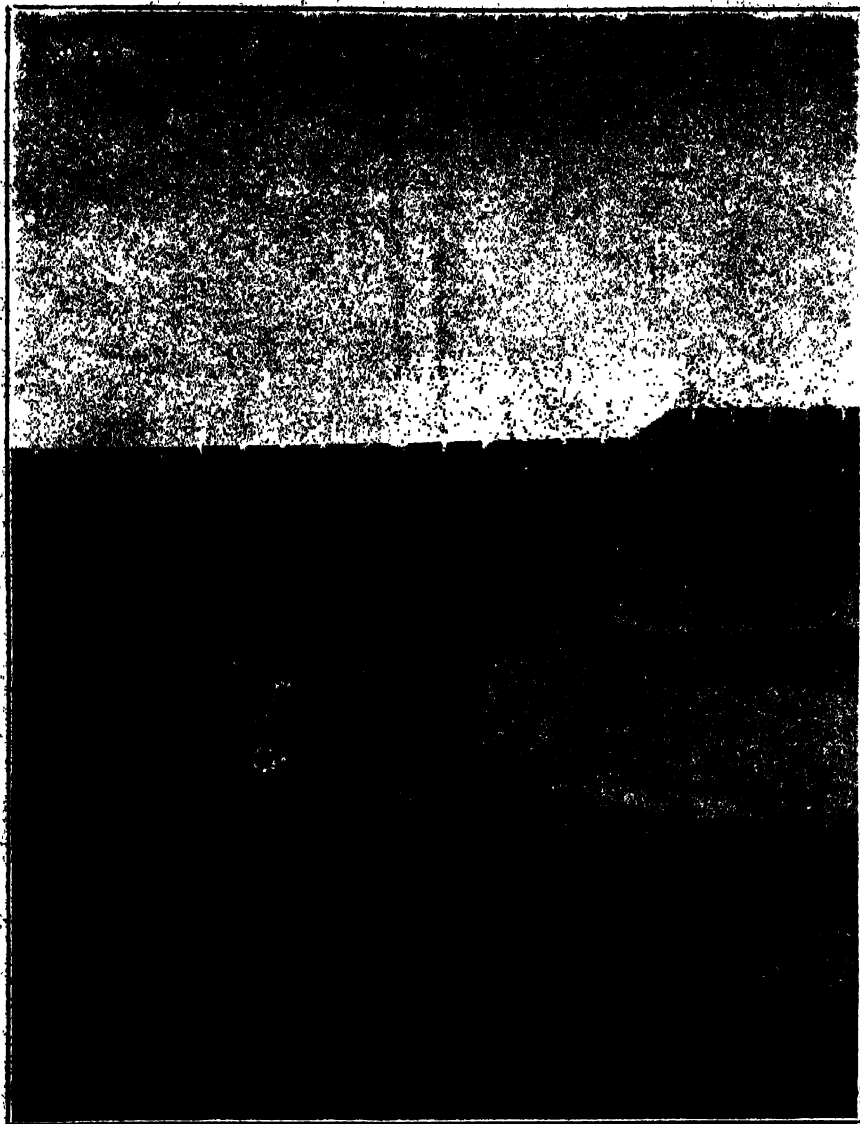
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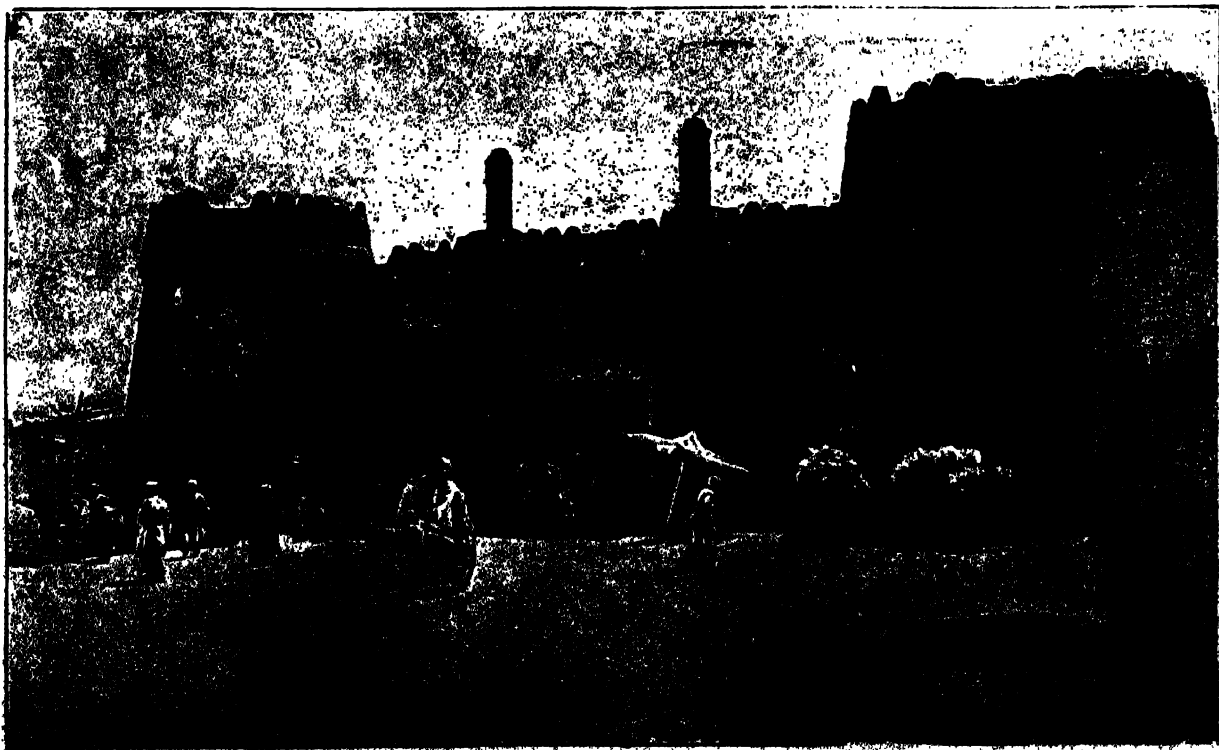
length—it is more than half the book—and interest, "China." The author, who was in command of the 1st Brigade during the operations in China of 1900-1, repro-

duces part of his diary and has much to tell of that campaign. In the light of later events, his criticisms of the various elements of the Allied Forces—a criticism which was made during the campaign—is of particular interest. As a whole the book is chatty and makes good reading. The style in which it is written is poor, but the author contrives to make his meaning clear, which, after all, is the most important literary virtue. The book gives an admirable picture of the life of a busy soldier, and is one that should be in considerable demand. There are some interesting photographs, but some kind of index is badly needed.

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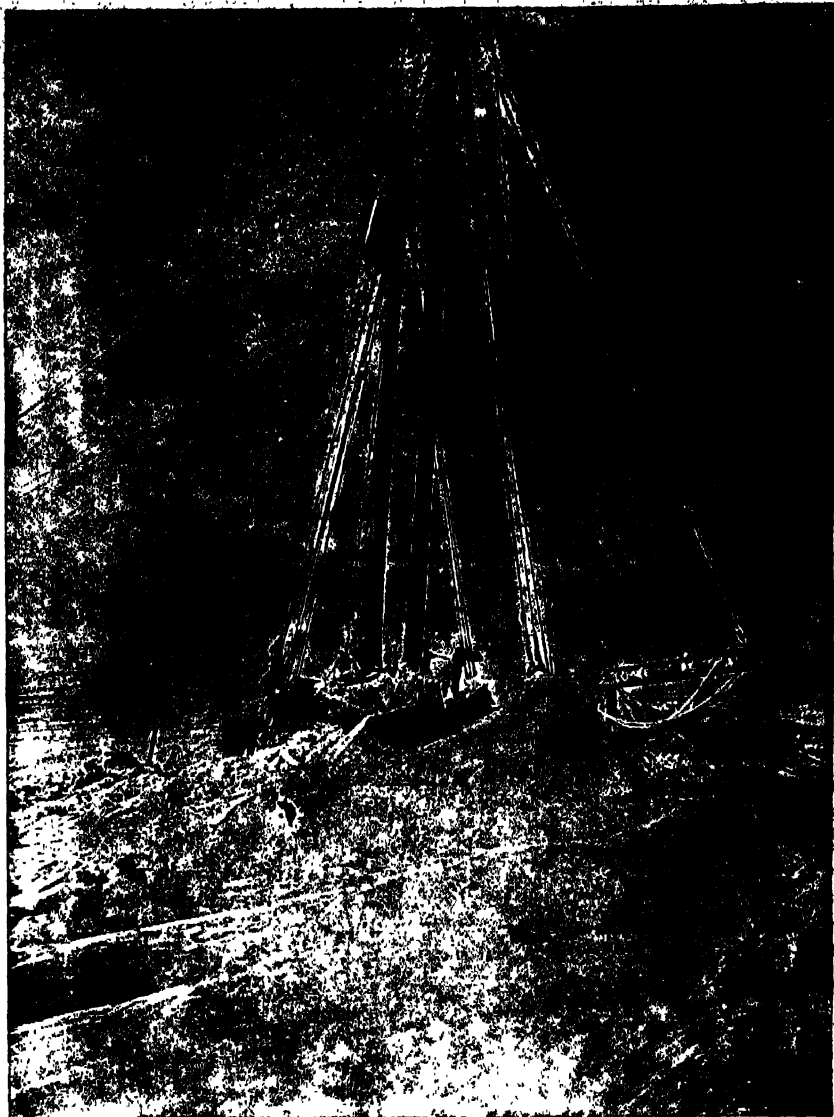
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(Reviewed on p. 35.)

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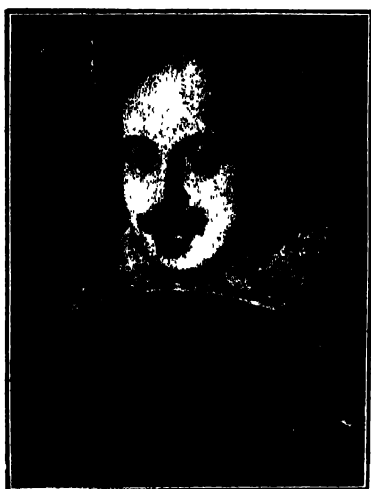
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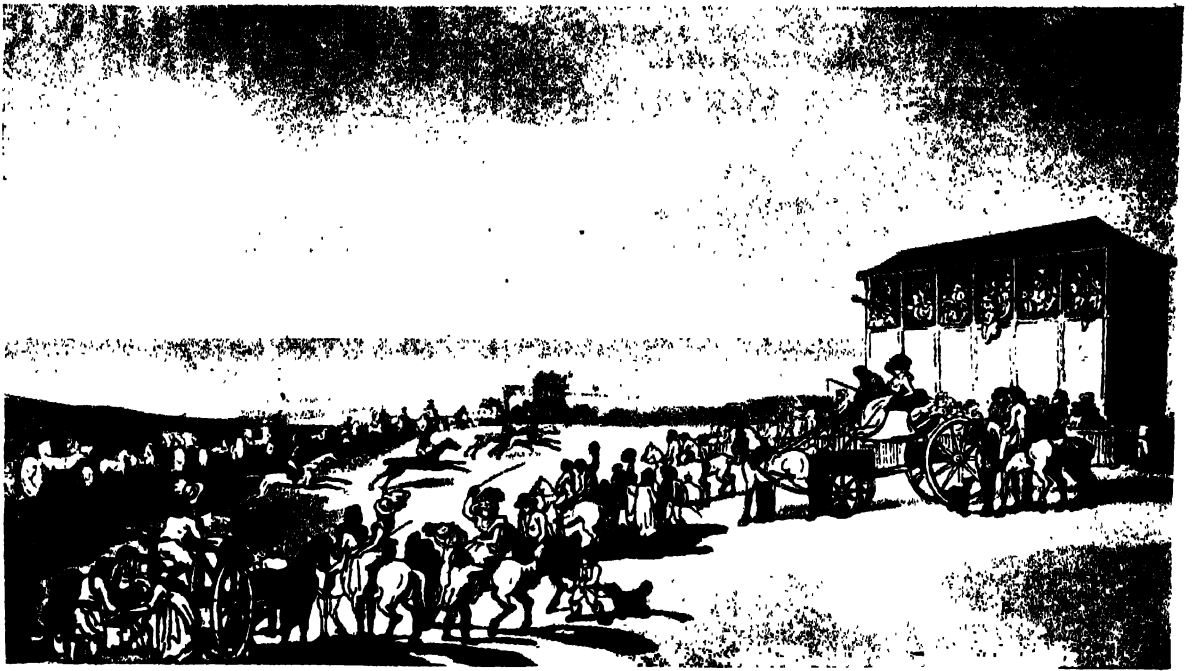
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a girl as Macgregor was boy. We are particularly attracted by her love of romance—real or imaginary. In short, this is a bright, happy little book, bound to put one into a good temper, and certain of a wide popularity.

TOM BROWNE, R.I.

By A. E. JOHNSON. 3s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

To those who know Mr. Tom Browne only as the facile contributor of quaint and delightfully humorous black-and-white sketches to the popular weekly and monthly periodicals, some of the work in this book will come as a surprise. Turn to the several reproductions in colour of the pictures he has exhibited at the Royal Academy and elsewhere to the drear landscape of "Blow, blow, thou Bitter Wind!" with the grotesque old man and the slatternly woman covering over their little fire of sticks; to the tired acrobat, with his dog and his small child in "The Midday Rest"; to the dainty lass, the shy lover, and the interested onlookers in "Sally in Our Alley"—and you find the sense of humour in them as alert as ever, but subtler, unexaggerated, sometimes edged with pathos, and the whole tone and feeling sensitively artistic. Withal, here is no lack of those characteristic, broadly funny, irresistibly laughable drawings that have endeared Mr. Tom Browne to the man in the street, and made him the most popular of black-and-white draughtsmen since the death of Phil May. There are in this volume fifty-seven excellent examples of his work with brush, pen, and pencil, and Mr. A. E. Johnson's biographical and critical chapters are adequate and full of interest.



From Tom Browne, R.I.
(A. & C. Black).

HOLDING OUT THE OLIVE-BRANCH

vein. Considering the vogue of that book and its sequel, we think he has shown considerable self-restraint in not deluging the market with work of the same type. We suppose, however, that the author was saving himself in order to give us something good. If that was his aim, he has been entirely successful. Christina is a happy, wilful, garrulous little creature of thirteen, and both she and her prim, kind-hearted aunt stand out from the author's pages as living characters. Christina is a worthy successor to Wee Macgregor; she is as thorough

THE "GREEN FINCH" CRUISE.

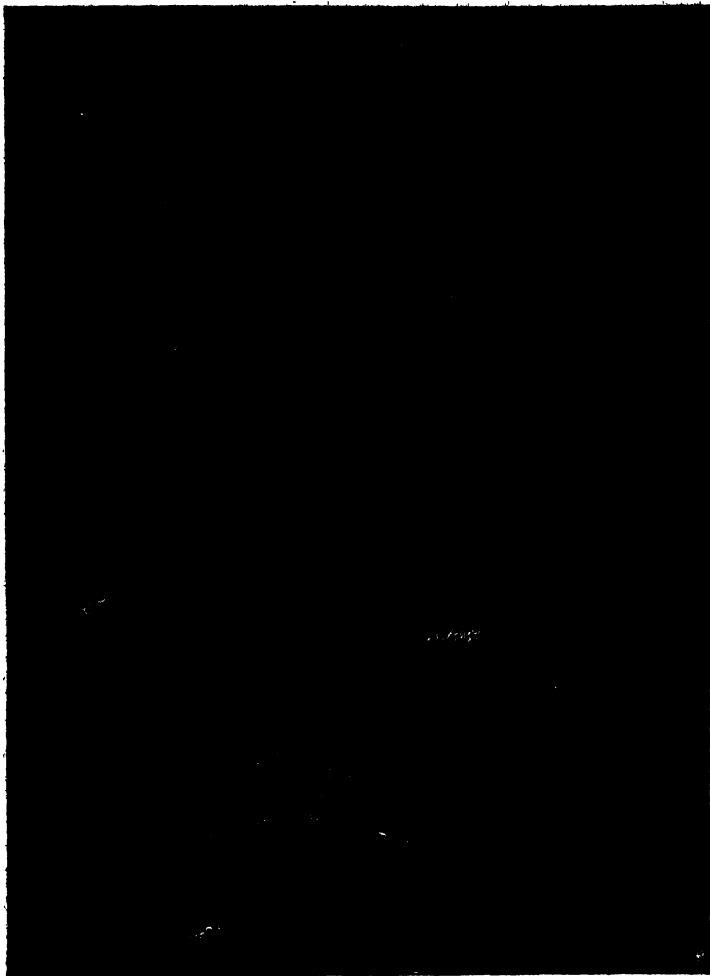
By the Rev. F. C. KEMPSON. 5s. net. (Arnold.)

Mr. Kempson knows how to draw amusing pictures. "The 'Green Finch' Cruise" contains over fifty illustrations by the author, all of which are successful. Most of them are broadly humorous, and many are more suggestive than the actual text. We particularly like "An Overwrought Country Parson" on page 10, "Shaving,"



scripman was ther waning in spinteed
The hooke sower hadde maad his hew al reed
To cook re he with him for the nones + +
To boylle chykyres with the mary bones
He knew well alle the havenes as thei are
at Bembrygg, Newstoun & the mouth of For
The cryke of Sishourre Hamble & Meadeene
Thys barge yclepda was the Synche Greene

From The "Green Finch" Cruise (Edward Arnold).



From Wayside and Woodland Ferns
(F. Warne & Co.)

HARD FERN
(*Lomaria spicata*).

and "A Cambridge Undergraduate." Though in some ways we prefer the illustrations to the text, we do not wish to suggest that the book is bad. Emphatically it is not. The author has a light, sarcastic touch that makes for amusement. The book is an amateur log-book, of a kind that is becoming increasingly familiar, of a single-handed cruise in Solent and Spithead. Mr. Kempson enjoyed the holiday- or "cure," as he prefers to call it- and we have enjoyed it with him. When adventures fall, some amusing diversions on various irrelevant subjects and a number of impressive lists in the manner of Rabelais make good reading. We believe that if the author should ever go to Hamble during the strawberry season, he would not find it impossible to get fruit; certainly if he should sail a little farther up the Hamble River to Bursledon he would have no difficulty whatever, for a great number of the London strawberries come from that part of Hampshire. We are sorry he did not go into Poole harbour, which is a delightful place. Otherwise, he seems to have done these waters pretty thoroughly when the duration of the cruise is taken into consideration. We wish him luck on many more.

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On loans from Florence or from Lincoln lent,
Here bastard mouldings shine with gilt,
There florid carvings pose for ornament;
Eye-caught we gaze, and sigh to find
How wan the form that covers the showy mask behind.

"He coins a hymn in vain,
Unless from depth of heart the ore he win;
He will but counterfeit attain
Who lets translation as alloy creep in;
Compiled from Latin or from Greek,
In syllables it bubbles forth, but does not speak."

Mr. Prior has no fancy for--

"The care-planned, skill-wrought bed,
That only tells of gardener and shears."

He loves the suitable garden, fragrant and decked with living plants growing because they love their situation. There are hidden truths in this "Garden" too, and the scenes portrayed for us are tender and homelike visions of a real and beloved place.



From My Garden
(Elkin Mathews).

FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN, SPRING OF OUR LABOUR
GONE OF OUR YOUTH BUT IN HANDS NOT SOLD.

FROM GOWER STREET TO FROGNAL.

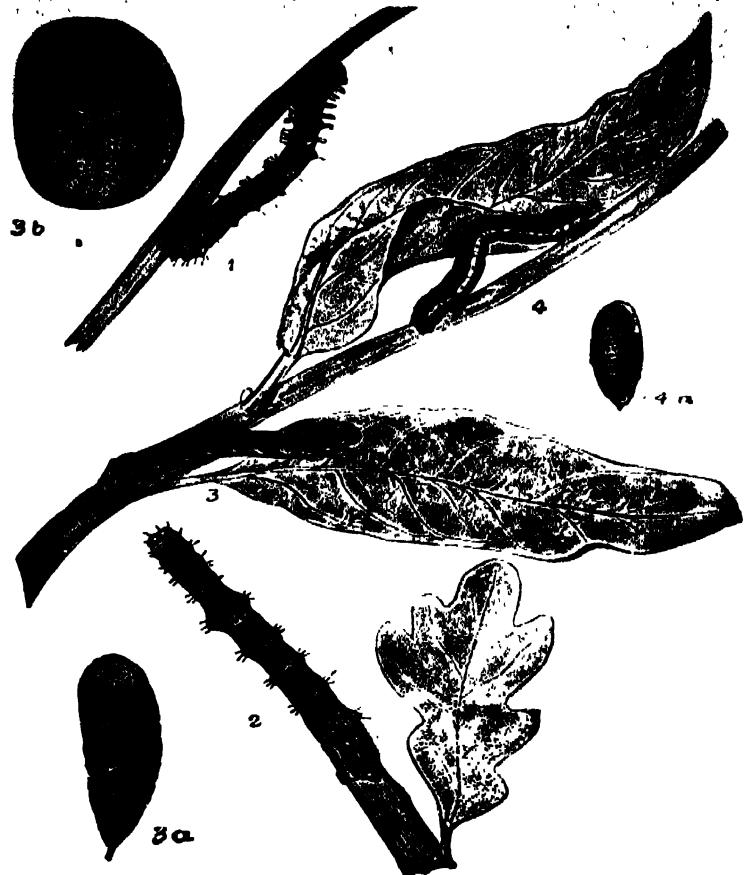
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From *Henry of Navarre* (Greening Co.)

more is a convincing villain for whom we feel some sympathy, Alec makes an attractive *jeune premier*, and the figure of Squire Deverill is full of sardonic humour. Mr. Agnus, as usual, reaches a high level in his description of the Dorsetshire background. On the whole, this is a clever, almost a brilliant, novel, interesting, well written, and possessed of an unusually fine heroine. We strongly recommend it to our readers, and hope that it may serve as an introduction to other books by this author, who deserves a greater popularity than he possesses.

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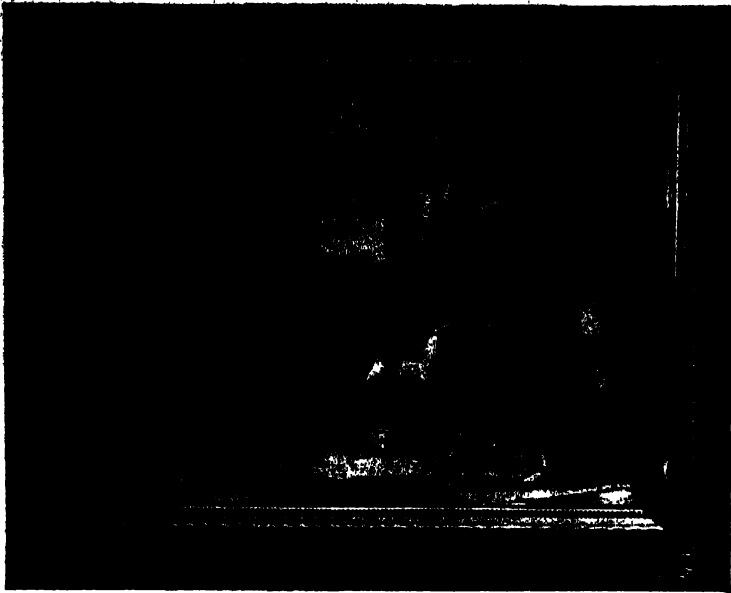
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(Reviewed on p. 42.)

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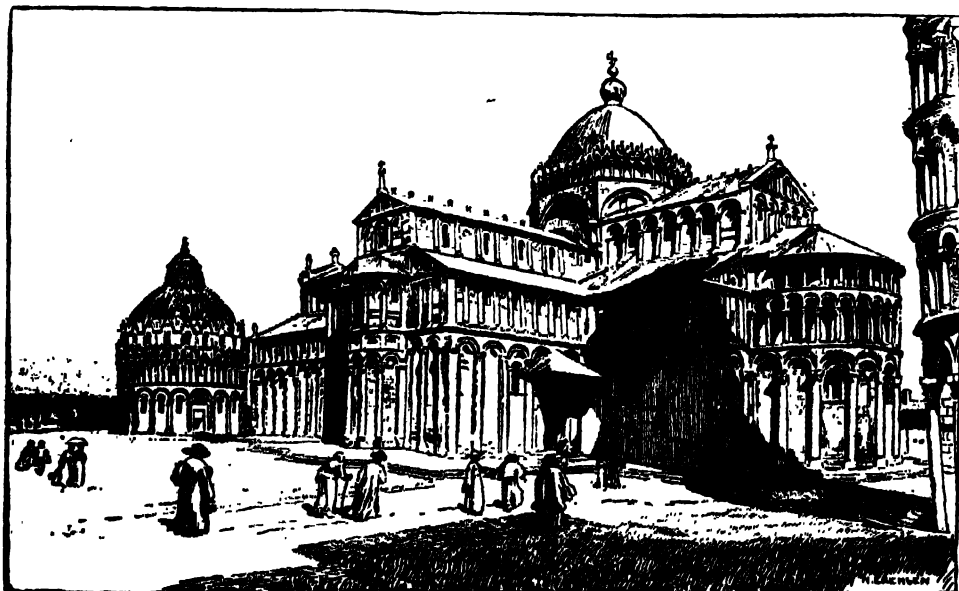
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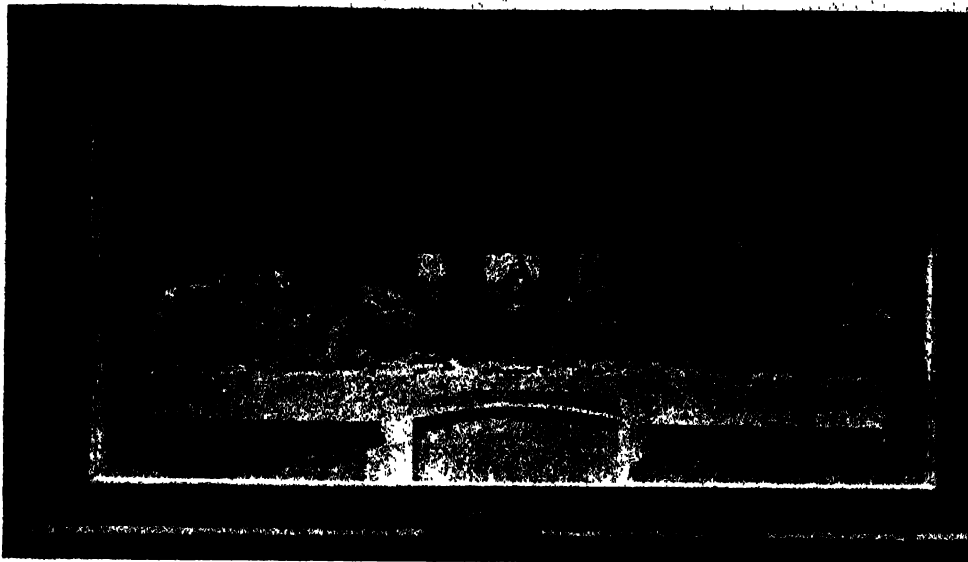
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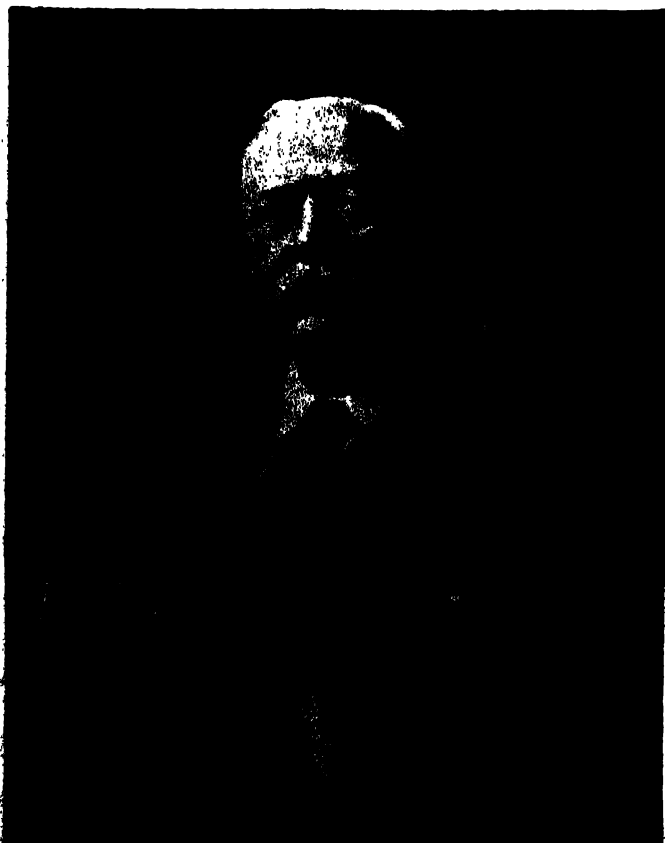


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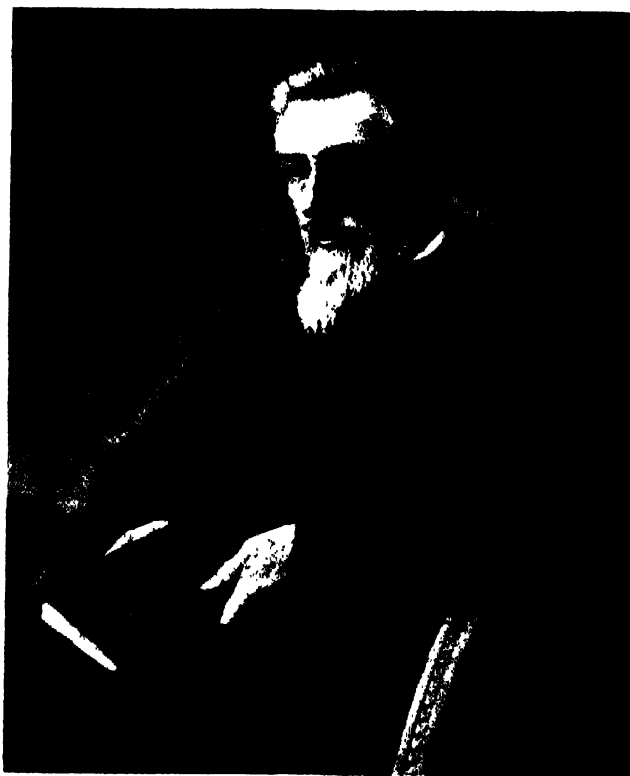
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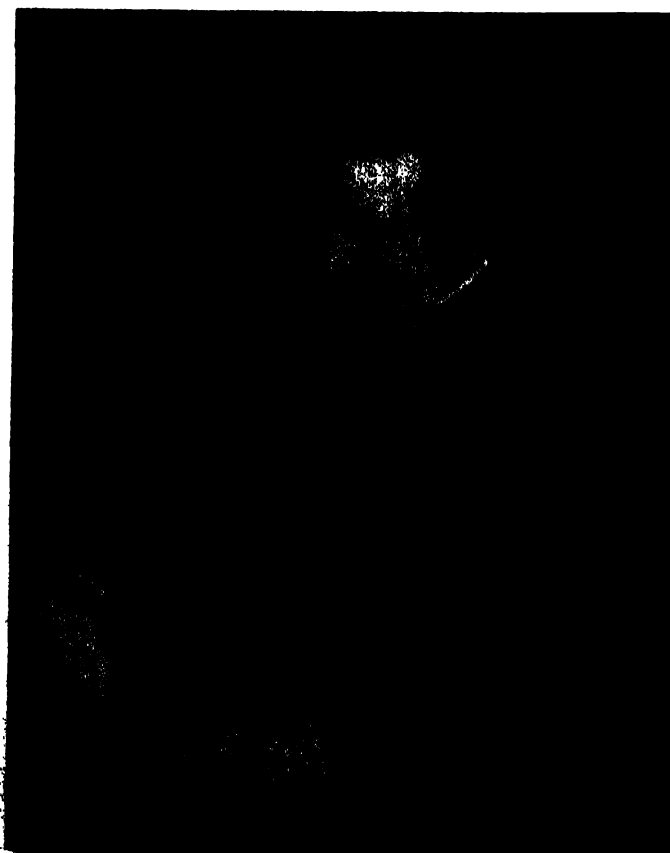
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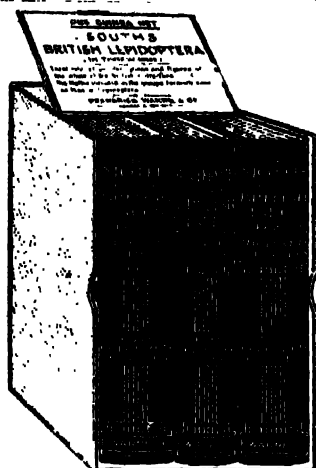
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 56

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 57

THE READER

Marie Corelli. A Record and an
Appreciation. By A. ST. JOHN
ADCOCK
"The Bookman" Prize Compe-
titions
Ballade of the Self Sufficient. By
A. M. R.

NEW BOOKS

Verlaine. By Professor GEORGE
SAINTSBURY
Mr. Hewlett's Poems. By WALTER
DE LA MARE
Florio's Montaigne. By T. E.
PAGE
Principal Story. By Dr. D. MAC-
MILLAN 84

A Fairy Play

The Art of William Blake. By
ARTHUR WAUGH

Fraternity. By EDWARD THOMAS
Gatling Gun Philosophy. By ST.
PHIL REYNOLDS

"Toby, M.P." Reminiscent. By
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TON MITCHELL

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SAMPSON

NOVEL NOTES

Mr. Opp Love and Battles The
Heart of a Gypsy An Incom-
plete Etoman When a Woman
Woos Little Devil Doubt -
Wax The Royal End--The
Story of Hawksguth Farm--
The Three Brothers The Vicis-
situdes of Flynn The Member
for Easterby--Anne of Green
Gables Jimbo The Fear of
Life Margery Pigeon ... 94 8

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Plays Fair Women at Fontaine-
bleau A Second Book of Draw-
ings—The English Castles The
Well of St. Clan Experiences 98 9

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 99

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 100

NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
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*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

The death of Mr. Swinburne removes from us one of the very greatest of English lyrists, and indeed one of the most consummate lyrists of all time. Mr. Swinburne had completed his seventy-second year, but till very near the end he retained his characteristic youthfulness of aspect and spirit. There was no dimming of his magnificent powers, and his last work in poetry and in criticism is on a level with his best. He died apparently without pain and with a smile upon his face. Next month we propose to devote a Special Number to the commemoration and record of his genius and his work, thus dealing with him more adequately than is possible at the present moment.

News Notes.

Much has been written of Miss Marie Corelli—more, perhaps, than of any other living author, for no novelist of our day has so vast a following or has taken such strong hold upon the admiration and affection of the reading public; but most of such writings about her have been either irresponsible, ill-natured gossip, abuse that masqueraded as criticism, or well-meant dissertations that were more copious than informing. It is with particular pleasure, therefore, that we are able to present our readers in this issue of THE BOOKMAN with a plate portrait of Miss Corelli, and to publish what we believe is the fullest, most authentically personal and most interesting article that has yet appeared concerning the famous novelist and her work.

For some while past nonsensical rumours have been in circulation to the effect that Miss Corelli always refused to allow herself to be photographed. There has never been the smallest truth in them. Miss Corelli has been photographed quite as frequently as any other private person, for the satisfaction of her private friends. Her objection has



Photo by F. Stoddard

Miss Emma Brooke.

been to having her photograph sold in shops; and in this decision she remains firm. She has been painted by Ellis Roberts and Miss Donald Smith, and engravings of these portraits have been obtainable. Her dislike to having portraits of herself sold or published on postcards was, as usual, ascribed to a passion for self-advertisement; and when certain journals that affect a reputation for more courtesy published a repulsive caricature purporting to be her portrait, she went, as a matter of self-defence, to a photographer in a little street off Eccleston Square and represented herself as somebody else, asking him to take her photograph as quickly as possible.

Relating the anecdote herself in a preface to "The Treasure of Heaven," she says: "I used for the nonce the name of a lady friend, who arranged that the proofs of the portrait should be sent to her at various different addresses, and it was not till this book was on the verge of publication that I explained the real position to the courteous artist himself. That I thus elected to be photographed as an unknown rather than a known person was in order that no extra pains should be taken on my behalf, but that I should be treated just as an ordinary stranger would be treated, with no less but at the same time certainly no more care." This portrait, taken by Mr. Gabell when he was entirely unaware of his sitter's identity, is the one that now appears in our pages and is reproduced also as our presentation plate.

Since the publication of "The Story of Hauksgarth Farm," Miss Emma Brooke has begun the writing of a new novel in which she returns again to the North of England, rather for types of character than for descriptions of scenery; but she is laying this aside for the moment to work upon a tale of a different kind, which deals with a far country, and has laid stronger hold upon her imagination.

Miss Brooke lives a quiet, regular, inconspicuous, uneventful life at Kensington. It takes her about eighteen months to write a novel, and before beginning she likes to permeate herself as much as possible with the "feel" of the district in which her plot is laid. But this permeation does not occur merely through the fact of living in the place; for example, "I do not believe," says Miss Brooke, "I could write a novel dealing exclusively with London, though I have lived here for over twenty-five years. My mind seems always to be in the country, and the pictures which suddenly spring into it and give rise to the first idea of a story are not in cities. In the same way the eye of my imagination can see and appreciate certain far-away parts of the earth where I have never been, with enough understanding to enable me to write about them as though I were familiar with them. This is because I seem to myself actually



Photo by W. Herbert Layton

Mr. Charles Marriott.

to get at the 'feel' of the places. I can write with the feel of the place thrilling me with as much apparent strength as if I had really been there."

"The Intruding Angel" is the title of a new novel that Mr. Charles Marriott will have ready for publication this autumn. He is by the way, leaving St. Ives in June to settle in London—probably at Brook Green.

Mr. George Somes Layard is best known for his biographies of Charles Keene, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, and Shirley Brooks. He was educated, or, as he prefers to have it, "inducated," at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge; chose the Bar as his profession, and was duly "called"; but his ambition had always been towards literature, and whilst he was waiting for briefs he contributed largely to the magazines and reviews, thus, as he is fond of saying, giving himself at the expense of his readers the education which Harrow and Cambridge failed to give him at the expense of his father. In writing "Wax," which we review elsewhere, Mr. Layard was but returning to his early love; he has written much excellent fiction in the past, and it is an open secret that for a long period he was one of *Truth's* most valued writers of the popular "Queer Stories." Having returned to his early love Mr. Layard seems inclined to be faithful, for he is busy on another novel with which he has already made considerable progress.

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing immediately "Francia's Masterpiece," by Montgomery Carmichael. The book is a new and notable departure in the interpretation of Religious Pictures, and should prove of especial interest to all who are concerned about the significance and *raison d'être* of the great altar-pieces of the late *quattro-* and early *cinque-cento*. Mr. Carmichael is at present engaged on a larger and exhaustive work on the same subject.

Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster, whose new novel, "The Hand of the Spoiler," is meeting with a very favourable reception, has been for eighteen years connected with the editorial staff of *Truth*, and seeing that he is largely responsible for conducting the inquiries and getting together the material for the "*Truth* Cautionary List," which gives you all the warning you ought to need against the wiles of begging-letter writers, "bucket-shop" keepers, money-lending and gambling touts and every other variety of trickster, he has not lacked opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of certain sides of life that as a novelist he has turned to good account.



Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster.

"The Great Gift," a novel that Mr. Paternoster now has well under way, is a departure both from the frank sensationalism of "The Hand of the Spoiler" and the grim realism of his "Gutter Tragedies." It is the story of a successful man, a clean, honest captain of industry, who has won his way from the gutter to the Cabinet, and who finds himself in the forties very much alone and amid all the gifts of fortune denied the great gift of all. Naturally, the background of the book is political, an inside view of present-day politics being presented, but the chief and engrossing interest of the story is of course the bestowal at last of the great gift.

In reviewing "An Incomplete Etonian," by Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankau), several of the critics have been making guesses at the identities of the characters and attributing motives to the author as an individual. Mrs. Frankau thinks, and we agree with her, that this sort of thing is scarcely fair criticism, especially when the guesses are both inaccurate and unessential. Having put two years of work into the book, she confesses she would sooner see the critics criticising it instead of treating it as if it were a sort of variant of the missing-word competition, and giving their minds to guessing at the originals of its characters and finding hidden meanings where they do not exist.



Miss Louise Mack.

Whose new novel, "The Red Rose of a Summer," Messrs. Alston Rivers are publishing this month.

If you say much about Edgar Allan Poe without first consulting Mr. John H. Ingram or his books, the chances are that you will say something inaccurate. "I am surprised," writes Mr. Ingram, commenting on the note we printed last month from Mr. Whitty, "that so experienced a student of Poe's writings as Mr. J. H. Whitty, of Richmond, Virginia, should state that Edgar Poe's remarks on Goethe's 'Sorrows of Werter' have been 'overlooked by all his biographers.' If he will refer to vol. iii. p. 477 of my edition of 'The Works of E. A. Poe' (Black, Edinburgh), he will find the criticism in question.

We have many sensational novelists, but not many who rise above the average, and those who read Mr. David Whitelaw's first novel, "The Gang," recognised him as one of the few, and will therefore look with interest for another story of his, "Moon of Valleys," which Messrs. Greening are publishing this month. One may best describe it, perhaps, as a sensational extravaganza; it deals with the tribulations of a dissolute little actor who is haled away from his beloved Strand to take an unwilling part in a search for the great emerald of the Mogul Emperors—the name of the stone giving the title to the book.

Mr. Whitelaw, who is still on the better side of thirty, is assistant-editor of the *Story-Teller* and the *New Magazine*, for which, and for other of

the Cassell publications, he designs the covers and posters. He has, moreover, designed cloth bindings for some twenty prominent English and Scotch publishers, and has produced a particularly effective one for his own "Moon of Valleys." He was born, as one may say, into an atmosphere of art and books; his grandfather and father in succession were managers of the famous firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode, while his great-grandfather, James Baynes (a pupil of Romney and a friend of Turner), is well known to students of English water-colour art of a century ago.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

To his many readers, as to his many friends, the death of Francis Marion Crawford has come with all the force of a personal loss. In his work, as in his life, Marion Crawford had the faculty of endearing himself to all who came in contact with him. He possessed in a high degree the faculty of taking the public into his confidence with much of that rare personal charm with which he would tell an anecdote to his most intimate friends.

The predominant note of Crawford's life, as of his work, is his unfailing kindness. An instance of this occurred last year. As one of his old-world novels was running serially, an Oriental patronymic, which the author had innocently taken from an American source, was objected to by a gentleman possessing the same name, who is alive to-day. Although to make the change of name and nationality put Marion Crawford to a large amount of trouble, he did not hesitate to do both, rather

David Whitelaw



From a woodcut by Mr. Gordon Craig. Mr. David Whitelaw.

than give pain. Like the courteous gentleman he was, he sacrificed his artistry to spare the feelings of others.

The case further illustrates Crawford's amazing gift for tongues. The name in question had become modernised in its American form, but Crawford in his story restored it to its old and correct etymology, proving more Oriental than the Orientals themselves. I doubt whether any living author was so great a linguist as Marion Crawford. He knew Italian of every period and practically in all its dialects, but as Italian born—at the Baths of Lucca—that was not to be greatly wondered at. His knowledge of colloquial French was also a matter of course, for although he spent his boyhood in Rome he learnt all his lessons in French. But Crawford knew Spanish, Swedish, and more or less Russian, Turkish, and Portuguese. He was no mean Sanskrit scholar; while he served his apprenticeship as a journalist in India he mastered Hindustani and learnt to read and write Urdu, and a much more rare accomplishment was that he could write and speak Latin.

Italian archaeology possessed, indeed, an irresistible fascination for him—for modern Italy he cared little—and one of the projects upon which he was engaged, and which one hopes may have reached completion, was a study of the struggles of the Black and White factions of the Guelphs with the Ghibellines in Florence, Siena, Pisa, Ravenna, and Pesaro at the end of the thirteenth century. All the personages in this creation (which deals with Dante's youth) were to be historical, and one feels that no one but Marion Crawford could deal effectively with such a theme.

One of the strongest stories that Marion Crawford will leave behind him is "The White Sister," which is due for publication in a few days. The story varies somewhat from the dramatised version, in which love and duty, the struggle between the nun and her lover, are so tragically treated. But if the story has less of tragedy than the drama, it is told with all Marion Crawford's dexterity of touch and cannot fail to add to the number of his admirers.

Much could be said of Marion Crawford's lovely home at Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, and of his delightful retreat at the end of an upper terrace where, secure from interruption, he wrote in summer days, to the accompaniment of the musical flow of a beautiful little fountain, itself a rare bit of bronze in the form of a head and conch shell.

Himself a master mariner, his schooner-yacht *Aida* was one of the most familiar vessels in every port of the Mediterranean. But while yachting he never failed, he once told the writer, to perform



*Photo by Messrs. Thomson,
141, New Bond Street, W.*

Mr. F. Marion Crawford.

his allotted task, devoting so many hours a day to his literary labours with never-failing regularity. Those who are inclined to criticise his output should at least do him the credit to recognise that this was due primarily to those systematic habits in which he had schooled himself. He at least possessed that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which is said to be the test of genius. It is another proof of the magnetism of the man that even the fishermen of the Calabrian coast—who are not, if half one hears be true, very amiable characters, to say the least—one and all had a most touching affection for Marion Crawford, and will long mourn his loss. To a man of his innate modesty this will be his noblest epitaph.

W. M. C.

For permission to reproduce certain of the illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Pitman, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and Messrs. Methuen.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1909.

DESPITE the fact that the past three weeks have, according to the mournful words of a publisher to whom I talked this morning, been quite the worst from the trade standpoint of anything America has known in a long time, the United States is as a rule a land of big book sales. I am told that the more enterprising of American publishers call a novel a dead failure if it does not sell to the extent of twenty thousand copies, and even if this is something of an exaggeration, it is certainly the case that sales which abundantly satisfy English publishers and authors would seem very small indeed to their American *confrères*.

There are all sorts of reasons for this difference between England and America. For example, Americans do not patronise libraries to anywhere near the extent that is common in England. For another thing, American publishers and booksellers are remarkable in that they apply the same ingenuity and audacity to book advertising that it is customary to use in the selling of soap and breakfast foods. Where the English publisher inserts in the newspaper a genteel announcement to the effect that "So and So is Mr. Such and Such's finest book, and is really a remarkable story," the American publisher charts a full page in a popular daily, and prints upside down in the middle of it, something well near as striking as this:

"YOU ARE A LIAR
if you deny 'So and So'
is the finest Novel
Ever Printed!"

Needless to say, the American method is the one that attracts both attention and dollars. But it is not alone in newspaper advertising that the American shows his ingenuity in securing publicity for books. There is no limit to his inventiveness, and no chance for catching purchasers is allowed to slip by him. To run through only a few advertising expedients (which, were they not attended by such great commercial success, would certainly seem ridiculous), there is, for example, the scheme invented by the publishers of Gaston Le Roux's last story, "The Perfume of the Lady in Black." This scheme consists in the perfuming of every copy of the book with an almost overpowering fragrance. So strong is this odour that one may handle the book at a shop with gloves on, go back through the air of the streets to one's home, take off the gloves and find one's fingers still smelling strongly. Again, an interesting and ingenious plan for attracting attention to Mr. H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay," which—as we all know—had its title founded on the name of a patent medicine, was the offer made to any person in the trade who bought a certain number of copies of a bottle marked "Tono-Bungay," but containing instead a concoction even more certain to make a general appeal.

Window display in booksellers' shops has attained in this country almost to the theatrical. For example, a new detective story, the scene of which is laid in a sleeping car, is being advertised just now by a *mise-en-*

scène which presents a life-size and lifelike imitation of a section of an American *wagon-lit*. In another bookshop window there is to be seen, I believe, a representation of wireless telegraph apparatus at work—this to attract attention to a new story by Arthur Stringer, the popular author who has made such delightful fictional use of the telegraph.

Apropos of Mr. Stringer, by the way, I am reminded of a story I heard the other day. Like "the flowers that bloom in the spring" it has no intimate connection with the matter in hand, and I repeat it merely for its intrinsic interest.

It seems that Uncle Sam, to atone to his citizens for having to put up with one of the slowest postal services in the civilised world, offers them an extra service called "Special Delivery." By placing a "Special Delivery" stamp on a letter one secures for it the privilege of hasty—or at any rate less leisurely—delivery. However, these stamps are only used in cases of special urgency, since they cost ten cents each. In the case of letters posted in New York and so stamped, one may reasonably hope, if the addressee lives also in the city limits, to have the letter in his hands inside of three hours! However, it is neither patriotic nor suitable for me to include in this Letter a criticism of the Post Office of my fatherland, so, after mentioning the fact that a special delivery stamp is blue and pictures a running messenger boy, I will pass on to the incident which suggested these stamps to my mind.

It appears that Mr. Arthur Stringer was stopping recently in a little town in the backwoods. There was not any regular postal service there, and his letters were fetched from several miles distance by his "hired man." One day Mr. Stringer chanced to go himself to the post office and received his letters in person from the hands of the dignitary who presided over the mails and the local stores. From a secret hiding-place this person also produced another letter.

"I've been keeping this for several days now," said he, "till I could see you yourself, Mr. Stringer. You see, my boy he collects postage stamps, and I thought you wouldn't mind letting him have this one for his collection. It's a very funny stamp; I never saw one like it: it's blue, and it's got a picture on it of a little boy running."

The envelope, so the story goes on, contained a set of particularly important proofs, for whose return Mr. Stringer had for days past been receiving ardent telegraphed demands.

It is a question to which I have never heard a definite answer, whether the church or the college is the more prolific nursing-ground for authors—that is to say, whether the number of clergymen who turn writers is greater or less than the number of schoolmasters who are infected by the literary germ. At any rate, I do not suppose there is much doubt that from these two professions more writers come than from all the rest besides.

Amongst Americans, Cyrus Townsend Brady is one of the best known writing clergymen. He was an army chaplain in what was very likely the last romantic war the world will ever see—I mean, that between Spain and the United States—and is now in charge of

a church in Ohio. In England, as here, Mr. Brady's novels are well known. The last to appear in London, I understand, was called over there "Little France," though here it passed by the name of "The Quiberon Touch." For his next book, to appear in the autumn, Mr. Brady has a plot which is certainly original and highly piquant. I have lately had a letter from him written while he was in Kansas City (which, according to America's misleading habit, is in Missouri, and not, as might have been supposed, in the State of Kansas). In this letter Mr. Brady describes his book, "The Island of Regeneration" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), as follows:

"A highly specialised product of modern female education, and one with a past, is landed on a desert island tenanted solely by a white man who was tossed upon this island as a baby, and who knows nothing whatever of life, save what the woman may teach him. The Kinneys have gone to the Tropics to prepare illustrations in colour for this book, and it will probably be the most important work from my pen."

Besides this, Mr. Brady is writing a volume in a series of boys' books which he has done under the title of "Boys of the Service Series" (Scribner). The present book will deal with the adventures of a little midshipman in that famous American Civil War battle between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*.

Magazines on the news-stands of New York are as the sands on the sea-shore—for I think there is no denying that both in numbers and in quality of periodical literature America leads the world—and now, if the plans of the Simplified Spelling Board are carried out, we shall have still another new periodical. This is to be a magazine all about the new movement, whose devotees, it is said, now number some thirty thousand. The magazine is to deal with the interests of the spelling reformers, and will also contain a certain amount of general matter. In these days it seems impossible for

educated human beings adequately to express their enthusiasm on any subject without bursting out into the issuing of a magazine. Indeed, it is only remarkable that the Simplified Spellers have not started a magazine long ago, for they have been for some time strong both in numbers and enthusiasm.

A few days ago there was held the annual gathering of these folk in New York, at which many people of note were present. Mr. William Archer, by the way, who is a leader amongst Simplified Spellers, and also one of the most popular of the English non-fiction writers with Americans, is just now in this country.

Mr. Hamlin Garland is another victim to the vice which is steadily depopulating America of her novelists: I mean the vice of playwrighting. Mr. Garland, so he tells me, is at work on two plays, one based on his novel "The Mountain Lover," the other based on another of his stories called "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop."

The latest step in the picturesque career of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is his association with a form of dramatic enterprise new to Americans. This is the production of Greek tragedy with music. Mr. Le Gallienne's version of "Orestes" will be the play chosen; for this Mr. Damrosch and a big orchestra will provide the musical setting, while the popular American, William Faversham, will be the chief actor. Mr. Le Gallienne in this country has had a chequered career in so far as literary popularity is concerned, as indeed, have many people who attain fame in the United States. Americans distribute laurel wreaths with a profusion of generosity, but it is scarcely necessary to point out the fact that American laurel is of the sort that fades readily. In England, on the other hand, the laurel crown is harder to get and far easier to keep.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1 to June 1, 1909.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BESANT, SIR WALTER. London in the Nineteenth Century. 30s. net.
BRADLEY, A. G. Worcester-shire. Painted by Thomas Tyndale. 20s. net.
KIRKUP, THOMAS.—A History of Socialism. 4th Edition. 7s. 6d. net.
SCOTT, ALEXANDER, F.R.S. An Introduction to Chemical Theory. 2nd Edition. 5s.

Cambridge University Press.

BATESON, W.—Mendel's Principles of Heredity. 12s. net.
MONRO, C. H. (translated by). The Digest of Justinian. Vol. II. 12s. net.
NOVATIEN.—De Trinitate Liber. Edited by W. Yorke Fausset. 6s. net.
THACKERAY, H. ST. JOHN.—A Grammar of the Old Testament in Greek according to the Septuagint. Vol. I. Introduction, Orthography, and Accidence.
Darwin and Modern Science. Essays in commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of Charles Darwin, and of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species." Edited by Prof. A. C. Seward. 18s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

DERPING, WARWICK.—The Red Saint. 6s.
KINROSS, ALBERT.—The Lovebrokers. 6s.
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Daphne; or Marriage à la Mode. 6s.
YOUNG, MARGARET.—The Wreathed Dagger. 6s.
Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture. Paper, 3s. net; cloth, 5s. net; also in 5 Parts, 7d. net each.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—French Vignettes. 10s. 6d. net.
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MURRAY, HENRY.—A Stepson of Fortune. 10s. 6d. net.
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TURNER, REGINALD.—Samson Unshorn. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

MOUVATSKY, J. P. The Russian Bastille (Schlossesburg). Translated by Dr A. S. Rimpoport. 7s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. Essays of Travel. St. Martin's Library edition. Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

The Clarendon Press.

LISTER, BARON JOSEPH.—Collected Papers. 2. 12s. net. (First vol. only.)
MACAULIFFE, M. A. The Sikh Religion—Its Forms, Sacred Writings and Authors. 6 vols.
MEYER, KUNO.—Pieces of Prose and Verse in the Irish Language: in facsimile. (Rawlinson B. 562 Bodleian.)
PRICE, A. C. Leeds and Its Neighbourhood: an illustration of English History.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CAVERS, PROF. F., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Botany for Matriculation. A Text-Book of Elementary Botany (Practical and Theoretical) adapted to modern methods of teaching. 5s. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare's "Hamlet." For London University Inter. Arts, 1910, etc. 2s.
STANWELL, H. B., M.A.—Cæsar's "Civil War." Book 3. For Cape of Good Hope University Matriculation 1910. Text and Notes, 2s. 6d.; Vocabulary and Test Papers, 1s.; Translation, 1s. 6d.; all in 1 vol. 4s. 6d.

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THE READER.

MARIE CORELLI.

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By A. St. John Adcock.

Horace. I take no knowledge that they do malign me

Tibullus. Ay, but the world takes knowledge. BEN JONSON, *The Poetaster*.

Virgil. Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.

Demetrius. In troth, no great cause, not I, I must confess, but that he kept better company, for the most part, than ; and that better men loved him than loved me ; and that his writings thrived better than mine, and were better liked and graced ; nothing else *Ibid.*

TWO rather important facts which professional critics are apt to overlook are that literature existed before criticism, and that a critic is not, as a matter of course, more talented than the persons who produce those works of art that he merely criticises. It is necessary to remind him, when he begins to take himself too seriously, that though it be his business to say the first word about such works, literature is not written exclusively for reviewers, and the last word must needs be said by the world at large, by the vast mass of intelligent readers who are not professional critics, but to whom all literature is primarily and finally addressed ; and it is this last word that an author works for and lives by or dies by.

A curious notion seems to have fastened upon the mind of the average reviewer, and upon the minds of some reviewers who are above the average, that there are no critics except those who are in the habit of

expressing their opinions in print ; whereas we all know, when we think of it, that there are a thousand times as many more critics who have never written a line of criticism, but are not therefore the less cultured, impartial, competent. These critics who don't write are not infallible, but neither are those who do ; and

it is because we of the latter order (for I myself am one of them) have such an ineradicable bad record for mis-judgments in the past that I set my face against the folly of cock-sureness and the running into mad extremes, either of censure or of eulogy. Let us be reasonable and admit that our own opinion is not bound to be everybody else's, or superior to everybody else's ; that even when we are most positive that our taste or judgment is perfect, we are so far human that it is just possible we may be mistaken and that the man who contradicts us has uttered the true thing.

The superiority of your very superior literary



Photo by Gabell (Copyright.)

Miss Marie Corelli.



Interior of the Drawing-room, Mason Croft.

person depends upon his being able to maintain that literature is not for all the world, but is a sort of exotic that can only be cultivated and appreciated in precious select holes and corners. In the interests of this gospel—for popularity is an offence to those who cannot obtain it—no living author has been more persistently maligned and sneered at and scouted by certain sections of the Press—by the presumptuous and struttingly academic section of it particularly—than has Miss Marie Corelli; and none has won (by sheer force of her own merits, for the press has never helped her) a wider, more persistently increasing fame and affection among all classes of that intelligent public which reads and judges books, but does not write about them. “Yes,” say her detractors, “she is the idol of Suburbia—the favourite of the common multitude.” But whilst they were writing in that fashion about “A Romance of Two Worlds,” the late Queen Victoria sent Miss Corelli a telegram of appreciation; and after one or two others of her novels had appeared and been similarly derided by critics of the hole-and-corner fraternity, it was Mr. Gladstone who called on her “because,” as he said, “I was curious to see for myself the personality of a young woman who could write so courageously and well, and in whose work I recognised a power working for good, and eminently calculated to sway the thoughts of the people.” The late Empress of Austria, having asked Miss Corelli for her portrait, instructed her secretary to write, in acknowledging it, “Your

books have afforded Her Majesty many hours of happiness and rest. She not only admires your talent and style of writing, but also the poetical imagination with which your works overflow.” On one of her last visits to England, the Empress Frederick of Germany desired Miss Corelli to go and see her at Buckingham Palace, and accorded her a private interview of nearly

an hour, and it is common knowledge that she numbers the King and Queen of Italy, King Edward and Queen Alexandra among the most appreciative of her readers. Here be no “common-mul-titude” admirers, at all events. Moreover, as everybody knows, her books sell by the hundred thousand, and to meet the insistent demands of the public are distributed broadcast, not only through the free libraries, but through the presumably selecter circulating libraries that Society patronises. Nevertheless, her censurers are as dogged and as given over to damned iteration as Poe’s Raven or Southey’s old man of Blenheim, and they still babble mechanically: “She is suburban and the delight of Suburbia”; so that when you find, on making a few inquiries, that everything she has written has been translated so many times into so many varied languages and dialects, that there are some five or six hundred translations of her books selling all over the world, you



Interior of the Winter-garden, Mason Croft.

can only ask yourself, if this is suburban, which one of our novelists may be regarded as approximately cosmopolitan?

But I will return to these points presently. In the meantime, it is sufficiently obvious that the writer who can so defy her critics, give them scorn for scorn and—whole-heartedly supported by the reading world that, really, we all write for—triumph in spite of them, is not one to be lightly put by even at the bidding of the most oracular of literary Podsnaps.

(1) EARLY DAYS.

Marie Corelli was adopted when an infant by the well-known poet, Dr. Charles Mackay, whose family by his first marriage—three sons and one daughter—were by that time grown up and no longer living with their father. The three sons had married and settled abroad, the daughter had died suddenly, and it was partly because of the void left in his affections by this death that the poet became more than ordinarily attached to the child of his adoption, who took his dead child's place. She had no playmates of her own age; but, as an imaginative child can be, she was very happy in a dream-world with children of her dreams; and by-and-by became Dr. Mackay's constant companion. A deep and lasting affection grew up between the poet and his adopted daughter; he could not bear to have her out of his sight, and so, with the exception of a couple

of years' schooling, she was trained at home by private governesses and masters in music and singing. She has a wonderful gift for music and possesses a voice of great power and flexibility; she became proficient in her studies, and it had been decided that she should enter the musical profession, but circumstance or the destinies were bent upon preventing that and shaping a very different career for her.

She is, and always has been, an omnivorous reader. In those early days, her reading was to a large extent regulated by Dr. Mackay. She was not allowed to read newspapers, and he carefully selected her books for her. Before she was eleven she had read all the novels of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and could answer any questions concerning the incidents and characters of them. She had a natural and passionate love of poetry, too, her favourite poets being Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Tennyson; but more than all other reading she preferred the Bible and Shakespeare, and could repeat whole passages of both by heart. It was in the long walks she was accustomed to take with Dr. Mackay that she learned to love the country; growing beyond the age for imaginary playmates, she lost all sense of her loneliness in making companions of birds and animals, made the loving study of nature one of her amusements, and acquired a wide knowledge of trees and plants, her favourite hobby to this day being her garden.

At the age of eleven, too, she began to write verses,



Street Frontage of Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, the Home of Miss Marie Corelli.



The Study Tower in Spring-time, Mason Croft.

and one or two of her poems were published. One of her chief pleasures lay in the composing of little lyrics and ballads, which she would write out in printed characters and send by post to Dr. Mackay, who criticised them, affecting not to know who had sent them to him. In his time Dr. Mackay had numbered among his friends Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Douglas Jerrold, and many another famous in art and literature, and sitting with him of evenings in his study, his little adopted girl listened to the stories he had to tell of these giants of his prime. Recalling his anecdotes of the days when he was a guest at the celebrated breakfasts of Samuel Rogers, "I remember," says Marie Corelli with a smile, "how often I heard him quote Mr. Rogers as saying, 'It requires no particular sagacity and only a more than common fund of ill-nature to be a critic!'"

Of Dr. Mackay, indeed, Marie Corelli speaks always with the deepest affection, admiration, and gratitude. He was not satisfied to leave her to the care of governesses and tutors, but was himself the most patient, assiduous, most influential of teachers; he imbued her with his own cheerful and wise philosophy of life, and was especially careful of her training in all womanly ideals. He was a firm opposer of the Woman's Rights movement, his gospel being that the only "right" a woman had was to win love from all who knew her; he objected to "manly sports" for women, and would not tolerate the use of slang. In all

things he was her confidant and adviser; naturally he was exceedingly proud of her rapidly developing talent in literature and music, and she treasures the memory of an occasion when his appreciation of her singing was conveyed to her in a verse he wrote and gave her one morning fastened to a posy of violets which he had himself gathered:

"A song is on thy lips, my love,
I know the song is mine,
But yet I'm doubtful as I hear
If 'tis not wholly thine;
I could not of myself approach
So near to the divine."

The happy, all-too-few years of close study and companionship with this beloved guardian of her childhood practically came to an end when Dr. Mackay's health failed, and a stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of his limbs. His brain remained as clear and active almost as ever, and he was spared his sight, speech, and hearing; but, like most poets and men of

letters, he had never been overburdened with riches, and now, his finances being at a low ebb, Miss Corelli found herself confronted with difficulties of which she had, until then, had no experience.

At this juncture a friend arrived to help her in the care and nursing of her guardian, and became, as it were, Dr. Mackay's second adopted daughter. This friend was Miss Bertha Vyver, daughter of the Countess Vyver, a Belgian lady of distinction, and an old friend of Dr. Mackay in the days of his prosperity. Miss Vyver came then and made her home with Miss Marie Corelli, and has remained with her ever since; she has watched the great novelist's career from its very beginning, knows what she has endured, how she has been misrepresented misunderstood, insulted, and how she has suffered, as a sensitive, artistic nature is bound to suffer, at the rough hands of "the great vulgar and the small"—knows the full story of her struggle and of her victories as only one who has been constantly by her through it all can know.

The only object these two young friends had in view in so joining forces at first was to render the venerable poet's declining years as peaceful and free from anxiety as possible, and to this end they gladly and unselfishly devoted all their time and energies. The illness of the man who had been more than a father to her prevented Miss Corelli from leaving him to continue her musical studies, and fulfil her ambition

of rising to eminence in the musical profession, and it was now that, faced by unwonted necessities, she thought of turning her taste for literature to profitable account and, essaying a first serious attempt at fiction, wrote "A Romance of Two Worlds."

(ii) MISS CORELLI'S FIRST NOVEL.

The manuscript of her first novel being sent to the offices of Bentley & Son, in Burlington Street, was promptly rejected by the firm's readers, but the comments in their reports piqued the curiosity of Mr. George Bentley and impelled him to send for the rejected MS. and read it himself, with the result that he dissented from his readers' judgments, and the story was accepted. Learning that the author was the adopted daughter of Dr. Mackay, whom he had known well at one time, Mr. Bentley paid a personal call on the invalid poet, and was introduced to the youthful novelist, for whom he at once took a warm liking, and from that day forward he kept up an almost constant correspondence with her, his shrewd comments on men and things in the contemporary world of letters being of especial value and interest. He came to regard Miss Corelli as the prototype of what is perhaps the sweetest girl-character she has created—of "Thelma," and after the publication of that favourite novel invariably addressed her as "My dear Thelma." In one of these letters of his he writes :

" 'Genius makes its way with difficulty because the world is in the hands of two omnipotencies, the wicked and the foolish.' Who says that, dear Thelma? I do not remember. I think some Frenchman, but it is assuredly true. I remember that the same writer speaks with unutterable scorn of the laugh of derision which in this world has quenched many bright spirits like that of Keats. But you have too settled a courage to yield a jot of ground to unjust criticism. You would be wrong to do so. No critic can steal your gift of imagination, the originality of which makes the public eager for your books—this is beyond him. If an author ascends to fame without attacks, I doubt the permanence of that fame. Carlyle saw nothing in Scott; Milton was almost unread till Addison pointed out the beauty of his writings. But where are Scott and Milton now? Worshipped as literary gods. Just in proportion to the spiritual vitality in an author, so is he or she difficult to overcome."

Of this same "spiritual vitality" Miss Corelli certainly has no lack; it is as a very soul and living energy breathing through all she has written, and her own theories on the nature and power of this divine quality



Photo by Gubell (Copyright)

Miss Bertha Vyver.

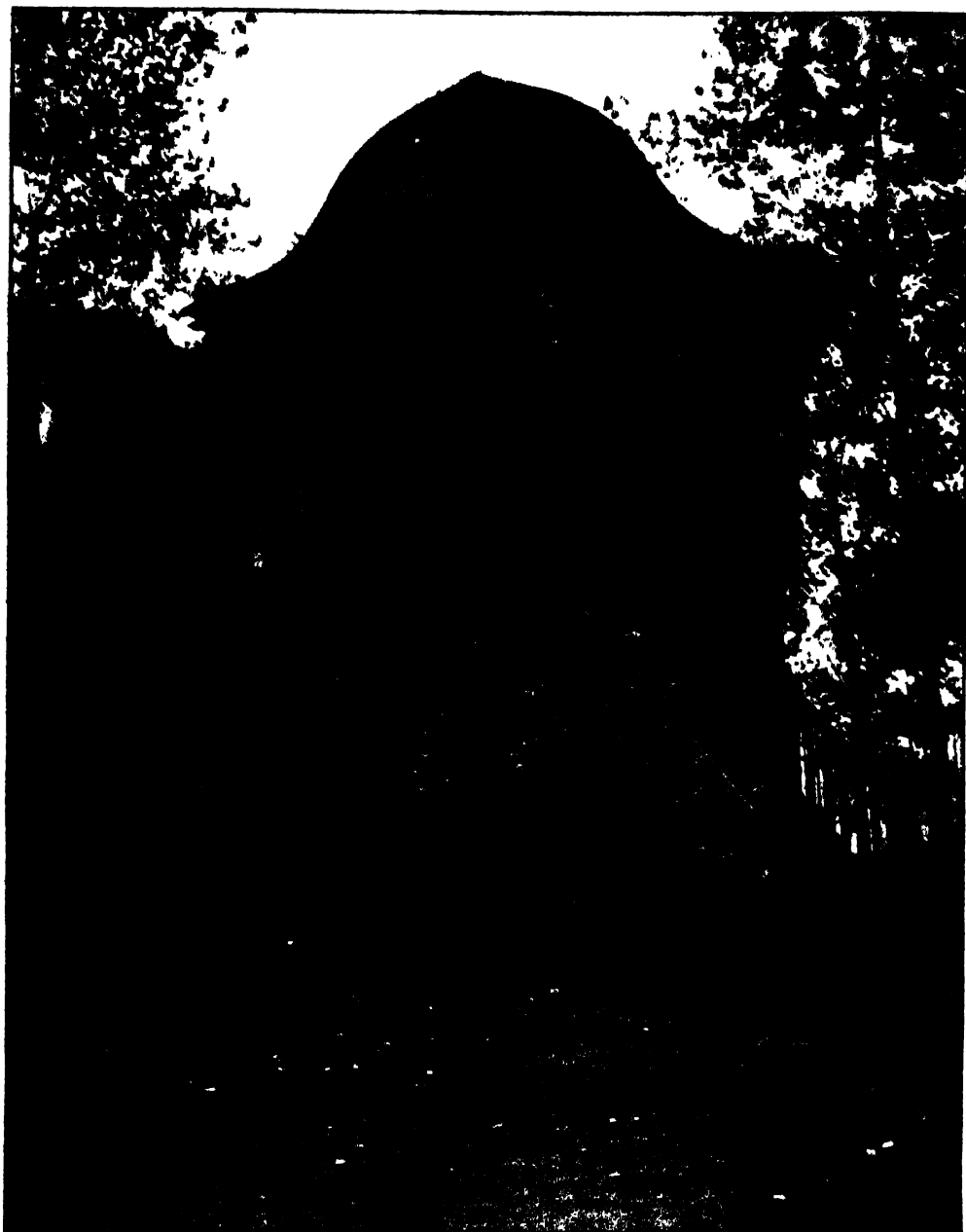
in humanity are embodied in her first book, of which she now says, "I know that as a first attempt it is full of faults; but I wrote it from a sense of deep conviction, and I hoped the public would be kind to me."

The public was even kinder than she could have dared to hope, but the reviewers showed her no mercy from the outset. "A Romance of Two Worlds" was very little advertised; only two papers noticed it, and both reviews were unfavourable, but within twelve months it had leaped into a spontaneous and phenomenal popularity; translations of it were appearing in various foreign

countries, and in England and America it was read and discussed with astonishing avidity and earnestness. Newspaper critics might be indifferent or scornful, but the larger world gave the book a very different reception. "It has deepened and strengthened my belief in and love to God," wrote one reader, "and has made the New Testament a new book to me." "You have made the next world a living thing to me," wrote another; and a third declared: "The Bible is a new book to me since your work came into my hands." Hundreds of such letters poured in upon the author from all sorts and conditions of men and women who had found light and guidance in her teaching, from one whom it had saved from suicide, and from many who appealed for further counsel and spiritual help that she did her best to supply. By what name are you going to call the innate power of mind and heart that enabled a mere girl to write what could sway so potently the intellect and emotions of her readers, if you do not call it genius?

This instant success of her first work fairly launched Marie Corelli on her literary career. She had to work hard amidst many distractions and anxieties, for the cares of a household were on her shoulders, and Dr. Mackay's illness was a long and trying one, though he bore it cheerfully. He took the keenest interest in the literary work of his adopted daughter, sharing sympathetically in all her aims and hopes, and experiencing the greatest joy in the honour that the world gave her, and that the Mr. Puffs and Mr. Sneers of Fleet Street could not take away. In one of his last letters to a friend he writes :

"Marie Corelli sends you her best regards. She is on



The Study Tower in Summer, Mason Croft.

the high-road to permanent fame, and I shall have the satisfaction, when I die, to know that a bright future is before her if her life and health be spared. She is in excellent health now and in high spirits, and is in love with her work. This bitter weather tries me sorely, but I am well cared for."

The return home at this period of Dr. Mackay's second son by his first marriage added considerably to the young novelist's burden of responsibilities. Mr. Eric Mackay had been away for the better part of thirty years in Italy, had lost his money in two newspaper enterprises out there, and came back broken in fortune to commence life afresh at the age of fifty. All that his sister by adoption did for him in these unhappy circumstances is not to be related here. She did her best to rouse and encourage him, and it was under her inspiration that he wrote what are unquestionably the best of his poems, the "Love-Letters of a Violinist," and Miss Corelli not only published them for him at her own expense, but herself reviewed the volume under various pen-names in several periodicals, and later wrote for the edition included in the "Canterbury"

series the introduction that is signed with the initials "G. D." He derived no financial benefit from his poems, and since he could not bring himself, as he said, to "undertake the drudgery of writing prose," there was nothing for it but for him to remain a somewhat burdensome member of that harassed little household which Miss Corelli was working loyally and untiringly to maintain in comfort. Neither she nor Miss Vyver had leisure or inclination for anything in the way of social enjoyments; the cares of nursing, and of breadwinning, and the management of the home kept their thoughts and hands more than sufficiently occupied.

In this atmosphere of sickness, financial stress, and domestic worry Miss Corelli wrote her next three novels -- "Vendetta," "Thelma," and "Ardath," the latter of which contains, in the opinion of many, her strongest, most distinctive, and most brilliantly imaginative work. It brought her welcome messages of praise from Tennyson, from Gladstone, and from a score of men eminent in literature and art, including Sir Frederick Leighton, who shortly before his death expressed his intention of painting that splendid and powerfully realised vision of the

Banquet in the Dream-City.

"I am afraid," he said to Miss Corelli jestingly, "that Alma Tadema will do it if I'm not quick about it. There is a great chance for him in the marble and roses of your wonderful scene."

In the year after the publication of "Ardath" Dr. Mackay died, and the grief of this irreparable loss with the nervous strain of so much long-continued hard work and anxiety told very seriously on Miss Corelli's health. Prostrated with sorrow, she went abroad for a time, and on returning to England fell so dangerously ill that, after many months of intense suffering, she at length had to submit to the surgeon's knife and the risks of a dangerous operation. Fortunately her recovery was swift and complete; but she was scarcely restored to health again when the death of Eric Mackay, after a brief illness with pneumonia, left her entirely alone in the world, except for the good comradeship of Miss Vyver.

During Dr. Mackay's long illness she and Miss Vyver had remained in London with him, so that the best medical attendance might be available; but now,



The old Archway and Sundial (three hundred years old), Mason Croft.

having nothing further to detain them there, and being ardent lovers of the country, they determined to find a residence in some old-world town within a two hours' journey of London, where they could have a garden, and yet be not altogether "rusticated" beyond the reach of human associations.

(iii) MISS CORELLI AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Miss Corelli has made for herself at Stratford-on-Avon, out of what was once a neglected and forlorn-looking building, the pleasantest, prettiest house that is anywhere in the town or near it. From old deeds in her possession relating to the property, it appears that the house was originally called "Ye Crofte," and at the end of the sixteenth century it belonged to "Rychard Mason," after whose family it has since been named.

When Marie Corelli first went to live in Stratford her sole idea had been to recuperate, and to find a quiet place in which she might finish the two books she had promised to two publishers shortly before her illness. These were "The Master-Christian" and "Boy." With this intention she rented Hall's Croft for a few months, and when her tenancy there expired took the next house to it, Avon Croft, and there completed "The Master-Christian."

Thereafter, other literary work pressing hard upon her,

because the place had fallen into such an unattractive condition. She had intended making just a temporary home there, but on examining the internal structure of the house after she had taken up residence in it, she discovered it was an old and genuine timbered house of the Elizabethan period and recognised the possibilities that lay in it. The oak staircase, winding in graceful curves from the hall to the top landing, was an obvious and a fine example of Tudor workmanship; otherwise the beauty of the house was masked with disfiguring paint and whitewash, and, her interest in



Photo by B. Lyver.

The old Gabled Back of Mason Croft, from the Upper Lawn.

she did not want to make a fresh move until it was all done. Avon Croft being no longer available, however, and Mason Croft being offered to her by Mr. J. C. Tregarthen, who had given up the charge of the now defunct school that had been established next door, and was desirous of disposing of his property, Miss Corelli reluctantly arranged to take it—reluctantly

the place growing as the scraping and cleaning of the rafted ceilings and wall panelling progressed, she ended in buying it outright and restoring and improving it to what it now is—one of the most charming residences in Stratford. She has taken over the dining-room of the former school for boys and turned it into a music-room, oak-panelled and oak-raftered, some sixty feet long by twenty-five wide. This makes an ideal place for private concerts and pastoral plays, and is connected with the winter-garden of Mason Croft. The garden proper, once a couple of asphalt-paved yards and a football ground, separated by the picturesque old sun-dial archway, is transformed into a fragrant and perfect vision of loveliness, a leafy, blossomy expanse of nearly five acres, laid out in the Elizabethan fashion, where one may sit retired and say with Marvell :

"Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude."

The tending of this garden, the dreaming in it, and reading in it, and writing in it, are become Miss Corelli's especial delights, for she is a great lover of natural beauty and never so happy as when she is out in the open air.

In the beautiful home she has made for herself she finds always her chief happiness. Gracious, generous, cheerful, looking on the happier side of everything, she is an inspiration to her friends, so her friends themselves will tell you, to try to make the best of themselves and of their lives.

The study in which Marie Corelli writes is a pleasant room overlooking the garden; and in a smaller room next to it she has a valuable library and a rare collection of autographs and ancient manuscripts, amongst the latter being the Peter Heylin MS., dated 1618, and bearing Heylin's signature. There is, I believe, no mention of Shakespeare in Heylin's published works, but the MS. that Miss Corelli possesses contains an interesting reference to his "Venus and Adonis," and a good many American collectors have offered her large sums for this important "find," but she has no

present intention of either selling or publishing the document.

Working at her books, finding her pleasure in reading and deciphering old manuscripts, in music, in the planting and rearing of her roses, in entertaining some notable week-end guest, or presiding, an ideal hostess, at those famous "little dinners" at Mason Croft to which she delights to invite the members of her own carefully chosen social circle, she keeps contentedly outside the rush and restless movements of modern society, and is essentially and thoroughly womanly, loving to surround herself with what is charming and restful to the eye, and taking an artistic pleasure in being beautifully and tastefully dressed. She is very happy in her friends, counting among them some of our most distinguished men in politics, art, and letters; and she is as disinterested and as staunch a friend as she is out-spoken and uncompromising a foe.

Withal, Miss Corelli is a steady and methodical worker. Her literary work is all done in the mornings between ten and two, and she writes and rewrites with



A corner of the Drawing-room, Mason Croft.

unwearying care. The first rough draft of a story is written in a MS. book in pencil; which book she takes with her in the garden, or in her boat on the river, and scribbles away at high speed with intense enjoyment in the working out of her tale. This she copies out, first in her ordinary correspondence hand, then in clearer, more careful calligraphy for the typist, and from the typing machine it goes to the printers. In summer she rises at six and goes out, driving her ponies or boating on the river, from seven until nine; she has no fads about health or methods of dieting, is alertly interested in whatever is happening in the world around her, readier to talk of anything and any one than herself and her personal achievements; so far, indeed, from being the egotist that some detractors who never visited or met her have described her as being, she is entirely modest and reticent concerning herself, never speaks of her work or anything connected with it except when mere courtesy draws her into gratifying the curiosity of a questioner, and though the guest at Mason Croft may find books in all the rooms that are open to him, he will see none of her own among them.

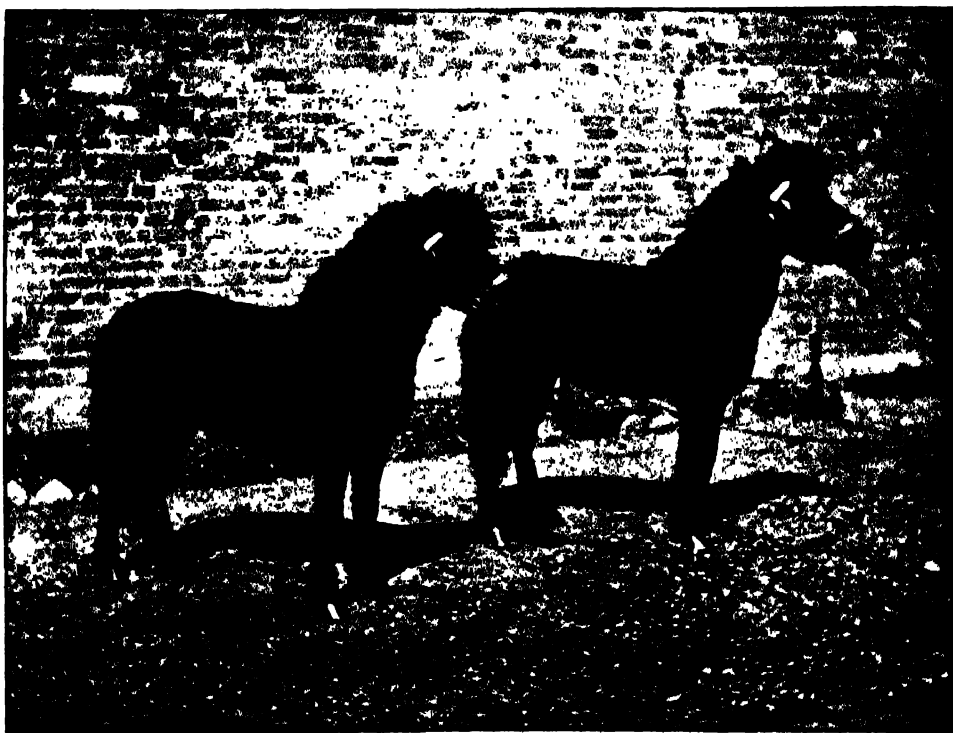
One way and another those same detractors have made it a matter of difficulty and unpleasantness for her to perform the little ordinary acts of courtesy that are naturally expected of a woman of Miss Corelli's commanding position and influence in public life. Newspapers and magazines are continually telegraphing and writing asking for expressions of her opinion on topics of current interest; a refusal to accede to such a request is spoken of as indicating her sense of her own importance, and if she complies with it some unconscionable ink-slinger is sure to start what she laughingly calls "the wolf-cry" of "self-advertisement." The wearisome repetition of that envious or merely imbecile but not the less offensive blether has by degrees led to her making a rule of declining all invitations to open bazaars, to be present at public dinners, to take a leading part in any public function, to speak or deliver addresses in behalf of any object, however charitable or laudable.

(iv) **MISS CORELLI AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.**

This last decision is the occasion of sincere regrets on the part of all who have any knowledge of Miss Marie Corelli as a public speaker, for she has a natural gift of oratory, a piquant humour, a fearless outspokenness that are amazingly effective. Her address on "The Vanishing Gift" of imagination, delivered for the Edin-

burgh Philosophical Institution before an audience of four thousand, was a strikingly brilliant piece of eloquence; she delivered the address without fee to raise funds for the Institute, and though the leading Scottish daily superciliously ignored the occasion, the members of the Institute testified to their appreciation of her generous services by presenting her with an exquisitely designed silver bowl, on which is engraved the following inscription: "Presented to Miss Marie Corelli by the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in grateful recognition of the brilliant address delivered by her, 19th Nov. 1901."

She addressed with immense success an audience of five thousand in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on "Signs of the Times"; and I was present when she gave a delightfully satirical lecture to the O.P. Club in London, whilst she was resolutely and successfully fighting the authorities of Stratford to save the two Elizabethan houses in Henley Street from demolition. Perhaps one of her most memorable appearances on the platform was at Leeds, where she spoke with rare powers of appeal and pathos on behalf of the Life-Boat Fund to a close-packed crowd that overflowed the Town Hall into the street, and the interest and enthusiasm were so tremendous that people swarmed to shake hands with the famous novelist, women caught at her and pressed edges of her dress against their lips as she passed, and there was an attempt to take the horses from her carriage and draw her in triumph through the city. A most extraordinary spectacle resulting from no commonly eloquent oration; but the event was ignored by the Press, with the exception of certain Yorkshire papers that attacked Miss Corelli virulently, siding against her with the Mayor of Leeds, who had refused to support the Life-Boat meeting because it was held on a Sunday. Yet, as she neatly remarked, "if the Mayor had been



**Two favourites at Mason Croft :
Miss Corelli's Shetland Ponies.**



Miss Marie Corelli's Gondola :
"The prettiest boat on the Avon."

listening to a speech the rhetorical excellence of which almost disarmed my opposition to Female Suffrage.

"Yours faithfully,

"WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

(v) "AN IMPERIOUS LITTLE OLIGARCHY."

The story of how the two Shakespearean houses in Stratford were saved to the nation by the splendid protest of Marie Corelli is too well remembered to need repeating at any length. In one sense it has become a thing of the past, but in another sense it has not, for Miss Corelli still lives under the displeasure of the local Shallows and Dogberrys, whose vandalistic designs she succeeded in frustrating. She did what an overwhelming majority of us are agreed was absolutely the right thing, at a time when nobody else would take the trouble of doing it; and the people who would have done the wrong thing if she had not stayed them have not yet forgiven her. This is the head and front of her offending. As *Punch* put it at the time, in some "Abbreviations à la mode":

"There was a fair siren of Strat
Who narrated the *Sorrows of Sat.*,
She'd a gond. on the Av.,
She was every one's fav.,
Though she used Shake's Trustees as a mat!"

and the "mat" has been nursing a feeling of resentment ever since.

Everybody remembers the ill-advised attempt that was made to set up a marble effigy of Helen Faucit in Stratford Church in juxtaposition to the tomb of Shakespeare. Helen Faucit was a good woman and a good actress, but assuredly this was no excuse for such an act of vandalism. Still, the little gods of Stratford, whose word had always been law, not only consented but were prepared to take an active part in the proceedings, and

up the effigy would have gone if Miss Corelli had not spoken out in time and in no uncertain strain. On this occasion the Press almost unanimously ranged itself with her; the contest was short, sharp, and decisive; point by point, on the ground of good taste, and finally on legal grounds, Miss Corelli fought the question with unabating energy, and won, and a storm of congratulation broke over her from all sides. Cablegrams were sent to her from America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and letters of praise and thanks came to her from distinguished men and women in all parts of the world. One of the most interesting of these, in the light of later events, was from Mr. Sidney Lee, who said, amongst other things:

"I think no one can be in any doubt that it was your own energetic intervention which caused the satisfactory solution of the difficulty that has lately so seriously disturbed our equanimity . . . Most of the London papers, so far as I have seen them, with perfect rightness consider that you have saved a national monument from a serious peril. The victory is certainly yours.

"Yours very truly,

"SIDNEY LEE."

Yet it was this same Mr. Sidney Lee, so thoroughly disapproving of vandalism, who presently helped to attack Miss Corelli with such singular violence when she spent time and money to effect the rescue of the genuine old Shakespearean property known as the "Hornby Cottages" in Henley Street. So many garbled versions of this controversy are still in vogue, and Miss Corelli is so generally misrepresented by them, that it may as well be said here that the persecution of the novelist by the Birthplace Trustees has an unpleasant appearance of disingenuity. It was their own official Librarian at the Birthplace who informed Miss Corelli of the authentic value of the cottages, and stated that

the old deeds proving the connection of the property with the family of William Shakespeare were under his charge and open to inspection. Therefore the "expert opinions" and the formal "examination" of the buildings were idle nonsense. If proofs, such as the Librarian could produce, were in existence, the Trustees were obviously not justified in contemplating the demolition of the buildings, inasmuch as their own Parliamentary Act forbade it, and they should have been grateful to Miss Corelli for pointing this out to them. But their actions would seem to suggest that they thought it better to attack and slander her than to exert themselves to read the deeds that they held in trust for the nation. As Mr. Andrew Lang commented at the time, "Mr. A. D. Flower, Mayor in 1902, the same who begged a tree library from an American," admitted, in the course of a libel action that rose out of the matter, that the Trustees "were aware that the deeds relating to the two cottages were in the possession of the Trust, but he did not know they were of very great age." He admitted that the Trustees had these records, and when counsel satirically inquired, "Well, perhaps when you have a little spare time, as a Trustee you will inquire into them?" he responded, "Perhaps so." As Mr. Lang has it:

"This is simply paralysing; imagination boggles at the sublime ignorance and indifference of Mr. A. D. Flower, a Trustee of Shakespeare's Birthplace, the Delphi or

central literary shrine of the world. He has not read, 'perhaps' he will one day read, the title deeds of Elizabethan property; deeds which for forty years have been in possession of the Trust. And he is one of the Trustees! . . . Mr. Lee, indeed, observed that 'no conspicuous historic nor archaeological interest attached to any of the four houses.' The interest was certainly not 'conspicuous'; to discover it you have to examine the interior of the Shakespearean blacksmith's house and the ancient deeds of sale."

Miss Corelli was forced into a libel action over the affair when Mr. Sidney Lee repeated in various newspaper letters, that were signed with his name, a silly accusation brought against her by a Stratford draper. This person wrote in a local paper implying that Miss Corelli's crusade against the Carnegie Free Library in Henley Street and the demolition of the old cottages was merely a blind to secure the position for herself and build a "Corelli Free Library"! Miss Corelli laughed at the absurd charge so long as it appeared only in the local sheet, but the Trustees of the Birthplace seem to have induced Mr. Lee to take it up and repeat it throughout the Press.

"I should never have paid the slightest attention to the Stratford authorities," says Miss Corelli, "because I know from the record of the late Halliwell-Phillips how they can treat students who love Shakespeare better than municipalities, but I felt that it was distinctly unfair of Mr. Sidney Lee to join the ill-mannered crew before giving me a chance to personally explain matters



The Shrubbery, Mason Croft.

Mr. Lee in the most courteous and friendly terms begging him 'as a scholar and gentleman' to refrain from spreading a false report about me till he knew the real facts, which of course were those relating to the Librarian's information concerning the deeds at the Birthplace. I told him that I had no personal dislike or prejudice whatever against any person or persons in the whole town or neighbourhood of Stratford, and that I was merely seeking to save property which I knew had been connected with Shakespeare; and I asked him to give me an interview while I was in London. This letter he never even answered, but went on publishing those letters of his that repeated the grotesque assertion of a spiteful tradesman. He repeated it also in his pamphlet, 'The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon,' a pamphlet concerning which I subsequently unearthed some amusing details. By amusing I mean I learned how it was published, and at whose expense. It did not sell, but it is still distributed, though the tradesman's libel has long been disproved and everybody knows I am the very last person on earth to wish to put up a free library."

(vi) THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL.

When Miss Corelli first went to Stratford she had not



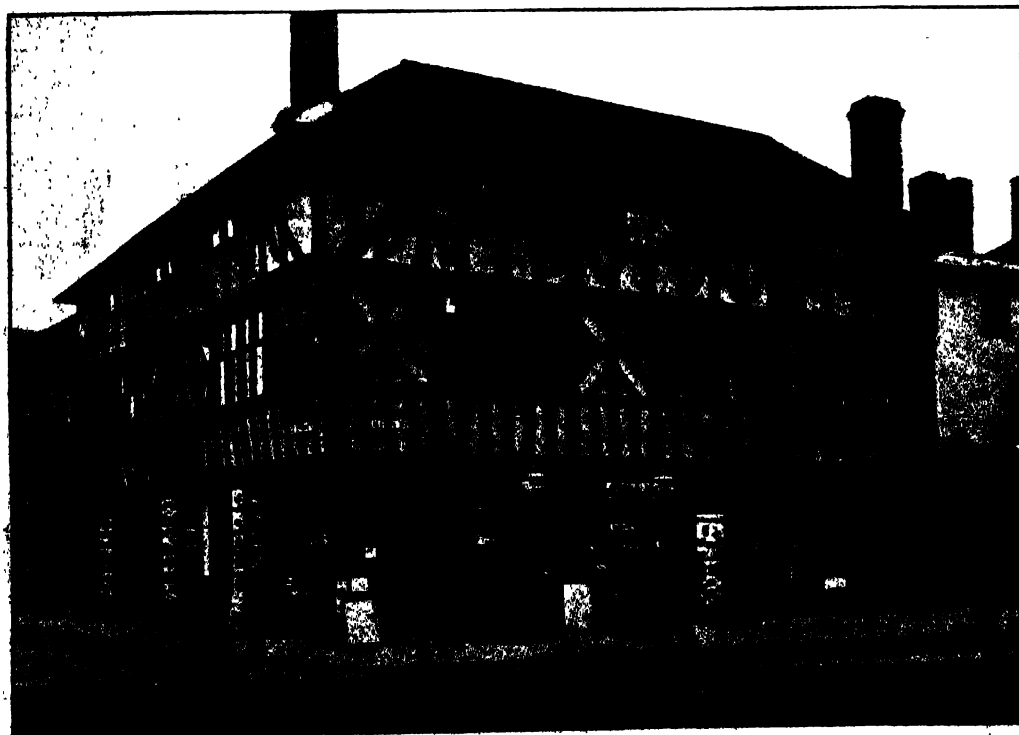
The "Tudor House," Stratford-on-Avon, before restoration.

The old timber work was covered up in this way some two hundred years ago.

the smallest intention of settling down, but no sooner had she decided to reside there permanently than the fatuous cry went up in certain quarters that she was living there on purpose to advertise herself in connection with Shakespeare. The same charge might as reasonably be brought against Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who also lives in the town, but it is not.

"When I first came to Stratford," Miss Corelli told me, "I was asked to subscribe to the various local societies. That was when they thought my stay would only be for a summer season. I was particularly begged to encourage the Boat Club, and presented a Challenge

Cup, called the King's Trophy Cup, with a fine portrait of King Edward worked on it in raised silver. When the then president of the Club saw the Cup, he said it was 'much too good for a Stratford crew,' and in the course of a subsequent speech declared that I must have sought to 'advertise' myself by it! I could not in decency withdraw the cup, but I promptly withdrew my subscription; and the amusing part of the business is that the contest for my Challenge Cup is the most exciting event of every year for the crews, but though I am in the town I am not



The "Tudor House," Stratford-on-Avon.

The ancient timber work was uncovered by Miss Corelli at a personal cost of £200.

asked to be present, and my cup is presented to the winners by some one else. I am more than satisfied now that it should be so, for, you see, the simple action of my appearing on the ground to give the cup would be pretty sure to bring me under suspicion of 'self-advertisement' again."

"It does not seem to an outsider very sportsmanlike conduct on the part of the Stratford-on-Avon crews," I hazarded. "Besides, the people who *do* give the Cup are open, I suppose, to the same accusation."

"Of course," Miss Corelli agreed, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but probably they *need* the advertisement and I don't!"

But the ill-will of the official element in Stratford is more than atoned for by the fact that she is on the best possible terms with the townspeople as a whole, and through her love and reverence for Shakespeare has a real interest and affection for the town itself. She has given many practical proofs of this. America and the Harvard University in particular owe something to Marie Corelli for the rescue and preservation of the "Harvard House" in Stratford-on-Avon—the house of Katharine Rogers, mother of the founder of Harvard College. Mr. Morris of Chicago entrusted the novelist with the commission to purchase it and have it restored to its sixteenth-century aspect interiorly, and Miss Corelli has done this so accurately and well that "experts" (who were so needlessly brought forward in the Henley Street dispute) have pronounced it the finest piece of restoration in Stratford, far superior to the cruelly "modern" botch-work of the famous Birthplace. The house is now, thanks to Marie Corelli's exertions, the property in perpetuity of Harvard University—a unique American possession of international interest in the heart of Shakespeare's town. Besides spending time and money freely on preserving some of Stratford's antiquities, she has paid off the debt on the church; she is a sympathetic friend to the poor of the district, and has given innumerable evidences of good and neighbourly feeling.

"I love the actual towns-folks," she says emphatically, "and I see how much more prosperous they

might be if they were not 'sat upon' by an 'imperious little oligarchy,' as Halliwell-Phillips called it. If I were a Mrs. Russell Sage with twenty millions of money, I would spend it all in making this dear little town prosperous and happy."

To a reminder that they had treated her very badly—

"Do good to them that hate you, pray for them that spitefully use you," she quoted, with a smile. "But no, the townspeople have not treated me badly, bless their hearts! Only a few of the illiterate and ignorant have been unpleasant because 'it is their nature to'!" She laughed and went on. "I'm afraid it is all petty jealousy, and I do not mind it now. I used to mind, for I cannot bear not to be on kindly and genial terms with all my neighbours; but one would have to be an angel to love *some* people, and when they are really hopelessly unlovable it's best to forget their existence—and I *do*!"

Miss Corelli takes no part now-a-days in Stratford's Shakespeare Celebrations, beyond running a flag of St. George up above her house on the Birthday; she feels that if she did more than this she would be accused of self-advertisement, and makes a good deal of fun over the amount of advertisement that other people ("especially Mr. Benson," she says merrily) contrive to get out of the event for themselves without incurring any blame.

People who go down to Stratford for the Festival, hoping among other experiences to see the novelist taking part in some of the various ceremonies, are invariably disappointed. She no longer attends the Benson performances, though there was a time when, in purchasing tickets for herself and friends, she was one of the Theatre's most liberal supporters, and there was an occasion, a few years ago, when she accepted a commission from Mr. C. A. Pearson and wrote for the *Daily Express* a series of masterly descriptive and critical reports of the playing and the players that are among the ablest and most incisive dramatic criticisms of recent years. But she does not admire the Bensonian productions of Shakespeare, and says so frankly,



Photo by A. Tyler.

The Harvard House,
Stratford-on-Avon.



Photo by W. A. Smith.

**The Weir Brake,
Stratford-on-Avon.**

adding, "It is much better to read the plays at home."

Which is not to say that she undervalues the art of the actor. She has many friends on the stage and is herself a clever amateur actress, and recites, as she lectures, with a subtle, dramatic instinct. She entertained both Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Ellen Terry when they visited Stratford, and is genuinely but discriminat-ingly enthusiastic for good acting. Among her curios is a valuable copy of Shakespeare's signet ring (the original is in the Birthplace) made in twenty-two carat gold, and she has stated her intention of presenting this to the first "Hamlet" that fulfils her idea of the character. "I have not found him yet," she says, "though I have seen Mr. Forbes-Robertson!"

For her own pleasure she formerly made a practice of taking a floral tribute to the grave of the Bard on April 23, but the persistent cry of "self-advertisement" made this at last distasteful to her, and she ceased to take any part whatever in that formal celebration likewise. But that she did not refrain from paying due homage in private to the immortal memory you may gather from a rather quaint account of one year's proceedings written by an American visitor:

"I had seen the procession," he says, "and it was a poor affair. It reminded me of a third-class funeral. A number of uninteresting looking men walked in line, each

carrying a daffodil or two; there was a short service in the church, and the congregation, including the daffodil-men, put their floral offerings in the hands of a couple of receiving clergy who, in turn, laid them on the stone which covers the Bard's ashes. There was some slow music, and then the crowd went away. It was a cold day, and I went away myself presently, feeling chilled through. But later I went back again. It was dusk, and there were only a couple of vergers about, and while I was sitting back in a dark corner I saw a slight, fair little woman stepping softly in and looking about her as though she were hunted or afraid. She had in her hands a bunch of the loveliest red roses, and was dressed in dark velvet very tastefully, and had a sweet, thoughtful face. I watched her. She went straight to the altar, kissed the roses she held, laid them down very timidly within the altar-rails, close to the edge of the Poet's tomb, and then went away as quietly as she had come. I asked one of the vergers if he knew who she was. 'Why, yes,' he said, 'that's Marie Corelli.' Well, I had come to Stratford for an experience! Marie Corelli, whose name is known all over the world and whom every American wants to see, actually so worried by these Stratford 'magnates' as to be compelled to slip into the church all alone with her offering for Shakespeare's Tomb! To my mind she ought to 'lead' the whole thing, for she has done nothing but useful and good things in the town ever since she lived in it. But from what I could gather she seems to be unfairly excluded from everything in which she should be entreated to take part, and it's a petty jealous way of conduct that redounds to the discredit of Stratford. If the spirit of the 'divine William' is anywhere around I'm sure he was better pleased to see that graceful little woman with the roses at his tomb than all the rank and file of the daffodil-men!"

(vii) MISS CORELLI'S POEMS.

"I would much rather have been a poet than a novelist," Miss Corelli confesses; her first ardent passion was for poetry and her early dreams were all of some day writing a great poem; but the general public will not buy poetry, and when it became necessary that she should earn an independent livelihood, it had to be done by writing prose.

She writes verse, however, with extraordinary facility, and scatters lively little satires and humorous squibs on political and literary persons and events up and down her letters to her friends and more favoured correspondents. She has retorted upon her critics and mitigated the ferocity of the Stratford disputes with lively and pointedly satirical verses. There are lyrics of singular beauty and delicacy and tenderness in several of her novels, and she has contributed some few to the magazines, but much of her work in this kind has never been printed, and she cannot be persuaded to publish a volume of it.

Of the magazine verses, I recall with particular pleasure "Outside the Church," which was read at a *matinée* at the St. James's Theatre; the terse and finely thoughtful lines, "God and Satan"; and that hauntingly impressive poem, "Forgiveness," which the *New York Tribune* justly described as "powerful, beautiful, and terrible"—the story of the dead man who was forgiven, and finds the forgiveness a curse to him.

I have not left myself space to quote this remarkable

poem, or to discuss Miss Corelli's work as a poet so fully as I had intended, and must content myself for the nonce with giving here her vigorous, stirringly patriotic lines to "England," that are particularly timely in this hour of dreadnoughts, fear-alls, and general scare-mongering :

"Lift up thine eyes, Queen-Warrior of the world !
Stand fearless footed on Time's shifting verge
And watch thine everlasting Dawn emerge
From clouds that thickly threaten thunderous War !
Lo, how thy broad East reddens to thy West,
The while thy thousand-victoried flag, unfurled,
Waves to thy North and South in one royal fold
Of tent-like shelter for an Empire's rest.
O Queen sword-girded, helmeted in gold,
Strong Conqueror of all thy many foes,
Look from thy rocky heights and see afar
The coming Future menacing the Past
With clamour and wild change of present things,
Kingdoms down shaken, with the fall of kings,
But fear not Thou ! Thou'rt still the first and last
Imperial wearer of the deathless Rose,
Crowned with the sunlight, girdled with the sea,
Mother of mightiest nations yet to be !"

(viii) THE FAMOUS DEFIANCE OF THE CRITICS.

It was with the publication of "The Sorrows of Satan" that Miss Marie Corelli threw down her famous defiance of the critics. By way of foreword, that book contained the following notice

"No copies of this Book are sent out for review. Members of the Press will therefore obtain it (should they wish to do so) in the usual way with the rest of the public—*i.e.* through the Booksellers and Libraries."

The daring announcement fell like a bombshell among the literary dovescotes, and some few journalists hastened to call on Messrs. Methuen and point out that such a policy was "suicidal" from the publishing point of view. But publishers and author stood resolutely to their guns, and the result of that unprecedented challenge was an unprecedented and sensational success. Since then, Miss Corelli has firmly maintained the same attitude and never allows any work of hers to be sent out for review.

"I bowed to one attack after another," she says, "until I published 'Barabbas.' This book was the outcome of so much devout and deeply felt emotion that it was almost like a part of my very life. It may sound like affectation to say so, but I wrote it in a constant spirit of prayer. Yet when it came out it was mauled and torn to pieces by malignant writers on the Press who, it was evident, had never read the New Testament through in their lives. Moreover, they criticised my work without reading it—this was easily apparent. I suffered for a time—I say it in all humility—as bitterly as perhaps Keats may have suffered when 'Endymion' was reviled, but I presently regained courage and made up my mind that any one who reviewed me in future should do so at his own cost. I have adhered to that decision, and have schooled myself not to care any longer what is said of my

writings, and the irony of it is that I am much more fairly criticised now when blame or praise has become equally indifferent to me."

(ix) MR. ROBERT HICHENS AS CRITIC.

I am going to say frankly here, as I intimated at the outset, that I am one of those who hold that Miss Corelli's protest was very much more than justified. She has been contemned by men who have never been able to demonstrate that they were her equals in ability ; she has been ridiculed with a raw, vulgar discourtesy that is more unpardonable than any injustice, till her name was rarely mentioned in the papers except with a sort of gutter-bred derision, and fledgeling critics, afraid to praise her in the teeth of this empty laughter, fancied they proved their title clear to a true "literary taste" by adding their pitiful little snigger to the general brav. If you take the trouble to inquire (as I have inquired), you will find that not eight out of ten such reviewers have so much as read the books by Miss Corelli which they abuse ; when you come across one who has read them, if he does not merely catch his opinions as other people catch colds, and is courageous enough and independent enough to say what he thinks, you find him writing in the strain that Mr. Robert Hichens was stirred to adopt when he sat down to criticise "Boy" :



Photo by W. A. Smith.

A favourite walk,
Stratford-on-Avon.

"Miss Marie Corelli occupies a peculiar position. For years she has been famous. For years she has made more money than almost any literary woman or man. For years she has been worshipped by—shall I say millions of readers? For years she has been a target for the scorn of critics. For years she has been discussed, condemned, praised, pilloried. In the midst of all this hubbub she continues to write as she feels, to express her temperament on paper, to put forth, with an amazing vivacity, her opinions, to 'go for' all she considers hypocritical, irreligious, sham, or diseased. While the storm is howling she sits down quietly at her table, picks up a new quill, draws a fresh sheet of foolscap towards her, and continues upon her phenomenal career. I like to think of her posed in some calm retreat and 'producing,' while people who have never seen her, who will never see her, are growing purple in the face as they discuss her merits and demerits in various parts of the globe. She is small and fair. So she ought to be—a fairy stirring up the world with a wand dipped in ink. Does she care for the tornado she produces? Does she wish to be adored, or revel in being hated? Who knows? Perhaps she laughs to herself in some shady hermitage, and marvels at the good people who grow dishevelled around her footstool. Occasionally she moves, gets up from her writing-table for a moment, slaps the critics full in the

face and then sits down again to resume her novel. It is delicious. The critics hit back. And Miss Corelli composedly goes on writing. . . . Always she puts into her work the same peculiar and abnormal vitality—a vitality that never flags or falters, that seems, indeed, to grow, like a fire fanned by the bellows of discussion.

" . . . 'Boy' is not slashing, not terrific, not very long, and not at all in Miss Corelli's 'Sorrows of Satan' manner. Nevertheless, I expect it to be immensely successful. The author has set out to be simple—a most difficult matter to succeed in. She has produced a sketch that is wonderfully natural, very true, very touching, and full of charm. The characters in this sketch are strangely alive. . . . The surest way to create goodness is to reveal it. For when it is artistically revealed, with deftness, tenderness, and the brightness that there is in every page almost of 'Boy,' who would not wish to imitate, who would not desire to live with it? . . . In simplicity she has won a new success, and found the way to the fountain of tears."

(x) WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

Thus Mr. Hichens, and I am unreservedly with him in that high appreciation, though, for my part, I do not number "Boy" among the greatest of Miss Corelli's

novels. But who shall decide upon these points of preference? I can speak only for myself and say that highest of all her novels, and with the few living novels of our time, I rank "Ardath," "Barabbas," "Thelma," and "The Sorrows of Satan." The conception of Satan, in the latter, is as magnificent as it is strikingly original; I know of nothing to compare with it, for its forcefulness and shadowed majesty, in modern fiction. The story satirises fiercely, sometimes bitterly, the follies and sins of latter-day society, and over it all broods that sinister, wistful, tragic figure of "Lucifer, Son of the Morning," forced to fulfil his self-appointed task of luring humanity to its destruction, sinking farther from bliss himself with every victim who yields to his tempting, and rising rapturously a little nearer to his lost estate when his wiles are resisted and his burden of doom so lightened. Where is the other living novelist who could grasp so great a theme and handle it with such easy mastery? Or where the other living novelist who could take that even more tremendous subject, that "dream of the

*"we ought to go on at once and quickly, but
"Madame—,"*

*Madame here settled
matters by opening the door on the side
opposite to that where the chauffeur stood
and stepping into the road. Madame was
tall and slim, and rich sables clothed
her from head to heel.*

*"You have run over
something you stupid Antoine!" she
said, her eyes shining through the muffling
web of the gauzy veil she wore—"I
felt it rise up under me! What is
it?"*

*The chauffeur shrugged his
shoulders and spread out his hands
in deprecation.*

*"Madame, it is just behind!
See!" And he pointed to a chaparral bush in
the road some paces away from the back
of the car—"Let me advise Madame*

world's tragedy," the trial and crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, and fashion it so resourcefully, with such a daring and masculine imagination, and yet with such infinite reverence, into so noble a piece of work as "Barabbas"?

"The Master-Christian," "Temporal Power," "Vendetta," "Wormwood," "The Mighty Atom," "Comeos"—that charming collection of picturesque sketches and stories; "Delicia," "The Treasure of Heaven"—no names of recent novels are more familiar in our ears, for no novels of our time have been awaited more eagerly, discussed with more gusto, more warmly admired, or, in a word, proved more universally acceptable. When Miss Corelli was once asked by a *persona grata* at court whether, if it were offered she would accept a title, she replied that she valued above all possible titles the goodwill and love of her readers, and these, as her correspondence and her unrivalled popularity testify, she has in far larger measure than any novelist among her contemporaries.

Cold and unemotional natures invariably despise those that are more alive than themselves and so more sensitive to the pleasures and pains, the laughter and pathos, the hopes and the despairs of humanity; they complacently miscall their own dead indifference culture and dignity, and the finer sensitiveness of those others illiterate emotionalism; and so it comes that certain critics, failing to understand the intense spiritual vitality of Marie Corelli's style, because they have nothing in themselves with which to compare it, denounce it as "verbose" and "hysterical." Nevertheless, there are some among them, men that really live as well as write, who unhesitatingly endorse the opinion that Mr. John Bygott has frankly expressed. Mr. Bygott, a Double Medallist and First Prizeman of the Society of Arts in English (and so entitled to the respect of even the academic), is the author of "The King's English, and How to Write It," and in presenting a copy of this book to Miss Corelli, he wrote: "The work aims at inciting students to attain a good literary style by

studying our great masterpieces, and though I have scrupulously avoided commenting upon living writers, I have long regarded you as being without an equal as a 'stylist.'"

The style of Miss Corelli's novels varies fittingly with their varying themes, but it is everywhere vivid, lucid, glowingly imaginative, burningly alive; through all of them runs the same deep undercurrent of earnestness and strong sincerity; whether they go back, as in "Barabbas," to a sacred story of long ago, or, as with "The Treasure of Heaven" and "Holy Orders," deal with the problems and the complex life of our own day, they are inspired by the same profound sense of spirituality, the same wide knowledge of the world and of human nature, the same vision of and reverence for the divine essence that is the soul of all things seen; the same pity for the weak and intolerance of wrong that find frankest expression in the pages of her "Free Opinions." She is an absolute and devout believer in the Christian faith, and has embodied her religious theories more especially in "A Romance of



A scene from Miss Marie Corelli's novel, "Holy Orders."

(Reproduced from *Black and White*, by permission.)



Photo by W. A. Smith.

A favourite reach of the Avon.

Two Worlds," "Ardath," and "The Soul of Lilith." She attends the Church of England, but is wisely tolerant of all creeds.

"In every form of religion there is some attempt made to reach the divine—we should therefore respect all creeds, even if we regret a mistaken or ignorant conception of Eternal Truth. For myself," she remarks, "I believe solely and entirely in the message brought to human souls by the Gospel of Christ. If we followed Him truly we should be happy—it is because we do *not* follow Him that we miss the way to peace. In this day all the things that Christ prophesied are coming true so quickly that I wonder more people do not realise it; and I especially wonder at the laxity and apathy of the Churches, except for the fact that this also was prophesied. Some of us will live to see a time of terror, and that before very long. The blasphemous things which are being done in the world to-day cannot go on much longer without punishment. We know by history that deliberate scorn of God and divine things has always been met by retribution of a sudden and terrible nature—and it will be so again."

After all, the critical outcry against Marie Corelli

is not to be made much of; the proportion of professional critics to the general population is exceedingly small. If you inquire at any one of the large public libraries you will be told (as I have been told) that they stock some dozen or more copies of each of Miss Corelli's novels, but never have any of them on the shelves for more than an hour or two at a time, except when they are of necessity keeping one back for rebinding;

this, with the indisputable fact of her enormous sales, and the easily discoverable fact that many of her most enthusiastic admirers are men of the professional classes—doctors, barristers, lawyers, writers, men of education and intelligence—brings one to realise that the ridicule and petty abuse she has had to endure have been but the loud noise of a small minority, even of the critics, and that unlike most prophets she is very far indeed from being without honour in her own country. And if the numerous translations of her works, beginning with the very earliest of them immediately on its appearance, into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Norwegian, Danish, Russian, Dutch, Greek, Japanese, Persian, Hindustani (among the many letters she has received from Indian potentates and scholars, is one from a well-known Maharajah which runs, "If Christianity were taught in India as *you* teach it, we should understand it better")—if the constantly increasing translations into these and all manner of other languages and dialects mean anything at all, it must mean that she never has been without honour in other countries, in every quarter of the globe "where there's a sun, a people, and a year."

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE. We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the two best extracts from any English author, one taking a favourable, the other an unfavourable view of any recent literary or social development.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS H. GRAHAM, Trinity House, Wimpole Road, Colchester, for the following:

THE INTERRUPTED KISS. BY RICHARD MARSH.
"Man never is but always to be blest."
POPE, *Essay on Man*.

We also select for printing:

A BISHOP IN THE ROUGH. BY REV. D. WALLACE DUTHIE.
"I was a pale young curate then!"
W. S. GILBERT, *The Sorcerer*.
(Mrs. Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

THE CARLYLE LOVE-LETTERS.

"The poor dear dead have been laid out in vain.
Turn'd into cash, they are laid out again!"
THOMAS HOOD.

(Mrs. Bowell, Sissinghurst Vicarage, Cranbrook, Kent.

DID SHE DO RIGHT? BY A. J. MACDONNELL.

"Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,
She glanced across the plain;
But not a creature was in sight:
She kiss'd me once again."

TENNYSON, *The Talking Oak*.

(Bertram J. Saunders, 104, Berw Road, Pontypridd, Glam.)

THE ROYAL END. BY H. HARLAND.

"The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk." — *King John*.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

THE INTERRUPTED KISS. BY RICHARD MARSH.

"O Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
'Tis—'tis her father's fix'd upon the pair!"

Don Juan, IV. xxxv.

(W. A. Hutchison, 32, Hotham Road, Putney, S.W.)

A NEW POET. (Review by W. DE LA MARE.)

"What mate's nest have you found?"

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Bonduca*.

(M. K. Ridley, 2 Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

II. The PRIZE for the best brief quotation from English literature asserting the superiority or inferiority of woman to man has been divided, and we are sending TWO NEW NOVELS to ALEX. RUNCIMAN, 6, St. Mark's Place, Portobello, Nr. Edinburgh, and TWO NEW NOVELS to D. SILL, II, Nelson Terrace, Redcar, Yorks, for the following:

"She [woman] is the lesser creature, the inferior animal of the two; her passions, her strength, her intellect are less; but also she is less of an animal and more of a spirit."

JEAN INGELTOW, *John Jerome*, page 121.

(Alex. Runciman.)

"He redd them up most mighty," said the post. . . .

"'Adam,' says he, 'was an erring man, but aside Eve he was most respectable.'" — *BARRIE, The Little Minister*, chap. x.

(D. Sill.)

Very good selections have been received from Miss H. G. Bremner (Midlothian), Miss Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Milton), G. W. Lawrence (Lonmay), S. E. MacArthur (Wakefield), V. Ford (Bristol), Mrs. Bowell (Cranbrook), E. H. Shield (Bristol), Mrs. Rainey (St. Ives), J. E. MacDonald (Edinburgh), L. A. Wilks (Scarborough), Florence H. Ellie (Halifax), J. Jefferson, junr. (Sunderland), Marion Burd (Solihull), A. Ashe Roberts (Upper Tooting), and many others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to EDWARD M. LAYTON, 25, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E., for the following :

FRATERNITY. BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.
(Heinemann.)

For the delicate artistry of this book, the obvious shrinking of its author from laying on tones that might be crude, harsh, or jarring, Mr. Galsworthy is much to be thanked. On the other hand, its didactic purpose is to be deplored. The novel at its best is not a platform, but a story. In "Fraternity" the story is transparently thin. Throughout the book we are faced by the author's relentless intention to expose the ineffectiveness of mere culture. Even from the author's point of view the result is unsatisfactory; the reader's sympathy, at most, is merely divided.

The best of the large number of other reviews received are :

QUEENS OF THE RENAISSANCE. BY M. BERESFORD RYLEY.
(Methuen.)

Mrs. Ryley herself is Renaissance reincarnate and moves amongst kindred spirits with such a vitality of sympathy and appreciation that they are created for us as vividly and intimately as the most interesting of our friends. We are not blinded by glamour—facts are allowed to be facts—but from cover to cover the point of view is rational, tender, wholesome, with, above all, a tolerant, humorous perception of human weaknesses and a delicate happiness that only the possession of that motive power of the Renaissance—the *joie de vivre*—can give.

(Winifred M. Lodge, 9, Gatestone Road, Norwood.)

SEPTIMUS. BY W. J. LOCKE. (John Murray.)

Mr. Locke has set for himself a high standard, but "Septimus" will not disappoint his numerous admirers. In it he tells the story of four lives, and although each character is finely drawn, Septimus Dix himself is undoubtedly the finest example of the author's skill. In some ways he resembles Trotty Veck, but he is far more complex, being something of a genius and something of a seer. In spite of his extreme simplicity he inspires not only love, but also respect. The book is not rich in incident, but is one of the few modern novels that deserve to live.

(M. K. A. Nisbitt, 23, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood.)

CHRISTOPHER HIBBAULT, ROADMAKER. BY MARGARET BRYANT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This novel combines, in a clever manner, three interesting ideas—the discovery of stuff suitable for modern roadmaking, the adoption, by a shattered strong man, of his rival's son, and the mastery of a beautiful girl with a temper by the one man who understands her. Yet, dealing as it does with men, and men's work in the world, the sentiment of the book, though charmingly persuasive throughout, is too essentially feminine to prove convincing. It is in the drab-coloured homes of the really poor that Miss Bryant's hand falls with a touch that is both illuminating and sure.

(Audrey A. M. Bell, The Mount, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE FAITH OF HIS FATHERS. BY A. E. JACOMB.
(Andrew Melrose.)

It is to be hoped—for the sake of the present generation—that there are few fathers left like William Atkinson. He is the outstanding figure in a novel which is both interesting and instructive. Interesting, because we would fain know more of so remarkable a man, who was almost a religious fanatic. Instructive, because it teaches us what want of charity can make of a human being. The rest of the characters are well drawn, and the authoress has written a book which should be an object-lesson to fathers of how *not* to manage their children.

(Mrs. Harvie Anderson, 9, London Terrace, Glasgow.
West.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by L. Welby (Shanklin), Mary Keegan (Weybridge), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), T. A. Walters (Ickley Station), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Comrie), Mrs. Hickley (Dukinfield), E. M. Kempson (Birmingham), C. G. Holt (Sheffield), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Mrs. Boldero (Bexhill), and Kathleen M. Coomber (Hoylake).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to J. W. GELLERT, Dawson Street, Fullerton Estate, Adelaide, South Australia.

BALLADE OF THE SELF-SUFFICIENT.

LET others seek their sails to trim
To fickle Fortune's breezes keen,
Or haunt th' Exchange's portals grim
Where grisly Ruin lurks unseen,
Or prink in silk or satin sheen,
And call it, if they care to, bliss;
I in my study sit serene—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

For others let the beaker brim
With port, champagne, or Hippocrène;
Let rarest viands smoke for him
Who joys in feasts Antiochene;
Like Horace in the country green
Crude luxury I never miss,
But dine content on pulse and bean—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

Think you the cream of life to skim,
The plumpest ears of joy to glean
By gratifying every whim?
It matters not to me, I ween.
I envy neither King nor Queen,
Nor Emperors in palaces,
A sovereign in my own demesne—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

ENVOY.

"The aids to life are all within,"
Dear sir or madam, mark you this;
I've proved those words, learnt what they mean—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

A. M. R.

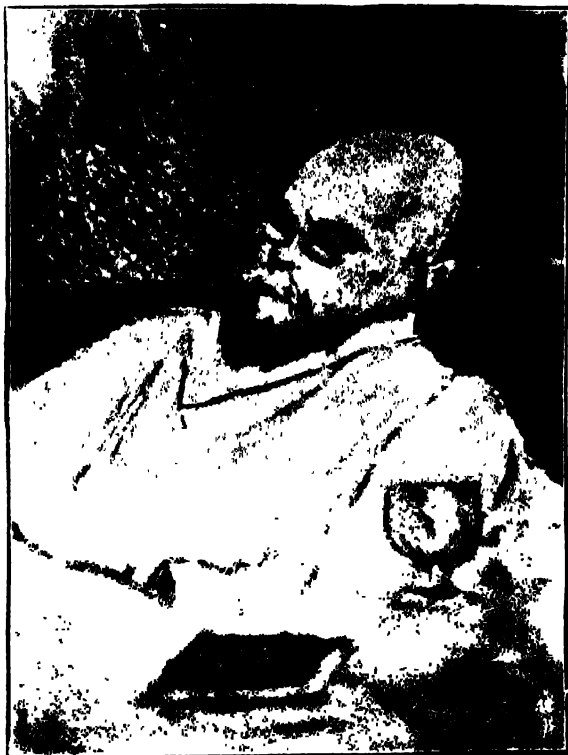
New Books.

VERLAINE.*

The result of reading many biographies has been summarised thus: "More or less commiseration for the biographee; more or less contempt for the biographer." But this gloomy view need not be quite taken in regard to M. Lepelletier's "Verlaine." It is true that the book is not a masterpiece; that it is rather "woolly"; that the treatments of the first and the last parts of the poet's career are very disproportionate, and even in the earlier and fuller case by no means well arranged; finally, that the author does not succeed in giving any very vital portrait of his schoolfellow and lifelong friend. A precedent knowledge of Verlaine's poems from the very days of the "Saturniens" and the first "Parnasse" gives one, perhaps, a rather illegitimate advantage; yet it is difficult not to think that any reasonably intelligent adult, with a copy of the "Works" in chronological order, and the barest biographical-dictionary sketch of the life, might come to know nearly as much about Verlaine as this big book tells us. But M. Lepelletier is free from most of the worst faults of the biographer, if he has not those surpassing merits which gave us Johnson or Scott on the great scale, Nelson or Sterling on the small. He neither adores nor patronises, he plays neither Devil's Advocate nor *calet de chambre*; although he certainly does not keep himself studiously in the background, he does not commit the frequent mistake of forgetting that he is writing the life of M. Verlaine and not the life of M. Lepelletier. His "frankness"—that quality so much admired by some in his countrymen though not absent, is mitigated. Except that he cannot bear to think that a rational, sensible atheist, such as Verlaine once was, really became a miserable believer, he is nowhere silly; and he seems to be on the whole a sensible, good-natured, decent sort of architect in biography, artist in letters, and man.

On one well-charted but seldom avoided rock he does indeed run. "No case: abuse the defendant's wife," is

* "Paul Verlaine. His Life, His Work." By Edmond Lepelletier. Translated by E. M. Lang. With Illustrations. 21s. net. (Werner Laurie.)



From a drawing by Gasals.

Paul Verlaine.

From "Paul Verlaine," by Edmond Lepelletier.
(T. Werner Laurie.)

nearly as common and nearly as futile a proceeding as the more celebrated one in slightly different terms. It is true that M. Lepelletier does not exactly abuse the *ex-Madame Verlaine* (as the poet used to call her), the present Madame Delporte. He does not mince her provocations, though he does not believe (a sensible attitude, since there is no possibility of disproving the fact) the worst of them. But he seems to think, and indeed practically says, that "it was her fault." One really does not see how, on his own showing, any fair judge could agree with him. No woman could possibly have got on with Verlaine as his wife, except an impossible angel of goodness and wisdom combined, or a person of the Gine Ekdal type, with no morals to shock, no taste to disgust, no feelings to hurt, and a sort of easy-going animal affection and toleration on the positive side. That Verlaine was a poet and a great poet—a poet such as France has not produced the match of, save in half a dozen cases at most, for centuries—the present writer has not the slightest doubt. That he was as a man, and when anywhere near his sober senses, likable and even lovable, there seems to be good evidence. That he *could* be in his sober senses, that enormous inconceivable dream-fantasy of his sojourn for more than a year in a Lincolnshire academy for young gentlemen, as well as his subsequent life at the Rethel seminary, seems to prove. But unluckily he was one of those extremely exceptional people who, in the eyes of temperance fanatics, constitute the majority of the human race. At an early age he seems to have become a confirmed drunkard, and unluckily he had *le vin mauvais*. Besides the notorious shooting affair with Rimbaud he seems, once at least, to have been on the point of pinking M. Lepelletier with the sword stick which he had the awkward habit of carrying, and he came at last (at least on the evidence) to threatening if not actually assaulting his aged, ever-faithful and indulgent mother. A very young girl in the terrors of the Siege and Commune, with a husband coming home generally drunk and often disorderly, away from her at other times on military duty, where, to say the least, he did not distinguish himself, taking no care of her when he was (not too honourably) relieved from service, and finally obtruding on her the intolerable Rimbaud—Madame Verlaine must indeed have been superhuman if she had not revolted. For M. Lepelletier, while rejecting the ugliest scandals, admits to the fullest degree that Rimbaud, merely as a casual guest, was utterly and invariably intolerable. That he had a sort of glimmer of genius—a kind of sewer phosphorescence—may be granted, though it would be very delightful to have, from Swift in prose or from Aristophanes in verse, a passage on the vowel-sonnet and the people who have ever since been convinced at intervals that they have been "colour-hearing" all their lives. But all the same he was a charlatan-soundrel-gamin—one of the most appalling combinations one can imagine—unmannered, insolent, idle, sulky; and he was thrust as parasite on a young girl (almost a bride) and her respectable family. No: Verlaine may have no case from this point of view, but we certainly shall not abuse his wife by way of diversion.

The fact is that it is only a fresh example of a perennial blunder to take the case up on this side at all. Little is left of Paul Verlaine now, nothing will be left shortly, but pure poetry; and there is enough of that in quality and quantity to keep itself sweet for ever, while Time and Death do their usual blessed office of abolishing or disinfesting the rest. The "Muse Verte" dies with each victim she torments and degrades; the other Muses live, and the work they have enabled their favourite to perform lives with them. Alike in "Sagesse" and in "Parallèlement," in "La Bonne Chanson" and in "Jadis et Naguère," there is not only the best that had ever been

in French poetry, but something that had never, or hardly ever, been in it before, and which is securely niched in it now. I have never been so sure as some critics are that this quality was not in the verses which I read more than forty years ago in the original "Parnasse"—the "Parnasse" without the sunburst on its title, but with it in its pages. At any rate it came afterwards, and it will stay. He said things that he should not have said; he did things (too many!) that he should not have done; and sometimes he wrote things that he had much better not have written. But all this we can do without; there is not the slightest difficulty in doing without it. Without his poetry those of us who care for poetry at all, and those who want to understand French poetry in its defects and its qualities, cannot do—never can do—without loss, as long as the world of letters endureth.

Therefore, though, as has been said, we have no serious quarrel with M. Lepelletier, we have just a little impatience with him. Ten pages of purely dispassionate and "chronicling" biography and Verlaine's "Works"—that is what the fit reader wants to enable him to understand Verlaine. The rest—the broken glasses and the exhausted scandals and shames, the follies and the faults, the *misères* in the French sense and the miseries in the English—let them all be swept away on to the dunghill, where the unfit reader may go and congenially rake for them if he pleases.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

MR. HEWLETT'S POEMS.*

The poems printed in this volume, Mr. Hewlett tells us in a note, include a selection from those which were published in 1896 under the title of "Songs and Meditations," and none written after 1898. It can come at any rate as no surprise even to those unaware of this first book that Mr. Hewlett's first bent was towards poetry, though, as he philosophically expresses it, "Songs and Meditations" "expired painlessly within a little time of birth." This is the transitory, if not the final fate of most early poetry. Among the unusual features of his romances is a dwelling on colour, extreme visual clearness, and a rather congested manner of expression more rarely met with in prose than verse. These features reappear conspicuously in the poems that make up this volume; but, though poetry triumphantly breaks through again and again, partly because of the last of these qualities the reader is often conscious of effort and of imperfect mastery.

The expression is not, as it were, at peace; the thought not entirely transmuted, and the versification sometimes a hindrance rather than an aid to its understanding. Words and phrases too frequently recur which refuse to submit themselves to their context, such as "sprinting toes," "wrappage," "cloud-wrapt feet," "the hurrier," "mannish-tune," "terre-tenant," "a yet-skimpt gown," "her blowy hair." These have been taken almost at random, and some are only just over the margin between terms that are rare because they are poetic and terms that are not poetic, at least in lyric or narrative verse, because they are far-fetched or bizarre or violent. This may appear to be very trivial fault-finding, but it will, perhaps, in part explain the painless decease Mr. Hewlett refers to in his note, and the slight hindrance which readers as philistine or obstinate as ourselves may encounter against their delight.

"But yet again she broke out into scoff
When one came homing breathless from the ships
With news of portents babbling on his lips;
How as he held his course on milk-smooth seas
Standing for home, the holy Cyclades
Were throng'd with maidens, white-rob'd, wing'd and tall,
With hair like reedy gold, who one and all
Stretcht out their arms to Delos, and so stood
Motionless, prest for flight, in multitude

More wildering than snow-flakes, or those flocks
Of white sea-fowl that hive upon the rocks
Of ghostly Leuke (where the Heroes are)."

No one will dispute the beauty and poetry of this passage, or of the following stanza:

"On Latmos' side one drowsy summer night,
Full of soft influences, dark delight,
Lit fields of magic, chasms, ghostly trees
Windless and calm, beneath the patient sight
Of the full moon, Endymion stretcht at ease
Upon the sward, lay wondering at the light."

"Latmos," indeed, the poem from which this stanza is taken, is all but free from this slight discomfort, and is as beautiful as a whole as it is in detail. But the following sonnet may serve to show, in spite of its keen and steadfast thought, the violence of phrase and collision of metaphor that tend, we think, to obscure and defeat its aim:

"O'er the long hills of folded Arcady
Fleets Artemis a-hunting of the deer,
Voiceth the shrill wind, and with eager cheer
Houndeth the laggard hounds to victory.
With hair let wild, green-kirtled to the knee,
Bare-throated, of high courage, supremely clear,
She is the captain, she the holy fere
Of all our world's immanent sanctity.
For when before some vile imputed thought
Standeth an untried soul, and leaps the sin,
Truth's candid girdle splintereth all to nought
The bloated offence; and leaveth truth to win
Forth from her garner a shaft of Good untaught,
Which flares to the monstrous hide, and quivereth in."

The slight difficulty of rhythm here and there in this sonnet brings us to a further remark in Mr. Hewlett's note. He writes: "Perhaps I may be excused for adding that the intended musical effect" of certain poems "can only be got by reading them as if they were written in prose. The natural stresses will then fall into their places in the scheme." Although this precept has in part at least the authority of that master of rhythm, Coleridge, and, we think, too, of Mr. Bridges, it is not quite so easy to follow as it appears to be. Does it not indeed involve a contradiction that poetry ever should be read as other than what it professes to be—poetry? Moreover, there is some little difficulty entailed in discovering how the eye and ear act naturally together in reading prose. All great prose has a certain definite though obscure rhythm, which is with a little attention easily measurable; which, too, becomes tedious only when it becomes too definite and obvious, and so encroaches on the province of verse. But in prose this rhythmic recurrence of stress is only, as it were, accidental, a charm thrown in; it is not obligatory on the writer, nor necessarily perceived by the reader. But when the reader is presented with poetry, which he would naturally read with a very clear idea in his mind of its precise measure, from which in its changes and vicissitudes of emotion and meaning the verse will slightly deviate, and is told to read it as if it were prose, he is at once in a dilemma more or less severe in proportion to the poet's rhythmic skill and emotional sincerity. He has first to fight against the desire to read the verse as if it were ordinary poetry, and he has next to discover as he goes along, if any difficulty arise, exactly how he would read it if it were merely ordinary prose. Good verse, in fact, will stand just so much contradiction of, friction in, and revolt against its mere jog-trot as is legitimately demanded by force of its passion, its emotion, its shades of meaning and so on. However it is read and however it is written, it will stand no more. It ceases to be verse the moment it deviates too widely or inexplicably from its definite metrical basis. As to when verse ceases to be poetry, that is of course a far more complex matter. Turning to Mr. Hewlett's poetry it will be found, we think, that if there is one thing in the world the courteous reader will not do regarding it, it is that which the poet's principle bids. For a page or two his verse (in the poems he rather arbitrarily instances) runs with perfect ease and freedom. All caveats and

* "Artemision. Idylls and Songs." By Maurice Hewlett.
Ed. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

set forth until the last page of his book. The imagination is perfectly happy; and then, perhaps, comes a catch. The eye returns at bidding of the ear, and in collaboration with the prosaic intellect is told to read in the metre of "From sight of bird, or beast, or man," these lines, say, as prose:

"As hilltops kindle at sunrise,"
 "Full of light, served to imparadise,"
 "With him deep in the woodland past,"

or, *vice versa*, this prose (which it is not) as a complete stanza of verse: "Thy face drinketh the light; moonlit, girdled with stars, sapphire-gemm'd, and adorn'd, thou art the lamp which burned from the beginning! The bars of Wisdom were overturn'd: Innocence claimed her birth-right." Is it not obvious that the only way to read such lines of verse is to read them *as verse*? Thus only they must succeed, or fail. Mr. Hewlett's suggestion is, we think, as dangerous to the poet as it is disastrous for the reader.

Apart from these quibbles Mr. Hewlett's volume is remarkable in one very remarkable respect, inasmuch as it deals almost exclusively with one idea, with one ideal—the goddess Artemis—her youth, her solitude, her unconsidered purity and virginity, her wild, keen, unregarded beauty, her pitilessness, her power, her unearthly aloofness, her divinity. And when it is remembered how few are the poets of a spirit so austere, and possessed of so fine and exalted a sense of beauty, it will be one more quarrel to pick with a public that demands fiction and all but refuses all else. In this case, however, its first refusal has been unsuccessful, and we hope we may look forward to another volume of poems from Mr. Hewlett that shall bridge the rather wide gap, 1898 to 1909.

WALTER DE LA MARLE.

FLORIO'S MONTAIGNE.*

Few writers can claim a corner in *THE BOOKMAN* more fittingly than Montaigne, for few have been on more friendly, familiar, and altogether companionable terms with books. He had, indeed, no desire to become a scholar—"a man, whom about mid-night, when others take their rest, thou seest coming out of his study meagre-looking, with eyes-trilling, flegmatike, squalide, and spauling." Nor, certainly, did he study books to get the fame of learning, for "Glorie and rest are things that cannot squat on one same forme," and "as for my selfe," he says, "I love no books, but such as are pleasant and easie, and which tickle me, or such as comfort and counsell me, to direct my life and death." Yet the best ten years of his life (1570-80) he spent wholly among books in that library "on the third storie of a tower" where we are almost as much at home as in our own. "The forme of it is round," our friend writes, "and hath no flat side but what serveth for my table and chaire: In which bending or circling manner, at one looke it offreth me the sight of all my books, set round about upon shelves or desks, five rancks one upon another. It hath three bay-windows, of a farre-extending, rich and unresisted prospect, and is in diameter sixtene paces void." There, in those evil and troubled days, he found what he most valued—"Freedom and Tranquillity." There "without order, without method, and by peere-meales," he could "turn over and ransacke" such books as he chose, and at intervals do a little thinking or a little writing. "Sometimes," he says, "I muse and rave; and walking up and downe endight and enregister these my humours, these my conceits." His habit was to make extracts on subjects that interested him from such writers as Horace and

Lucretius, or Cicero and Seneca, and then to add such remarks as his own fancy, experience, or historical knowledge suggested until there emerged something like one of the "Moral Essays" of Plutarch. For Plutarch was his great model—the master essayist "so universall and so full, that upon all occasions, and whatsoever extravagant subject you have undertaken, he intrudeth himselfe into you, and gently reacheth you a helpe-affording hand, fraught with rare embelishments, and inexhaustible of precious relics."

And yet between the old Greek and Montaigne the difference is great. Chatty, humorous, and full of anecdote as Plutarch is, yet he never takes us into his confidence. From his essays we learn little about the writer; from Montaigne we learn everything. He tells us about himself with the happy egoism of Horace, whose pleasant "talks" (*sermones*), the trick of which he borrowed from Lucilius, the world persists in calling "Satires"; and he is indeed a lineal descendant of the old Venusine, just as he is the direct ancestor of Charles Lamb. His garrulous style, doubtless, does not please some severe tastes. "Il faisait trop d'histoires, parlait trop de soi," said Pascal of him, and Scaliger professed a scholarly indifference "whether he drank white wine or red." But for one reader of Scaliger or Pascal there will always be a hundred of Montaigne. Philosophy and learning are great things, but human nature counts for more. We all love those who will be open with us, and speak honestly even of their foibles, so that Montaigne goes straight to our heart when he begins his Preface with the words, "C'est icy un livre de bonne foi, lecteur." We feel from the first that we can trust him, and we see him as he is, "in his own genuine, simple, and ordinarie fashion," and indeed almost "tout entier et tout nud," though perhaps a *caveat* should be entered when he says that he writes "without contention, art, or study," for the one thing which he invariably seeks to disguise is his literary skill. His essays, he assures us, are "a mangle mangle"; he loves in writing "to go by friskes, skips, and jumps"; or else "unquietly and staggering, with a natural drunkenesse." Or again he says: "I would adventure to write and treat of some matter to the depth: knew I myself lesse, or were I deceived in mine owne impuissance; Scattering here one and there another word: Scantlings taken from their maine ground-work, disorderly dispersed, without any well-grounded designe and promise." But such language must assuredly only be accepted with reserve. Ease in writing does not come by chance, and happy negligence is not unstudied in an essayist any more than in a coquette. "In an idle hour," says Horace, "I jot my thoughts on paper," and Lamb calls his essays "desultory and unmethodical," but no two writers employ more elaborate or conscious art. And it is the same with Montaigne. For, indeed, he is a master of monologue, and monologue, whether on the stage, in society, or in a book, unless used with the finest skill, leads inevitably to boredom. But Montaigne neither bores us nor sends us to sleep. He may be read of an evening, in an armchair, and by the fire without fear of somnolence. Rather he tranquillises us, and talks so pleasantly about his own "conditions and humours," his own way of dealing with life, that he sets us musing over our own moods and methods, dreamily, perhaps, and incoherently, but seriously and not without profit, while, should we begin to nod, then, to use his own word, he "tickles" us. But "tickling" is a delicate art to which only the fewest of those who discourse on life, morals, and philosophy ever attain, and the fact that Montaigne uses it so effectively is a proof not of the simplicity, but of the subtlety of his style.

He does not, however, please only by his style. There is stuff in him as well. He has thought much and carefully on all he writes about. Lofty, indeed, his thoughts are not: "transcending humours affrighted" him as much as "steepy, high and inaccessible places," while about the highest of

* "The Essayes of Michael, Lord of Montaigne." John Florio's Translation, edited with an Introduction by Thomas Seacombe. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

all themes, the relation of man to the Infinite, it may be doubted whether he troubled himself at all. "I find nothing," he writes almost in his latest sentences, "so humble and mortal in Alexander's life as his concepts about his immortalisation," and his own "concepts" on the subject were probably few. But on the other hand, in spite of certain passages which might well be blotted, he did set himself soberly and seriously to deal with whatever concerns this life and its government. Nor is the task altogether an unworthy one. It was the chief task of ancient philosophy, and while human nature remains it must closely concern humanity. We cannot always view things *sub specie æternitatis*, nor, if we could and did, is it easy to see how the business of this workaday world could be carried on. We all tread the common earth, and for whatever flights the soul may at times "imp its wings," we have yet all our humble daily and common duties to be got through, if not well, at least decently. "Les plus belles vies," says Montaigne in his closing page, "sont, à mon gré, celles qui se rengent au modèle commun et humain avecques ordre, mais sans miracle, sans extravagance," and although the thought is partial and incomplete, it has yet much truth in it. Things would go better with most folk if they would learn to walk "orderly," as Montaigne would have them do, to be merry while they may, and when sick, whether in body or mind, to physic themselves, without resort to the "doctrines, positions, prescriptions, magistrall fopperies and prosopopeyall gravity" of any faculty, or even if "troubled with the gravell" to bear it manfully as being something of which "the society is honourable" unto them, "forasmuch as it commonly possesseth the better sort of men." It is, doubtless, only a poor and imperfect philosophy that can only teach us to live tranquilly and make the best of things, and, as we age, "to shroud and shrugg ourselves into our shell, as a tortoise," waiting composedly for the end, but after all it helps many of us over some difficulties, and we should be grateful to it. Epicurus among his pot-herbs, Horace strolling round his farm or in the forum, and Montaigne idling among his books do not attempt, like the grave and bearded Stoics, to impose upon us as great men, nor indeed are they such. They are not guides to whom we should trust ourselves among the heights, but, while we trudge along the highway and the lower levels, they help us to bear our pack more lightly and to step out, at least, more jauntily.

For the rest, to praise Florio's translation is needless. No such translation can ever be made again, for, as Mr. Seccombe puts it in his excellent Introduction, "he has the immense advantage of writing in the vivid, embroidered, yet soldierly and direct prose of the age of Elizabeth, and so he represents the quaintness and naïveté of Montaigne as no one else can." His work will always remain one of our great English classics, and Mr. Grant Richards deserves every praise for publishing it in these noble volumes, which are in every way models of what a great edition of a great writer should be.

T. E. PAGE.

PRINCIPAL STORY.*

This is a human biography. There is no attempt to treat its subject from an ideal standpoint. A note of sincerity pervades the whole volume. This will win readers of every shade of opinion, and prejudice and opposition will be at once disarmed. Dr. Story's daughters have accordingly achieved much; they have produced

* "Memoir of Robert Herbert Story, D.D., LL.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, One of His Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland." By his Daughters. 10s. 6d. net. (Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.)

a book in which there is no pretence, no attempt to represent their father in any light but a true one. They might have been tempted to do otherwise. Their filial devotion might have led them into undue appreciation, and the unpopular stand which he not infrequently took against men and movements that appealed to the majority might well have induced them to apologise for his words and actions. But they have resisted these two temptations; their work displays a singular power of detachment, and the conduct of their father in relation to causes which it would have been much easier for him to have supported than to have condemned is clearly stated and allowed to speak for itself.

The book is a well-balanced performance; no part of it is dragged out to undue length, and the ample materials at their disposal are utilised by the writers with much skill. Letters, anecdotes, extracts from published writings and speeches, are interwoven with the narrative, and the reader is not wearied by overwrought paragraphs or by tedious and uninteresting details. It may be that in the eyes of some Dr. Story attained to real greatness after he became Professor and Principal of Glasgow University, but the authors have shown a true instinct in elaborating that part of the biography which deals with his life and ministry at Rosneath. Full justice is done to his public utterances, to his speeches in the General Assembly, to the controversies in which he took a prominent part. His share in the different theological and ecclesiastical movements of the day is fully dealt with, and his literary activity, which resulted in a series of publications, chiefly on the history of the Church, that stamped him at once as an independent thinker and a writer of no mean order, receives the attention which it deserves. But it is as the parish minister of Rosneath that he will win the admiration and even the affection of the readers of this biography.

One is always glad to come across a genuine bit of portraiture, and doubly glad when the picture reverses the popular estimate and reveals the man in a light different from that in which he was regarded while in life. That the memoir accomplishes this is perhaps the highest praise that can be given to it; and it is in the earlier part of the volume, which deals with Dr. Story's life when minister of Rosneath, that we find the true man revealed and the popular judgment reversed. For the late Principal of Glasgow University did rouse much public opposition. He was not in the habit of mincing matters, he had a sharp tongue, and spoke out forcibly his thoughts and convictions. Men were accordingly to be excused in forming a somewhat unfavourable opinion of him, especially those whom he attacked or who were opposed to his views and policy. Had this memoir not appeared, Dr. Story would in the eyes of many have been harshly and unjustly judged. Here we find the real man, the man as he was known to his parishioners, his intimate friends and family—kind, generous, and tender, full of anxious care for those over whom he was placed, ministering to them with something like apostolic devotion, and ready even to risk his life in their service. He is also seen laughing good-naturedly at his own occasional violent onslaughts, and hoping that he had not unduly wounded the feelings of an opponent whom he had recently attacked. Indeed, he is found, afterwards, on the most friendly terms with this same opponent. There was no malice in his nature, his conduct was always clear and above-board. This was felt even in his lifetime, and in this biography we have the additional and valuable testimony to his native sympathy and charity.

The authors make no special effort to show what their father did for the Church of Scotland, the University of Glasgow, and through them for the country at large. But the reader is able to appraise his services. He has left the record of an ideal parish minister, and there is no character that appeals more strongly to the Scottish heart.

His influence in this respect alone is bound to be deep and far-reaching. He always stood for freedom of thought and progress. He did much to break down the old theological ramparts which impeded the advance of the Scottish Church; he improved her services and gave her a wider outlook upon life as a whole. His writings have done much to bring the history of the Church into clear relief, and to defend her against the attacks of those who, while admitting her nationality, would deny her membership in the great Church Catholic. He threw himself heart and soul into the movement for the extension of the University over which he presided, and he was always ready to take an active and leading part in any movement that was for the benefit of the people as a whole. In every effort which he made or position which he adopted we find the same man. Frankness, sincerity, and fearlessness characterised all his actions. He could not be other than he was. Thus he once confessed to Mrs. Oliphant, who thought that in his memoir of his father he was a little hard on the Free Kirk. "You must concede," he replied, "a little asperity in the matter of the Free Kirk. It would not be my book without it."

It may be rather soon to adjudge the place which Dr. Story will occupy in the history of the Scottish Church and in the national life of Scotland, but it will be universally admitted that he was in the line of descent from Norman McLeod and John Tulloch. He was the last of that band who combined intellectual culture with public spirit, and who, as Churchmen, led the nation as a whole towards a broader conception of religion and of human life. He has left no successor, and Scotland is by so much the poorer.

D. MACMILLAN.

A FAIRY PLAY.*

The charm, the delicate fancy, the insight and rare imagination of this fairy play (admirably translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos), will appeal as strongly to "grown-ups" as to children as all good fairy tales should appeal. Tyltyl and Mytyl, the woodcutter's children, are roused from sleep by the fairy Berylune, to go in quest of the Blue Bird, and Light, and Bread, Fire and Water, and Sugar, the Cat and the Dog are their companions. Tylô, the Dog, is the happiest creation in the whole play. His devotion to man, his obsequiousness, and his fidelity are only equalled by his boisterous chattering. He talks like a dog, and it is wonderful this revelation of his character. But M. Maeterlinck has not done justice to the Cat. True, most cats have their own business to attend to, and can never pretend that man is their master as the dog does, but this indifference is not akin to treachery, as M. Maeterlinck would have us believe. Furnished

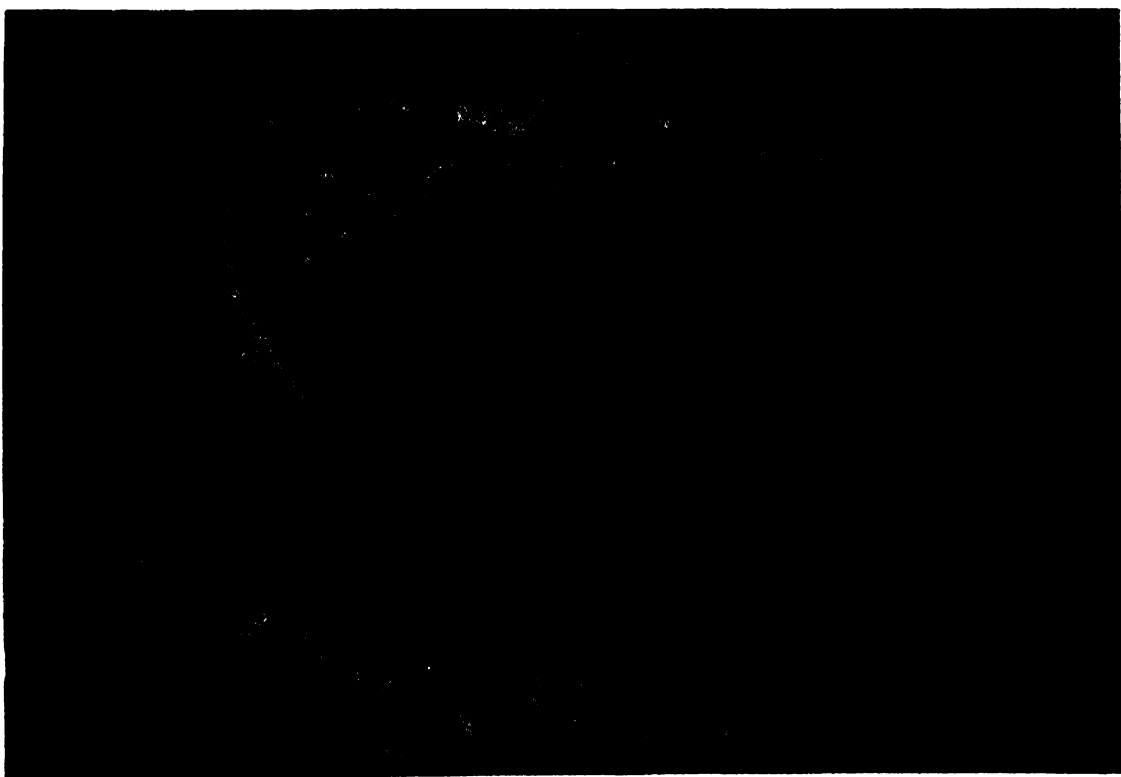
* 'The Blue Bird.' A Fairy Play in Five Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

with a magic diamond, Tyltyl and his fellow travellers visit the Land of Memory, and talk with Granny Tyl and Gaffer Tyl, who are dead, but are always waiting for a visit from those who are alive. ("Every time you think of us we wake up and see you again," Granny explains.) Then through the Palace of Night where ghosts and sicknesses, fading away before the onslaughts of man, are kept, the Forest is reached. Here we have a delightful scene, for the souls of trees and animals state their case against man, and urged on by the Cat, make a fierce attack on the children; but Tylô saves the situation, and even in the moment of onslaught the fear of man is on the hearts of many of the trees and animals. In the kingdom of the Future, where children wait that are yet to be born, only Tyltyl and Mytyl and Light are allowed to enter. Time opens the great opal doors presently, and in the gallery of Dawn with its white and gold sails selects a number of the waiting for the journey to Earth. In the last act Tyltyl and Mytyl are once more in the woodcutter's cottage. We believe "The Blue Bird" has been produced on the stage on the Continent; we hope to see it done in England. It is a real fairy play.

THE ART OF WILLIAM BLAKE.*

This is a good book, and a clever book, but it leaves one with a sense of disappointment. Its judgment and its adroitness are indisputable; no one can read the book without feeling that Mr. de Selincourt has studied Blake with intelligence and admires him with discretion, and yet the result of his study and admiration has one serious shortcoming. Take it where you will, the book is not "likeable." It begins with a grudging, depreciatory reference to Mr. Arthur Symonds, and with this false start the reader's sympathy is at once disturbed, if not positively alienated. Mr. Symonds's *Life of Blake* was a distinguished, self-respecting piece of work. It dealt, in the best spirit of biography, with the intimate connection between the facts of Blake's life and the fancies of his art, and it put the art in such relation with the life as to render the one

* "William Blake." By Basil de Selincourt. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)



Myatery (British Museum).

From 'William Blake,' by Basil de Selincourt. (Duckworth.)

explicable only in the light of the other. It is no disrespect to Mr. de Selincourt's monograph to say that it nowhere approaches Mr. Symons's either in lucidity or in depth. One would not easily expect it to do so; but one would expect any later critic of Blake to appreciate his own indebtedness to Mr. Symons's scholarly judgment and insight. In the matter of manners Mr. de Selincourt puts himself out of court at the very start of a naturally difficult undertaking.

Manners, however, are not the entire equipment of a critic, and Mr. de Selincourt shows himself to be endowed with a fair share of other capacities. His sympathy with Blake keeps always on the windy side of idolatry, and even sinks at times below that modest level of enthusiasm which one would naturally look to find in any writer who ventured to speak of Blake at all. This book, indeed, will scarcely please the thorough-going enthusiast: a good deal of its depreciation is all but acid. But, no doubt, it might be argued with some show of reason that Blake has had enough praise at the hands of the unreasoning admirer, and that it can only be good for his fame to be subjected to careful comment. And as a matter of fact his art does not suffer much deterioration under Mr. de Selincourt's analysis. *Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit*, as indeed all true art should do, when subjected to intelligent judgment.

The study, then, must be considered as an exercise chiefly in art-criticism, and that in a spirit of occasionally mild eulogy, and scarcely ever of unalloyed acceptance. Such criticism is, in the nature of things, less popularly attractive than warmer appreciation, and it is this tepid atmosphere of the half-mood which deprives the book of clear-cut impression. There are many good things said, and the estimate of Blake's designs is particularly thoughtful, but no one who goes to the book without a very clear conception of Blake's individuality will carry much away with him. It is difficult, therefore, to see precisely whom the book is to please. The expert will probably be annoyed by the half-heartedness of the critic's praise; the novice will be confused by the lack of a thoroughly lucid and definite exposition. It is to be feared that the whole thing falls between two stools. And yet there is better work in parts of it than in many a more glib and companionable success.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

FRATERNITY.*

In "Fraternity" we get, as we are sure of getting from Mr. Galsworthy, a book of admirable form and of a grave intellectual beauty. We get also a chill destructive humour, many skilful and conscientious pictures, and, by the way, a portrait of a dog equal to that of John in "A Country House." The scene is Kensington, and we leave it only once, and that for a brief excursion to the Euston Road. Half of the characters belong to a family in the very comfortable professional class; the other half are "shadows" of these, and live their similar lives in the poorest quarters. The two are brought together chiefly by the fact that Ivy Barton, a friendless young girl living in the house of the poor family, goes first as a model and then as amanuensis to the other house, and in both disturbs the relations of husband and wife. Excellently clear and proportioned is the total picture painted of Kensington by day and by night: the luxurious houses, the big shops, the passing crowd, the squalid streets, the gardens delicately fair in spring, the sky overhead, the wind blowing through the world.

The chief character is Hilary Dallison, a literary man. He and his brother Stephen, a barrister, married two

slaves. He is childless and estranged from his wife, Bianca, who paints. Stephen and Cecilia have one child, Thyme, and everything else they want. All these people are from time to time reminded of the existence of their "shadows" in the slums, and we are shown how, in different ways, their position prevents them from going very far in sympathy and compels them sometimes to withdraw into themselves defensively and even offensively. Cecilia is touched by the sight of the poor old newspaper man, but hesitates very little before buying a new dress the same day; she sends away the half-starved Mrs. Hughs, who does her mending, when she hears that Hughs is annoying Hilary. Stephen is satisfied with the "proper channels" for charity. Thyme goes slumming with her cousin, a crude young doctor, and will have nothing to do with sentimentality, but cannot stand the smells. Bianca makes a telling picture out of the model, but under the spell of jealousy class hatred enters her anger. Hilary thinks of taking the model away with him to the Continent; but as he was kissing her "The scent of stale violet powder came from her, warmed by her humanity. It penetrated to Hilary's heart. He started back in sheer physical revolt," and he left her. It is he who asks, "Isn't a social conscience, broadly speaking, the result of comfort and security?" and "Doesn't comfort also destroy the power of action?" By way of chorus, there is old Mr. Stone, father of Bianca, dictating his book on Brotherhood to the model, and often quoting it; the quotations have often an unforced effectiveness as comments on the state of things in Kensington. On p. 217 the death of a child turns him into a true poet.

The book is like an elaboration of one of Mr. Galsworthy's masterly studies in "A Commentary." They were personifications rather than character studies. In "Fraternity" there are no characters. Mr. Galsworthy touches nobody in the middle class without belittling them. In real life these "amateur" people, whose nerves of action are atrophied, are powerless and indefinite enough; but Mr. Galsworthy has all but dissolved them into molluses in his irony. In a day or two we forget them and remember only that they were pretty virtuous and well-intentioned, intelligent persons, and that one of them collected coins and another wore Harris tweed. That is inevitable; he is interested not in persons, but in ideas and the state of society. In a few weeks we shall remember only that they were all helpless, and that Kensington is a district of hell. In a year we shall perhaps remember Mr. Galsworthy's precise and thrifty style and his sad interest in humanity, and perhaps a whiff of spring in Kensington Gardens or a saying of old Mr. Stone's or the picture of Hilary standing by while the model was buying herself a complete new set of clothes at his expense.

The author regards the class he chooses to write about most as half dead. His book is a deathly book; untrue, but too mildly untrue to be of much value as satire. Considering Mr. Galsworthy's rare talent and the ineffectiveness of this book, we cannot but conclude that his method is astray.

EDWARD THOMAS.

GATLING-GUN PHILOSOPHY.*

Philosophical systems, says Dr. Sera, have too often consisted of an unending series of purposeless syllogisms; and there is more than a spice of truth in his contention. Philosophy influences humanity in proportion as it keeps a grip on the facts of everyday life. That it has not done. It has, for example, fastened upon little intellectual operations, which matter nothing at all to the mass of mankind.

* "On the Tracks of Life: The Immorality of Morality." Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy, with an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

* "Fraternity." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

to the exclusion of big emotions which affect all. Instead of weighing up what it did know, it has lost itself in trying to find out what the brain is capable of knowing. Though politics and religion, two highly philosophical subjects, have the reputation of interesting almost every man, few men are interested in philosophy. It is too high and dry, too dehumanised, too pure. In relation to daily life it is of less value than the crudest of religions.

Opposed to the academic philosophers, there has arisen a school which, if not originated by Nietzsche's work, was at all events greatly stimulated thereby. It is critical rather than systematic; realistic rather than idealistic, though its exponents would usually be dubbed idealists; and it has a scientific indifference to propriety. It burks nothing that is human; it ranges up and down the world of ideas, smashing each one that rings hollow. In short, by netting every ascertainable fact, by demolishing every ill-founded opinion, and by questioning all things, sacred and profane, it prepares the way for new and further-reaching syllogisms. Whether or no its conclusions are palatable, at least its processes are useful. It is psychological in the artist's, not the pedant's sense of the word. "Man, know thy whole self as thou art!" might be its motto.

To that school Dr. Sera belongs. He carries, indeed, its methods to an extreme. How far his incoherence in English is due to translation, how far to his own style of thinking and writing, how far to his ranging, in the manner aforesaid, up and down the world of ideas, seeking what he may devour, we do not know. He undertook to write a fighting work, and he has done it. "On the Tracks of Life" is a philosophical Gatling gun; it shoots so many bullets so fast that whatever the number of misses may be, there are certainly a good many hits.

In Dr. Sera's opinion, democracy has resulted in a vulgarising and weakening of knowledge. "The absurd and paradoxical consequence is that the intellect, the divine renovating force, threatens to be lost in the general shipwreck caused by the spread of education itself." It is therefore necessary for him "who loves to see men beautiful, strong, serene, and free," to "reaffirm and, so to speak, renovate life's *golden values*." Universal mediocrity *versus* a predominant aristocracy is his main problem. Before considering the "Origin of Society," he writes two chapters, one on "Love" and one on "What is Aristocracy?" For in his view love, or sexuality, is intimately bound up with the problem. The origin of society, he holds, has been too much confused with the origin of races. According to him, the human race must have spread from tropical zones where food is plentiful to temperate zones where food has to be worked for. The weaker, being driven out to the more sterile regions, had to organise themselves in order to get sustenance from the earth. Hence society as a form of co-operation, morals and religion to repress and console, and law to keep the individual in his place—all, in short, that makes up what Dr. Sera calls sociality. At the opposite pole to sociality, in his view, is sexuality; that which not only reproduces life and expresses vitality, but, by stimulating, renovates; which is characteristic of aristocratic types and periods. "Work, then, is a transitory social, and not a permanent factor, with determined and special conditions of development." The aristocrat abhors disciplined task-work. He has too much vitality.

"The aristocratic type springs from all classes; it expresses, so to speak, the strength of the species, and may arise sporadically anywhere, . . . and accomplishes in its own life what would normally not result for many generations. . . .

"The types of activity which our morality more or less explicitly condemns (aristocratic tendencies, sexual and economic dissipation) have, in my opinion, a very high function for the race, and render possible the propagation and continuation of human society, which would otherwise, from many deteriorating causes, die out."

From that standpoint, in a series of chapters on "Modesty

and Shyness," "North and South," "The Creation of Genius," and so forth, together with chapters on Stendhal and Nietzsche, Dr. Sera fires off his Gatling gun at modernity, and analyses contemporary tendencies, with much acuteness and even more vigour. Not every criticism is so sound as his disquisition on classes:

"There is a magnanimity about the plebeians in making a continual sacrifice of their persons and often of their own lives with a stoicism which, if it be sometimes unknown to themselves, is at other times really superior disdain. With few or no attachments to life, they often show themselves indifferent to it; and, both in their disputes and in the risks they run, they exhibit a courage and indifference to death which are found only in brave men.

"By the complete yielding up of themselves which they are always doing, and by the dissipation of their own lives, the plebeians bear some resemblance to the aristocratic type, and this latter type has much more in common with the former than with the middle-class type. . . . [The middle class] are unable to forget the minor virtues of economy and prudence, which enabled them to rise and obtain wealth, and they seem even morally to be miserly of themselves and of their sentiments. They do not live sincerely in the presence of their ideas."

Not every bullet so finds its mark. But whether right or not, Dr. Sera's standpoint is a good one for criticism, and he does succeed in making a most brilliant splash, if only because he goes against the current of modern conventional notions. That the book is interesting there can be no question at all.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

"TOBY, M.P." REMINISCENT.*

Sixty years in the "wilderness," as Mr. H. W. Lucy quaintly describes modern journalism, should give a man, especially if he possesses, as "Toby, M.P.," has always possessed, the discrimination, the knack of always being interested in life, the facility, the humour and the *geniality* of the born pressman, more than ample materials for the making of an attractive autobiography; and in the volume of reminiscences which this veteran journalist has just

* "Sixty Years in the Wilderness." By Henry W. Lucy. 12s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)



From the painting by John Sargent, R.A.

Mr. H. W. Lucy.

issued he turns to delightful account a career that has been rich in opportunities and experiences. For a long while now he has been one of the most popular personages in Fleet Street, and his book should win a far larger circle of admirers for a writer who cannot put pen to paper without revealing the sunniness and sturdiness of his temper. This is a record of labours patiently overcome, and of friendships loyally maintained. Never afraid of work, so long as it did not involve early rising—"It is worry," he says, "that kills, not work"—and thrust by the special duties of his profession into the centre of human activity, he has had the chance of meeting many of the most remarkable of his contemporaries, and no reader of *Punch* or the *Daily News* of some years ago will need to be told how keen are his powers of observation or with what zest he can set down his impressions.

Mr. Lucy was born at Crosby, near Liverpool, in 1844 or 1845; his parents could never decide between the two years, but their son himself—and here we can almost see his eyes twinkling—with a thought of old-age pensions, prefers the earlier date. From the local school, where his companions chose to regard his surname as the Christian name of a girl, he was taken away when no more than eleven or twelve, and set to start earning his living as an office-boy. For eight years he served an eccentric dealer in hides and velonia, who used to call him "Henery" and give him, when in affable moods, bouquets of faded flowers. But already the passion for scribbling had seized young Lucy, and at twenty he was a reporter on a Shrewsbury newspaper. One year later he was editor, part-proprietor, and almost sole contributor to a journal which died almost still-born; but with an optimism that has never forsaken him he took the grand plunge and came up to London as a "free lance." Enduring for a time severe straits, but never slackening in his application, he won his way to the Press Gallery, and to the famous table of Mr. Punch, and from the 'seventies his fame has steadily extended; nay—and this perhaps is the greatest compliment ever paid him—in 1904, when the paper he was writing for had no box in the Gallery, the Speaker created a precedent by allowing him access in his own name. He once filled an editor's chair, the newspaper in question being the *Daily News*, but he took up his task amid all the turmoil and anxieties of the Home Rule era, and was glad to surrender his post within eighteen months of his appointment. The humours of Parliament were more to his taste.

Mr. Lucy has known many political secrets, and when there is no longer any necessity for concealment, he reveals them. So we learn much from this book about the negotiations between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain subsequent to the Home Rule split and their ultimate failure. We are informed how Mr. Gladstone shook his head when he was told of the Liberal majority of forty in the 1892 election, and said sadly in a low, grave voice, "Too small! too small!"; he had counted on a hundred. Or we are told how in 1900 Mr. Chamberlain specifically denied that he wanted to be Prime Minister of the Unionist Party, and confessed that it had been different fifteen years before. Had he become Liberal Premier, he declared, "you would have seen established that condition of Liberal Imperialism of which Rosebery and others futilely talk to-day." Mr. Lucy too can show us statesmen in undress—Gladstone talking of John Bright's neglect of his health and of his going late in life for advice to some anonymous person of whom he spoke oracularly. "But," added Mr. Gladstone with "that curious approach to a wink" that sometimes varied his grave aspect, "he would never tell his name or say where he lived." Or we hear how Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings, desiring to get from Gibraltar to Tangier and having a difficulty about procuring cabins in the only vessel—a sloop—which could take them, caused the captain some concern, till addressing the young-looking Mr. Chamberlain he said, "It's all right, young man; you'll

be comfortable enough on the floor and I'll put your father up in my bunk!"

Mr. Lucy, again, has a pretty tale to tell of a meeting which took place at his table between Ellen Terry and Mr. Balfour. While the conversation was going on the actress remained strangely silent. Presently the Unionist leader had to leave for the House of Commons, and Ellen Terry at last found her tongue. Her host had imagined that she might have been bored, but she quickly undeceived him. "Bringing her closed hand down on the table, she exclaimed with a glance towards the door through which Mr. Balfour had passed, 'I think that's a duck of a man.'" Nor in his anecdotal vein does "Toby, M.P.," mind telling a story against himself. Once when with Lord Charles Beresford he was kept longer than was anticipated on the *Magnificent*, whereupon the popular admiral semaphored to Mrs. Lucy telling her she might expect her husband to lunch the next day. The message began: "From Lord Charles Beresford, *Magnificent*. Mr. Lucy will be home," but the stops got misplaced, and so the wire ran: "Magnificent Mr. Lucy will be home." Ever since then Lord Charles has addressed him as "Magnificent Mr. Lucy." Finally the famous lobbyist once complained (he informs us) to Edmund Yates of the *World* that his successor on that paper was "masquerading in my clothes." The retort was inevitable. "My dear Lucy," replied Yates, "there is no one on our staff whom your clothes would fit." These are but samples taken at random from a book which is a mine of entertaining anecdotes.

F. G. BETTANY.

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.*

"Le vieux jeu, c'est le mieux jeu." Some of Mrs. Wedgwood's essays date back as long ago as 1870, and although the latest of them—a notably temperate and impartial estimate of John Ruskin was published as recently as 1900, all of them breathe the spirit and speak the language of a generation that has passed away. Perpending the book deliberately, we are confirmed in our opinion that the present age has no ground for self-congratulation in the altered tone and temper of the criticism that is characteristic of it. Resolute in its refusal to admit dullness, it has almost closed its doors against sobriety, and, on the other side, extending an unscrutinising admission to clever brilliance, it has let in an attendant press of shallow, garish meretriciousness.

It is in this sense that Mrs. Wedgwood's work belongs to a past generation. If for purposes of journalistic convenience we must pick epithets whereby to classify it, we must seek them in the glossary of the tribunal, not the salon. Brilliant, clever, witty, quick, party-passionate—these adjectives must be rejected as not proper to the essays before us. But strong, scholarly, wise, deliberate, judicial—any, and in varying degree, all of these may be justified abundantly. And especially the last. If Mrs. Wedgwood has a passion it is for justice; and there is something felicitous in the fact that the best criticism of her work is supplied ready to a reviewer's hand in her own criticism of one of these nineteenth-century teachers, that great editor Richard Holt Hutton.

The defects of Hutton's virtues which Mrs. Wedgwood indicates are apparent in her own work, and are equally certain to limit the range of her influence. "Nothing," she says, "that he has written is bitter or stinging, or pregnant with *innuendo*. Think of all that he cut off in that renunciation! Remove ill nature, and how much of what the world calls wit would remain? Perhaps the best, but how vastly reduced in amount!" "Nothing," she admits immediately, "is really less dull than justice. Were it

* "Nineteenth-Century Teachers, and Other Essays." By Julia Wedgwood. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

less rare it would be recognised as the spring of literary no less than of moral excellence"—a characteristic interpolation, this, of Mrs. Wedgwood's acute, yet austere, mind. "But the renunciation of epigram precedes the attainment of that delicate accuracy of interpretation which is as much more satisfying as it is more rare. Perfect justice is perfect literature, but imperfect justice lacks the piquancy of slashing abuse without necessarily attaining the subtle grace of accurate discrimination." And next, Mrs. Wedgwood allows that "a critic who aims, above all things, at doing no injustice to any one whom he mentions, whatever his other excellencies, will rarely attain that of a simple style. Justice, either in what we must reluctantly call the true sense of the word as an impartial estimate of praise and blame, or in Hutton's sense of a careful allotment of every word of praise that can sincerely be given, is not a simple thing. The endeavour to strain away from criticism every word that is untrue in itself, and then again every word that, being true in itself, is yet misleading in its general connotation, as so many true words are - this is an endeavour which the exigencies of periodical writing almost inevitably associate with an involved style."

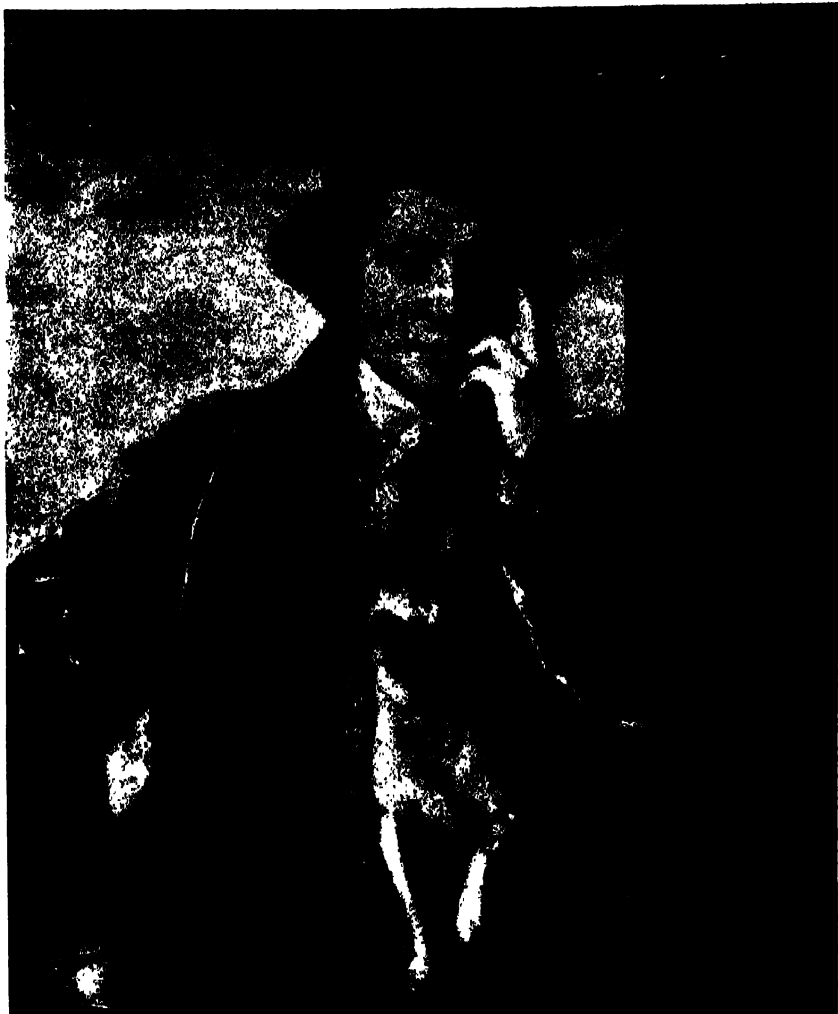
The words quoted are applicable to Mrs. Wedgwood herself. Her style lacks piquancy and translucency, and the superficial reader will find little in it to tickle his palate or satisfy his appetite. But, *laus Deo*, there are others even in these days. It is to the credit of the past generation that there should have been a demand for work of this quality and a supply of it in its periodical press. The *Spectator* and the *Contemporary Review* were the medium through which these essays were first given to the world. It will be to the credit of the present generation if it can produce a sufficient number of readers enamoured of pure literature to reward the enterprise displayed in their recovery from the cob-webbed obscurity of old files and their ceremonious re-presentation in this dignified volume. Like enterprise has rarely been devoted to a worthier object. With many of Mrs. Wedgwood's opinions we may disagree; we may even deny the truth of some of her dogmatic declarations, but there is nothing trivial or superficial in any thought which she has here invested with words. In this volume is embodied the ripe thought of a highly conscientious, exceptionally cultivated woman; and the thought is often expressed in language which only falls from the lips of those who have clear spiritual vision. These essays are valuable for the interpretation they give of some of the greatest intellectual figures of the nineteenth century; they are even more valuable for the unconscious self-revelation of their greatly gifted author.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

A FINE GENTLEMAN.*

The day of the fine gentleman is gone, it is to be hoped, never to return. His calm airs of superiority to the rest of mankind must have been excruciatingly irritating except to those who aped his manners and to those a company more numerous than is generally recognised—who would rather be kicked than ignored. So great was the offender's self-complacency that the ordinary rebuke or insult glided off him like water off a duck's back; it took a Johnson to pierce through the hide of a Chesterfield.

* "George Selwyn and the Wits." By S. Parnell Kerr. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)



From a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery.

George Selwyn and his Dog "Râton."

From "George Selwyn and the Wits," by S. Parnell Kerr. (Methuen.)

As a matter of fact, the fine gentleman of the Georgian era—the last of the race was Sir Sedley Beauchamp in "The Caxtons"—was no whit superior to his fellows in any way, excelling them only in arrogance; the majority of him was not more wise or more witty or more wealthy than those who, though in society, were without the exclusive pale, the majority of him was not even taller than the rest and, other things being equal, a tall *beau* is preferable to a short one, there being less finery to the square inch. It happened even, now and then, that a young man with an abundance of self-confidence, a sense of humour, and the ability to pose, with little or no money and no parentage to brag about, calmly pushed the mediocrities aside and stepped to the front, taking the lead from the patricians and reigning over aristocratic society by virtue of audacity and intelligence. Such a one was the great Brummell, most magnificent of dandies, living now, a century after his abdication, in the pages of Barbey d'Aurevilly, and such another, in the days when George Selwyn came upon the town and first ruled the roost at the London clubs, was Nash, most autocratic of dictators at society's own pet watering-place in the beautiful Somersetshire valley.

Many will regard it as heresy to mention Nash and Brummell in the same breath as Selwyn; yet these men did positive good, whereas Selwyn did nothing at all. Nash tamed the fiery spirits of society and trimmed the arrogance of the leaders of the *beau monde*; Brummell carried on the good work after an interval of two-score years, and inculcated the precepts of cleanliness, refinement, and simple dressing; Selwyn was merely a *flâneur*. Notwithstanding, the last is a name with which to conjure; the very mention of him suggests the best attributes of the Georgian exquisite—who must not be confused with

the buck of the same era; and he is thought of as the incarnation of wit, good breeding, and "clubability." Clubable he was, undoubtedly; but well-bred in the modern sense of the expression he was not, for, like the rest of the men of his set, he would sacrifice every social decency to say a good thing—a failing that may be noted also in the wits of the last century—those of the twentieth century are, of course, immaculate. Selwyn's wit, set down in cold print, is not very exultating; as Thackeray said, "The humour has evaporated in the bottling." He was a noted talker in the West End—a few hundred yards east was a yet more distinguished monologist, pursuing his idea of a conversation night after night; but Walpole, who is Selwyn's Boswell, is compelled to admit that the demureness with which his friend uttered a good thing gave zest to it. The air was the thing with George, for certainly his manner must have been better than his matter, since, now that the former is gone, the savour of the jests is lost. Even Mr. Parnell Kerr, in the chapter of his excellent memoir, "Mr. Selwyn the Wit," has no hesitation in hinting that he has no great admiration for his hero's gift of *repartee*. It is but fair to Selwyn to state that the title of wit was not of his seeking—"I could never get an admirer of my erudition but Wraxall," he wrote; "of my wit I have indeed had plenty; that is, all the fools in Town, who never had any idea of what wit is, and to which I am sure I stand as clear of making any pretensions as anybody ever did. But if I had, would it be wonderful? When Lady Tweedale protests, I cannot speak but it is a *bon mot*." Here is what Mr. Parnell Kerr calls "quite the best of Selwyn's *bon mots*." A namesake of Charles James Fox having been hanged at Tyburn, "Did you attend the execution, George?" asked Fox. "No, Charles," drawled Selwyn. "I make a point of never attending rehearsals." It is not bad, and it probably is the best; but it and its fellows are not good enough for a man for whom his latest biographer claims the title, "The Last of the Wits." The last of the wits! As well call him the first of the wits, remembering that after him came Brummell and Alvanley, and, to mention no others, that pair of inimitable humorists, Sydney Smith and Henry Luttrell.

There are other aspects of Selwyn, who, if he was an indifferent wit, was a man of sense and also of sensibility, but for these the reader must be referred to Mr. Parnell Kerr's book, which is, indeed, much more than a biography, being, in fact, a social history of George Selwyn's times, entertainingly written by a man well versed in the annals of the period.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

The difficulty in reading any volume of short stories is to forget the last before reading the next. Where there is some unity in subject and treatment we pass from one story to another without effort—each story is after all only another chapter of the same book. It matters little whether the same characters reappear in a different scene or whether new characters appear against the same background, so long as there is some connecting link between one story and the next. Even unity of period is sufficient in default of any stronger common element. But in the case of a writer with such a range as Anatole France the more or less fortuitous assembling into one volume of stories in different styles, and probably never meant to be read together, results in something more like a collection of specimens than a harmonious whole. The change from one style to another is too abrupt. Each new story comes with all the shock of the unexpected; the reader's mind has no sooner settled down and accustomed itself to the

atmosphere of the story than it is switched off, almost with a jerk, to a new subject, a new setting, and what is worse, a new manner. There is nothing to connect one tale with another, except the delicate finish and naïve irony which mark all M. France's work.

The story which gives its name to the book, as not infrequently happens with such miscellaneous collections, is one of the least characteristic and the least pleasing. It is in the "oriental" manner of M. France, in which he is apt to indulge in a certain brutality and even coarseness, most conspicuous in parts of "Thais," strangely out of harmony with the gentleness of "Sylvestre Bonnard." Perhaps it is a reaction from the ultra-civilisation of the world depicted in "Le Lys Rouge" and a reminder that no civilisation can entirely eradicate man's primeval instincts. "The Curé's Mignonette" is a delightful apologue in the vein so often inspired by M. France's hagiological studies. In "Monsieur Pigeonneau" we come to Paris, to the intellectual and fashionable world which the author depicts with such perfect irony and exquisite truthfulness of detail. M. Pigeonneau is a *savant*, an archæologist who confesses with shame that at one time he nearly sank to writing mere history. At the Institute he is reading a monograph "On the Toilet of an Egyptian Lady of the Middle Empire," when suddenly he finds himself deserting his manuscript and to his horror compelled by some mysterious force to improvise. He finds himself rhapsodising on the toilet of women in the course of the ages, and only learns afterwards that this purple patch, which creates a *succès fou*, has been suggested by hypnotic influence. "Lilith" is a daring but successful essay in the supernatural, and ends with the pathetic prayer of the soulless but immortal woman, "My God, promise me death, so that I may taste of life. My God, give me remorse, so that I may at last find happiness. My God, make me the equal of the daughters of Eve."

"Læta Acilia" is an audacious and brilliant sketch in the style afterwards developed in "Sur la Pierre Blanche." It is slighter but fully as penetrating as "Le Procureur de Judée." "The Red Egg" is an essay in the *macabre* in which M. France comes little short of Maupassant at his grimmest. Here Mrs. John Lane's translation, otherwise admirable, by its extreme fidelity to the original seems to miss the full effect of the French. The doctor has just concluded his horrible narrative, and turning to his friend says, "Oui, je prendrai bien un petit verre de cognac." Surely the intention here is that the commonplaceness of the request, by emphasising the doctor's professional indifference to the horror he has just narrated, should throw into relief the grimness of the tragedy. Mrs. Lane translates this literally, "I should be glad of a little brandy." In a country where brandy is often used medicinally, and is not drunk so much as in France, this suggests that the speaker was so much moved by his story as to want a restorative. At the risk of seeming hypercritical we would suggest some such rendering as "Yes, I think I will have a small whiskey" conveys the effect better. It is after all a small point, but Mrs. Lane has discharged a difficult task so exceedingly well that the suggestion seemed worth making.

The second half of the book is taken by "Honey-Bee," a charming apologue, a sort of fairy tale for "grown-ups" which defies analysis. It is full of delightful touches, and Honey-Bee herself is a fascinating creation. "Balthazar," as we have said, lacks balance, but it shows that M. France has few equals as a master of that most difficult of mediums, the short story.

DICKENS ON THE STAGE.*

It is conceivable that an actor who happened also to be

* "Balthazar." By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. John Lane. 6s. (John Lane.)

* "An Actor's Story." By Bransby Williams, Actor, Mimic and Character Impersonator. With numerous Portraits and other Illustrations. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

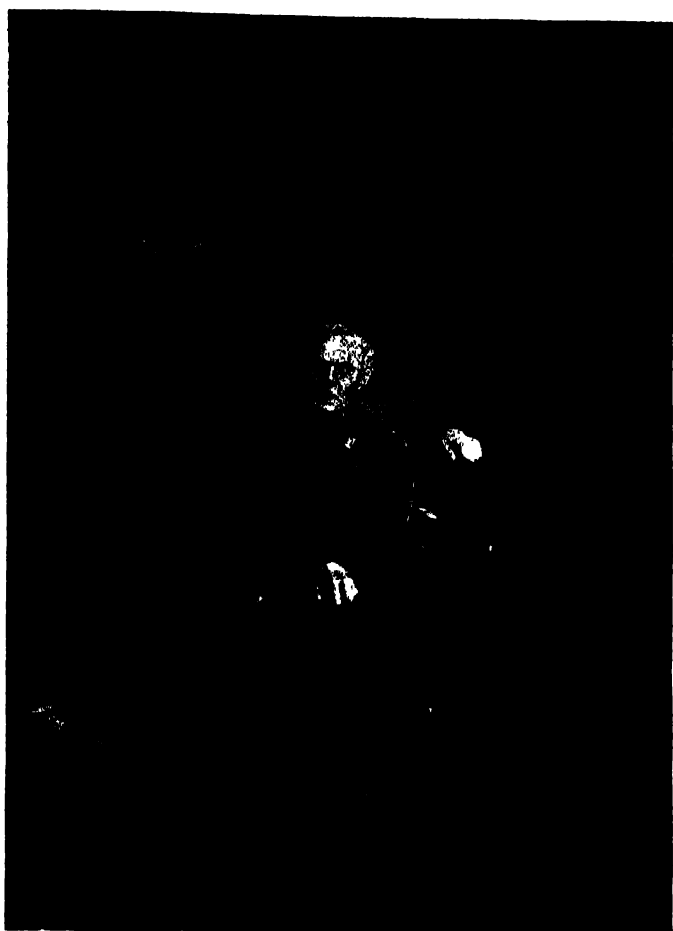


Photo by Campbell Gray, Ltd.

**Bransby Williams
as "Scrooge."**

From "An Actor's Story," by Bransby Williams. (Chapman & Hall.)

a passably great man, or even a minor philosopher, could forge out of the world-wide experiences of the modern player something in the nature of a worthy volume. Miss Ellen Terry almost accomplished the feat in her recent work "My Book," and there is at least vital matter enough in Mr. Bransby Williams's "Story" to redeem it from sheer fatuity and to excuse its publication. Perhaps the most significant thing about Mr. Williams is the way in which he has helped to popularise the characters of Charles Dickens in the music-halls. There is a belief that moving pictures and skating rinks will undermine the music-hall business in the immediate future; anyhow, we trust that in the process of competitive winnowing the noxious chaff will be swept away, and that the good grain which is a growing quantity in the variety entertainments of the day will remain. The work of Mr. Bransby Williams is among the best of that grain, and he deserves our thanks for "holding aloft the banner of the ideal," for fighting the excellent fight of wholesome entertainment and literary flavour in unlikely places. His task may have been humbler than he imagines; but, after all, the variety palace has been for ten years past and remains the most attractive indoor amusement resort with the masses of our urban population, and Mr. Williams has some feeling for letters and a high instinct for character. If we must have snippets, it is well that they be selected with judgment; if Dickens characterisations at the halls, that they be capably done. Mr. Williams's work will stand both these tests. He is an enthusiastic but discriminating Dickensian, and an actor of power and personality. He graduated as a burnt-cork artist, then became a legitimate actor and later on won some success as an imitator of other actors.

When first he suggested Dickens items to the music-hall agents, they grinned openly at the idea, but, after the scheme had been accepted gratefully by the public, the leaders of the "profession" joined with Mr. Williams in giving a special Dickens matinée at the King's Head,

Chigwell—the old Maypole Inn of "Barnaby Rudge." Scores of other persons, he declares, have copied Mr. Williams's repertory, which includes several "creations" that cost him years of preparation. "There are at the present time," he says, "sixteen men and one woman who impersonate Dickens characters. In 1896 I was the only actor presenting Dickens on the stage." He had staged his monologue of Sydney Carton before Mr. Martin Harvey made his appearance in "The Only Way," the most successful Dickens adaptation ever presented.

Mr. Williams has played almost every character of note in the Dickens novels. The Old Grandfather from "The Curiosity Shop" made up after Fred Barnard's picture—was, and is, he thinks, his most popular impersonation. "This character," remarks Mr. Williams, "has been a great tear extractor from audiences in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America." We fancy Dickens would have enjoyed this sentence. Mr. Williams played Poor Jo from "Bleak House" once only, for it upset not only himself and Mr. Dan Leno, but the very stage hands. Mantalini is an utter failure before the footlights. The broader and more sympathetic studies seem to please the great public most, and thus no doubt is what Dickens himself would have wished.

W. F. P.

THREE GREAT PAINTERS.*

The publication at the same time of charming volumes reproducing the work of such unlike workers as Raphael Santi and Edward Burne-Jones provokes comparison. Unlike in age and aim, and yet for each a thread of similar descent. The man of Urbino and the man of Birmingham both took their inspiration from that Tuscan temperament which has left its earliest record on the tomb walls of Corneto and Cervetri. Both, like the former's master, Perugino, were filled, in the first place, with a mystic sense of human beauty to which the Greek was a stranger. Raphael, when as a very young man he painted the "Vision of a Knight" (given in this volume), was in the same mood as the painter of "The Dream of Launcelot." And if worldly success, and the dictates of the theologic conscience, soon led the former far away from that dream-world to be a painter in the Church's honour, none the less he never wholly lost that earlier and undidactic mystery which lingers in the faces of the best of his Madonnas, that were done for love. Whereas, on the other hand, the Englishman, long denied and denied, proceeded on that first path further and further from the actual world, until one day he woke up to find the world was gazing at him and wondering how he got there. And perhaps this pupil of Botticelli and Rossetti could himself have hardly answered, what he had done was so much the work of genius which "does what it must." However, we, looking now at it, see that it was but Tuscan beauty seen through Celtic glasses, as the work of Raphael was but the same beauty seen through the glasses of a false Renaissance. But as to the value of Burne-Jones's work as art, pure and simple, opinions differ. Its amateurish technique condemns it hopelessly in some eyes, its monotony of still gesture wearying others. Yet when all is said, none can deny that this man did create a type of beauty, whether that type be a permanently worthy one or not. And creators of types are rare.

* "Raphael." Photographic Reproductions. With a Biographical Study by Edgumbe Staley. 5s. net. (George Newnes and Hodder & Stoughton.) "Sir Edward Burne-Jones." Photographic Reproductions. With a Biographical Study by Malcolm Bell. 5s. net. (George Newnes and Hodder & Stoughton.) "Burne-Jones." By A. Lys Baldry. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.) "Holhem." By S. L. Bensusan. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

The little book on Holbein is another member of the "Masterpieces in Colour" Series; and a very good one. Mr. Bensusan, the writer of the text, has touched his subject skilfully and lightly. But it is one not needing much analysis. Holbein was a worker in the Teutonic mood in its steadiest and soundest. Fancy had little part in him; even the masterly series of wood-engravings known as the "Dance of Death" are but grim works of sober imagination of which the homely note is "long drawn out." It was his quality of technique alone which parted him from his forerunners, from Dürer, Cranach and the rest of them. But what a technique, both in draughtsmanship and colour! This man of Augsburg seems to have flung off with a smile of strength the puerilities and quaint defects of those before him; and at one stroke to have done the best that can be done, leaving nothing for others to discover. He was perfection. We can only wonder that his success in London town was not greater than it was, and that commissions did not crowd upon him. We wonder also how it was that pupils did not gather round him down in Chelsea, and why for a hundred years, until the coming of another master of portraiture from foreign shores, no Englishman essayed to learn that lucrative profession. From Holbein to Vandyke our art was yet a blank. But it was lucky for us that the former came among us, or we might never have known how the best Englishmen of Tudor days did really look. The plates in this little volume give a very fair sense of the vigour and taste of Holbein's work.

Perhaps those in the companion volume are scarcely so satisfactory, their sentiment being a thing that needs a somewhat softer treatment than the printer's. But the text of the book is all that could be wished.

ARTHUR LEWIS

A FRENCH PEER OF THE RESTORATION.*

The Baron de Frénilly commenced to write these Recollections in Rome in 1837 "because it was raining" and because he was tired of a great work on Parliamentary government in England which he had commenced but never completed. He disclaims any intention of writing history, and we are glad, because his personal and garrulous style is exactly fitted to the task of conversational reminiscence. No pretentious judicialism or attempted pomp of style will prevent him from writing as freely as he talked; his prejudices have free vent, and we know what he thought, and what a man of aristocratic sympathies really felt during the tremendous decade which closed the eighteenth century in France. Not that Frénilly was of the old aristocracy. His father was Receiver-General of Poitou, and his mother the niece and heiress of St. Waast, Administrator-General of Crown Lands, so that Frénilly belonged to the highest ranks of the middle-class, the official caste which grew rich on the plunder of the public funds. The Revolution made a clean sweep of them and of their perquisites, and naturally Frénilly hated all connected with it, from the philosophers whose ideas undermined the old system to the *sans-culottes* whose butchery and violence he witnessed in the streets of Paris. He gives us a picture of Paris as it was before the deluge, of society brilliant and extravagant playing with the new ideas, quoting the cynicisms of Voltaire and worshipping the sentiment and sensibility of Rousseau. As a boy he was sent to visit Voltaire when the aged poet made his triumphant visit to Paris, and found a tall skeleton buried in a large armchair and wearing a huge bearskin cap. "Oh!

what a pretty child," said the philosopher, and ordered an enormous Savoy biscuit to be brought. In 1780 he gives a curious example of Rousseau's influence: "I also saw another fashion started at these suppers, one peculiar to ladies; that of having their babies brought into the midst of thirty people, and of suckling them in a corner of the *salon*—poor victims of Rousseau who, instead of suckling at the breast of a sturdy peasant, were made to take the heated milk of their sensitive mothers." We see also how popular with the upper class were the beginnings of revolution. D'Esprémesnil, Carlyle's "magnetic D'Esprémesnil with his tropical heat," dines with St. Waast after making one of his great orations in the Parliament and "a general cry of admiration greets him" as he enters. When the States-General assemble the deputies are the lions of the hour in Paris, and even when the first horrors began people only said "the revolution is a child; it will grow up." But Frénilly declared "it will grow into a monster." He enlisted in the National Guards, in one of the loyalist battalions, and was on duty at the Tuileries on that fateful August 10, 1792, when Louis hesitated between allowing his Swiss and his guards to fight, and a retreat to the Assembly. The most valuable sidelight on history in the book is Frénilly's vivid account of this day. He declares that if the king had chosen to fight he would have won, and it may be remembered that Napoleon, who was an onlooker, thought so too. It is generally supposed that Louis was impressed by his cold reception when he reviewed the Guards, but Frénilly gives this account:

"I can still see the unfortunate prince passing in front of us; silent and careworn as he slouched along, and seeming to say, 'All is lost.' Well might the little group that surrounded him cry, 'Gentlemen, long live the King!' We had been ordered to observe silence when under arms, and we obeyed when we ought to have disobeyed."

"What a discouraging review it was," he comments, "for men who merely asked for a master and a guide!" But Louis had lost all mastery and all power of guidance. During the Terror Frénilly lived for the most part at Loches, though he visited Paris, and saw many horrors. He describes a Feast of Reason at the provincial town of Cosne-sur-Loire, at which he was present as a supposed Jacobin. The hostess of his inn was the handsomest woman in the town, and was compelled to represent the goddess Reason; Frénilly insured his own safety by presenting two barrels of wine, and at the feast itself only men were present. All stood up and everything was eaten with the fingers, while the wine was passed round in pitchers with such frequency that half the feasters were drunk in an hour. Afterwards came speeches and songs: "then came the resolutions, including one that the fête should be concluded by requisitioning all the prostitutes in Cosne." To such an end did the worship of Reason lead. He notes also the effect of the Maximum, or law regulating the price of commodities in Paris; "all merchandise disappeared as though by magic. Nothing was either sold or bought except in secret; every purchase was a conspiracy." Yet outside the city the country-places were overflowing with the fruits of a splendid harvest.

Frénilly cultivated his garden under the Empire, but after the Restoration he became a personage in politics, being made a Councillor of State in 1824, and three years later a peer of France. It is amusing to note that he was one of seventy-six new creations. "It is true," says Frénilly, "that among these seventy-six new peers was to be found, apart from four or five names, the flower of France, as regards birth and fortune, intelligence and sound opinions. But this did not excuse them for the crime of being seventy-six." We may be grateful that in his old age he wrote down his recollections, which reveal so characteristic a French temperament and recall so many persons and events of interest to-day.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

* "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly, Peer of France (1768-1828)." Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Arthur Chuquet, Membre de l'Institut. Translated from the French by Frederic Lees, Officier de l'Instruction Publique. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

SIDELIGHTS ON WAGNER.*

One infallible test of a great man is his power of arousing consternation and hostility in the solemn pontiffs of orthodoxy: that is the negative test; another, and equally infallible test is his power of arousing enthusiasm and the spirit of propaganda in ardent and hopeful souls: that is the positive test. One could adduce the whole aristocracy of art, science, and philosophy in proof of this, but the case of Wagner is particularly to the point, because he allegorises the hero's conflict and triumph in one of his dramas. The story is familiar, the application may be new. Mime, the dull, mechanical craftsman, possesses the pieces of the all-powerful sword Nothung; but he can do nothing with them—the steel of the gods is beyond his power to forge. Siegfried, the inspired child of nature, attempts to reshape the shattered weapon, and, in the act, violates every accepted rule of smithing, and extorts horrified protests from Mime's offended principles of armorial propriety. But Siegfried succeeds, and goes forth to apply his new weapon, type of new ideas. Presently he encounters quite unexpected opposition, in the shape of Wotan the god, who actually wills the work that Siegfried is to do, yet instinctively opposes the instrument. Wotan, type of the Liberalism or Whiggery that desires Reform (with a capital R), and resolutely opposes every reformer. A brief struggle shatters the spear of Whiggery (beautifully carved with principles that were valid several generations ago), and Siegfried passes on to his supreme adventure. He goes unscathed through Wotan's fire (it is only an alchemist fire—the work of Loge, god of Lies), and then finds some one who believes in him. Brunnhilde, once a Valkyrie, now a Woman. She at once sees in Siegfried the god sent hero, and, thus inspired, casts all away, and saves the world from the curse of gold.

The artist, who illustrated in Siegfried the encounter of the initiator with hostility and with faith, exemplified the matter still further in his own life. Anti Wagnerism became, as we know, a sort of mania; but we need not recall that now. Let us think rather of the loving enthusiasm and the missionary spirit evoked by his genius. The present volume tells us something of the achievements of one disciple, Angelo Neumann, best known in England as the bold adventurer who toured Europe with the "Ring," and staged it at Her Majesty's in 1882. The performances were given under the patronage of the present King, and Neumann bravely asserts that His Majesty thoroughly enjoyed himself, and showed special interest in the mermaids. Mapleson's version, by the way, is less optimistic. He says that hearing the "Ring" was the toughest work that the Prince had ever done, that H.R.H. took special umbrage at Wotan's habit of monologising for periods of an hour to a *forte* accompaniment of discords, and that, finally, intimation was given that the Royal patronage would be withdrawn if Wotan appeared in many more operas.

Apparently, it was Neumann's legs, and not his enthusiasm, that first attracted Wagner's notice. At any rate, Weissheimer solemnly records the master's amusement at the spectacle of those lengthy limbs encased in interminable white tights at a performance of "Don Giovanni" as far back as 1862. During the 'seventies, Neumann played minor baritone parts at Vienna, and was greatly impressed by Wagner's rehearsals there of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." He notes the wonderful histrionic gift that enabled Wagner to efface his own personality, and assume in a moment the central character of each scene: now he would be the Landgrave and Elizabeth receiving the nobles in the Hall of Song, then he would become one of the guests, then he would be Tannhäuser shuddering at his own blasphemy, and then, instantly, Elizabeth, standing in

exalted purity, with hands clasped, and eyes raised in fervent appeal. So, too, he played successively all the parts in "Lohengrin," arousing in orchestra, chorus, and soloists such enthusiasm that they crowded round to carry him shoulder-high.

The main story of the volume begins when Neumann became director of the Leipsic Opera in 1876—the year of the "King" at Bayreuth. Neumann at once made an attempt to transfer the whole work bodily to Leipsic, but two years passed before his aspiration became a fact, and then Leipsic proved that a prophet is sometimes honoured even in his natal city. Berlin was next conquered, and then came Neumann's departure from Leipsic, and the formation of the touring company that gave him wider fame. Limited space forbids quotation of the many stories and personal touches that enliven these chatty pages. To concert-goers of to-day one of the most interesting passages is that which describes the sudden stride to the front of a very dark horse, a young Hungarian, second violin at the Vienna opera, who, brought to Leipsic as chorus-master by Neumann, proved invaluable at rehearsals for the "Ring," because he knew the parts better than the singers themselves, and, seated at the piano without score, could prompt them with words as well as music. At a rehearsal of "Tannhäuser" he even ventured into the conductor's seat, whereat the orchestra struck, thinking that the young fellow was presuming too far. However, they were persuaded to let him try. This was the result:

"Not only did the conductor prove his mettle, but the men again proved their discernment and the matchless spirit of musical enthusiasm that animated them. The success of this young leader in that overture was so unqualified, that the musicians themselves begged him with a storm of cheers and congratulations to continue the rehearsals at once; and with this performance of 'Tannhäuser' Arthur Nikisch entered the ranks of the foremost conductors of Germany."

Other familiar names appear—Richter and Seidl, Sucher and Materna—and one old friend, Vogl, is seen in a new light. Being a Doctor of Laws, as well as a beautiful tenor, he successfully resisted a fine for lateness at a performance, because the notice said, not "We order you," but "We beg you" and was thus permissive, not compulsory!

One word more. I have no desire to enter the great Shakespeare controversy; but I should like to recommend this book, with its many contracts, agreements, etc., to the attention of those who believe that the known fact of William Shakespeare's keen eye for business is incompatible with his alleged authorship of the plays. Here we have Richard Wagner at once musician, poet, dramatist, philosopher, and revolutionist, supreme in one manifestation and highly important in the others—we have, I say, this man, with his five-fold claim to be above the drudging details of business, proving himself to be not only a highly practical stage-manager and producer of plays, but, in addition, a keen business man, with the clearest eye for the strength or weakness of a contract, quick to detect the least ambiguity of phrase, firm in his insistence on the express fulfilment of conditions, and punctual in his monetary demands and payments. Here, indeed, was a man capable of writing "Hamlet," of playing the Ghost very thrillingly, and of going out between the scenes to count the money taken at the doors!

I hope I have said enough to rouse the reader's interest in this volume of agreeable and enlightening chatter. By the way, there are eccentricities of spelling that should have been restrained, and one entry in the index is very precious: "Eschenbach, von, as Wolfram." This, I suppose, must be the German equivalent to "Richard's himself again."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Personal Recollections of Wagner." By Angelo Neumann. Translated by Edith Livermore. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)

Novel Notes.

MR. OPP. By Alice Hegan Rice. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One thing more difficult than the writing of so delightful and deservedly popular a book as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was the writing of another book that should not only be admittedly as good, but that should achieve an equal success. So far as one can see, Mrs. Rice has done this; indeed, in the story itself she has done more than this, for "Mr. Opp" is in some respects a riper and more notable piece of work than "Mrs. Wiggs," and it will be strange if the world that welcomed the one does not welcome the other as heartily. Mr. Opp has none of Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy, he is quaint, kindly, lovable, middle-aged, and believes himself to be an amazingly good man of business, though he is nothing but an unpractical dreamer. "Out of an abnormal childhood, a lonely boyhood, and a failure-haunted manhood, he had managed to achieve an absorbing career. Each successive enterprise had loomed upon his horizon big with possibilities, and before it sank to oblivion, another scheme, portentous, significant, had filled its place. Life was a succession of crises, and through them he saw himself moving, now a shrewd merchant, now a professional man, again an author of note, but oftenest of all a promoter of great enterprises, a financier, a man of affairs." Usually he goes about bustling, self-important, innocently aggressive, but there are times when "the aggressive Mr. Opp of the gorgeous raiment and the seal ring, the important man of business, the ambitious financier, was in deadly combat with the insignificant Mr. Opp, he of the shirt-sleeves and the wilted pompadour, the delicate, sensitive, futile Mr. Opp who was incapable of everything but the laying down of his life for the sake of another." He wins the scorn of his brother, and is in general pitied for his foolishness, when he abandons his newest project in order to settle down and keep a home for his imbecile half-sister sooner than send her away into an asylum; he devotes himself unselfishly to her happiness, dresses her dolls for her, quiets her fears when she is troubled with delusions, is always at her beck and call. He has his dream of love too, a brief, blissful madness, and awakens out of that paradise and bears his disappointment bravely. Mrs. Rice writes, as one has come to expect her to, with an exquisite sympathy and tenderness and an abundant gift of humour, making of Mr. Opp an odd, rememberable figure that you follow with laughter and pleasant tears and growing affection, and of his erratic career a story that, like his own plucky, sturdy, hopeful whistling, "calls to arms the courage that lies slumbering in the hearts of men."

LOVE AND BATTLES. By Frank Sidgwick. 6s. (Melrose.)

Mr. Andrew Melrose's prize competition has served to introduce at least two new writers of great promise. Miss Jacomb's "The Faith of his Fathers," which won the prize, was a really remarkable first novel, the second place was taken by Mr. A. Gowans Whyte's "A Comedy of Ambition," which we have not yet read, and the book mentioned above came third. Mr. Sidgwick's work is a light comedy of much distinction, and, in a way, originality, for at the end of the book the hero is not married. There is no real plot. Mr. Sidgwick merely traces the development of the character of Anthony Bargrave—a very human young man. We are first introduced to the hero at school at Rugby, his numerous flirtations and love affairs are described, and we leave him somewhat abruptly at the age of twenty-six, in spite of his experiences still natural and unspoilt. Although the book is not well constructed—far too much space, for instance, being given at the beginning to a puzzling and unnecessary family "tree"—the interest is well maintained. The hero charms by his very humanity and naturalness, but his two men friends, though more conventional, are really more attractive characters. Altogether, this is an unusual first novel and a painstaking piece of work.



Photo by Royal Central Photo Co.,
Salford.

Rosamond Napier.

THE HEART OF A GYPSY. By Rosamond Napier. 6s. (Duckworth.)

There are at least a half-dozen characters in "The Heart of a Gypsy" that are drawn to the life and with uncommon ability; but more vital than the others more intimate and more vivid, are the two girls, Bunny Thompson and her innocently wild, imaginative adopted sister Meridiana. Mr. Thompson is a country parson, dreamy, shiftless, poor; in his kindly, easy-going fashion he would allow the gypsies to encamp on his ground every year, and before they departed they would make him a present of a rug, a basket-chair, or some such small token of their gratitude; but one year they left a little swarthy baby behind for him, and he and his wife adopted it, and brought it up with their own. Soon after the story opens, Cyprian Fielding, an overworked doctor, arrives in the neighbourhood of the Thompsons for a much-needed holiday, and falls at once into the delightful society of the breezy, slangy, quaintly stammering Bunny and the child-hearted strangely fascinating Meridiana. It is this latter who attracts him from the first; a quick understanding springs up between them, and he wins her love, but cannot withdraw her from a certain uncanny influence that has been over her since the time of her birth, and it is this influence that at last brings all their happiness to an end that is not happy. The story is well imagined and admirably written; we do not remember to have read anything of Miss Napier's before, and if this is a first book it is a remarkably good one.

AN INCOMPLETE ETONIAN. By Frank Danby. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The title of "An Incomplete Etonian" is too small for the book—too small, at all events, to cover the character of Sebastian Rendall, whom it is intended to describe. Sebastian is the only son of ill-matched parents. His mother, the daughter of a famous man of letters, a great

stylist, is proud of her descent; is herself a successful novelist, and cherishes a belief that the son inherits her father's high intellectual gifts. Left an orphan whilst still in her teens, she had married David Rendall, a man of a fine nobility of character, many years older than herself, partner in a prosperous old firm of paper manufacturers. She is self-centred, out of sympathy with a husband she had never been in love with, and jealous of the fact that he and their brilliant son in some strange fashion understand each other, for she loves Sebastian passionately and has the highest hopes for his future. On his part, Sebastian amply returns their affections and is eager to fulfil his mother's most daring ambitions for him. Nevertheless, convinced that he is not receiving fair treatment at school he disappoints his mother by refusing to finish his course at Eton and to go to Oxford. He is bent upon travelling abroad and completing his education in his own way; then with a sudden realisation that his father is patiently, uncomplainingly wearing his life out with the hard work of keeping him and his mother in luxury, he promptly resolves to turn his back on all her finer schemes for him and join his father in his business. This decision amazes both of them, the father, then lying ill, is delighted at his choice, but tries to dissuade him for his mother's sake, and his mother, who has always looked down on the business, opposes it with all her strength, but Sebastian, seeing his duty and being of the right stuff, resolutely takes his own way. In the end, after the father's death, she comes to see that he did what was right, and is prouder of him than if he had followed the selecter route she had planned for him; but in the interval he has seen much of life, has sown certain wild oats, made an unfortunate marriage, blundered and brought his business to the verge of ruin, been disillusioned in many ways, grown wiser in many, and his mother has found in a sturdy, self-made millionaire newspaper proprietor a man she can love at last. The story is admirably written, and the characters drawn with insight and with real creative power. It has pathos and humour, a truth to life and a kindly outlook upon humanity that make it the strongest and most enjoyable novel that Mrs. Frankau has yet given us.

WHEN A WOMAN WOOS. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Charles Marriott writes so well that he can make the dulllest story interesting, and this wooing of Audrey Tregarthan is drab enough in all conscience. The Tregarthans are an ordinary middle-class family living at Lew Alston in North Devon, and their adventures, sordid, pathetically sordid, are described with amazing fidelity. Audrey Tregarthan, the heroine, a daily governess, has a sentimental, weak-willed cashier in a bank for her father, and a coarse-fibred woman who indulges in secret drinking for her mother. Two younger brothers, and a commonplace sister of seventeen, make up the family circle. Audrey is not only loyal to these unsatisfactory people, which is the way with the average elder daughter in such homes, she is also romantic, and her falling in love with Dr. George Fielding (a stranger at Lew Alston, who has just rented a bungalow near the town for peace and quiet study), and her stolen interviews and unexpected methods of courtship, are far from the ways of daily governesses. However, the Tregarthans interest us more than the wooing. The study of Mrs. Tregarthan's painful habits, Tregarthan's pitiful intrigue, and the tragedy which gives the story the desired "happy ending," are placed before us with power and insight. The minor characters—Mrs. Helme, with her expansive good nature; Mr. Quick, the great man of Lew Alston; Mrs. Quick, deadly ill, but patient and sensible; and Fielding's sister—are all well done. If Mr. Marriott does not fulfil the promise of that remarkable book, "The Column," he maintains a standard of writing free from all slipshod English—a matter for gratitude, at least.



Photo by Ellis

'Frank Danby.'
(Mrs. Julia Frankau.)

LITTLE DEVIL DOUBT. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Murray.)

There is a very serious intention behind the humour and brilliance of Mr. Onions's book. It is avowedly propagandist in motive, indeed one might almost call it a tract written around the text *Damn Forster*, the favourite anathema of one Grier, an old stone-polisher. Forster being the gentleman responsible in the main for most of the phenomena now occurring in our midst whose causes can be traced back to the spread of cheap education. The phenomena that alarm Mr. Onions most would seem to be the cheap and vulgar newspaper, coupled with the constantly increasing tendency among wealthy newspaper proprietors to build up a conglomeration of many such journals, each and every one booming the rest by means of advertisements, brazen or insidious, each appealing to the lowest instincts of its own particular public, all together strangling Art, Literature, and whatever true feeling for the beautiful this nation may once have possessed. George Mildmay, himself a product of Mr. Forster's system of cheap education, passes from a higher grade provincial board school to the service of a local book-binder and lithographer, thence, with a scholarship, to the National Art Training Schools, and from thence again to the battle of life. It is due to some inherent fineness in George himself that we last see him holding his own, scarred, but sound. He goes through the mill of modern journalism, witnessing, wonderingly at first, then cynically, the vulgarisation of Art and Letters. By faith, and the example of one or two brave spirits, writers and artists, who preserve their allegiance to the old ideals through the darkest hours, a faint spirit of optimism is born in George, who has always hoped that the very rottenness of the national canker would bring about its own destruction in the end. His firm hve by vulgarity and sensation, and George is continually suggesting schemes still more vulgar and more sensational, all of which are acted upon. There must be

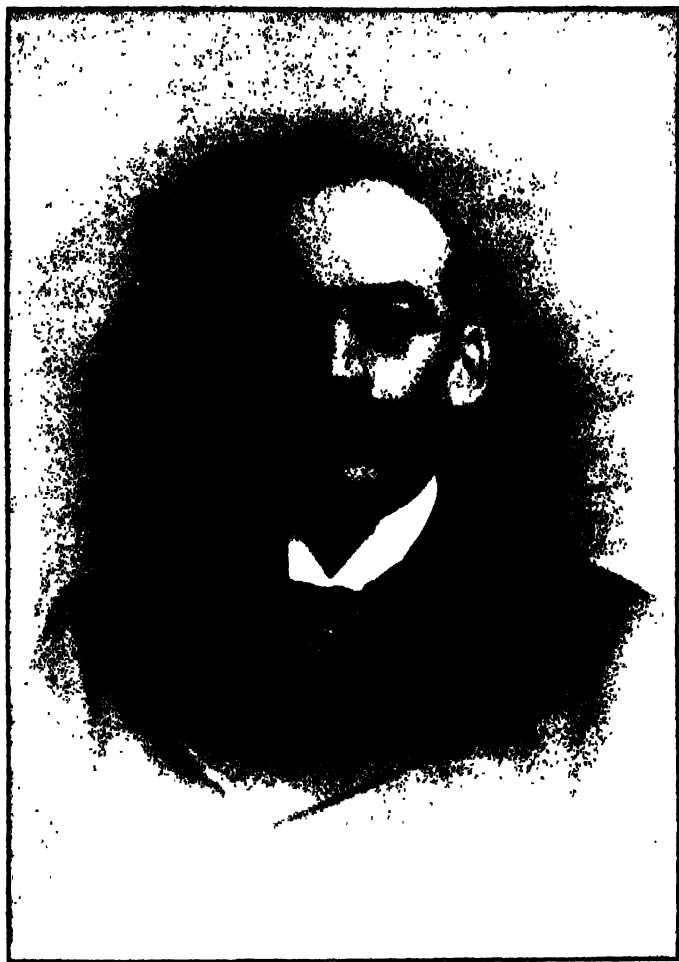


Photo by Russell & Sons.

Mr. G. S. Layard.

a limit to the public endurance somewhere, and, when it is reached, down will come Little Devil Doubt and all his train. We think, or hope, that Mr. Onions exaggerates the evil just a little. The public to which sensational journalism makes its appeal is not proved to be a public lured away from the contemplation of better and higher things. It is largely a new public, a product, maybe, of cheap education, discovered by the new journalist. Its worship of "Little Devil Doubt" marks but a stage in its evolution. It is possible, and very much to be hoped, that it will pass to the other and better things in time.

WAX. By George Somes Layard. 6s. (Allen.)

Mr. Layard's earlier chapters rouse high hopes. We are introduced to Christabel Lovett-Brown, a charming *ingénue*, to an attractive hero and to a life-like villain, Tressider, whose character is sketched in a bold and realistic manner. Christabel has been forced into an engagement with Sir Cornelius Santler—known as the "Tobacconet"—honest and straightforward but middle-aged and self-made. The book opens in Switzerland with Christabel falling in love with George Bellairs, who feels himself bound in honour to leave the field open for Sir Cornelius, and accordingly leaves for home. His conduct puzzles Christabel, who is too young to be aware of her own attractions. After an unpleasant experience with Tressider she too finds herself compelled by circumstances to return to England. On her arrival at Charing Cross, where she leaves the friends in whose company she has travelled, she finds London shrouded in a dense fog. Up to this point the book is an attractive and amusing comedy, but henceforward it degenerates into a nightmareish fantasia. First, Christabel loses her way in the fog and is compelled to spend the night alone in Madame Tussaud's, unknown to the attendants of that establishment. Then comes upon the scene an extraordinary young watchman, who has fallen in love with the "figger" of Mary Queen of Scots. Lastly, Bellairs, whom we had hitherto considered at least fairly sane, allows himself to be hypnotised by

Tressider, with whom he is only slightly acquainted. Under the hypnotic influence he nearly ruins for ever his chances with Christabel, and all four of the chief characters are involved in trouble and difficulty. The end, of course, finds Christabel in the arms of Bellairs. We should have liked the book had the latter portions been at all credible; it is light, amusing, interestingly written, and it is a matter for regret that Mr. Layard should not have done better, after making such an excellent beginning.

THE ROYAL END. By Henry Harland. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is naturally a good deal of interest attached to the last book of the late Henry Harland. His work was always so delicate and so finished that it seemed possible that the publication of a posthumous book might do his memory some injustice. However, we are glad to say that "The Royal End" is quite worthy of its author—which is very high praise. It is not his best book, and the latter pages would probably have been very different had their author lived to revise them. But we can forgive their faults for the sake of the first two hundred pages, which are as bright and as witty as anything in "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" or "My Friend Prospero." The book is written in the later Harland manner, which we confess to preferring to that of the earlier books, and is a very dainty love story. There are only four characters of any importance, but each of them is really charming. One feels particularly sorry for the unhappy Bertram, who is a lovable young man, and deserving of a better fate. The action takes place in Italy—beloved by the author—and New England, and it is remarkable how the change of *locale* corresponds with the falling-off in the book. But there is much to be grateful for, and we recommend the book as likely to suit the taste of every one. It is sad to think that no more books will be forthcoming with Harland's name on the title-page, for in his own style he had no rivals.

THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM. By Emma Brooke. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

We believe this to be the tenth story of Miss Emma Brooke, and it is very welcome, for it is an admirable novel, and in due course should make an attractive play, which is apparently among the intentions of our authoress. There is refreshment alike of the emotional spirit and the literary sense in the work of Miss Brooke when we come across it among the mass of ill-planned and hastily written stories that prevail so increasingly. "The Story of Hauks-garth Farm" is well thought out and especially well written: given the characters of the actors the drama unfolded is natural and convincing. The effects seem to conceive and to develop themselves, and the narrative flows easily along like a broad, deep, and level-margined stream. It is a tale of middle-class Cambrian fell-folk and of the triumph of true love over romantic passion. The heroine, Silence Whinnery, is at once a fine type and a true woman; and the grim and oft-times tragic reticence of the Westmoreland farming class is strikingly suggested by Miss Brooke with an economy of means that is remarkable. Altogether "The Story of Hauks-garth Farm" is to be commended warmly as a conscientious, picturesque, and by no means uninspired piece of work. If all the novelists who are equally fertile always pleased us as much as Miss Brooke, the lot of the reviewer would be alleviated sensibly.

THE THREE BROTHERS. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This strikes us as quite the best book Mr. Phillpotts has written. The three brothers are Vivian Baskerville, the yeoman, a mighty wrestler in his day; Nathan, the inn-keeper, the most popular and best trusted man of the neighbourhood; and Humphrey, the recluse, marked by thought and feeling for melancholy. Vivian is good-

natured but without sense of reason or justice where his sons are concerned, and dies through a foolish over-taxing of his strength in old age. Nathan turns out to be a fraudulent trustee and a bankrupt, when after a lingering and painful death his affairs are investigated. Humphrey, who shows both courage and a large-hearted charity, and incurs violent hatred and contempt from his neighbours, remains the hero of this countryside drama. Mr. Phillpotts makes no attempt to win our sympathies for the rude people with whom the three brothers are concerned. Vivian's son Rupert, Heathman, the illegitimate son of Nathan, and Timothy Waite are honest hard-working young men of good character. Ned Baskerville, Vivian's eldest son, is merely a vain and idle youth of sensual habits, and Mark, Humphrey's only son, commits suicide when Cora, an intern throws him over for Ned. Cora, by the way, in spite of the strength of purpose and strong affection in her mother, and the manifest good intentions and plentiful human kindness of her father is drawn quite without any redeeming good quality. She is hard, pitiless, utterly and basely selfish. Some of the more trusted characters, in especial Gollop, the parish clerk, Voysey, the vicarage gardener, and Jack Head, the rationalist and radical, are thoroughly unpleasant, but are very much alive and vastly entertaining. On the whole, for roughness of tongue and frankness of utterance these Dartmoor folks in "The Three Brothers" should be easily first in all England. Men and women alike bandy uncomplimentary opinions with brutal and disconcerting savagery. The most amusing thing in the story is the description of the Rev. Dennis Masterman's attempt to revive the old Christmas play of St. George. There is real fun here, and the humour plentiful enough throughout the book, is more genial.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FLYNN. By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

How much of autobiography there may be in "The Vicissitudes of Flynn" we shall not attempt to guess, but those who know anything of Mr. Bart Kennedy's career will be pretty certain that many of Flynn's experiences have been his own. Flynn comes to London and embarks upon an artistic career, and from the time when he puts up at the shabby lodgings in Lambeth and sets forth with his shoulders squared and his whole person wearing the air of "a pugilist out on business" bent upon offering some work to an editor, through all his struggles for fame and fortune, to the end when his vicissitudes are over and he is happy in a pleasant home of his own with wife and children about him, he holds your interest and your sympathy. It is all so probable, so natural, so lifelike. You see him harassed for want of cash; getting little bursts of good luck, gradually acquiring a reputation, so that if he dines for fourpence at Lockhart's one day, the next he is put to it to obtain a dress suit in order that he may make one of a favoured company invited to dine with a duchess; you find him, after his marriage, getting into difficulties over the furnishing of his house, worried with tradesmen's debts, meeting many strange good and bad men and women by the way, and learning a wide philosophy of life that makes his strong character only the mellowed and more lovable. The pictures of life in London and in Paris are very vivid and varied, and the whole thing is written with a gusto and ripe humour that make the best and most entertaining of good reading.

THE MEMBER FOR EASTERBY. By James Blyth. 6s. (John Long.)

If only Mr. James Blyth knew as well what to leave out of his stories as he does what to put into them, in how much better case would he be as novelist! He has many of the qualities that go not merely towards the insurance of immediate popular interest, but toward the esteem of the more critical, and even to a continuing

attraction. His stories are always readable; generally they are actual and alive; he has experience of the world; and if he is occasionally careless in his writing, his construction usually is good. His characters invariably suggest real people, if they are not quite real people as a rule; and often his scenic settings are well drawn and brilliantly arranged. But Mr. Blyth mars much of his work by an excessive freedom of description, which is unpleasant to persons of sensitive taste. Take the picture he gives us in "The Member for Easterby" (which is a rattling good novel, cast in the mould of melodrama and dealing with love, law, provincial politics, and blackmail) of the country wine seller, Bloomfield. This astute and not too virtuous pillar of Easterby society is a creature of greediness, dirt, and pimples. That much Mr. Blyth makes plain legitimately, and it is necessary and desirable that we should understand it. But Mr. Blyth reverts time and again to Bloomfield's pimples and his public treatment of the same; and it is not nice. We mention this defect as a signal instance of a danger which Mr. Blyth should avoid. "The Member for Easterby" is a clever tale of how Millie Hipman and her husband and her former lover capture the money of Evan Evans, lawyer, banker, and Tory M.P., to his eventual downfall and flight from England. It is exciting, and in a mildly cynical way amusing. Mr. Blyth has written better books, and he will write still better. But this will serve.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES. By L. M. Montgomery. 6s. (Pitman.)

It requires a genius (so it seems) to evolve a satisfactory child's character in a book for grown-ups. At least three-quarters of the children of whom we have read are either so priggish as entirely to alienate our sympathies or so precocious that we cannot believe they ever could have lived. To her credit be it said that Miss Montgomery has avoided the first of these pitfalls, but there can be no doubt she falls into the second. We cannot believe that such a child as Anne is possible; amusing she is, humorous, attractive, but lifelike never. The book is a study of the growth of her character - from the age of eleven to thirteen at considerable length, from thirteen to seventeen with much less detail. The plot is simple. Anne is adopted by Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert, two delightful people, a brother and sister living on a farm in Prince Edward Island. She is educated by them, makes numerous friends among the neighbours' children, and at the end of the book is a school-teacher and the supporter of the lonely Marilla. By that time she is a fairly normal girl. We cannot help liking Anne; her story is full of entertainment, a story of the light, healthy, and amusing kind that deserves success and is pretty sure to win it.



Miss L. M. Montgomery.

JIMBO. By Algernon Blackwood. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Blackwood's story is a weird, pretty fantasy of childhood. A small boy who has been frightened by foolish stories is tossed by a bull, and lies for three hours in delirium. Mr. Blackwood sets himself to describe the horrors of these unconscious hours for the boy, the ghastly experiences of being shut up in a black house of fear, from which he only escapes by the self-sacrifice of the governess who had been responsible for terrifying him. The descriptions of this uncanny dream-interval, and the adventures of Jimbo, are done with extraordinary vividness. Mr. Blackwood has managed to reproduce, as few writers have succeeded in doing, the vague and yet definite terror of a child's delirium. His book is one of real distinction in the class of imaginative literature dealing with the mysteries of the ghost-world, especially as these are mixed up with the queer, pathetic dreams of a child's consciousness.

THE FEAR OF LIFE. By Gerald Maxwell. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Maxwell makes one of his medical characters define "the fear of life" as an obsession which may overtake either "people whose success has been out of proportion to the effort made to attain it, or those whose success falls below a reasonable estimate of what it should have been." The hero is one of the second class. He has a dread of the unknown, a fear of being unequal to his obligations. And this is due to his failure to obtain a post, even as an under-secretary, in the present Government. Joland, the sensitive, collapses under the chagrin of disappointment. It is aggravated by his engagement to a handsome young woman, for love has roused his ambitions. Mr. Maxwell analyses, with no small penetration, the mental breakdown of this very modern man. The proceedings of a mystic little society are introduced rather irrelevantly. It is impossible to be much interested in their pompous mystifications. But the love-interests of the book are cleverly woven together, and those who know Mr. Maxwell's previous work will realise that he has used the semi-medical motive for all that it was worth. Even with the drag of modern politics, this story keeps moving.

MARGERY PIGEON. By Jane Wardle. 6s. (Arnold.)

It is fairly safe to say that such an experience as that of Margery Pigeon is highly unusual. She is a young and passably beautiful barmaid, alone in the world but well able to take care of herself. Partly out of curiosity, partly from necessity, she answers an advertisement addressing itself to barmaids. To her great surprise she is adopted by the eccentric and sharp-tongued, but kindly, Lady Pomphrey. Under this gentlewoman's tuition she poses as a long-lost Australian niece who has been orphaned by the recent death of a wealthy father. Lady Pomphrey's scheme is a heartless one—to "score off" her sister, Mrs. Foljambe, by marrying her ward to the particularly vapid poet, Michael Foljambe. Then, of course, the crash is to come; Mrs. Foljambe is to be informed that her son has married a barmaid. In justice to Lady Pomphrey, there is a good deal of excuse for her projected course of action. It is almost needless to say that the scheme does not work out in accordance with expectations. Indeed, it is Lady Pomphrey's own son who marries Margery—he had left his mother in a fit of pique some years before—while Michael marries another barmaid. In spite of the absurdity of the plot, the book is so clever as almost to convince one that such events are every-day. The author makes good use of her—or his—ability to draw lifelike characters, and her sense of humour is more to the fore than in her former works. The dialogue is amusing, and the gradual development of the plot very clever. Indeed, this is a novel that is both good reading and good literature.

The Bookman's Table.

PLAYS: THE SILVER BOX, JOY, STRIFE. By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Among the two or three acted dramatists who can be seriously regarded as artists and critics of life, Mr. John Galsworthy is as certain of his place as any. There is the force of a fine mind and a grave emotion behind every scene in his grey dramas that are so much sadder than tragedies. One, "The Silver Box," is called a comedy; "Joy" is "A Play on the letter 'I' in three acts"; "Strife" is a drama simply. All are criticism quite explicitly of life in the present century, and as a rule the dramatist has sacrificed the attraction of a familiar situation, however little staled. In "Strife," for example, the two chief characters are the chairman of tin-plate works on the Welsh border and the leader of the workmen on strike. The chairman is the only strong man of the company, and is prepared never to give way in the face of the men's starvation. The men's leader is equally determined on the other side. But both lose their support under the strain of a prolonged strike, and are humiliated at the end by a compromise which almost gives them something in common. It is a well-thought-out play, built up in such a way that on the stage it must present an unmistakable picture of a characteristic scene in modern life, and compel the sympathetic to grasp the main issues. A large number of characters are clearly and naturally defined by description and the progress of the dialogue. With entirely adequate acting it would be hard to detect its fault. In any case this is a fundamental one: it is not a fault, but a limitation, that of being the work of an artist who appears to begin with ideas and to take men and women next to embody them. There is hardly a speech to be found in his plays which shows intuitive knowledge of his characters; each has been carefully, honestly thought out, with an intellectual insight and an emotional sympathy, but not with that combination of the two which is essential to perfect imaginative and creative work. But this tone of cavil would be more appropriate if this were an age of giants of another stature than Mr. Galsworthy's. It certainly is not. He is one of our giants if intellectual honesty, moral weight, and artistic form count for anything.

FAIR WOMEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU. By Frank Hamel. 15s. net. (Nash.)

Though Miss Hamel adds nothing to our knowledge of her heroines, we know of no other book which gives an adequate history of so many different famous women. In rather more than 400 pages the author gives a series of sketches of the most notorious of the mistresses and queens of the French monarchy and Empire. She deals with no less than twenty-two of these women—ranging from the Duchesse d'Étampes and Diane de Poitiers to the Empress Josephine and Helena of Mecklenburg. It was a good idea to take the beautiful Fontainebleau, where, as the author says, "woman is always welcome," as a background. The book, though in no sense a guide, may perhaps serve to attract a few more travellers to the second *château* of France, and if it does so it will have done well. Miss Hamel's style of writing is straightforward and direct, and makes for good and easy reading. It would have been easy to treat her subject in an unduly "piquant" manner, but this has been cleverly avoided, to the great gain of the book both in pleasantness and good taste. The sketches are not perhaps very edifying, but they are interesting, readable, and accurate. The nine illustrations make us wish that author or publisher had given us more. Altogether this is a book which deserves a large measure of popularity.

A SECOND BOOK OF DRAWINGS. By James Guthrie.
2s. 6d. (T. N. Foulis.)

Very charming is the sentiment of Mr. Guthrie's drawings: so charming that one is inclined to overlook his occasional failure as a draughtsman. The foot of the kneeling child, the arm of the sower— if these in the least offend, it is but a small matter in the presence of imaginative work so tender. His little angel at the door, knocking, yet fearing, with chin in hand, for the hearts of those within who may drive her, for a beggar, away, is one of the sweetest of little sermons in black and white conceivable. Good also is the picture of an old piece of Cyclopean masonry, the site perchance of some long-lost Etruscan city, above and about which grow the groves of ilex and arbutus and the thick sward of spring. Two lone trees on a seaward waste; a "Castle in Spain," lifted above a watery gorge of woodland into the clear whitening light, and the added beauty that a landscape takes by being seen through the framework of an opening in the woods, or the width of an old barn-door— all these fair pleasures Mr. Guthrie gives us, with the wish for more and more. This wish is further quickened by such dreamful themes as "The Fall of the Leaf" and "Lenore." In these, although the prints themselves from a technical point of view do not seem to have been quite as successful as they might, is all that eerie wistfulness of "faery lands forlorn" which is of the mystic West alone and the feeling folk who dwell there. To all of them in whose veins flows a portion of that sensibility to which soft airs and mists and weeping trees administer, these drawings will be precious; they will be glad that such work is being done by some soul secret and withdrawn from our mechanic ways.

THE ENGLISH CASTLES. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne
6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

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THE WELL OF ST. CLAIR. By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a volume of very unequal work. The prologue introduces one of M. France's most delightful clerics,

Father Adone Doni, a thumbnail sketch inimitable in delicate finish and kindly irony. It is followed by "San Satiro," in which M. France assumes, as he loves to do, the personality of a mediæval monk, a simple, credulous, and guileless man. For it is a peculiarity of M. France's method that his irony is rarely direct, and his most profoundly ironical reflections are made by his simplest and naïvest characters. The aim of the story is to show in the form of a fairy tale, more than half allegory, how the old pagan beliefs lingered on long after the coming of Christianity until popular superstition incorporated them in the new religion. The same idea is developed more explicitly in "Pierre Nozière." Unfortunately the story, exquisite as its workmanship is, is disfigured by an occasional coarseness as inexcusable as it is martistic. The rest of the first portion of the book is made up of short stories of the Italian renaissance, mostly adapted from Vasari. They are readable enough, but very slight in texture. "Buffalmacco" is merely an expansion and by no means an improvement on Vasari. But there is little in them which can be called genuinely Anatolian. The second part of the volume consists of "The Human Tragedy," in which M. France depicts the fate of a disciple of St. Francis who attempts literally and in the most utter simple mindedness to put in practice the ideas of his great exemplar. It is intensely humanist but intensely pessimistic. It is frankly the gospel of disillusionment and despair. There is no hope: the saint surrenders to the devil; Schopenhauer and Nietzsche are right—virtue is unnatural and in the last resort impossible. But, however much we may rebel against the pessimism of this conclusion, it is impossible to ignore the power of the satire with which it is enforced. M. France at least has always the courage of his convictions.

EXPERIENCES. By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

Then perfect simplicity and careless spontaneity are half the charm of Katharine Tynan's lyrics; perhaps the other half is their wistful tenderness—the heart-beat you can feel in their most rememberable lines. They have neither the vagueness nor the wild melancholy that pervades the poetry that is supposed to be peculiarly Celtic; they are not without sadness: no good poetry is—they are touched with the sorrow of partings, with regret for happiness that is past, and hopes that have been given up, but only as all life is touched with such shadows, finding, as most life finds, not despair in them, but new light.

"Out of the blaze of sun I step
Into a darkness cool and deep,
The blessed shadow, black as night,
Dappled with dancing flecks of light.

"As to a river I step down,
Put off the languor as a gown,
Lace me in shade from head to feet;
Praise God who made the darkness sweet."

It is a slender book, this, written in divers moods; you pass from the lightest, slightest of lilting little songs to a strain of deep religious earnestness; from airy verses describing everyday out-of-door scenes, to throbbing stanzas that enshrine some sad or happy homely experience; lyrics that hold you with the quiet charm of their naturalness and sincerity no less than by their fancifulness and inherent music.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS.

The handsome gift which Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are presenting to subscribers of the *Homiletic Review* is one of many excellences and uses. In a neat case are enclosed ten handy

volumes of *The World's Great Sermons*, sermons preached in many centuries and by men of all Christian creeds. The first volume of this collection ranges from Basil to Calvin—a wonderful period which includes, among others, Wyclif, Savonarola, Luther, Latimer, Melancthon, and Knox—and the last volume from Gore to Jowett (not the late Master of Balliol, but the Congregational minister). The compilation has been made with broad-mindedness and sound judgment; it gives a wide range of thought and style, and it gives great help in small compass. For preachers or for laymen, for those who can have few books, and for those who are incapacitated from going to a place of worship, these volumes are admirable; and not the least part of their value lies in the presentment of the thoughts of past generations, thoughts of men who in their day had as strenuous a part to play as any we can conceive of now. For all moods and needs these little books contain help and food for thought.

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Mr. Cuming Walters has evidently searched seriously and sincerely, and with the right spirit, among books and countries, for traces of *The Lost Land of King Arthur*, and in his small volume (3s. 6d. net) has brought together little-known evidence and new details concerning the ever fascinating personality of Arthur, that favourite of the romancists. Lyonesse, Tintagel, Camelopard, Camelot, Caerleon and Glastonbury have all yielded proofs of—what? Of the undying allurements of Arthur and his knights, whether real or fictitious. Mr. Cuming Walters has wandered into charming by-paths in his quest, "with Malory for guide," and convinces many of us, at any rate, all over again, that these "fairy-tales," as they are sometimes called, are the truest bits of history.

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Mr. Alfred H. Miles has paid a graceful tribute to women in his new collection of poems *Ballads of Brave Women* (1s. net, 1s. 6d. net), and he has provided yet another boon for the reader. Tennyson, Edwin Arnold, Longfellow, Whittier, Cowper, William Morris, Hood, Adelaide Proctor, Emily Brontë (wrongly named Charlotte in the index), are among the well-known writers whose poems are included. Loyalty, self-sacrifice, courage, devotion, in times of war, peace, danger, and death, are represented in this little volume, and Mr. Miles proves himself in his own poems also to be a thorough appreciator and admirer of woman's heroism in all forms.

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In *Polly of the Circus*, by Margaret Mayo (3s. 6d.), we have yet another American story, a simple little tale which by its first chapters, simplicity notwithstanding, staggered us with the language of its young heroine until we recognised the fact that we were reading American circus slang. The main theme deals with an engaging little circus orphan, who is fathered by two "rough diamonds of the caravan" and taught to be a circus star. Meeting with an accident, however, she is carried to the house of the bachelor minister of the town where the circus is performing, and the caravans have to move on to another town, leaving the girl behind. What occurs after that is the story. It was courageous of the authoress to make her pretty heroine's tongue shape such remarks as, speaking of a church she had been in while a caravan wheel was being mended, "Well, that bunch *we* butted into wouldn't give a Sells Brothers no cause for worry with that show a' them. Say, wasn't that the punkiest stunt that fellow in black was down on the platform?" and so on. The story itself is a slight, pretty idyll with a happy ending.

MESSRS. G. ROUTLEDGE & CO.

It is some time since Dickens attained the fame of having a whole dictionary to himself, or, rather, devoted to his works. The best we have yet seen, however, is the new one compiled by Mr. A. J. Philip (8s. 6d. net). It is a dictionary of scenes and characters, and it is remarkably full and clear (except that we have been bothered somewhat by his abbreviated titles), and in addition to that, it is extremely interesting. Mr. Philip has aimed at lucidity and conciseness; but in spite of the latter aim, he gives excellent notes respecting the more important persons and places, and information concerning the originals of the characters and places whenever possible. The compiling of such a dictionary must have been delightful labour—but there can be no doubt about the labour any more than about the delight. No library should be without this invaluable hand-book to Dickens-world.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Every Lamb-lover and embryo Lamb-lover will view with enthusiastic delight the new Oxford Edition of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* (5s. net), which has been issued by the Oxford University Press. It has been ably edited by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, M.A., himself an honest Lamb-lover, who has annotated and arranged the material with great care and fulness and discretion. The dark blue volume, so like in appearance the Oxford Books of English and French Verse, is beautifully produced on the famous Oxford India paper; in its handy form it contains two volumes in one; and it includes all that is known and all that has been recovered, with a few "relatively unimportant" copyright pieces excepted, of the prose and verse of Charles and Mary Lamb. It is a new benefit for the general reading public to have here brought together the little known poems and scattered writings of the brother and sister as well as their well known works, and Mr. Hutchinson's full notes at the end of each volume are helpful and illuminating.

Messrs. Blackwood are issuing a very attractive edition of some of their most popular novels. Mr. Neil Munro's glamorous, humorous, young story, *The Daft Days*, and Mr. Storer Clouston's racy tale, *The Lunatic at Large* (1s. net each), are the first to be published. They are well bound in cloth, with a coloured illustration on the outside wrapper. The word "success" seems to be stamped upon them, too, to the mental eye.

Mr. Henry Frowde now includes George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1s. net) in his "World's Classics"; and Miss Anne Matheson has written a thoughtful and appreciative "Introduction" to it.

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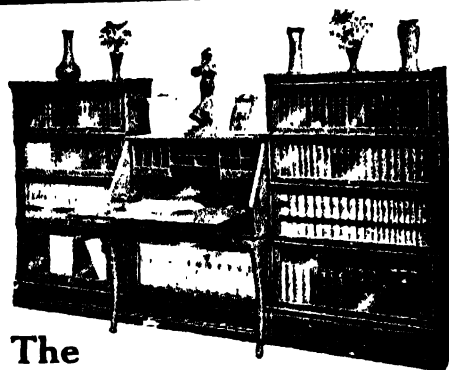
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NEWS NOTES 105

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Prof. GEORGE SAINTSBURY ... 113

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The Faith and Works of Christian
Science— The Third French Re-
public— Old London— The Dog
World and Anti-Cat Review
Wat Tyler 146-7

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 147

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH ... 148

NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

Mr. George Meredith has followed his friend and compeer into the silent land. He died after a short illness early on Tuesday, May 18. Mr. Swinburne, who never gave praise that was not due, was the first to write of him as he deserved to be written about. This was nearly sixty years ago. It was long before the world came round to Mr. Swinburne's judgment, but it did come, and for years George Meredith has been the gracious and beloved monarch of English letters. He died in the fulness of his fame and powers. Next month we hope to pay fuller tribute to this great man and illustrious writer.

News Notes.

An article on the poetry of Algernon Charles Swinburne, entitled "The Laureate of the Sea,"

written by a well-known author and critic, will appear in THE BOOKMAN for July.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is visiting London again, renewing acquaintance with old friends here and making many more. Mrs. Wiggin has completed a new story, "Susanna and Sue," which will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who will also issue shortly entirely new editions of two of her most popular books, "Rose o' the River" and "The Old Peabody Pew."

"Beggars" is the title Mr. William H. Davies has given to a volume of autobiographical sketches written in the manner of his "Autobiography of a Tramp." The book will be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Duckworth.

During some repairs to the vicarage of Ostrau, near Wittenberg, Germany, several interesting Luther relics were brought to light just recently. They included a number of letters written by Dr. Martin Luther, several letters from Philip Melancthon, and sixteen pages of the original translation of the Bible. The translation consists of

part of the Book of Jeremiah. By the way, a new edition of Dr. Martin Luther's Letters has been prepared by the well-known littérateur Reinhard Buchwald, for the German publishing house, Insel Verlag of Leipsic.

The brilliant lecture on Swinburne that Mr. J. W. Mackail delivered before the University of Oxford on April 30 last has been issued in pamphlet form (1s. net) by the Clarendon Press. Mr. Mackail thinks that for Swinburne's purely lyrical work "no praise could well be too high," but that much of his poetry is art of the second order, because, as Morris pointed out, "it is grounded on literature, not on nature." Of Swinburne's critical work he says admirably: "While his way of expressing himself is irritating and indefensible, his knowledge is complete and his judgment nearly faultless." The lecture is a sound and scholarly piece of literary criticism—a valuable aid to the study and appreciation of the great poet who was "the last flower in poetry of the earlier or mid-Victorian age. He passes away now as its last or almost its last survivor; and to this unconscious witness is borne by the fact that even in recent years he continued to be instinctively thought of as one of the younger poets; not as one older, by nearly a generation, than others who write to-day, but rather as the younger colleague of Tennyson and Browning, of Arnold and Rossetti and Morris; like the youngest brother in a fairy tale, whose youth is part of his definition, and who remains, so far as his place in the story is concerned, always a boy."

There are some interesting personal recollections of Swinburne by Mr. Frank Harris in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*. About eleven years ago, Mr. Harris dined with him and with Mr. Watts-Dunton at "The Pines," and describes the conversation. Swinburne ranked Victor Hugo with Shakespeare, and quoted some of Hugo's verses: "excellent rhetoric which he gave wonderfully, his whole face lighting up, the auburn mane thrown back, the greenish eyes flaming, the great dome of the forehead giving weight to the swift sonorous words. . . . When he got interested he crossed his legs and uncrossed them, jerking one upon the other rapidly almost like an epileptic. He was evidently very excitable; the mind and nerves far stronger than the body—over-engined, so to speak, like Shakespeare. Indeed, in a thousand ways he reminded me of what Shakespeare must have been: the same swiftness of speech and thought, the same nervous excitability, the same physique, the little

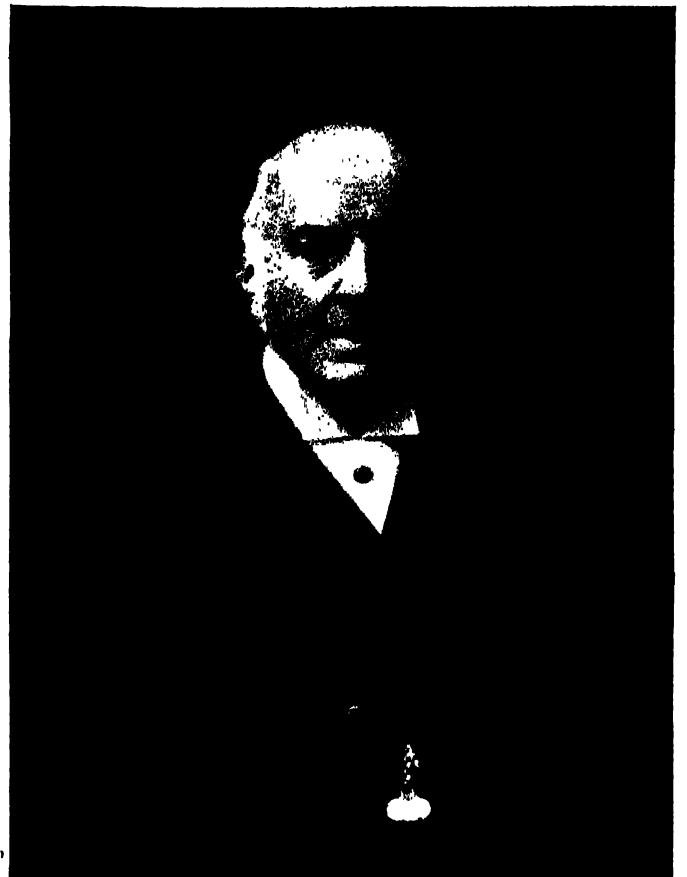


Photo by Adolphus Tear.

Mr. Eyre Hussey.

podgy body, the domed forehead, the auburn hair, only the eyes were different—Shakespeare's a light hazel, Swinburne's a greenish grey."

Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel, "The Slaves of Allah," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, appears opportunely, whilst the great revolution in Turkey is still a live topic of the day. As private secretary to Baker Pasha Mr. Burgin saw a good deal of Turkey and of the ways of the Turk who is no longer to be called unspeakable, and in his latest story he uses that knowledge to very excellent purpose.

One of the breeziest, most delightful of latter-day humorists is Mr. Eyre Hussey; his novels deal largely with sport and usually have a sensational element, but he gets a good deal of his characteristic humour into them. He is so unlike most other humorists that it is difficult to persuade him to take himself seriously. You will get no information about him from the literary reference books, and if you ask him about himself, he dodges you at the outset by saying he rowed in the Eton Eight as far back as 1857-8, and that he has done nothing worthy of note beyond firing the first shot at the first Wimbledon meeting, after the Queen had fired the opening one. You fired from 300 yards, standing, in those days, and, says Mr. Hussey, "they didn't record.



Photo by the Biograph Studio

Mr. Horace Wyndham.

me a bull's eye, as they did in her Majesty's case, but then I only hit the outside."

Mr. Hussey writes with an obvious love of nature, human nature included. He has published eight novels and has met in the flesh most of the characters he has portrayed in them. In his experience, blood-and-thunder villains are not common, and he has come to the conclusion that if the conventional villains of fiction ever really existed they must have been kicked into their right minds before he came across them. He has no particular method of work; as a rule when he begins a story he has nothing more than the vague thread of an idea and does not know what is going to happen. "I once," he says, "wrote a book, 'Dulcinea,' in which a philanthropic bookmaker had a scheme for turning betting-men into subscribers to his Fighters' Aid Society, but unfortunately the publisher let it rot." Three times Mr. Eyre Hussey has held the Championship of the Archers of Great Britain, and as a lover of that steadily reviving sport he wrote the "Practical Archery" in the Badminton Library series.

Mr. Horace Wyndham, whose new novel, "Mortimer's Marriage," has just been issued by Mr. John Milne, made his literary debut with a volume entitled

"The Queen's Service" in 1900, under the auspices of Mr. Heinemann. Since then he has written eight novels and two other books, in addition to being responsible for a very large amount of journalism. Despite this prolific output, however, Mr. Wyndham admits that he writes with extreme difficulty. "I do not believe," he says, "in sitting down before a blank sheet of paper and waiting for an inspiration. If I were to do that, it would take me a week to fill a single page. What an author wants is determination first, and inspiration afterwards." Perhaps Mr. Wyndham's most popular novel was "Audrey the Actress," which, like his "Flare of the Footlights," went out of print within a few weeks of publication. Another of his stories, "Brother Officers," was serialised in the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* before appearing in book form, and a second will shortly run its course through a group of newspapers. At present Mr. Horace Wyndham is at work on a long novel, which he expects will run to about 120,000 words. It is written in the vein of his well-known satirical study, "Reginald Auberon," and reintroduces that engaging personality. Prior to its appearance, however, he will be represented by a small book dealing with the theatre and entitled "The Magnificent Mummer." This is to be published almost immediately.

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema asks us to mention that she is building a Hall of Industry and Happy



Photo by Lafayette, London.

Earl Winterton.

The new editor of the *World*.



Photo by C. Hirsbrunner,
Lucerne.

Miss Frances Burmester.

Hours where the children of the village of Wittersham, in Kent, may learn useful handicrafts and be helped to a higher standard of pleasure than is now within their reach. The erection of the Hall has provided employment during the past winter for a number of the villagers who would otherwise have been out of work, and in order to raise funds for the completing of her scheme Miss Alma Tadema is selling the remainder of her privately printed books, and will gratefully send one of the volumes with her autograph in return for a donation. A list of the books and any further particulars may be had on application to Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, The Fair Haven, Wittersham, Kent.

Miss Frances C. J. Burmester is busy on a new novel; the scenes of it are laid in Rome, and it will be a representative story of a particular phase of Roman life. Miss Burmester is an Essex woman, but of late years has spent much of her time on the Continent, particularly in Italy. She left England last October to pass the winter and spring on the Bay of Naples and in Florence, and was staying at Messina shortly before the Earthquake tragedy.

"A Summer Garden" is the title given to a seasonable book by Miss Annette Furniss that Mr. Elkin Mathews is bringing out this month. The author

discourses pleasantly of the Dower House, a Garden, Pilgrimages, Imagination, Harmony, Courtyards, Finalities, etc., all being told in the form of a story.

Mr. C. E. Lawrence, whose new novel, "Much Ado about Something," we review on another page, is by no means a fledgeling in the world of letters, since for the last thirteen years he has been actively occupied in Mr. John Murray's literary and editorial department. He was born thirty-eight years ago, and was educated in private schools at New Malden and Blackheath. When he came to London in 1887 to enter commercial life on the humblest rung of the ladder, he joined the evening classes of the City of London College, and has never lost interest in that admirable institution, of which he always speaks in terms of warmest gratitude. He is now a member of its Governing Body, which also has on its Board that good man and good writer Mr. Pett Ridge. After some very diverse and not happy experiences in City offices, Mr. Lawrence became secretary to the present Bishop of Birmingham, and remained with him during the seven years he was Canon Gore of Westminster. In his younger days Mr. Lawrence was a keen volunteer and cricketer and an active secretary of the City of London College Debating Society and economic classes. He has done a good deal of essay writing, and is on the reviewing staff of the *Daily Chronicle*. At present he is at work on a new novel, but as he is a slow writer it is impossible to say when this will be ready.

We are particularly indebted to the Hon. Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton, who has kindly permitted us to reproduce her miniatures of Swinburne and of nine members of his family. The miniatures were painted by her from originals by Cosway and Chalon, from old paintings and daguerreotypes, and in each case, to ensure accuracy in the matter of colour and texture, she had the original hair to copy from. Lady Jane Swinburne and her daughters gave Mrs. Henniker Heaton most valuable advice, during the progress of the work, and were perfectly satisfied with the likenesses.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Fredk. Hollyer for permission to reproduce his admirable photographs of Watts's and Rossetti's portraits of Swinburne, and the portrait of William Morris; and to Mr. A. C. Gould, to the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*, to Mr. H. P. Baerlein, to Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Smith Elder, Messrs. Geo. Allen, and Mr. John Murray, for permission to use other of the illustrations in this number.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S ADDRESS TO THE AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

(We have special pleasure in printing the following witty address in rhyme which was delivered by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Litt.D., on April 29, 1909, at the twenty-fifth Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Authors, of which George Meredith was President. The address was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Edmund Gosse, LL.D., was in the chair; Anthony Hope proposed the toast of "The Guests," and, sharing the response with the Rt. Hon. the Lord Collins, Kate Douglas Wiggin spoke as follows:)

Mr. Chairman, good friends, fellow authors at table,
I fear I shall find myself not very able
To deal with that difficult subject "The Guests";
Still, one cannot evade Dr. Gosse's behests.
If only he'd said: "Talk of 'Palates of Snails,'
'The Uses of Radium,' 'Women in Jails,'
'Revisions of Tariff' or 'Copyright Laws,'
'The Prospects of Holland' or 'Rumours of Wars'!"
You can "read up" such topics in encyclopædias,
You're sure of your facts, if you're frequently tedious!

I myself am a guest from across the blue wave---
"The land of the free and the home of the brave"
Native singers have styled it, and yet, I suppose,
We cannot monopolise phrases like those.
Notwithstanding your Princes, your Kings, Courts, and
Thrones --
Institutions our infant Republic bemoans
Your "freedom," your "bravery," needless to tell,
Appear to be standing the test rather well!

Do you know what I see as I stand here the guest
Of the flower of London, its cleverest, best,
Its dramatists, editors, novelists, sages?
I see *you* as you *are*, then, as heirs of the ages!
Your laurels are green, I see others unfaded
Tho' centuries cold are the brows they once shaded---
See ghosts of immortals whose eloquent words
Made England a forest of rare singing birds;
Magicians whose tales are still fresh to the ear:
They spoke, they still speak, and the world bends to hear.
I own the same tongue, so I share in the glory
That makes Britain famous in song and in story.
(We imperilled our heritage slightly, you'll say,
When we ventured from out your dominion to stray,
But not one Pilgrim sailed for his bleak Plymouth Rock
Till Shakespeare was born, so we're stock of his stock!)

Later, gods grew more scarce and the half-gods appeared;
'Twas the same on our side: lower altars we reared
When our Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier passed,
With Hawthorne and Holmes, and dear Lowell at last.
Yet though we meet often the Homer who "noels,"
We must still pour libations to gods and half-gods---
Those who smile, grave, serene, from the heights of
Olympus,
And smaller ones, somewhat addicted to simpers;
We must bow to a genius whenever we see one,
If heroes aren't worshipped there'll soon cease to be one!
They used to be big, now the little ones lead:
They can always *write* books if they can't always *read*!
Soon, among the small fry, with their hustlings and
jostlings
Instead of a critic like Gosse we'll find *Gosselings*!

Our pedestals stand rather empty of late,
Each for its Colossus doth patiently wait.
One is just newly filled: golden voice, heart of fire,
What eloquent strains he has swept from his lyre!
The thrushes that sing o'er that freshly made grave
Make music no sweeter than Swinburne once gave
To a world that talks less of a poet's bird-notes
Than armies and navies and feminine votes.
Is it this that puts bitterness into the heart
Of a singer who lives *for*, but not *by* his art?
Poor John Davidson's gone: he was hopeless and
sad;
If now he's at peace, we can only be glad
That the "weariest river" when once it flows free
Finds somehow and somewhere its path "to the sea."

Now from sorrow to gratitude; blessings are many,
Tho' up to this moment I've not mentioned any!
There is one splendid voice that is still ringing true
One worthy to rank with the immortal few;
Old or young he's as full as a reed is of pith---
Your President, God bless him, George Meredith!
The novelists needn't lose courage and mope,
For while they have Hawkins they always have
Hope;
Or if they're depressed in a casual way
There's a tonic just out Wells's "Tono-Bungay"---
And the knowledge that cheers us, encourages, heartens,
That "nothing's the matter" with Herr "Maarten
Maartens"
(I give him his pen name: my Muse never courts
A Dutch rhyme for Herr Van der Poorten und
Schwartz!)

These then, fellow scribes, are the thoughts of a
guest
Who tacitly in her first sentence confessed
She hadn't a notion of speeches at dinners,
For on these occasions the *men* are chief sinners.
I thank dear Edmund Gosse for the honour conferred
In letting me speak for the guests this brief word;
Lord Collins I thank for dividing the toast,
Especially when in himself he's a host.
And last, friends and authors, I'm glad to be here,
Not alone for the wit and the mirth and good cheer,
But because we are sounding the praises to-night
Of an art in whose service lies joy and delight.
Talk of angels! Poor angels, they play and they
sing,
But never a quill do they pluck from a wing!
They've only their harps---no paper, no ink;
I'd rather be author than angel I think;
I'm nearly submerged in a crowd of my betters,
But proud to be counted a woman of letters!

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1909.

WHEN two countries speak the same language and write it similarly, but for a u or two, when they interchange authors, and exchange printed books freely, but for the depredations of the greedy American Customs House, it is curious that their literary organisation should remain so greatly at variance. In a score of ways that leap to the eye of any one who concerns himself with the more material side of book production, conditions in America and England vary. One of those things which must, on his arrival in America, particularly impress the Englishman is the seriousness with which Americans take their serials.

This is for several reasons. The most obvious of all is that America swarms with every conceivable sort of magazine, for, where serial publication is important, periodicals, naturally enough, must swarm. In England, speaking broadly, there are only the quarterlies and reviews—to whose excellence, by the way, the younger nation has never attained—and a number of sixpenny and fourpenny-halfpenny and even cheaper popular monthlies and weeklies.

America, on the other hand, shelters under her eagle's wings more magazines than one could name in many hours' continuous talking. The friendly helper of America's budding authors is a publication called "One Thousand and One Places to Sell Manuscript," and, after an amazed examination of some of New York's bookstalls, I am driven to think that the compiler of this booklet must have showed in his selections the same snobbish exclusiveness that goes to the preparing of America's "Social Register," in which are set down the carefully culled names of those of her citizens who have socially—as the national phrase puts it—"made good." For surely there are in America far more than one thousand places to send manuscripts! To begin with, there is the band of thirty-five cent monthlies, the aristocracy of the magazine world, and after them, a rather mixed gathering of periodicals priced at "a quarter" (American colloquialism for a coin about equal to a shilling), then follows a mighty army of fifteen-centers and a horde of ten-centers, and last of all, a rabble—some surprisingly good and most very unsurprisingly bad—of which the price is only "a nickel," or five cents.

Pretty well all these magazines publish a serial, many of them publish several, and therefore it is but natural that the ordinary American author counts that day a very blue one which sees the publication in volume form of a novel of his for which he has not previously secured the glory and profit of a serial run.

But this, of course, is only what might be expected. The curious thing is the extreme seriousness with which

all American readers view the serial. In England, I should be inclined to think that, speaking broadly, intelligent people living in the large centres do not bother their heads greatly over serials. I do not remember ever to have heard any one mention in the course of talk in a London drawing-room any serial which chanced then to be running in an English magazine. Very seldom have I seen in English print—outside advertising columns—any reference to a story then running in a contemporary periodical. In short, the path of the serial in England is a modest, unnoticed one. In America, on the other hand, the well-read man or woman makes a point of keeping in touch with the serial stories in the better magazines. It is a national characteristic, or rather perhaps an infection in the air that takes possession of one as he steps off the gang-plank at New York, and, when he re-embarks, leaves him as abruptly as it came.

One thing which at present appeals particularly to the imagination of the American people is the anonymous serial. Two such fictional mysteries are just concluding their runs; one in *Harper's* and one in the *American Magazine*. The *Harper's* serial is called "The Inner Shrine" and has stirred up a remarkable fuss. Never, according to the editors, have so many members of the public begged them for advance proofs. The story has been attributed by some folk to Mrs. Wharton. I doubt very much if their guess is a right one. If it is, the reason for the author's anonymity is obvious, for the story is far from being up to Mrs. Wharton's level and suffers from that irritating characteristic which many foreigners notice in the better-class American story—a seeming inability on the part of the author "to get any forwarder." The other anonymous story (which indeed does not strictly deserve the adjective, since the author has chosen to conceal his identity under a name which is quite obviously fictitious) is called "Margarita's Soul," a story of distinctly unusual tone. So competent a judge as Miss Gilder attributes it to W. J. Locke, but with this guess, too, I do not sympathise.

Indeed it is a safe, though cynical, supposition that the anonymous author usually conceals his name because he thinks no name at all is a greater commercial asset than his own. Therefore anonymity suggests insignificance, and one hesitates to believe that a blank title-page is really the mask of an Edith Wharton or of a W. J. Locke. Now and then, to be sure, distinguished people for some special reason conceal their identities. Usually the coyly anonymous is one whose identity would be little plainer to the public did he consent to reveal his name.

"An Englishman's Home" is being published here in book form and is giving Americans a wider oppor-

tunity than did its acted version to acquaint themselves with the piece which has so stirred up England. The acted version, by the way, did not have a great success in New York, and on the night when I saw the piece the audience bore, in many places, the appearance of persons who had been given tickets in exchange for allowing theatre-posters to be stuck up in their shop windows. The play's non-success is easily enough explained on the grounds of its exceedingly high local colour.

Probably its failure was a source of some satisfaction to such Englishmen as chance to live in New York, for it is not a piece which reflects much glory on their native country, and the patriot must hesitate to have it sent forth into foreign lands as representative of England's courage and intelligence. His feelings, indeed, about the exporting of this play must have been much the same as those which have afflicted expatriated Americans in England ever since Mr. Frohman and his colleagues have taken so freely to importing to the London stage a selection of pieces which tend largely to set before the untravelled Englishman a picture of the typical American as a creature with the business principles of a hyena and such social graces as might be associated with the gentler tribes of cannibals.

In the case of the book which has been made from the play in question, success or non-success will not so greatly affect the Englishman jealous of the good reputation of his home-country. Any one can tolerate a stranger's reading ill of him in cool black and white, but it is more than human nature can bear to sit complacent amongst strangers while he is being represented in tangible form as the most exaggerated form of incompetent and selfish imbecile.

David Graham Phillips is an American novelist whose popularity and fame have only lately, it would seem, spread to England. That they have now so spread to a certain extent, I judge to be the case from the fact that the American papers are expressing their pain and distress at a comparison made by an English review in connection with Mr. Phillips's latest story, "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig." This English review insinuated that the rather unprepossessing Craig was a later-day version of the martyr Lincoln. Americans don't like this.

In America, Mr. Phillips is widely read. Amongst other fictional accomplishments, he has the instinct that leads him to tell the American people of things it wants to hear about. His stories introduce usually a business element, deal often with Westerners—almost invariably an attraction to American readers—and touch frequently on the rottenness of society in big cities. He has, too, a gift for titles. His next book, so he tells me, will be called "The Hungry Heart." Appleton's are to publish it in the United States in August, and it will appear in England too.

This book is now quite finished, and Mr. Phillips is working at another novel. About this he speaks against the dictates of his judgment, "for" says he, "I've a sort of rule against saying what I'm going to do. I've observed that fate has a grim way of taking advantage of such predictions for an exhibition of its power." Delying fate, however, Mr. Phillips says a word or two to the effect that the new book will be ready a year from next autumn, and will be, perhaps, three hundred thousand words long. This great length would suggest that Mr. Phillips will have little time for play between now and then. However, he is an exceedingly swift writer and confessed in an interview the other day that he usually turned out from seven thousand to eight thousand words daily.

One would have supposed that Mr. Emerson Hough, who wrote "The Mississippi Bubble," would have been put into a sufficiently good humour by his position this month at the head of the list of best selling novelists in the United States to think well even of the weather, and that chaperoning body, the American Weather Bureau. Such is not the case, however, and Mr. Hough has just seen fit to attack the Weather Bureau publicly in a manner which cannot be described as gentle. The Weather Bureau is, naturally enough, greatly pained over this, though I do not think they are retaliating as they might do by violent criticism of Mr. Hough's latest fictional success, "54 Or Fight." Perhaps they plan to avenge themselves by inducing the skies to rain on Mr. Hough's birthday every year henceforth till he is a hundred.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson—better known by the two first names alone—an aged American novelist who has just died, was in her prime an author of tremendous popularity. To the younger generation she is not even a name, and it, desirous of knolling in the youthful breast an enthusiasm for the old-time favourite, one of the old folks bands "St. Elmo" or "Vashti" to his son or grandson, the recipient usually reads it with howls of laughter. There was a time, however, when Augusta Evans's fiction sold in enormous quantities, and she is said to have received a single cheque for £3,000 for one story while it was yet in MS. Even in their day, however, her stories were greatly ridiculed. One of her works, for example, introduces a hero of remarkable learning who used to carry about little Greek volumes in his pockets, which volumes he would produce and read at all sorts of odd and unsuitable moments. A parody of this story—according to the recollections of a novel reader of my acquaintance whose memory stretches back over the half-century—represents the hero as stopping in a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod and producing from his pocket, as a time-killer, an entire set of encyclopædia from A to Z inclusive.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1 to July 1, 1909.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

- ABBOTT, EDWIN A., M.A., D.D.—The Message of the "Son of Man." 4s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON.—The Motor Routes of England: Southern Section. 5s. net.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

- DE GROOT, J. MORGAN.—The Affair on the Bridge. 6s.
FORREST, G. W., C.I.E.—Life of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain, G.C.B. With 2 Portraits in Photogravure. 18s. net.
MOMERIE, REV. A. W., D.Sc., LL.D.—Essays on the Bible. 3s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, G. H.—The Silver Spoon. 6s.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR P.—Travels in the Upper Egyptian Deserts. With numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

- BRIBNER, PERCY.—A Royal Ward. 6s.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—Benita. Cheap Edition. 6d.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—Sir Gregory's Silence. 6s.
SHAW, CAPT. FRANK H.—A Daughter of the Storm. 6s.
WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6s.
Cassell's Magazine, Half-Yearly Vol. 5s.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

- CRAWFORD, THE LATE OSWALD.—The League of the White Hand. 6s.
HARRIS-BURLAND, J. B.—The House of the Soul. 6s.

The Clarendon Press.

- ANSON, SIR W. R.—Law and Custom of the Constitution. Vol. I. Parliament. Fourth Edition.
MACAULIFFE, M. A.—The Sikh Religion: its Gurus, Sacred Writings, and Authors. 6 vols. 43 1s. net.
SMITH, V. A.—Asoka. New Edition. (Rulers of India.) 2s. 6d.
WOILASTON, G. H.—The Englishman in Italy: being a Collection of Verses written by some of those who have loved Italy.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

- GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare's "Hamlet." 2s.
STANWELL, H. B., M.A.—Caesar's "Civil War." Book III. Text, Introduction, and Notes. 2s. 6d.; Vocabulary, 1s.; Translation, 1s. 6d.; Three Parts in One Volume, 4s. 6d.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

- COOPER, C. S., and W. P. WESTELL.—Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles. Parts V. and VI. Complete in 16 Parts at 1s. net each.
CROWE, J. A., and G. B. CAVALCASELLE.—A New History of Painting in Italy. Edited and supplemented with Notes by Edward Hutton. Vol. II. Complete in 3 vols. at 43 net.
HENDERSON, REV. HENRY F., M.A.—Calvin in his Letters. 1s. 6d. net.
PERCEVAL, R. J. S.—London's Forest.
WESTELL, W. P., and H. E. TURNER.—The Pond I Know. The Meadow I Know. (Dent's "Open Air" Nature Books.) 8d. each.

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

- BARNES, EARL.—Where Knowledge Fails. (Art of Life Series.) 1s. net.
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.—The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.
FORSSLUND, LOUISE.—Old Lady No. 31. 3s. 6d.
GRIGGS, EDWARD HOWARD.—The Use of the Margin. (Art of Life Series.) 1s. net.
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH.—Things Worth While. (Art of Life Series.) 1s. net.
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THE READER.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IF there is anything (I do not think there is) for which I would give up the privilege of having read "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Poems and Ballads" when they came out, it would be the opportunity of beginning their author's poems at the recent end and reading them backwards, without knowledge of what was to come. What would be the result must of course be guess-work. The vulgar opinion—I do not use the word "vulgar" offensively—no doubt would augur some disappointment at first, removed more and more decidedly as one came to the original masterpieces. I am not so sure of this.

For Mr. Swinburne came to his own pretty early, and he never lost it; and it was his own and nobody else's, though he had of course inherited much of it. If it did not show decisively and triumphantly in "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," that was because these attempts were made in a division which was not their author's, and with little or no excursion into his great province of lyric. "Atalanta in Calydon" did not so much change this as supplement, enlarge, improve it immensely. The famous chorus of the "making of man" is no mere purple patch on the garment—it is only the central device and crowning craftsman's-piece of a coherent and artistically designed web of verse. "Chastelard" followed, with blank verse less deliberately archaised either in early Renaissance or Classical fashion than that of the two preceding volumes and with *short* lyrics—real songs—in it. And then came "Poems and Ballads."

But let us return to our fancied view-point of reversed approach. One curious thing about Mr. Swinburne is that, intense as his mannerism may appear, it has not coloured subsequent poetry very much. There was of course a period of mere pastiche and mimicry, which was ludicrous enough. But the special quality of Swinburnian verse—like that of much but not all of the greatest—is parodiable but not assimilable. And it is

very questionable whether this special quality, brought into contact with a sensitive nature which had not as yet experienced it, would not produce nearly as much effect if got from "The Duke of Gandia" as from "Chastelard," from any of the late lyrics at their best as from the "Atalanta" choruses and the constituents of "Poems and Ballads" throughout. Now what is this special quality?

It is allowed on all hands to be closely connected with metrical mastery and some seem (mistakenly) to think this mastery a quite new thing, while others appear (as mistakenly) to consider that the appellation "metre-master" settles and exhausts the matter. It can be easily shown that Mr. Swinburne only developed, to the utmost limit yet reached, franchises and potentialities which had been sometimes in abeyance, but always in existence, for centuries past in English prosody: and the veriest highflier as to the Divine right of metre must acknowledge, as I do, that it will scarcely account for the whole of his charm.

The fact is that there is hardly any poet, in any language, whose power of treating any subject *poetically*, "in a poetical way" (to use the two epoch-making phrases of Patrizzi in the sixteenth century and Hazlitt in the nineteenth), is more instantly and unmistakably

obvious than Mr. Swinburne's. One is driven, not in the least Pharisaically, but as a result of much not cheerful observation, to surmise that the complementary faculty of recognising this power is not itself universally possessed by mankind. They must "take an interest in the thing represented before they can take pleasure in the representation," or they must be more or less elaborately brought to take pleasure in it by this or that other means. Now Mr. Swinburne was not eminently successful in teaching people how to love him, or in attracting them by baits of subject; so that it is truly said that he was never a popular poet. I think it would be found, not uncommonly—I know it would be found

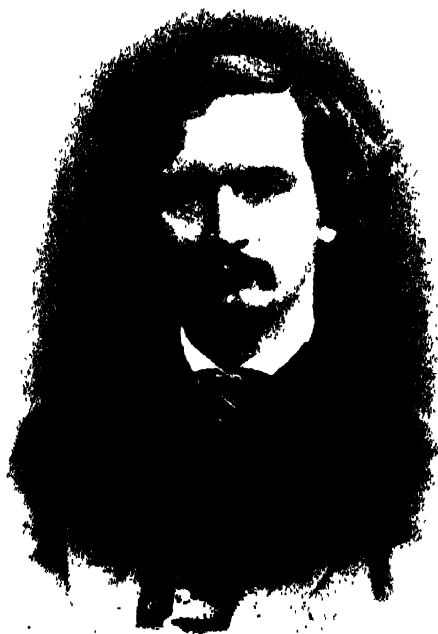
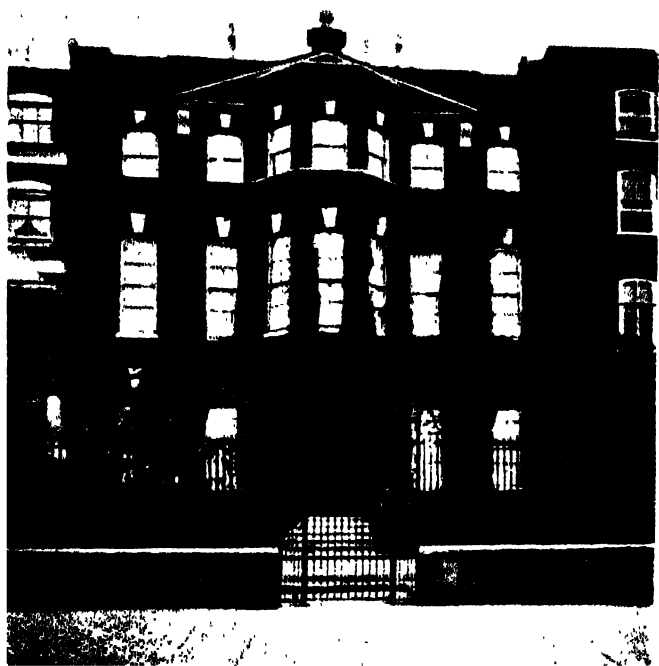


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

An Early Portrait of Swinburne.



Tudor House, No. 16, Cheyne Walk.

Where Mr. Swinburne lived for some time with D. G. Rossetti,
W. M. Rossetti, and George Meredith.

in some cases—that the most enthusiastic admirers of his poetry were the most uncompromising disagreeers with most of his non-literary, and some of his literary opinions. But to those who could feel “the poetical way,” his “way with them” was, from the first, absolutely irresistible; and it remained so, more or less, till the last. It was certainly at its most irresistible in 1878, with the second “Poems and Ballads,” when the poet was past that “Age of Wisdom” which has not infrequently proved itself the limit of a poet’s summer; nor did it ever really wane.

This “way” consisted in throwing, over whatever subject the poet treated, an atmosphere of poetic glamour—a word for which, much as it has been abused, there is no synonym and no substitute. The subject does not exactly disappear; but it ceases to be more than a sort of accompaniment to the treatment. Even then, and when the accompaniment itself is most prominent, it is *universalised* to an extent which might delight the most Aristotelian of critics if he would take it in the right way. I read the other day that somebody was “the heroine of ‘Dolores’” (the good man probably meant “At a Month’s End,” but it does not matter much). “The heroine of ‘Dolores’”! The heroine of “Dolores,” it need hardly be said, is every woman of the enchantress-kind from Lilith to whatsoever name or person the reader pleases in the twentieth century—and she is none of them. So everywhere. Individuality, character, the untranslatable *dianoia*—these things should not be looked for, or at any rate looked for first, in Mr. Swinburne. He got nearest to character in “Chastelard”; less near in “Bothwell”; he was farther off

still in “Tristram.” His personages, as personages, might almost be those of the Period of Allegory: and if you cannot be happy without personal company, if you want what you are pleased to call “ideas” to supply your own deficiency in them; if you must have the opinion you agree with, the discussion which you think “does you good,” local habitations as well as names for your places, specified circumstances of action, machinery, what not—then Mr. Swinburne’s poetry is not the poetry for you.

But if you want *poetry*, no matter on what subject, if you can bring the true *silex scintillans* of heart and brain, to have the sparks struck out of it by the true steel of the poet’s art, then it is what you want, and the sparks will become continuous and grow into a cataract of fire. There may be bad judgment, bad taste, bad several other things in this poet’s work, but there is never bad poetry, though at some times it may be better than at others. Such slight things (I suppose some people would call them so) as “Stage Love” in the first “Poems and Ballads” or as “Pastiche” in the second are crucial examples. Both are short: there is nothing ostentatiously novel in either, and in fact there is an almost ostentatious disclaimer of novelty in the very title of the second. But both have that very and peculiar atmosphere of poetry which has been referred to—the *aura* of inspiration in the writer and intoxication in the reader—the gathering magic of colour and sound, of metre and phrase, of expression and suggestion. It is impossible, with any critical justification, to dismiss the imagery as separable ornament, to characterise the versification as merely a very pleasant tune to which



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Swinburne.

An early photograph.

nothing particular is set, even (as is commonly done) to stigmatise the voluminous diction as mere verbosity. All these things are indissolubly and naturally connected: they form the *body* of the poetry itself. And once more, it is a question whether that body faded or decayed, whether it lost its beauty of form and colour much, from its first full growth to its closing scene.

But Mr. Swinburne's poetry had another attraction less genuinely poetical, not more popular, but very seductive to some tastes. He was notoriously one of the most scholarly poets of a literature which can boast of Milton and Gray, of Coleridge and Landor: and his knowledge of English poetry was unique, or only matched, with time-allowance, by Southey's. It was scarcely possible to catch him in ignorance of a noteworthy poet, not easy to catch him in ignorance of a noteworthy passage, from the Elizabethan period onwards: and though even the half-absurd and half-ignoble plagiarism-finders could hardly

have accused him in their way of business, his marvellous metrical proficiency was undoubtedly due in part to his knowledge; and the whole of his work was saturated, so to speak, with its own ancestry. It was never obtrusively learned: but it had a quality which is vaguely troublesome to those who have no learning. It smelt not of the lamp but of "honey and the sea," like its own *laurustmus*. Yet the honey was the honey of Hybla: and the sea had washed the shores, and had caught and returned the melodies, of England and of France, of Provence and of Italy.

In such a poet the critical impulse which the foolisher sort have thought so alien from poetry, and the wiser have recognised as almost inseparable from it, but not always consciously developed, could not but seek expression. Now Mr. Swinburne's prose was not wholly criticism; but it was almost wholly this. No one, himself speaking critically, could say that as a whole this prose is equal to the verse. It has, *as* prose, many admirable passages: the "William Blake" especially contains dozens of them. It includes, as appreciation, some of the finest and justest estimates of English literature of which that literature itself can boast. But prose is not like poetry, a steed whose wings its heavy



From the portrait by G. F. Watts.
By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

Swinburne.

rider *cannot* keep down. You may fear God and honour the King without missing anything of the beauty of the "Hymn to Proserpine" and the "Song in Time of Revolution." Mr. Swinburne's longest verse lines are not too long to be lovely, but some of his prose sentences are: his fiercest flings in verse are not offensive, but some of those in prose are certainly ungainly. The subject recovers its supremacy and abuses it. In particular, it is unfortunately true that as an unfavourable critic he was, with the rarest exceptions, almost negligible. His praise was frequently excessive; but his blame was almost always haphazard. Yet I do not know any writer who more imperatively demands *exemption* in this respect. From the volumes of his prose, beginning with the "Blake," a selection of "views and reviews" could be made which would be inferior to hardly anything else of the kind that could possibly be constructed, for beauty of mere writing, for illuminativeness of criticism, and for the exhibition of that heart-felt delight in great work which is itself so delightful—and which unluckily is by no means too common in criticism of poetry by poets. Of poetical jealousy I do not remember the very slightest exhibition on his part—a thing almost as unusual and quite as worthy of remark

as the drinking of five pints of port per man at Mr. John Thorpe's last wine-party.

But if the prose—to retain, or indeed to obtain, any wide reading—demands the sieve, there are some people at any rate who would refuse to apply that implement to the poetry—who indeed are freer from doubt on this subject than they were years ago. For the Swinburnian verse-quality is everywhere in the Swinburnian verse, and that quality is, as has been said, the quality of pure poetry. Miss anything, and you miss something of the quantity of that quality; miss many things, and you will lose in each something of the phases of the quality itself. You cannot evolve the humming-bird lightness and flash of "Rococo" or "Anima Anceps" from the tumultuous rush of the "Proserpine" Hymn or the "Song in Time of Revolution"; you cannot divine either of these from the melancholy gliding pageant of the "Triumph of Time" or the stately sadness of "Ilicet." "Between the Sundown and the Sea" gives no specimen of "In the Bay" or "Evening on the Broads." It is the glory of this kind of poetry that it never "speaks by its foreman," that you can never, as you can in some other kinds even of very great verse, judge of what will be by what has been. Every line must be read; for every fresh line, even if it have connection of word or image with another passage, has its chance of beginning or completing for the reader the new caress of

"With stars and seawinds in her raiment
Night sinks on the sea,"

the new shudder of

"Until God loosen over sea and land
The thunder of the trumpets of the night."



Photo by Poole, Putney.

Summer at "The Pines," Swinburne's home at Putney.

Mr. Swinburne may be seen at the upper window, Mr. Watts-Dunton at the lower one.

SWINBURNE AND HIS CIRCLE.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS.

SWINBURNE, for most men, was a mysterious figure. Very little has been written about him, and of that little a great deal is false. During his long life he made many friends and some enemies, but his friends respected his desire for privacy, and the testimony of his enemies is untrustworthy. It is for the present necessary to take everything that has been printed about him with a grain of salt. The origin of the most fantastic fables can be traced to Guy de Maupassant. Swinburne went over to Paris in 1882 with Theodore Watts to be present at the fiftieth anniversary of "Le Roi s'Amuse." On November 20, Victor Hugo gave a dinner in honour of the English visitors, and he made a speech referring to Swinburne. At the performance in the Théâtre Français almost every French poet and man of letters was present, and Swinburne was seen at the end of the third act talking to Hugo in his box. The French papers were full of absurd gossip about Swinburne, and the following repudiation appeared in the *Athenæum* on December 2:

"The *Figaro* has been amusing the public by publishing the wildest *canards* concerning Mr. Swinburne and his eccentricities during his supposed residence at Étretat. The truth is that Mr. Swinburne's connection with Étretat was confined to two short visits to a friend some years ago, during which times he saw only the fishermen and the sailors. The anecdotes given in the *Figaro* are without the slightest foundation."

This statement is important, for it disposes once and for all of Guy de Maupassant's grotesque inventions. Swinburne in conversation stigmatised de Maupassant as "the Prince of Liars." Other legends can be traced to French sources. Indeed, Swinburne was so wildly caricatured by the French Press that he refused to see French journalists.

His early friendships were formed after he went to Balliol in 1856. There he joined a literary set, the chief members of which were Professor John Nichol, T. H. Green, A. V.

Dicey, G. Birkbeck Hill, and George Rankine Luke. John Nichol founded a literary coterie called the "Old Mortality." He edited a publication called "Undergraduate Papers" (1857-8). There were three numbers, the second number being divided into four parts, each of which was marked "Price Fourpence." The contributors were paid "at the usual rate." Nichol said that "the publication was to our set what 'The Germ' was to Rossetti's." It is now scarcer than "The Germ." A complete specimen was sold some time ago for £100. Swinburne contributed three articles and one poem, "Queen Iseult," which he afterwards referred to as "awful doggerel," adding: "When I think of the marvellous work that Rossetti (whose acquaintance I made just afterwards) had done at the same age, I am abashed at the recollection of my own rubbish." The "marvellous work" in question was "The Blessed Damozel," which appeared in "The Germ." Rossetti was then twenty-two; Swinburne, when he was contributing to "Undergraduate Papers," was nearly twenty-one. He was twenty-eight



By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

From an early portrait by Rossetti.

Swinburne.



Photo by Poole, Putney.

A Corner in "The Pines," showing the painted and carved cabinet.

when he published "Atalanta in Calydon." The gulf between "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" (1860) and "Atalanta" (1865) is significant. The explanation of it is found in Swinburne's statement to Jowett that he had made a bonfire of his verses. "Some day," replied Jowett, "you'll make another." The bonfire accounts for the sudden splendour of "Atalanta." After "Atalanta" Swinburne probably made no more bonfires. He published as he wrote.

When Swinburne went to Balliol, he was orthodox. In a sermon delivered on the Sunday after Swinburne's funeral, in Bonchurch parish church, the Rector, the Rev. J. F. Andrewes, quoted "the authoritative statement of a clergyman that Swinburne was a reverent communicant when staying in a village where that clergyman was curate some few years since." This "authoritative statement" is explicable only by interpreting the phrase "some few years" as meaning

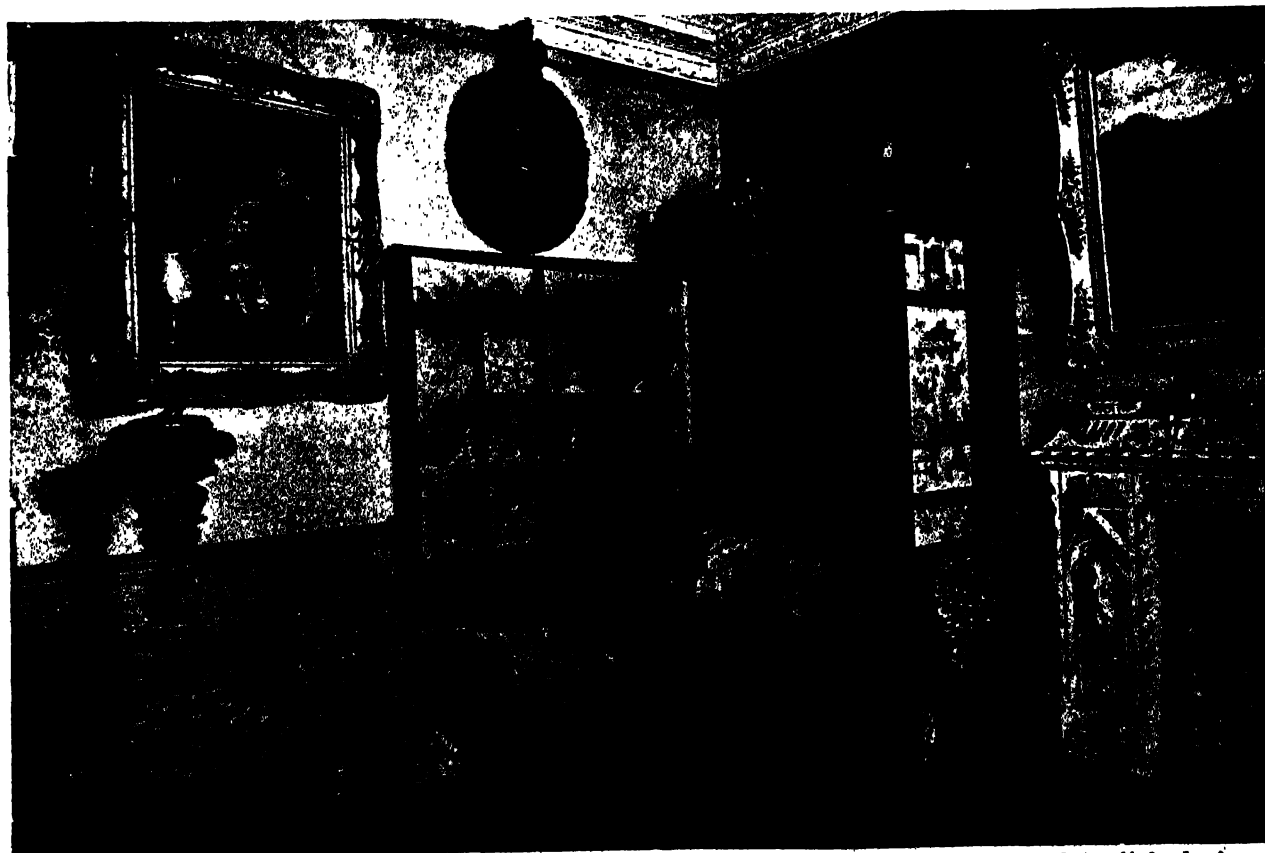


Photo by Poole, Putney.

The Chinese Divan at "The Pines," described in "Aylwin."

"some fifty years since," that is to say, when Swinburne was at Oxford. At that time he was undoubtedly a "reverent communicant," but not subsequently. Nichol was a rationalist, and to his influence the change in Swinburne's opinions was unquestionably due. He paid a tribute to John Nichol and to George Rankine Luke in two sonnets dated May 1881:

Friend of the dead, and friend of all my days
Even since they cast off boyhood, I salute
The song saluting friends whose songs are mute
With full burnt-offerings of clear spirited praise.
That since our old young years our several ways
Have led through fields diverse of flower and fruit,
Yet no cross wind has once relaxed the root
We set long since beneath the sundawn's rays.
The root of trust whence towered the trusty tree,
Friendship—this only and duly might impel
My song to salutation of your own;
More even than praise of one unseen of me
And loved—the starry spirit of Dobell,
To mine by light and music only known.

But more than this what moves me most of all
To leave not all unworried and unsped
The whole heart's greeting of my thanks unsaid
Scarce needs this sign, that from my tongue
should fall
His name whom sorrow and reverent love recall,
The sign to friends on earth of that dear head
Alive, which now long since untimely dead
The wan grey waters covered for a pall.
Their trustless reaches dense with tangling stems
Took never life more taintless of rebuke,



Swinburne.

A recent photograph, which Mr. Watts-Dunton considers the best of the later portraits of the poet

More pure and perfect, more serene and kind,
Than when those clear eyes closed beneath the Thames,
And made the now more hallowed name of Luke
Memorial to us of morning left behind.

Nichol described Luke as "our chief of men." The second sonnet contains a touching allusion to the fact that Luke was drowned while swimming in the Isis, and it may be compared with "Lycidas," the monody in which Milton bewailed Edward King, a fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge, who was drowned "in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas." Other contemporaries of Swinburne at Oxford were Lord St. Aldwyn (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach) and the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. At Balliol the poet came under the spell of Jowett, his friendship with whom was lifelong, and whom he visited at Boar's Hill in company with Mr. Watts-Dunton, who has commemorated the triple friendship in his sonnets entitled "The Last Walk from Boar's Hill":

Can he be dead? We walk through flowery ways
From Boar's Hill down to Oxford, fain to know
What nugget-gold, in drift of Time's long flow,
The Bodleian mine hath stored from richer days;
He, fresh as on that morn, with sparkling gaze,
Hair bright as sunshine, white as moonlit snow,
Still talks of Plato while the scene below
Breaks gleaming through the veil of sunlit haze.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Swinburne.

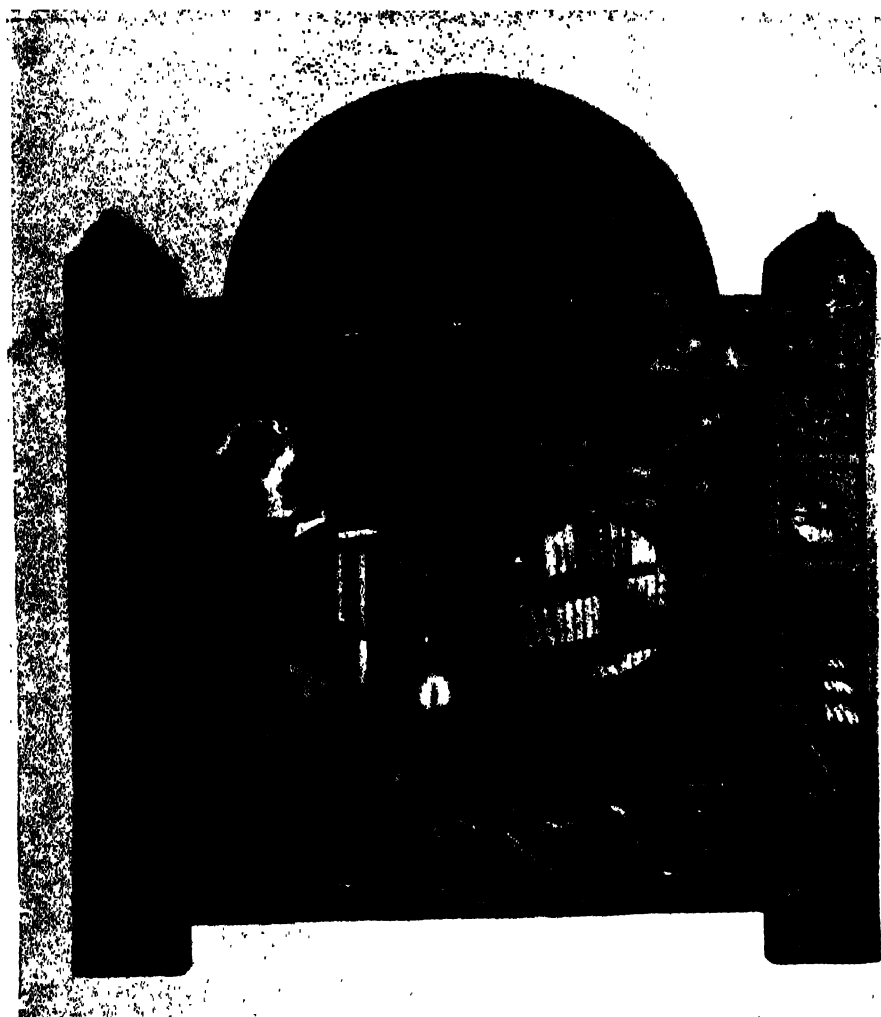


Photo by Poole, Putney.

One of the Carved Mirrors at "The Pines."

Decorated with Dunn's copy of the lost Rossetti frescoes at the Oxford Union.

wards went to live with Rossetti at No. 16, Cheyne Walk. Joint occupants with them were Mr. George Meredith and Mr. William M. Rossetti. Probably no roof ever sheltered three more wonderful beings than Rossetti, Swinburne, and Meredith. It is not surprising that the arrangement did not last. Mr. Meredith was the first to go, and soon afterwards Swinburne left. In 1864 the poet spent five weeks with his father and mother in Italy. He had been a passionate Landorian since he had read Landor's poems when "a small fellow of twelve at Eton." Landor was then living in Florence, and Swinburne in a letter to Lord Houghton describes how "with much labour I hunted out the most ancient of the demi-gods," and how Landor told him that "his presence had made him happy." He says he found Landor "alert, brilliant, and altogether delicious." The young hero-worshipper was only just in time to see his idol, for Landor died in the following year before the publication of "*Atalanta in Calydon*," which was dedicated to him in Greek lines which the poet retained because they had been laid

It was at Oxford that Swinburne met Rossetti, who had gone down there with Woodward, the architect of the buildings for the Union Club. It was suggested, I think by William Morris, that the walls of the debating-room should be covered with a series of frescoes illustrating scenes from the "*Morte d'Arthur*," and that Rossetti, who was not an Oxford man, should come down to take a leading part in the work. Burne Jones and William Morris co-operated with him. The work began at the end of 1857. Rossetti and Burne Jones were at work on the paintings when Swinburne walked into the room and was introduced by a friend to both artists. He also then made the acquaintance of William Morris and Val Prinsep. Thus, by a happy accident, the youthful Swinburne formed permanent friendships with the leaders of the great romantic revival afterwards known as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." There is no doubt that this was the decisive point in his career. The youth of twenty owed the beginnings of his intellectual liberation to Nichol and the dawn of his romantic enthusiasm to Rossetti, Morris, and Burne Jones. He left Oxford in 1860 without taking a degree, but the four years he spent there profoundly affected his mental growth. As he himself wittily said, Oxford has "turned out poets in more senses than one."

After leaving Oxford he lived in chambers in London upon a small allowance from his father, who tried in vain to keep him out of London life. Swinburne after-

before Landor ere he died. There is no doubt that Landor inspired "*Atalanta*" and "*Erechtheus*," but Swinburne in those days was scotching with enthusiasms. The influence of Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and Gautier can be traced in "*Poems and Ballads*" as well as the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. Probably no great poet has ever been so responsive, so ready to catch fire from other visionaries. Throughout his poetry the contagion of his fellow-poets sweeps like a prairie fire. But he never borrowed and never aped. His famous letter to the *Spectator*, in praise of Mr. Meredith's "*Modern Love*," appeared in 1862, and in the same year he contributed to the same journal an article on Baudelaire's "*Fleurs du Mal*." Then came the more tempestuous Bohemian period of Swinburne's life. Eventually he came into contact with Mr. Watts-Dunton and became very intimate with him, so much so, indeed, that for about six years the two friends, living in neighbouring chambers, used to lunch and dine together nearly every day of their lives at such old-fashioned restaurants as the Rainbow, the London (at the top of Chancery Lane), at the Cock, or at Simpson's. Prominent among his friends now were Sir Richard Burton and Lord Houghton. Another friend was Joseph Knight. During this period Swinburne lived in rooms at No. 3, Great James Street.

The best picture of the literary life of the time is that painted by Mr. Watts-Dunton. I have given it in my



Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
Drawn by himself.

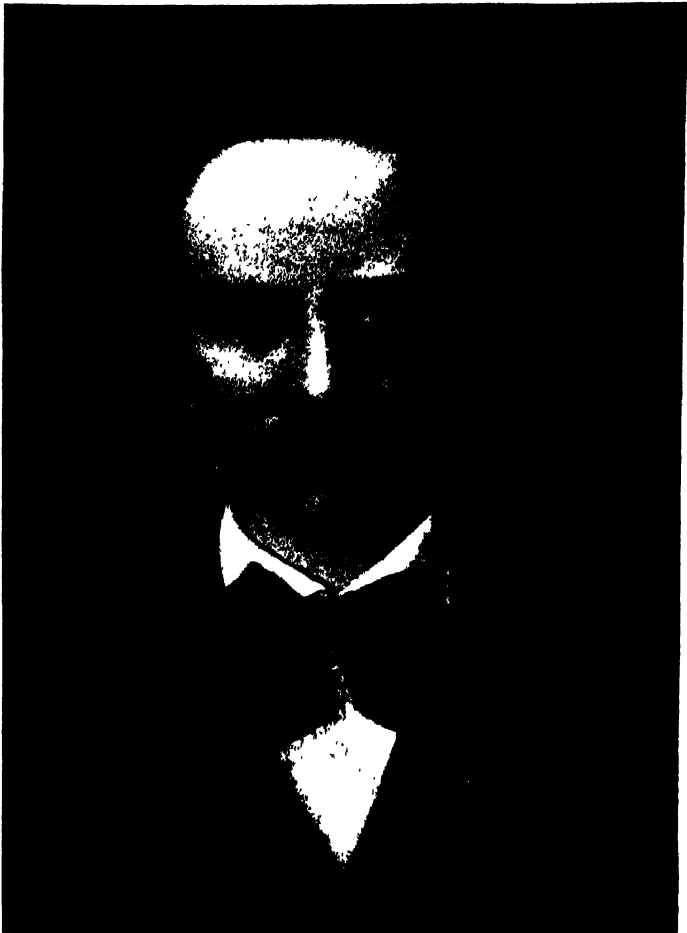


Photo by Pook, Putney. **Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.**
From a painting by Miss Norris.



Sir Edward Burne-Jones.
From a water-colour by A. Legros (Iondes Collection, South Kensington Museum).



By permission of Fredk. Hollyer. **William Morris.**

FOUR OF SWINBURNE'S CIRCLE.

book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Critic, Novelist," and I may quote it here:

"Many of those who have reached life's meridian, or passed it, will remember the sudden rise, a quarter of a century ago, of Rossetti, Swinburne, and William Morris—poets who seemed for a time to threaten the ascendancy of Tennyson himself. Between this galaxy and the latest generation of poets there rose, culminated, and apparently set, another—the group which it was the foolish fashion to call 'the Pre-Raphaelite poets,' some of whom yielded, or professed to yield, to the influence of Rossetti, some to that of William Morris, and some to that of Swinburne. Round them all, however, there was the aura of Baudelaire or else of Gautier. These, though, as in all such cases, nature had really made them very unlike each other—formed themselves into a set, or rather a sect, and tried apparently to become as much like each other as possible, by studying French models, selecting subjects more or less in harmony with the French temper, getting up their books after the fashion that was as much approved then as contemporary fashions in books are approved now, and by various other means. They had certain places of meeting, where they held high converse with themselves. One of these was the hospitable house, in Fitzroy Square, of the

beloved and venerable painter, Mr. Madox Brown, whose face, as he sat smiling upon his Eisteddfod, radiating benevolence and encouragement to the unfledged bards he loved, was a picture which must be cherished in many a grateful memory now. Another was the equally hospitable house, in the neighbourhood of Chalk Farm, where reigned the dramatist, Westland Marston, and where his blind poet-boy Philip lived. Here O'Shaughnessy would come with a glow of triumph on his face, which indicated clearly enough that he was carrying in his pocket something connecting him with the divine Théophile—a letter from the Gallic Olympus perhaps, or a presentation copy sent from the very top of the Gallic Parnassus. It was on one of these occasions that Rossetti satirically advised one of the cénacle to quit so poor a language as that of Shakespeare and write entirely in French, which language Morris immediately defined as 'nosey Latin.' It is a pity that some literary veteran does not give his reminiscences of those Marston nights, or rather Marston mornings, for the symposium began at about twelve and went on till nearly six—those famous gatherings of poets, actors, and painters, enlinking the days of Macready, Phelps, Miss Glyn, Robert Browning, Dante Rossetti, and R. H. Horne with the days of poets, actors, and painters like Mr. Swinburne, Morris, and Mr. Irving."

The friendship between Mr. Watts-Dunton and Swinburne began in 1872, but it was not until 1879 that Swinburne left Bohemia for ever, and entered upon the happiest and most fruitful period of his life by becoming a housemate at "The Pines," Putney Hill, with Mr. Watts-Dunton. The two friends lived there together until the end. They worked together, saw their common friends together, and travelled together. It is a mistake to imagine that Swinburne during the thirty years he spent at "The Pines" was a recluse. Nearly every living man of letters found his way thither from time to time. After the death of Rossetti in 1882, the two poets went to Guernsey and Sark. The visit is commemorated in their poetry. While they were staying in Sark, their prowess as swimmers provoked a bravado challenge from Richard Hengist Horne, the author of "Orion," the "Farthing Epic." Horne was also a famous swimmer, and he challenged Swinburne and Theodore Watts to swim with him round Sark! The challenge, I need hardly say, was not accepted. In this connection, I may mention that Swinburne on one occasion narrowly escaped from death by drowning, while swimming at Étretat. He was carried away by the tide and was picked up by some fishermen. The two friends spent two consecutive summer holidays at Sidestrand, near Cromer. There Swinburne met Grant Allen. Since then they stayed at Eastbourne, where they



Photo by Poole, Putney.

"The Pines."

From a drawing by Mr. Herbert Railton.



Photo by Poole, Putney

Summer at "The Pines."

had as neighbours Lord and Lady Mount-Temple. They also went to Lancing for three years running. They spent several summer holidays with Lady Mary Gordon, Swinburne's aunt, at "The Orchard," Niton Bay, in the Isle of Wight. Among their many visitors

at "The Pines" was Mr. Thomas Hardy. But for the wonderful story of Swinburne's golden summer and mellow autumn with his friend or friends, we must wait until Mr. Watts-Dunton writes his promised biography.

SWINBURNE AND ETON.

By BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH.

ETON'S personal share in the grief at the death of the great English poet was chiefly connected with the beautiful Ode which Swinburne wrote for the ninth Jubilee of the College. The school had sung it once more, and with ever increasing appreciation, five days before that sad announcement on Easter Eve. A nobler and more joyous School Song was never written.

"Bright with names that men remember, loud with names that men forget."

The wreath of ilex and laurel that went to rest upon the grave at Bonchurch might well attempt to express Eton's "Grateful homage" and deep sense of one more great "Memory held aloft," as the poet had sung of Eton.

"Still the reaches of the river, still the light on field and hill,
Still the memories held aloft for Hope's young fire to fill,
Shine . . ."

But with the Ode, and with letters which are printed here, the personal after-connection of Swinburne with his public school began and ended. The boy recluse is described as a remarkable swimmer at Eton, as well as in the Bonchurch coves to which he initiated an Eton boy friend, but he is never known to have revisited the

bathing places of fame on the river. He passed on to Balliol and became the meteoric world poet of the 'sixties without revisiting Eton. If the Ode, however, could leave any doubt of Swinburne's loyal bond with it, his letters of that date show his kindly intimate memory of the old school ways and ritual:

"THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.,
"March 10, '91.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Here is my copy of verses shown up in time, as I understand—and I only hope I shall not be put in the bill for showing up too few. Thirty lines, if I remember, used to be expected weekly in my time, and I only send twenty-seven—the metrical scheme, you will see, would not admit of more, unless I had made the Ode longer than was wanted. I hope some Etonians will appreciate my allusion to the undisputed fact that Eton was the mother of English comedy. I have always thought it a great feather in her cap that Dr. N. Udall, Headmaster in the days of Henry VIII., wrote for the boys to act the very first comedy in the language, and a first-rate little comic poem it is, both in fun and in versification, as I dare say you know quite as well as I.

"Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"A. C. SWINBURNE."

"THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL,
"June 26, '91.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Your letter has given me great pleasure, and I am none the less grateful for your kind invitation that I am unable to avail myself of it. Dr. Warre, my old 'form-fellow,' asked me down for the 23rd, to stay over the night at his house, but I had to excuse myself. I am sure the Exhibition must be well worth seeing, and it is most kind of Mrs. Cornish and yourself to offer me so pleasant an occasion of enjoying the sight of it.

"I am delighted to hear that my verses found such favour with the boys, or shall I say 'the other fellows'?

"Yours very truly,

"A. C. SWINBURNE."

Before we come to personal reminiscences of the boy Swinburne, one word is necessary on the general question of his happiness in the school. There has been a vague idea afloat in the literary world that Swinburne's boyhood at Eton was obscure, and that his feelings towards his old school were warped by memory of bad treatment as a "lower boy." There was never anything of the sort; and the idea arose from some confused supposition that since Shelley was hunted at Eton, no great poet wilder than Gray, which Swinburne certainly was,—could be happy in the school. The truth about the boy Swinburne is that he was a small fellow, with a great brow, and nothing else big and strong about him except huge literary tastes for obscure dramatists and Scotch reviewers. But we are coming to his reading in the letter of a contemporary. His hair was a bright auburn, so that, always late for school, he was greeted by Mr. Cookesley once on his late entrance with the words, "Here comes the rising sun." His bright head is remembered at the top of a ladder in the Fellows' Library in the Cloisters as he sat reading. Not many boys—only

the resolute antiquaries amongst them—had access there, but Swinburne was often seen in the old library. Thus he was of the studious type of boy who enjoys the "wholesome neglect" which may attend his studies out of school.

As for his having remained obscure, the fact that Algernon Swinburne won the Prince Consort's first prize for French and first prize for Italian at the age of sixteen refutes the notion once and for all. He was "sent up for good" three times, and wrote beautiful Greek elegiacs.

But to come to reminiscences: we may quote the following letter:

"Thursday, May 6, 1909.

"MY DEAR CORNISH,

"... Swinburne entered Eton 1849, I think at Easter, and took Remove. Joynes introduced me to him in September, the day I entered, and we went with H. N. M. for a walk to the Terrace at Windsor. I saw a good deal of him that half and the next, and was then absent for twelve months; after my return we used to walk together regularly, mostly the 'Chalvey round,' until he left, when he was in Cookesley's Division. What truth may have lain at the bottom of the story told lately in the *Westminster Gazette*, apparently on Cookesley's authority, of his having borrowed a Massinger and Ford from Cookesley, it is certainly not true that this 'might have been his first introduction to the Elizabethan dramatists,' for his acquaintance with them was wide and deep, as a boy of twelve, in 1849. Our walks were generally continuous discourses on his part, either recounting the story of what he was reading (the 'Scriblerus' papers, the *Edinburgh Review* on the Lakists, the 'Orlando Furioso,' Cyril Tourneur, etc., etc.), or critical discussions.

"One item I will set down, because I think he would have liked me to do so. His love of the sea, and of sea bathing, was a genuine passion. He passed early in 1851, I a few weeks later, and when I visited him at Bonchurch in the holidays we had a jolly bathe in the cove at East Dene,

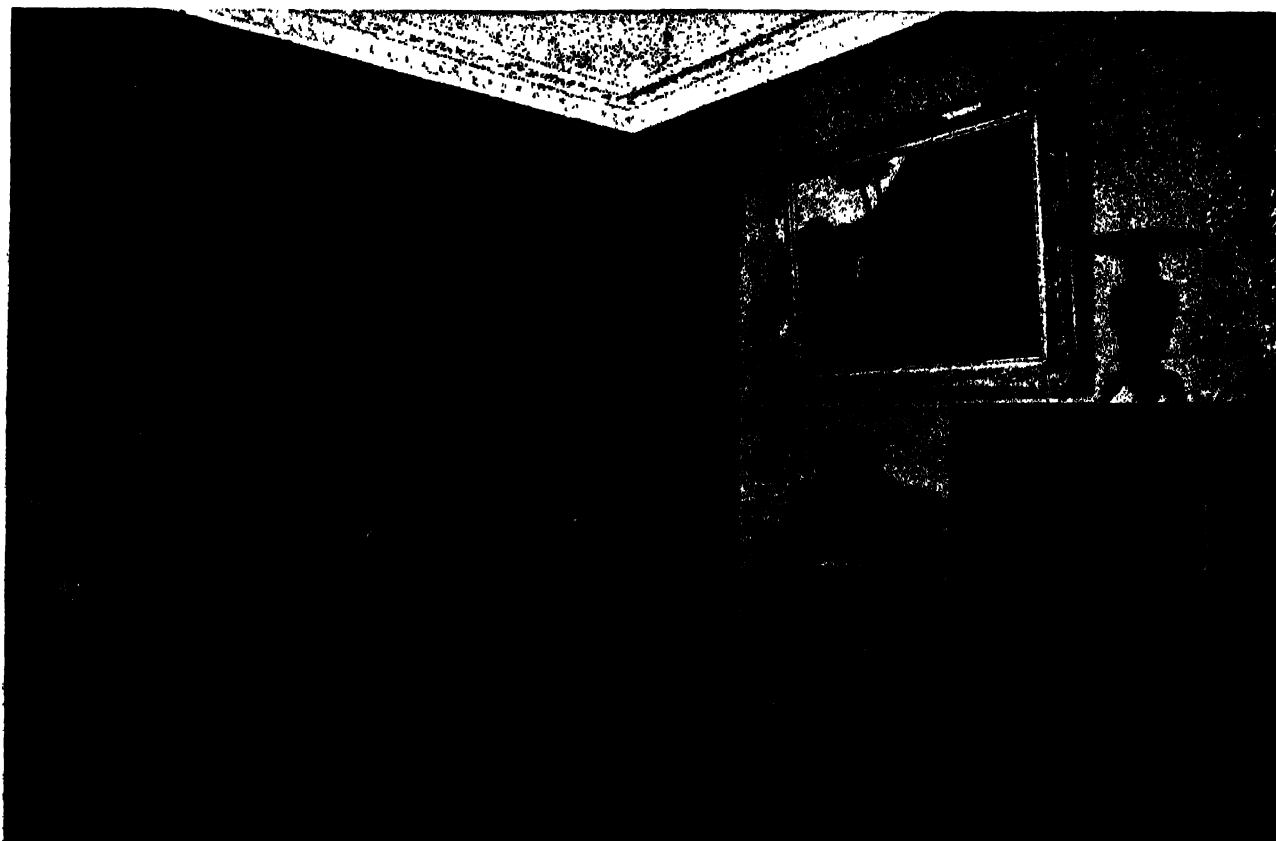


Photo by Poole, Putney.

A Corner of "The Pines," showing one of the Chinese cabinets.



From a Cosway miniature.
Elizabeth Emilia Burrell,
Mrs. Bennet.



Enlarged from a Cosway miniature.
Peter Burrell, 1st Baron Gwydyr.



From an old drawing.
Issabella Burrell, Countess of
Beverley.
Mother of Lady Jane Henryetta
Ashburnham.



From an old painting.
Admiral Swinburne.
Father of Algernon Charles Swinburne



*Exactly copied from a miniature
by Cosway*
Emilia Elizabeth Bennet,
Lady Swinburne.



From a miniature by Chalon.
Elizabeth Swinburne,
Mrs. Bowden.
Sister of Admiral Swinburne



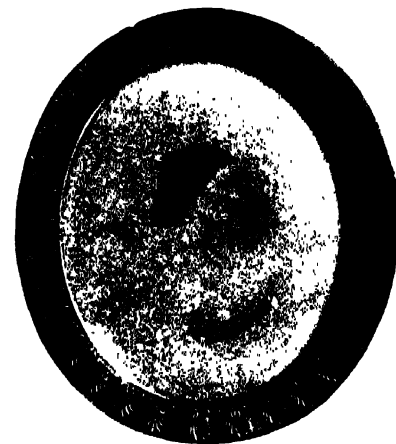
From a pencil drawing
Lady Jane Henryetta Ashburnham.
Mother of Algernon Charles Swinburne.



From a water-colour portrait.
Edith Swinburne.
Sister of the Poet.



From a daguerreotype.
Algernon Charles Swinburne.



From a daguerreotype.
Alice Swinburne.
Sister of the poet.

MINIATURES OF THE SWINBURNE FAMILY.
Painted by the Hon. Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton, and reproduced by her permission.

and he made the gardener push the jumping-stage farther into the surf than I quite liked!

"Yours very truly,

"GEORGE YOUNG."

We see that the poet came to Eton in 1849 at the age of twelve, and that he boarded at the house in Keate's Lane now known as Keate House. It was "Joynes's" then, and Mr. Joynes was Swinburne's tutor. The house-stories are like most such, almost beneath the dignity of history, yet one connected with measles is too unlike most measles-stories to go unrecorded. The mother of the poet was staying in the house in Keate's Lane. Mrs. Swinburne read Shakespeare to her son all day in his measles. And when she left him at tea-time to take tea with Mrs. Joynes, the maid brought from home

was requested by the boy to continue reading whilst he took his. A pot of jam suddenly emptied on the reader's head was a sign that this interpretation of Shakespeare did *not* soothe the patient. The other story is connected with the night-dose for wintry colds. This one was brought in to a boy, who stood up on his bed instead of lying on it, and whose wild, rolling eye accompanied a passionate outpouring of verse. The ministering incomer feared delirium, but was told that it was "only little Swinburne reciting as usual."

To return to Swinburne's letter, the "undisputed fact" referred to by him, "that Eton was the mother of English comedy," was known to antiquaries interested in the quarto of the first printed comedy, which



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. C. Swinburne.

belonged to the Fellows' Library.

"Ralph Roister Doister" was written by an Eton Headmaster of the sixteenth century for his scholars, and acted in College Hall. The old theatricals, the old dead play, were called to life by the living voice of the poet whose Ode echoes the gaiety of the birth of English comedy.

"The light first laugh . . .
Glad and loud as a boy's"

at a comedy in College Hall was to swell to the universal mirth evoked on England's "sunlit stage"—sunlit, as the Ode proclaims, after

"The sunrise of Shakespeare's age"

The poet left Eton in February 1854, before he was quite seventeen. We have not space to describe the excitement over "Atalanta" in 1805-7, when the pupil-room of William Johnson, the author of "Ionica," rang with the lines of the rhythmic choruses. Nor the delight of that great tutor at the thought of Swinburne unknown in Oxford schools, unboasted of at Eton—sending back poetry, breathing the very spirit of the Greeks, for the enjoyment of all scholars in the seat of learning with which he had been connected. These brief records—we hope there will be more of the poet's boyhood—may at least serve to show Swinburne enthralled by the Elizabethan dramatists at Eton. And they may witness how joyously he remembered Eton's connection with those dramatists when he wrote the Ode for his school.

THE GENIUS AND INFLUENCE OF SWINBURNE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE, WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, I. ZANGWILL, WALTER CRANE, DR. ABRAHAM SEYNE KOK, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, DR. JOHN TODHUNTER, RICHARD WATSON GILDER, AND GEORGE BRANDES.

EDMUND GOSSE:

AN extended impression of Swinburne, as I knew him for more than forty years, appears at this very moment in another place. I must, therefore, ask pardon if my reply to the kind request of *THE BOOKMAN* is very brief. I do not like, however, not to respond at all. Those are growing few who had the privilege, which I enjoyed in the 'seventies, of

sitting in the glow of that marvellous mind at the zenith of its splendour.

The present moment, however, seems to me the most unfortunate possible for the consideration of Swinburne's poetry. When he died we observed the judgments of the newspapers to be either cold or bewildered. The Press was markedly civil, and even respectful, but it did not appear to comprehend. This was bound to be the phenomenon since, if we only consider it, the young

critics of to-day are as far, in time, from "Atalanta in Calydon" as the Restoration was from Shakespeare, or the death of Johnson from the publication of Tennyson's "Timbuctoo." Of course a new generation has arisen; of course young men to-day do not feel as we felt in 1869. We must wait for the whirligig of taste to revolve and bring back the enthusiasm which is lost.

At this moment, then, when the fickle hearts of poetry-lovers are fixed elsewhere, Swinburne's most active influence on living literature is in the direction of criticism. This sounds paradoxical, since he was not a very safe critic. But he introduced, he actually invented, an attitude, an approach to literature which has affected every one who tries to write about poetry with any distinction. The temperature of his praise, the fulness of note in his generous appreciation, were higher and louder than had ever been met with in print before his day. Now, every one can exaggerate the value of any broomstick, and the lesson of "the noble pleasure of praising" is only too universally mastered. But this general heightening of the pulse (which, in its excessive shape, finds that not one out of forty novels a week has "a dull page in it from first to last") is certainly a development of Swinburne's magnificent and courageous ardour for the best poetry, as it was expressed in his tumultuous accents forty years ago.

One more word. Of all the Victorian poets, Swinburne was the most European. When he died the other day vivid tributes to him appeared in France, in Italy, in Germany, even in Portugal, Holland, and Sweden. Foreigners, to whom so much recent English poetry is absolutely unintelligible, could always understand and enjoy the general tenor of Swinburne's genius. This will be explained, some day, by an analysis of his sympathy with large and elemental ideas, put to the same species of music as was employed by the great Continental lyrists of his age. I close these hurried words by mentioning a fact which may be of interest to some readers—that a volume of biography and criticism appeared in Sweden on the last birthday of the poet, and reached London on the day of his death ("Swinburne: en Studie," af Harald Svanberg: Zachrisson, Göteborg). In this book, which I regard as the most complete summary of the external features of Swinburne's work and life which has yet been published in any language, Dr. Svanberg dwells with

great penetration on the cosmopolitan character of Swinburne's poetry.

EDMUND GOSSE.

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI:

Being invited to say something about Swinburne, who was a dear friend of mine from about 1860, I cannot refuse to do so, although conscious that neither in respect of space nor in any other regard will my remarks be in the least adequate.

The pre-eminent distinction of Swinburne as a poet was, in my opinion—and this has been generally and warmly recognised—his astonishing lyrical flow and rapture, and his daring and exhaustless mastery of the music of metre and rhythm. In this last point I hardly know but that he excels all other poets of whatsoever country and time. He attained—and this by absolute impulse rather than by exertion—to the lyrical sublime. And it should be added that, in cases where he combines drama with lyricism, as in his "Atalanta" and "Erechthoe," the majesty of the dramatic work is no jot inferior to the sublimity and beauty of the lyric work.

In thought Swinburne was naturally a rebel, an insurgent, disdainful of conventions and compromises; but his disdain of these was balanced by an enthusiastic affection and reverence for what he acknowledged as noble and exalted. In the earlier years of his poetic career people were fond of saying, in one or other accepted jargon, that his writings were "sound and fury, signifying nothing." This I conceive to be a great mistake. He was a man full of thought, study, and knowledge, and his poems have a greater rousing power than those of any other Briton since Byron. When his collected poems appeared some few years ago I re-read them right through, and was not a little impressed with the volume and solidity of mind which they develop.

It is true—and for my part I regret it—that in his later years Swinburne dropped the rôle of a rebel or insurgent, and, without altering the basis of his strong opinions as a republican and anti-dogmatist, he became of the party which calls itself Imperialist, and which some of us call Jingo. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true": so, at least, I think.

In prose-writing Swinburne had a sweeping mastery as singular as that which he displayed in verse. Only



'Before Sunrise.'

From a caricature by "Ape," published by *Vanity Fair* in 1874, and reproduced by kind permission of the Editor.

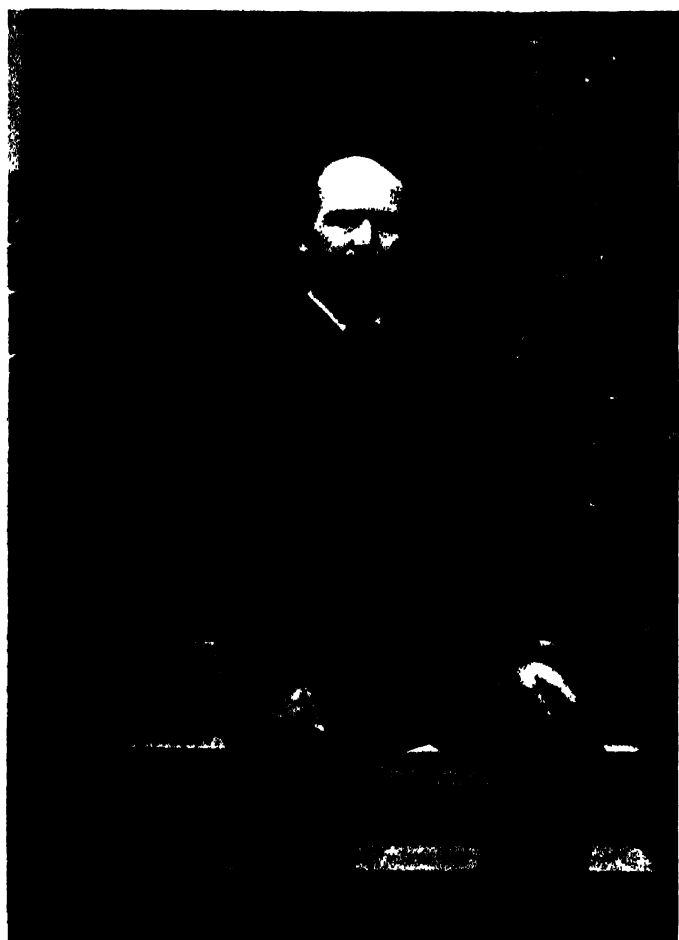


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. C. Swinburne.

it was less well applied: it ran into excess both of expression and of mere expansion.

Of Swinburne personally I will only say that I loved him most heartily for about half a century; and I am certain that he reciprocated my regard without stint. Notwithstanding his curiously excitable nerves and temperament (of which some odd stories could be related, applicable chiefly to his earlier years), he and I never had a moment's jarring. He was highly honourable, courageous, generous-minded, veracious, a firm and stout friend—in short, in several respects the very model of a gentleman. Who will be the man to do justice to him as biographer?

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

I. ZANGWILL:

Swinburne was the greatest singer that ever lived. Observe, I do not say the greatest poet. I take the opportunity of saying that it is a scandal that only posthumous honour has been paid to Swinburne. I shall always be pleased to think that I sent him, on the seventy-second birthday which preceded his death by a few days, a telegram of congratulation on the birthday of an Immortal.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

WALTER CRANE:

I may say that I have always entertained a high admiration for Swinburne's genius as a poet. His extraordinary command of words and power of combining them most musically seemed to me greater than his powers of thought. He seemed to

use words as a painter uses colours, and if he had been a painter, would certainly have belonged to the decorative school. He might be termed a decorative poet. His reputation might rest upon his early triumph, "Atalanta in Calydon." It was disappointing that his early enthusiasm for human freedom seemed to wane in his later days, and that the sunset did not re-echo the dawn.

WALTER CRANE.

DR. ABRAHAM SEYNE KOK

(the well-known Dutch critic and author):

Algernon Charles Swinburne has been highly appreciated for many, many years past in the Netherlands. Though Tennyson is, perhaps, a more general favourite among Dutch lovers of English poetry, Swinburne has won the admiration of the more artistic and highly developed minds in our country, of those that have a feeling for the most brilliant revelations of the genuine poetic spirit. In 1878 already there appeared a free translation of Mr. Edmund Gosse's elaborate study on Swinburne in the monthly magazine, *De Banier*. In the same year Mr. Allard Pierson, one of the most sagacious critics of our country, an author of extensive knowledge and fine poetic taste, published a very interesting essay on Swinburne as a prose-writer in *De Gids* (*The Guide*). He sets forth that the critic and the artist are one in Swinburne: his style does not remind us of any prose-writer of the nineteenth century; his style is distinguished by all the features of originality and individuality. Add to this a rare command of words arising from an overwhelming richness of ideas and guided by pure taste. Next year Mr. Pierson's splendidly written essay on Swinburne the poet appeared in the same periodical. The writer gives a critical survey of "Atalanta," "Erechtheus," "Bothwell," and Swinburne's political poetry. Many ably translated fragments illustrate this article. The conclusion is that coming poets will have much to learn from Swinburne, far more than from Tennyson. In 1906 there appeared an article on modern English poets in *De Gids* by



Photo by Miss Augusta A. Temple.

The "Rose and Crown," Wimbledon (looking towards the Common).

Where Swinburne occasionally rested after his morning walk across Putney Heath.

Dr. Edward B. Koster, and, of course, a considerable part is devoted to Swinburne. In English anthologies published in Holland, such as "The Rainbow," in four parts, and the "Literary Reader," by Taco H. de Beer, several poems of Swinburne are quoted.

A. S. KOK, PH. D.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:

I think it is a pity Swinburne did not do more work as a translator. The fragment from "The Birds" of Aristophanes which he left showed what he could have done in that way. The value of such work has been shown since by Professor Gilbert Murray, who has devoted himself so largely to making the Greek drama once more a living thing. This work of recovering ideas which were reached by the human mind for a moment from the crest of a former wave of development, and from which it so soon fell away, is extraordinarily interesting, and gets more and more exciting as we rise on the next wave and see further and further into poetry that meant nothing to our fathers. It requires as much originality and insight as the production of new poems—indeed more than most new poems call for. Now it happens that Swinburne, who seemed incapable of receiving any stimulus from the life around him, was highly susceptible to literary impressions. Putney could not set him thinking; but the Periclean age could. A great deal of his early verse about Pope Pius, Napoleon III., and the revolutionary movement is mere paraphrase

of Victor Hugo and Mazzini, not to be compared in point of sincerity and originality with Professor Murray's avowed and intended translations from Euripides. Swinburne needed a literary inspiration: he was really always a paraphraser, and he could rise to the ideas of the author he was paraphrasing with a power quite astonishing in a man who could not rise to the life and action round him at all, and who apparently passed by natural objects without seeing them—even those natural objects of which he had paraphrased descriptions again and again. He was a splendid sounding board, vibrating grandly to other people's conceptions; and if he had spent his life in turning Greek thought into English music he would have enriched the nation enormously. As it was, he has left us nothing but a wonderful garment of words that clothed very little of himself. His prose, with its mechanical alliterations and its continual substitution of a violent superlative qualified by an "all but" or a "well nigh" for the right word which he never could find, is villainous in style and often not much better in temper; but his disregard for other people's feelings and his recluse's freedom from the social influences and superstitions which muzzle the rest of us even more than our timidity and good-nature enabled him to say many things that other critics would not say. He was never stupid exactly; but he often produced an impression of disloyalty by the transition from the splendour and vigour of his echoes of revolutionary writers to the conventionality of his own views, which were made in Putney. It is quite staggering to pass from his inspired exposition of Blake's meaning to his suburban disapprobation of it. One sometimes asks whether anybody but a very dull man could have swallowed the Elizabethan dramatists so indiscriminately as he, or whether he would have swallowed them at all if he had never read Lamb. Yet it is impossible to think of Swinburne as dull. He was an odd phenomenon, this supporter of Dublin Castle who was a republican and regicide when Russia was in question; always distinguished and powerful at second hand, always commonplace and futile at first hand; great on paper, insignificant on Putney Hill. I never got anything from him except the musical pleasure of reading his verse; and I could not go on very long with that, any more than I could make my dinner off raspberry jam. But the pleasure was very great whilst it lasted. R.I.P.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

DR. JOHN TODHUNTER.

I have a vivid memory of the time when those two new planets, Rossetti and Morris, and that portentous comet of wider and more eccentric orbit, Swinburne, first "swam into my ken." Here was a new group of poets; each with a fine feeling for the craftsmanship of verse, each with a style of his own, yet with an outlook on life and an artistic treatment similar enough to warrant the critics in speaking of them as a school—"fleshly" or otherwise, as seemed good to them to label it. I have heard the three thus epigrammati-



Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Theodore Watt-Dunton in the Garden, "The Pines," Putney.

cally characterised: "Morris is earthly, Rossetti sensual, and Swinburne devilish." This at least recognised the dæmonic quality of Swinburne's genius.

The "school," if it may be called so, was essentially one of imaginative design, of graceful form, and fine colour, in which words and phrases, often reminiscent of the old ballads, Chaucer and the Elizabethans, gave a

mellow tone to the decorative pattern of the verse and the lyrical expression of the passion; while all three called us from the bustle and struggle of everyday life to sit with them by "the shores of old romance." Keats had "fished the murex up"; these men elaborated the scale and scheme of colour. Rossetti charmed us with his fine ballads and dexterously fashioned sonnets; Morris, the great Sagaman, in his delightfully told stories in "The Earthly Paradise," gave us a series of beautiful tapestries to adorn the chambers of our souls. Swinburne, with a strange new music of his own, more passionate, more magical in its rhythmic modulations than theirs, fascinated us with the strange witchery of his poems and ballads, and in "Atalanta in Calydon" swept us away into the higher regions of song. He was not, as Morris too modestly styled himself, "the idle singer of an empty day." He was at heart a *Vates*, with a message to deliver to his generation—a denouncer of woe to the oppressors of the earth, the "priests and kings" of Shelley. An indignant volcano raged in him, and the lava burst forth occasionally, as in "A Song of Italy," in which he scathes those he hated as tyrants and enemies of mankind, and celebrates his saints, Mazzini and Garibaldi, in an ode which for solemn music and sustained enthusiasm is unsurpassed in English verse except by the finest lyrical work of Shelley.

But if he was a good hater, he was also a good lover, especially of children, in whom he delighted, and whom he celebrated in many charming lyrics. He loved them as he loved that man of childlike heart, Charles Lamb, whose mishandling by Carlyle he avenged in more than one bitter sonnet. But Carlyle was not a "snake." Lamb's prejudice against men of Scottish nationality probably induced him to play some of his fantastic tricks upon the earnest young prophet, who came to estimate his personal value. His own humour and that of Lamb were out of tune with each other. Hence his puzzled snarl.

Swinburne was not only a master of the technique of verse, but an inventor of new metres. Great as a lyric poet, he, like Shelley, was attracted by the epic and



Photo by J. E. Braddon, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Swinburne's Grave in Bonchurch Churchyard.

dramatic forms of poetry, which he treated in his own masterful way. His "Tristram of Lyonesse" may be compared and contrasted with some of Morris's narrative poems. This poem, while full of splendid passages, full of music, colour, and passion, regarded merely as a piece of story-telling is inferior to the work of Morris, who was a born story-teller. It lacks his direct simplicity of

narrative. The progress of the story is delayed by the rich exuberance of metaphor introduced like the elaborate borders and full-page illuminations in an old manuscript. Yet here the illumination is so fine that the reader would be ungrateful who wished it away.

In dramatic work the "Atalanta" is Swinburne's most splendid success. If I had to choose a single poem in which all his great poetic powers are at their best I should choose this—Greek in form, but with a richness of emotional colour which is modern and his own in the solemn splendour of the blank verse, and the captivating beauty of the choruses. Chastelard seems to pale before it, in spite of the skill with which the dramatist has depicted the character of Mary as he here conceived it. As a play it is not quite convincing in its dramatic handling, and is monotonous in the rhythm of its verse. The *dramatis personæ*, unlike those of Shakespeare and Shelley, all speak in much the same metrical fashion. The exquisite French lyrics shine like gems in contrast with their setting.

But space is limited, and I must cut short these rough notes. In Swinburne we have lost the last, and in some ways the most remarkable, of the great Victorian poets.

JOHN TODD HUNTER.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

(Editor of the "Century"):

I may venture but a word of admiration for the poet who carried the rhythmic side of the poetic art probably farther than any English poet who ever lived. At least, he identified himself with that quality in verse to a greater degree than any other. The treasury of English verse is richer through him, with a new and unsurpassable richness.

Will you permit me in this connection to repeat these lines which express the writer's faith that even with this great eclipse England's succession of true singers remains unbroken:

BARDS OF BRITAIN.

The poets silent and the poets fled?

Not till these two that pluck the lyre are dead!

He of the patriot heart and Milton's line,
 With soaring song and melody divine ;
 And he who makes the old days breathe again,
 Yet sings the hour that is, and hearts of living men.

R. W. GILDER.

GEORGE BRANDES

(the eminent Danish critic):

That enthusiastic, high-souled, and courageous man, Algernon Charles Swinburne, surpasses all living poets in the harmony of his verses. For my part, I would never have believed that there could be such *music* in words, and especially in the English language. I am acquainted with the rare merits of Shelley and Keats, but no one has ever yet had the master touch, the miraculous skill of Swinburne in the art of making music with words.

I regard the poem to Mazzini, which is introduced into "Songs Before Sunrise," as the *non plus ultra* of linguistic beauty. A hundred other poems of his could perhaps be named as being of equal value, but this was the first poem from his pen which I read when I was very young, and I was suddenly captivated by his lyric genius.

As a poet, Swinburne was completely an artist. Nothing could be more different than his style is from the simple poetry of popular songs or from the styles of those poets who preceded him, as, for instance, Burns. Certainly he was a great English nature-poet (a great adorer of nature after the fashion of Lucretius), but he had not

the simple and spontaneous note of the popular lyricist. He was essentially a poet for the learned and cultured ; even his paganism was cultured.

It is remarkable that though there is a constant variety in the music of his strophes, these strophes are always put together on the same system. He never causes the metre to yield to the free demands of the sentiments expressed. That is what separates him especially from all other modern poets in France and elsewhere. Whilst romantic enough in spirit and in feeling, he was severely classical in his metric form. He carried out the programme of Théophile Gautier in his poem on "Art." His Muse was always "shod with a tight buskin." But correct as it was, the studied sameness of his strophes in their style of architecture gives a certain stiffness to his poetry.

The chief defect of his lyric poems is their length. Almost all of them are too long. Lyric inspiration cannot sustain the poet through some twelve to twenty pages. By its length even so pure a masterpiece as "Dolores" is spoiled. Perhaps his best poems are the shortest ones ; but the pantheistic verses from Victor Hugo, "Le Satyre," are very fine, as also are the funeral march "In Memory of Barry Cornwall," "A Match," and "A Forsaken Garden."

I do not think that the English public venerated him as he deserved, and it is a disgrace to the Scandinavian North that he did not receive the Nobel Prize.

GEORGE BRANDES.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the most amusing sentence, not exceeding forty words, constructed entirely from the titles of well-known books.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS KETTY GALLAGHER, of 9, Resca Road, Newport, Mon., for the following :

THE INCOMPLETE ETONIAN. BY FRANK DANBY.

"Very rough and thick his hair was,
 Very round and red his face was,
 Very dusty was his jacket,
 Very fidgety his manner."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Huawatha's Photographing*.

We also select for printing :

MR. OPP. BY ALICE HEGAN RICE.

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?" LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

(N. R. Ridley, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

FRATERNITY. BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.

"I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
 And the cook he worshipped me."

W. S. GILBERT, *The Yarn of the Nancy Bell*.

(Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.)

MARIE CORELLI.

"Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despight.
Thou art above their malice; and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear,
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendours to their shame appear."

GEORGE WITHER.

(Mrs. Mary Irwin, 1, Lower Grand Canal Street, Dublin.)

LITTLE DEVIL DOUBT. BY O. ONIONS.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*.

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the two best extracts from any English authors, one taking a favourable, the other an unfavourable view of any recent literary or social development, is awarded to MRS. PANSIE ANNIE RAINEY, of 6, Albany Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall, for the following:

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN.

(1) "Mr. Austin was a firm believer in new and higher destinies for women. He went farther than she could concede the right of human speculation to go; he was, in fact, as Radical there as Nevil Beauchamp politically; and would not the latter innovator stare, perchance frown conservatively, at a prospect of women taking council, *in council*, with men upon public affairs like the women in Germania? Mr. Austin, if this time he talked in earnest, deemed that Englishwomen were on the road to win such promotion, and would win it ultimately. He said soberly that he saw more certain indications of the reality of progress among women than any at present shown by men. And he was professedly temperate. He was but for opening avenues to the means of livelihood for them, and leaving it to their strength to conquer the position they might wish to win. His belief that they would do so was the revolutionary sign." —GEORGE MEREDITH, *Beauchamp's Career*.

(2) "Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle she;
Man with the head and woman with the heart;
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion." —TENNYSON, *The Princess*.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Miss J. SENECA, 20, Agamemnon Road, West Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

THE BLUE BIRD. BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK. (Methuen.)

M. Maeterlinck has chosen the colour of the sky and the distances to symbolise that dweller on the horizon—happiness.

He shows all his wonted power of subtle and exquisite suggestion, and in the conveyal of the spiritual underside of things in a form in which simplicity and the terrible are mingled. We may, perhaps, question why children, both of quite commonplace development, and one of a feeble and unadventurous spirit, should be chosen for the revelation of mysteries their souls have not yet learned to question, and of which they have not felt the burden.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews received are:

THE JUNE PRINCESS. BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
(Chatto & Windus.)

This book is worthy of the writer of "An April Princess," and combines interest with charm throughout the story. It is characterised by an intimate knowledge of human nature, but this is tempered by a keen sense of humour, and a kindly sympathy, so that, though we may laugh at the foibles of Nancy, Dickie, and others of the Princess's loyal retainers, we never ridicule them. The pages of this story are instinct with a "joie de vivre" which is infectious beyond words, and makes the reader much younger and happier for having read it.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MISS CHARITY. BY KEBLE HOWARD.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Charity is a delightful story of country life. The characters are clearly drawn, and their personalities vividly depicted. The book is simple and unambitious, but is written with that artfully concealed art which is necessary to weave a story of this kind successfully. Conversation is undoubtedly Keble Howard's forte; his characters converse in an absolutely natural and quite delightful manner; we are convinced that we should, in the circumstances, have said just the same ourselves. Although the author inclines towards idealism in certain of his views, the freshness and individuality of the whole cannot but charm the reader.

(Miss C. Maning, Lower Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania.)

We also particularly commend the reviews sent in by Mattie H. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Miss Hickey (Dukinfield), Ella A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Comrie), Lilian James (Exmouth), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), T. A. Walters (Ilkley), Charles South (Bootle), Mrs. Harvie Anderson (Glasgow), M. Windeatt Roberts (Bideford), and J. F. Johnson (Leicester).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to Miss EVELYN A. PEARSON, of Heath House, Fleet, Hants.

THE DOWN GRADE IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I cannot forbear asking your leave once more to speak on this painful and disquieting subject. The plague of unclean books, and especially of dangerous fiction, is raging on every side. Writers, publishers, librarians, booksellers, and the great purveyors who determine what shall be sold on railway-stalls seem alike in a conspiracy to let no chance escape of pressing on the multitude a literature as unwholesome as it is anarchical. I never leave my house to journey in any direction but I am forced to see, and solicited to buy, works flamingly advertised of which the gospel is adultery and the apocalypse the right of suicide. These highly charged explosives, a few years ago simply French, are

now multiplied and multiplying in our English market. Is there no public opinion strong enough, at any rate, to forbid the display of them at railway-stations? Will Christian fathers and mothers go on tolerating in so criminal a fashion the mischief such reading cannot but inflict on the young of both sexes? I am amazed at the blindness of good people to a state of things which must end in the widespread ruin of religion and the degradation of morals. Is it really no one's concern but that of the vicious-minded author and the money-seeking publisher? I call these printed pages the Black Death. Who will arrest its march?

Certain imbeciles (if they do not happen to be cynics

or anarchists) will pooh-pooh my contention as pedantry, clericalism, or lack of acquaintance with life. I am not addressing these imbeciles; I know the cynic is incorrigible; and the anarchist—*voilà l'ennemi!* But I do appeal to serious minds of whatever calling; to the old inbred English pieties of hearth and home; to all who are not eaten up with frivolity and who understand that thought is action. On this head the men now resolved to pull down our Christian ideals do not differ from me. They know well how revolutions are made. First corrupt the imagination and so take the feelings captive, then law and custom will follow. There is one instinct governing these ten thousand stories—the instinct of revolt—revolt against self-control or any control, high or low, by man or God. The woman clamours for Free Love, though she would be its most unhappy victim, an Ariadne in Naxos left behind at the sailing-season by Theseus intent on fresh adventures. Her partner talks polygamy, drugs himself with pleasure, and keeps the key of death in his pocket. Horrible as are the devil's tracts commending licence at the springs of life, I am yet more appalled when I read dainty eloquent sermons which glory in self-murder. What magic from the nether deeps has thrown a glamour like this over the modern spirit?

That which would strike me dumb as I look out on such a world is the smile—the scornful grin, rather hovering about the common reviewer's lips when he hears a protest against indecent, atheistic, inhuman, devitalising fiction as being a danger to the common-weal. What does he fancy to be the object of literature? He has never given it a thought. All he wants is to write his column and get the cash for it. He certainly would tell me that it is no business of the critic to preach. And I tell him that the critic who does not preach, under these conditions, is an accomplice after the act. He boasts that the journal has killed the pulpit. Very well; then the duties of the preaching-clergy have passed to the journalist. He may neglect, he cannot escape them. If reading were only an amusement, refined

or vulgar, I should not now be pleading for the censorship of the public conscience to hold it within due bounds. But it is the most effective of agencies in shaping those principles by which a nation lives or dies. That immense upgrowth of pernicious books will bear fruit in character; it has done so already. What is the use of our reasoning on "righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come" in half-empty churches, when the great circulating machines of Literature pour out by the myriad volumes which deride self-control, scoff at the godlike in man, deny the judgment, and by most potent illustration declare that death ends all? To these new Hot Gospellers man is but the chief animal of two sexes endowed with a cunning brain to feed appetite. After he has gorged his fill, he may cram his mouth with poison and he ceases to be. I could quote you novels of every season for years past of which that is the burden; but who has not seen them or heard the discussion of their merits—never literary, always turning on the view they inculcate, and thereby proving my argument against the dilettante? Thought, I say once more, is action. As we delight to dream of the world within, so will our lives be coloured; and we shall be obedient to our vision, not now a heavenly one like St. Paul's, but earthly, sensual, and devilish.

Such "vile affections" disgracing the noble art of teaching by example are tokens and forerunners of national decay. But surely the young ought to be protected from their assault. Books are now to be had on every railway platform at a nominal cost which, in my judgment, should be confiscated wherever found by the police. Is it not the duty of the Home Secretary to get information concerning this matter and to act upon it? *Our* duty who care for clean literature is not to cease our protest until something effective has been done towards staying the plague.

Yours,

WILLIAM BARRY.

LEAMINGTON, May 3, 1909.

New Books.

HEADLESS HISTORY.

Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., seems to have thought that there was enough fine writing about the French Revolution. Genius in the persons of Carlyle and Michelet, supreme historical talent of Mignet and Thiers, and half a hundred others, has illuminated Versailles and the Tuileries in 1789. His task be it to cut a plain path for an honest pedestrian through all this jungle of luxuriant historiography. What is wanted for this kind of work is a trenchant edge; point or finesse can be dispensed with. Refinement in dealing with the exact measure of the credibility of respective authorities is a superfluous luxury when the object in view is no more than a plain tale.

* "Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette." By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. 2 vols., 24s. net. With 35 Illustrations. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The story begins in May 1774 (with, first a whispering, and then a rushing mighty wind in the *Gil-de-Bœuf*, the whole Court reshing as if for a wager to salute the new sovereigns), and ends with the execution of the widow Capet, grey before her time, at the age of thirty-eight. That at least is where it ought to end, but after 630 pages of text comes 46 pages of Appendix which should have been Prologue, for it contains a succinct narrative, rather too succinct to be impartial, of the Bourbon dynasty from 1589 to 1774. The story has been told so often and with so many slight variations of tone and sentiment that the tune has become decidedly blurred. The whole rout of Versailles has become phantasmal—a phantasmagoria. And yet, in some ways, the narrative seems nearer than it can have ever done to the horrified readers of Croker and Carlyle.

The picture has been filled up with so many small details that it has lost that air of impenetrable mysteriousness and

indescribable doom which formerly characterised it. The characters are clearer and the background is sharper and smaller. Colonel Haggard, indeed, dispenses with atmosphere altogether. He simply does not provide one. But he atones for it to some extent by the strong interest he seems to take in the characters of his personages. His curiosity in this respect is well backed up by his penetration.

However we explain the main facts of the Revolution—and I think we must explain the broad issues in a way consistent with the utmost latitude of opinion, seeking most of the provocations at least as far back as the period from 1688 to 1712—a very great deal of the responsibility for what actually occurred must still fall upon a small group of persons. It is, at the very lowest estimate, quite appalling when we reflect how much turned upon the personality of Louis XVI. And that such a solecism incarnate, such a do-nothing and eat-all, should have been chosen by destiny to occupy the throne of Henri IV. and Louis XIV. at such a crisis, is one of the greatest ironies on the page of history. Yet in the qualities that are most, and most justly, prized by men, such as intellect and courage, Louis XVI. was by no means deficient. He was clever at his hobby of lock-making, a sure symptom that he was no mediocre fool. His knowledge of geography was exceptional. He made two wonderful globes, and he is said with his own hand to have drawn up the instructions for the circumnavigator M. de la Pérouse, which were attributed at the time to a committee of the Academy of Sciences. He was slow but very just in the correction or editing of despatches, and is said to have had a remarkable memory for figures. He went through the most terrifying experiences without showing ever a quail of fear. But he had defects even more paralysing than lack of sense or heart for a ruler of men. He had not a mind of his own for five minutes together. He was, in consequence, eternally at the mercy of the mind nearest him that had a will of its own. A reformer and a reactionary by turns, Turgot and Necker could get his consent to anything, till his back was turned, and another influence came into control. And so Louis was never sufficiently decided in favour of one plan to be convinced that the diametrically opposite would not have countervailing advantages and, perhaps, be better in the long run, after all. Such a temperament may be a trump card for a subordinate, but absolutely nonsuits a chief. His brother said of him that his character was like a lot of greased ivory billiard-balls—keep them together you could not.

His weaknesses were just those which it is almost impossible for a self-respecting king to own to—sloth, gluttony, rudeness, and taciturnity. Like Charles I. (significant fact) he was tongue-tied and hen-pecked, governed by a feather-head. Dumont wrote in his "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau":

"People argue endlessly about the causes of the Revolution. The one dominant and efficient explanation to my thinking is to be found in the character of the King. Place a king of firm and decided character in the position of Louis XVI. and the Revolution would never have come about. His reign is one long slope down into the vortex. His indecision, his weakness, his half measures, his lack of good counsel, nay, of ordinary foresight, ruined everything."

There is a nullity about this ill-fated descendant of St. Louis which is annihilating.

When the gardes du corps gave their lives for the Queen at Versailles he wept, but could find no words to express his sentiment. When the Swiss were summoned to defend the Tuileries and a few words of gallantry would have set them on fire, he said—nothing. When he was captured at Varennes, he said—nothing. When news arrived that the Bastille had been taken, he wrote in his diary—"Rien." The humiliation of defeat, the shock of captivity, the anguish of seeing her loved ones suffer, developed the soul of womanhood in Marie Antoinette; through sorrow she became noble, has ennobled others, and surpassed in fame all the women of a century prolific in great queens. But sorrow

produced no effect whatever upon Louis. His lethargy, his slovenly habits, his somnolence, and his appetite remained almost entirely unchanged. We shall prove too much if we pursue this line of character demonstration.

Colonel Haggard is inclined to attribute all the disasters of the débâcle to the sins of commission on the part of the Queen, but these cannot be separated, surely, from sins of omission on the part of the King.

An apocalyptic style and a Carlylean vocabulary seem needed to describe the sequence of events beginning with the affair of the necklace and ending upon the Place de la Révolution. Told in unvarnished prose, stated though it is by repetition, it seems almost too horrible. "Her cap was then removed and the Queen's white locks were cut off by Sanson, who stuffed the hair into his pocket." From the tension of details such as this it is a relief to most of us to turn to the description of a poet and the full-sailed prose of a Lamartine. Episodes there are in the history of that time which the reverence due to generations yet unborn requires to be sealed to all lips but those of the most eloquent and expiatory of poet historians.

"Thus died the Queen, frivolous in prosperity, sublime in misfortune, intrepid upon the scaffold, the idol of a court, cruelly entreated by the people, the stray goddess of royalty, the personal enemy of the Revolution. This Revolution she knew neither how to foresee, to comprehend, or to accept. She knew only how to irritate, and then to dread it. The people cast up on her, unjustly, all the hatred with which they bespattered the old régime; called her in the first instance to occupy a throne, and would grant her, at the bitter end, not so much as a tomb. We read in the register of common, or pauper, interments in La Madeleine: 'For the coffin of the widow Capet, 7 francs.'"

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

HISTORY IN ROMANCE.*

Many and varied are the forms which a dedication can take, from the eloquently simple form, "To ——" to the redundantly explanatory form employed by Mr. Hueffer in a ten-page letter to his dedicatee. Those who have a hank for the simple would do well, on taking up "The 'Half-Moon,'" to cut the cackle and come to the story," if we may apply the old advice. And the story, it may be said at once, is one that is well worth coming to. Mr. Hueffer has before shown us how well able he is to give to olden times and people the feeling of reality. In his trilogy of novels about the tragic story of the fifth of Henry the Eighth's six queens, he was moving largely in and about the pageantry of Tudor court life; in his new book we are for the most part concerned with humbler *dramatis personæ*, though in one of the chapters James the First is briefly presented with remarkable effect. Those readers who are versed in the details of old-time exploration will not need to be told that the *Half-Moon* was the name of one of the vessels in which Henry Hudson, the navigator, made his voyages to the far North and West. We are, however, well into the book before we reach that storied vessel.

It is in the picturesque Sussex seaport of Rye that Mr. Hueffer sets the earlier scenes of his romance, introducing us to Edward Colman, shipbuilder and jurat of that ancient place, and showing us how he was in love with the daughter of a Dutch dweller without the gates of the privileged port, and how he was loved by the passionate Anne Jeal, daughter of the Mayor and herself Mayoress of Rye. As befitts the historian of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Hueffer is well versed in the privileges which belonged to the citizens of Rye, and though he does not obtrude his learning he makes it serve in admirable fashion the purposes of his story. In her passion Anne Jeal seeks first the ruin of Magdalena Koop and then of Edward Colman himself; nor does she stop at anything which shall achieve her end. Seeking to witness the coup which she

* "The 'Half-Moon': a Romance of the Old World and the New." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

has planned, she is made to hear the hastily performed marriage service between Edward and Magdalena. Thus is her jealousy turned to hatred. Colman finds it advisable to exile himself for a time until a pardon can be arranged, and thus he goes to Holland, falls in with Hudson, and sails in the *Half Moon*. But Anne Jeal is not satisfied with bringing the forces of the Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex to bear against the man who had had the temerity to withstand her charms, nor even with direct appeal to the King; she indulges also in the practice of witchcraft that Colman may be made to suffer, and the novelist shows his hero's sufferings as synchronising with the practices of the woman scorned, which twentieth-century readers may regard as a severe test of their credulity. The author, however, so well succeeds in making us breathe the early seventeenth-century atmosphere that we find ourselves accepting the witchcraft as our forefathers of that day would have done, and it is only on considering the story after reaching the end that our modernity protests. Though it is an interesting and well knit romance, with the uncommon combination of neat character-delineation with a record of adventurous doings, it is perhaps by its vivid presentation of Hudson, the navigator, that the book makes its most lasting impression. Many readers, after finishing this story, will find that Henry Hudson has become something more than a name in the history of discovery, a name upon the map of North America; he has become for them a strong, self-willed, somewhat whimsical personality. It is an admirable piece of fictional portraiture serving the purpose of the historical. In historical fiction there are many methods, ranging from that in which the object is to tell a story without any special regard to the historical verisimilitude of the setting, to that in which accuracy of "local colour" is made of more importance than the story. Mr. Hueffer manages to keep the mean with singular success; he has planned a good story, set it forth well, and has charged it throughout with the right feeling of the period to which its characters belong.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.*

When we have made every allowance for Miss Bredon's insistence that it is the "romance" of Sir Robert Hart's

* "Sir Robert Hart: The Romance of a Great Career." Told by his niece, Juliet Bredon. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

long career in China that she tells in this book and for her acknowledgment that the story of his life can be but imperfectly written now, we still confess to a certain feeling of disappointment. Even within the limits which she has imposed upon herself Miss Bredon has, we think, been unduly superficial. She gives us many amusing anecdotes about Sir Robert Hart, but she fails to bring out with sufficient clearness the great and beneficent changes which he wrought during his career as Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs. A biography which shall do for Sir Robert Hart what, for example, Mr. Demetrius Boulger has done for the late Sir Halliday Macartney remains still to be written.

And yet Miss Bredon's biography, told in a simple style which is artless almost to the point at times of being ungrammatical, is not without its interest and value. We can see that even as a boy and very young man Sir Robert Hart gave evidence of his future distinction. Not many schoolboys would dare to inform their master that "it is wonderful the way you treat us boys, just as if you were our superior; just as if you were not a little dust and water like the rest of us. One would think from your manners you were our master, whereas you are really our servant. It is we who give you your livelihood - and yet you behave to us in this high handed manner." Not many men, again, do so well at college that the authorities, on seeing a certain man's name among the list of candidates, award a vacant post to him without troubling to hold the competitive examination which had been announced. Such, however, was the case with Sir Robert Hart, who thus in 1854 obtained a billet in the Chinese Consular Service. The parting advice tendered to him by the Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office is amusing. "When you reach Hongkong," said he, "never venture into the sun without an umbrella, and never go snipe-shooting without top boots pulled up well over the thighs." Upon which Miss Bredon well says that as no snipe have ever been seen in Hongkong, the last piece of counsel was as absurd as the first was sensible. During his first few years in China Sir Robert had the advantage of serving under the famous Sir Harry Parker, but in 1859 he was offered a post by the Chinese as Deputy-Commissioner of Customs at Canton. He accepted, and left the British service to begin that work which was destined to make his enduring reputation. In 1863 he became Inspector-General, and he held the position for over forty years till the Inspectorate of Customs was transferred by

Imperial Edict from the Wai-Wu-Pu to the Shui-Wu-Ch'u, a Board specially created to control it. Although, as we have said already, it is to be regretted that Miss Bredon has not said more upon this, by far the most important, aspect of Sir Robert Hart's life, there were many other parts which he was called upon to play at different times. Over and over again we find him acting as a peace-maker and smoothing down difficulties and misunderstandings which might have entailed the most serious consequences. Perhaps the most conspicuous example is his mediation between "Chinese Gordon" and Li Hung Chang after the fall of



Sir Robert Hart and a group of Customs people.

Taken on August 14, 1900, the day of the Relief of Peking, on the steps of the house they occupied during the siege.

From "Sir Robert Hart," by Juliet Bredon. (Hutchinson.)

Soochow in the Taiping rebellion, when Li had summarily beheaded the surrendered Wangs. His excuse was, to say the least of it, naïve. "I meant," he said, "to keep my word as to the Princes' safe-conduct; but when I saw those fellows come in with their hair long, the very sign of rebellion, and only wearing the white badge of submission in their buttonholes, I thought it such insolence that anger overcame me, and I gave the order for their execution."

One episode in Sir Robert's career may be quoted as illustrating admirably the workings of the Chinese mind. Towards the end of 1889 the Emperor issued an Imperial Decree raising Sir Robert Hart to the Chinese equivalent of the peerage.

"Henceforth he belonged to the distinguished company of Iron-Hatted Dukes—at least, not he but his ancestors did, for this was no ordinary father-to-son patent of nobility. The topsy-turvy honour reached backward instead of forward, diminishing one rank with each succeeding generation.

"The Chinese reason is as follows: 'If a man is wise or great or successful, it is because his forbears were studious or temperate or frugal. Therefore, when we give rewards, shall we not give them where they are justly due?'"

The argument is certainly as logical as any that can be advanced in favour of our own system of creating peers. As a solution of "the dominating issue" it is worth consideration by Liberal politicians.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE SPIRIT OF LONDON.*

Mr. Wilfred Whitten, editor of that admirable anthology "London in Song," has taken "Jack o' London" as his pen-name. If Mr. Lewis Melville were sole compiler of "London's Lure," one might suggest "Lewis o' London" as his. But remembering the injunction in the Marriage Service: "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder," the mere reviewer hesitates to separate the names of the man and woman who are one, not only in matrimony, but in the compilation of a volume. "London's Lure" is described on the title-page as "An Anthology in Prose and Verse, by Helen and Lewis Melville." One student, at least, of my acquaintance prefers to limit the use of the word "Anthology" to verse, but passing over that point, I venture to suggest "The Melvilles o' the Metropolis" as a pen-name for the compilers of this collection.

A work which attempted to bring together all the notable literary allusions to London would require a lifetime's reading and would constitute a library in itself. The present volume is, of course, merely a contribution towards such an effort, and must necessarily be of a fragmentary nature, as well as a mirror of the taste and of the reading of the compilers.

Mrs. Watts-Hughes has invented an instrument called the eidophone. On a stretched membrane of gold-beater's skin she scatters sand or seeds, and then sings into a receiver, whereupon the sands or seeds instantly form themselves into perfect and beautiful geometrical figures. In a book like "London's Lure," unless there be some personal quality in the compilers answering to the harmonic effect produced upon the eidophone by the human voice, we have a mere inchoate and incoherent mass of extracts. "London's Lure" has this indefinable personal quality or aroma, and so stands the test by which so many other collections fall.

I am sorry that, to this grove wherein such rare birds warble of London, larkwise and lyrically, or make music of another sort in harmonious prose, Mr. and Mrs. Melville have thought it necessary to "lure" such wing-weary veterans as Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" and Wordsworth's

* "London's Lure." Edited by Helen and Lewis Melville. 3s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

"Sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge." I am more sorry that they should have perched at the very end of their green and sacred grove, and upon the last tree—to croak "Finis" to the volume, in fact—so hunted, harried, and dismal a raven as Macaulay's "New Zealander." The odds are that the New Zealander in question, so far from living to survey the ruins of St. Paul's from London Bridge, is more likely to be done to death, and deservedly, by those of us who are as weary of hearing him quoted as other writers seem to be unwearied in quoting him.

With these three exceptions the contents are singularly fresh and unhackneyed. The editors have reaped, or rather gleaned, the centuries from the fourteenth to the twentieth, for their selection includes the names of John Lydgate, Edmund Spenser, Herrick, Ben Jonson, Gay, Pope, Addison, Swift, Blake, Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell, Lamb, Shelley, Byron, Macaulay, Hazlitt, Hood, Wordsworth, Lytton, Brontë, Carlyle, Borrow, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Black, James Thomson, Jefferies, Locker-Lampson, Wilde, Besant, Howells, Lang, Dobson, Watts-Dunton, Quiller-Couch, Amy Levy, Gissing, Gosse, Conrad, Rhys, Hichens, Barrie, Zangwill, Archibald Marshall, Alfred Noyes, James Douglas, St. John Adcock, and A. E. W. Mason.

In his essay on "Quotations and Originality," Emerson says: "Next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it." If that be so, we are all Mr. and Mrs. Melville's debtors, for the peculiar distinction of "London's Lure" is that some of the most memorable and remarkable extracts have never, to my knowledge, been printed in a book of the sort. Mr. James Douglas, for instance, who has a trick of etching his pictures on our memory as poignantly as acid eats into metal, is here finely represented. There is, too, an exquisite poem by Mr. St. John Adcock, in which the pitifulness of the heart-cry over London's so-called "lost" reminds one of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." For these, as well as the admirably selected extracts from Mr. George Barlow, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Mr. Henry James, and the late Lionel Johnston, I am as grateful as I am for the omission of anything from the pen of the brilliant but ubiquitous Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Locker-Lampson once said that the first question the majority of reviewers appear to put to themselves in dealing with an anthology is: "Now let me search the pages, to see whether I can blame the editors for omitting something that ought to have gone in." I remember quoting this to Mr. Swinburne, who replied: "One does not cease to be human in becoming a reviewer (though some authors think so), any more than one ceases to be human when becoming a clergyman. A reviewer must bring his expert knowledge to bear to discover what has been omitted, quite as much as he brings his expert knowledge to bear to accord appreciation of what is included."

When himself reviewing an anthology, Mr. Swinburne wrote ("Studies in Prose and Poetry"): "In all such volumes, a reader will usually find omissions to regret and insertions to surprise him. To take note of these is the best and sincerest tribute he can pay to the excellence of the general accomplishment, the fullest acknowledgment he can make to the high standard maintained and to the happy success achieved."

Remembering these words, I should like to suggest, for inclusion in future editions of "London's Lure," the memorable passage from Heine's "English Fragments," beginning: "Send, if you choose, a philosopher to London, but do not send a poet," as well as passages, descriptive of London, from Emerson's "English Traits" and from Moncure Conway's lecture: "London: Its Prose and Poetry." Le Gallienne's "Ballad of London," Francis Coutts's "London in Twilight," and Davidson's "Fleet Street Eclogues," are, I observe, not mentioned.

The most frequently quoted authors are, first, Dickens (nine extracts); second, Thackeray and John Gay (eight

each); and third, Disraeli (six). John Gay seems to me to occupy an eminence somewhat out of proportion to his merits; and so, too, does Disraeli, especially in view of the fact that Tennyson (part of whose "Will Water-proof" might have been found suitable), Matthew Arnold (why not the sonnets "East London and West London"?), and W. E. Henley are entirely unrepresented. Personally I would willingly forgo Gay or Disraeli, to say nothing of Leigh Hunt, Tom Moore, and Henry Kirke White, all three of whom have a place, to make room for Tennyson, Arnold, and the author of "London Voluntaries."

I do not put forward these suggestions to detract from the merits of a volume which has been edited with extraordinary care, admirable judgment, and unerring literary taste, for I, too, am of those who reverence the "Spirit of Place," in whose honour Mr. and Mrs. Melville have brought together, and from afar, the stones with which they have built this little church, consecrated to the Spirit of London. My only reason for proposing in future editions the changes and additions I have indicated is because I hold that if, as is said, imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, honest criticism is surely the sincerest form of compliment.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

TWO AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.*

It every literary man had been able to live the easy, affluent, comfortable life that he has desired to live, it may be doubted whether literature would have been any the richer for it, and it is quite certain that literary biographies would then have been duller reading than they are. Poverty, the struggle against misfortunes, failure, or hard-won triumph are misery and anxiety enough for the man who has to endure them, but they make a moving, fascina-

* "Chapters of my Life." By Samuel Waddington. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.) "A Stepson of Fortune." By Henry Murray. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Henry Murray.



Mr. Samuel Waddington.

ting romance for other men to read about. Here are two new autobiographies of two authors, so utterly unlike in style, temperament, and circumstance that there is no excuse whatever for bracketing them together except that they chance to be published in the same month. "Owing to my usual good fortune, the anthology at once proved a success," writes Mr. Samuel Waddington, telling how he came to compile his excellent book of "English Sonnets by Living Writers." On the other hand, "I will preface this volume by saying that it is the work of the unluckiest scribbler—regarded merely as a scribbler—on which the all-beholding eye of day has ever looked," writes Mr. Henry Murray. "That is the one statement this book will contain to which I will suffer no challenge."

There you have the keynotes of the two volumes. Mr. Waddington has lived the ideal literary life and tells a placid, pleasant, eminently satisfactory story of a quietly successful career. He shrank at first from editing that anthology when it was suggested to him because it "seemed to be somewhat derogatory, or work only fit to be performed by the literary 'back,' " but a reminder that Palgrave and Archbishop Trench had edited anthologies brought his pride "tumbling to the ground," and when the collection appeared a thousand copies were promptly sold. That complacent touch of superiority and condescension in Mr. Waddington's manner is sometimes a little trying. "Long-fellow's 'heart-stirring strains' are all of them such as even the labouring classes can read with enjoyment and understand," he remarks.

But these, after all, are trivial infelicities; there is much in the autobiography that is of real value. Coming fresh from Oxford Mr. Waddington secured a nomination to the Board of Trade, and had for his fellow-administrators there Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse; he wrote for the magazines, published books and grew distinguished as a writer of graceful, scholarly poetry; he came to number among his friends and acquaintances men eminent in literature, science, art, politics, and gives some memorable glimpses of them in his pages. Perhaps the most attractive chapters are those dealing with his "Life in London," with "Excursions in Literature," and with his "Spiritual Wayfarings"; but the book throughout has its own peculiar charm. "It has never been my desire to sacrifice the pleasures of life," says Mr. Waddington, "for the sake of a larger income, or a more distinguished position in the world"; and it is restful in these days even to read the record of a man who has lived a life of such wise quietness.

You plunge at once into a very different, more turbulent atmosphere with "A Stepson of Fortune." If Mr. Waddington was born to inherit "the world's wine, honey and

corn," Mr. Murray was surely, like Hood's "Colchester native," born "to its vinegar only, and pepper." He paints a deplorable picture of his boyhood, and writes of his parents with a somewhat brutal candour. His mother he describes as "a born scold and tyrant," and his early home as "that Temple of Nagger and House of Children's Tears." Later, his judgments of his brother, Christie Murray, may be just, but they are hard and bitter, yet, however much these things may jar upon you, you arrive at a grudging admiration for the man who is not afraid to say out plainly and without paltering precisely what he thinks and what he believes. Whatever else Mr. Murray may lack, he is not lacking in courage, and you gather that if he has come through unusually tempestuous weather he not infrequently had a hand in the brewing of his own storms. Nevertheless, he gives you such instances of the sheer bad luck he had to face, as a novelist and a journalist, that you are constrained to acquiesce in his assertion that he is the unluckiest of scribblers to the extent of admitting that at least he is one of them. He has always hated journalism, but confesses that in this he has been unwise, for "there is no such school in the world for a youngster who desires to make the writing of fiction his profession as is offered by the daily work of journalism." He utters a pessimistic prophecy as to what will result from "another twenty years of uncontrolled exploitation of the Press on the lines followed by Lord Northcliffe," and mercilessly scarifies that very different pressman, "the amateur journalist."

Some of the most genial and enjoyable passages are those in which Mr. Murray tells of his friendship with Robert Buchanan; there are vivid little prose etchings of Meredith and others of his famous contemporaries, and a good many amusing anecdotes. It is not necessary to say to any one who has read Mr. Murray's novels and his brilliant critical articles that he writes with a true literary gift; this book of his is an intensely human document, everywhere vigorously alive with interest, and is at once an unflinching, unflattering self-revelation and a very realistic presentment of journalistic life in modern London.

TURKEY REFORMING HERSELF.*

If ever a book was published, like the conceits of Holofernes, "upon the mellowing of occasion," it is this volume in which Mr. Knight sets forth the growth of the Young Turk movement, the story of the revolution which restored to Turkey her constitution, the counter-revolution, and (so far as can be judged) the final victory of the reformers. Mr. Knight, we need scarcely remind our readers, is a man who has known Turkey and the surrounding peoples for many a long year, and he can speak with an authority which is possessed by few, if any, other writers. The Turkish situation, as recent events have clearly proved, is so little understood in this country that Mr. Knight has, we think, done well in explaining at length the aims and manners and personal characteristics of the people he describes.

To many who have classed all Turks together as "unspeakable" it may come as something of a surprise to find Mr. Knight declaring that the Turkish reformers are Western in their sympathies and culture and have repudiated Pan-Islamism; that, so far from being polygamous monsters, they are, in practice, monogamous in many cases; and that Turkish ladies are both well educated and respected, and have played no small part in recent happenings. Again, Mr. Knight points out very clearly that Islam is "essentially liberal and democratic," and that the revolution would certainly have failed had not the Sheikh-ul-Islam given the Young Turk movement the sanction of the faith. It may not, Mr. Knight says, be generally known that—

* "The Awakening of Turkey." By E. F. Knight. 10s. 6d. net. (John Milne.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. E. F. Knight.

"the theological arguments which convinced the Sheikh-ul-Islam that this was the right attitude to take were drawn up for him by a faithful subject of Edward VII., Ameer Ali, ex-judge of the High Court in India, and a learned exponent of Moslem thought and tradition."

Having, then, first cleared the ground of many popular misconceptions, Mr. Knight goes on to trace the rise of the Young Turkey party, the genesis of which he ascribes to the reactionary policy of Abd-ul Aziz some forty years ago. We see the difficulties under which the reformers continually laboured until at last in 1906 their efforts crystallised into an effective secret society, the headquarters of which were in Salonica. It had been calculated by the Young Turks that the time would not be ripe for their great *coup* until the autumn of 1909, but the knowledge that the British Government had decided to withdraw from that "Concert of Europe" which had failed so completely to deal with the question of reforms in Macedonia, and the meeting of King Edward and the Tsar at Reval, hastened on the crisis. The standard of revolt was raised at Resna by Niaz Bey, who thus forestalled that projected further foreign interference which was so galling to the pride of all true patriotic Turkish reformers. The story of this revolution as told by a man with all Mr. Knight's sources of information is truly fascinating, and when we have read his account we can appreciate the comparison which he institutes between the triumph of the Turkish reformers and our own revolution of 1688. We heartily recommend Mr. Knight's book to everybody who is anxious to understand one of the most remarkable political phenomena recorded in history.

LAW AND LITERATURE.*

The legal tree has but two branches; the solicitor is on the lower one, where the attorney used to be aforetime, and Mr. E. B. V. Christian has set himself to write a history of the achievements of the attorney in life and letters. One delightfully humorous chapter he devotes to a rehabilitation of the characters of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg,

* "Leaves of the Lower Branch." By E. B. V. Christian. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Pickwick's old enemies; in others he discusses "The Novels of the Law" and "The Attorney in the Poets." Three very interesting chapters are monopolised by "The Attorney as Man of Letters," and that on "The Attorney as Butt" retells the too-little-known truth about that much maligned critic, one of the most capable of Shakespeare's commentators, Lewis Theobald. Everybody knows how mercilessly he was pilloried by Pope, with what contempt he was dismissed by Dr. Johnson and many another, but only since Professor Churton Collins and Professor Lounsbury have raked into the facts and had the courage to vindicate him are we beginning to realise that so far from being the mere dull witted fool that Pope and the rest of them made him out to be, he was one of the acutest, most learned, and most conscientious of critics and editors. He was a better critic than Pope, and a better man, and retorts upon his waspish little libeller thus, with a certain dignity: "The indignation perhaps for being represented as a blockhead may be as strong in us as it is in the ladies for a reflection on their beauties. It is certain I am indebted to him for some flagrant civilities; and I shall willingly devote a part of my life to the honest endeavour of quitting scores; with this exception, however, that I will not return these civilities in his peculiar strain, but confine myself to the limits of common decency. I shall ever think it better to want art than to want humanity."

From which you will gather that the book has its serious side, but it is all written with an ease and humour and lightness of touch that make uncommonly entertaining reading without detracting anything from its merits as an exhaustive compendium of what has been done in literature by attorneys, and what has been done with attorneys in literature. The illustrations from old prints and engravings add appreciably to the interest of a volume in which we have found unqualified enjoyment.



Generous Pugnacity.

From "Leaves of the Lower Branch," by E. B. V. Christian.
(Smith, Elder.)

MARION CRAWFORD'S LAST NOVEL.*

As one turns the final page of Marion Crawford's last novel, one is so much impressed with the moving drama of the narrative and the charming manner in which it is unfolded that any academic attempt to "place" the departed writer in the hierarchy of novelists seems quite out of the question. We accept the graceful gift with gladness—a gladness touched with melancholy because it is the last that we shall receive from that generous source. "The White Sister" makes a fitting close to Mr. Crawford's sequence of Italian romances, and is closely related in style and setting to the "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario" volumes. In fact, so close is the connection, that one of the Saracinesca family, a finely drawn prelate of the Roman Church, figures prominently in the present romance.

It is with the love-story of Angela Chiaromonte that "The White Sister" mainly deals. An American artist of genius has painted the beautiful girl's portrait, and has unwittingly given to the face a nun-like character and posed it against an ecclesiastical background. These cloistral effects are intended to prefigure Angela's future, for when her supposed father, the Prince Chiaromonte, dies, her vindictive, vixenish aunt casts her penniless on to the world with the advice "to get to a nunnery." The notion is preposterous, seeing that the girl is deeply in love with a handsome young officer, Giovanni Severi. But at the moment he cannot assume the rôle of protector, for his father has just lost all his wealth, while Giovanni's rank in the army is low, and his payment correspondingly small. He must leave the army, he tells the girl, and take up engineering for that way lies the chance of making a competence more speedily. But Angela dissuades him from this course, and extracts a promise from him to wait a month before deciding upon resignation. Unfortunately, the delay is fatal to his hopes, for before the month has passed Giovanni is selected as second in command of a dangerous expedition in Africa. So overpowering is his love, he declares that he will not leave Italy, but Angela appeals to his patriotism and honour, and the ardent wooer departs for the wars. A few weeks later she receives the agonising news that the expeditionary force has been annihilated to a man.

For a time the blow stuns her, but at length her soul reawakens, inspired by a great heroic purpose. For the sake of Giovanni, she will devote herself to works of charity and mercy, and so all that the great artist, with the penetrating eye of genius, perceived in her character springs suddenly to the surface, and she enters the gates of the Convent of the White Sisters of Santa Giovanna d'Aza. Mr. Crawford describes the life led by these devoted women with sympathetic insight, and shows how Angela became one of the most tireless and devoted members of the order working first as a lay nurse and finally, after much heartsearching, taking the veil that shuts a woman away for ever from a man's love. Passing triumphantly through many stages of self-denial, she in due time professes herself ready for the supreme act of self-sacrifice. She will go out to almost certain death as a nurse to the lepers in the Far East. But before she can translate this sublime resolve into action, dim rumours reach the convent that Giovanni Severi is still alive, and soon Angela finds herself face to face with the man whom she loves as fondly as ever.

Having created so strong a situation, it is easy for such an acute psychologist and practised craftsman as Mr. Marion Crawford to charge the last hundred pages of his book with tense dramatic incident. On the one hand, we have the ardent soldier, frankly agnostic in his attitude towards religion, owning no god but his own honour, feverishly eager to possess the woman of whom the perverse fates have robbed him, and urging her to renounce the vows which she has made in

* "The White Sister." By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

ignorance ; on the other, there is Angela, trying to quench the love that is burning within her, and believing that no one, not even the Pope himself, is able to release her from the bonds which she has imposed upon herself. With Angela it is a struggle between the devotee and the woman, and in the end the victory—thanks partly to chance and partly to the timely intervention of a tolerant, broad-minded Churchman—goes to the woman.

This last book of a writer whose untimely death we all so much deplore has the characteristic merits of its predecessors. It is full of epigrammatic observations, delicate humour, and scraps of quaint learning, and though the central character-study is that of a nun, Mr. Crawford writes with no theological bias. In *Angela Chiaromonte* he has left us a portrait worthy to figure in the same gallery as that of the superb *Donna Corona*.

F. J. C.

NIETZSCHE.*

Everybody who has not read Nietzsche's work knows that he was very wicked, a piece of knowledge that might even survive this admirable account of his austere and beautiful life. But they also know that he was punished by madness as other offenders were punished by hemlock and cross. Justice is satisfied, and since we know that only the good can prevail, we may begin to handle the abomination with security. Even if it were not harmless we are so used to poisons that one more will not affect the mixture which we drain so devoutly, though without growing perceptibly happier or wiser or more amusing. Let us enjoy him disinterestedly, knowing that our souls are safe. Let us take a dilettante's joy in him. He is worthy of it. For there are few spirits of a more godlike fury and colour than Nietzsche, and the godlike spirits are made for men, not men for the godlike, as he insolently thought. We shall disagree with him, but we need not be angry, since we are certain that we shall conquer, and that he, like other great men, will only be great when he is popularised and our grandchildren pillory men for denying him. He will colour and change us, but we need not fear ; we shall remain the immovable multitude through all vicissitudes and have the power which made him so angry of letting the dead bury the living. Let us keep the eagle in our palace court and watch his imperial ways, though the supreme beauty of flight cannot be granted to him. Perhaps it will make our claim that he is not dangerous more convincing if we point out that he is a poet and prove it by a few delectable quotations. For we in England have a special knowledge of the harmlessness of poets. At the University of Leipzig, where he went in 1865 (born 1844), they recognised that he was "as much an artist as a scholar," and only a poet could have combined in a living unity his profound knowledge of philosophy, history, philology, the arts and life.

At the root of his criticism of his age was the poetic conviction that it was too busy informing itself, that it was too historical. In the early "Thoughts out of Season" he draws a terrible picture of the modern man benighted by historical and scientific facts. "No generation," he says, "has seen such a panoramic comedy as is shown by the 'science of universal evolution,' history ; that shows it with the dangerous audacity of its motto—'Fiat veritas, pereat vita.'" Too often "we stop at knowing the good without doing it, because we also know the better but cannot do it." Yet, "one who cannot leave himself behind on the threshold of the moment and forget the past,

who cannot stand on a single point, like a goddess of victory, without fear or giddiness, will never know what happiness is"—nor wisdom, nor beauty. In contrast he sets up the Greeks, an utterly unhistoric people, knowing no tongue but their own ; and not only the Greek, but every man who achieves a great thought or act he calls "unhistorical," because in the power and glory of the creative moment he forgets all that he knows, just as a beautiful living thing forgets all that makes it so in a beautiful attitude or gesture. "His life," says this thinker about life—"his life is the fairest who thinks least about life." In his indignation against unripe knowledge he dares to call an idea at once fatal and true, and to say that "the virtuous man will always rise against the blind force of facts, the tyranny of the actual, and submit himself to laws that are not the fickle laws of history." We cannot grasp the whole ; let us carve out a portion and glorify it by our love. Could any but a poet think so unprofitably ? And it is not only as a young man that he can say that "the culture of a people as against this barbarism can be described with justice as the 'unity of artistic style in every outward expression of the people's life.'" In the much later "Ideas of Good and Evil" he compares the intuition of the artists with the grunting and sweating of the philosophers, by whom "thinking is regarded as something slow and hesitating, almost as a trouble, and often enough as 'worthy of the sweat of the noble' but not at all as something easy and divine, closely related to dancing and exuberance," and as in "The Birth of Tragedy" he speaks of "an artist thought and artist afterthought behind all occurrences—a 'God' if you will, but certainly only an altogether thoughtless and immoral artist-God," so in "Thoughts Out of Season" he says that in the opera at Bayreuth "we see the struggle of individuals against everything which seems to oppose them with invincible necessity, with power, law, tradition, conduct, and the whole order of things established." His conception of the inseparableness of Art and Nature makes him put into Wagner's mouth the words which end : "Nature is much richer, more powerful, more blessed and more terrible below the surface, ye cannot divine this from the way in which ye live. O that ye yourselves could learn to become natural again." He is a Greek, but what a romantic Greek it is that says of the profound German music that it "fades and pales and dies away, at the sight of the blue wanton sea and the Mediterranean clearness of sky." His love of the elemental and the youthful is so strong that although, as is well known, he has often spoken as if life would have accomplished its destiny if it were in the way to produce a few noble spirits, true, beautiful, and strong, and though no man has spoken more contemptuously of the multitude, he will have nothing to do with the luxurious "friend of art," *i.e.* the friend of delicate things in an ivory tower, and he would side against such a one with the people who have the elemental merit of "thinking least about life," and the common people who cannot be called "machines for thinking, writing, and speaking." They would not be unwilling to hear one who cries out that "A thing can only live through a pious illusion. For man is creative only through love and in the shadow of love's illusions, only through the unconditional belief in perfection and righteousness." And it is curious to note how this exquisitely sensitive poet and man of culture, greatly desiring beauty, nobility, freshness, and "heady virtues," turns to those who are not "tame house animals, like our cultured people of to-day," and how he sees something after his own heart in the great histories of the Old Testament, where men thought in actions and there is none of the muddy atmosphere that disgusted him in modernity. Unless we of the middle classes take him into our tender bosoms and charming parlours and stifle him there, it will perhaps be not with the aristocracy so-called which is dead or dying, but with the brutal unspoil multitude that his hope of life or resurrection will lie.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Nietzsche: His Life and Work." By M. A. Mügge. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Thoughts Out of Season." Translated by A. M. Ludovici and Adrian Collins. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each. "The Birth of Tragedy." Translated by William A. Haussmann. 2s. 6d. net. "Beyond Good and Evil." Translated by Helen Zimmern. 3s. 6d. net. (Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis.)



Frontispiece of Mrs. Humphry Ward's New Novel, "Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode."

"MARRIAGE À LA MODE."*

Daphne is not one of the most charming, but she is certainly one of the most vitally and vividly human women Mrs. Humphry Ward has fashioned in any of her books. She is an essentially American girl of the most independent, up-to-date type, and Roger Barnes, a typical, decent, sensibly conventional Briton, meets her and loves her. He could not but realise that she was "imperious, difficult, incalculable," and even in the early days of their acquaintance "the Northern character in him, with its reserve, its phlegm, its general sanity, began to shrink from the Southern elements in her. He became aware of the depths in her nature, of things volcanic and primitive, and the English stuff in him recoiled." He came of a good but somewhat impoverished family; she was a millionairess, though he did not know this until after he had made up his mind he was in love with her. He "divined in front of him a future of tyranny on her side, of expected submission on his"—Daphne would have "bought him with her dollars, and he would have to pay the price."

You feel at the outset that marriage between these two cannot possibly end in anything but disaster. It leads to a little happiness and much misery; to a stubborn conflict of wills, to some folly on Roger's part, and a deal of intolerance and small tyranny on Daphne's. The tie chafes them both; he loves her still but she believes she has ceased to love him; as she says later, "we think in America that a marriage which has become a burden to either party is no marriage, and ought to cease," and she takes advantage of the iniquitously easy-going American divorce laws to free herself from him. The demoralising effect of this harsh separation upon her as well as upon him is traced with remarkable insight and power. The last

scene in which, in spite of her aggressive belief in woman's freedom and independence, Daphne's pride breaks down and she humbles herself only to find that she has gone her own way and there is no way back, is one of the most poignantly dramatic things in modern fiction.

The book resolves itself into an outspoken and passionate indictment of the American divorce laws and an exposition of the material and spiritual ruin that too frequently results from their operations. But the story in itself is a good and a thoroughly interesting one, quite apart from the purpose of it—well shaped, and admirably written, with the skill in characterisation and all the depth of feeling and narrative gift that, from the time her first book appeared, made Mrs. Humphry Ward one of our most popular novelists and have kept her so.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.*

When people say, as some people do, that criticism is useless, they really mean no more than that some of it is, or that none of it is useful to everybody; and they might as truthfully say the same of the books that are criticised. The only kind of criticism that can safely and emphatically be said to be of no possible service to any one is that in which the critic is not so much bent upon expressing a thoughtful and honest opinion, as upon exhibiting his own cleverness. "Every critic," as Sir Leslie Stephen says here, in his essay on "Dr. Johnson's Writings," "is in effect criticising himself as well as his author; and I confess that to my mind an obviously sincere record of impressions, however one-sided they may be, is infinitely refreshing, as revealing at least the honesty of the writer. The ordinary run of criticism generally implies nothing but the extreme desire of the author to show that he is open to the very last new literary fashion. I should welcome a good assault upon Shakespeare which was not prompted by a love of singularity, and there are half a dozen popular idols—I have not the courage to name them—a genuine attack upon whom I could witness with entire equanimity, not to say some complacency." Returning to this topic in another essay, that on "The First Edinburgh Reviewers" he says: "The greatest triumph that a literary critic can win is the early recognition of genius not yet appreciated by his contemporaries. The next test of his merit is his capacity for pronouncing sound judgment upon controversies which are fully before the public, and, finally, no inconsiderable merit must be allowed to any critic who has a vigorous taste of his own—not hopelessly eccentric or silly—and expresses it with true literary force. If not a judge, he may in that case be a useful advocate."

The great value of Stephen's criticisms is their downright honesty; there is no pose and no pretence about them; they are perfectly sincere records of the opinions and impressions of a man of culture and shrewdness who could think for himself and was never afraid to say what he thought. He owns bluntly that he finds Johnson's "Rambler" unreadable; he is, perhaps, a little unimaginative in his treatment of Shelley; you may agree with much and dissent from much that he writes of Massinger, Hazlitt, Defoe, Macaulay, and many another, but you find him generally helpful, suggestive, stimulating, and, because of his independence and outspokenness, always interesting. Again and again he praises an author for his good commonsense, or condemns his lack of it, and it is this same wholesome virtue that informs his own judgments—you may sometimes think them wrong, but you never think them foolishly wrong, or other than sagacious, well-considered, eminently sane.

* "Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Cassell.)

* "Hours in a Library." By Leslie Stephen. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

How many years is it since we first revelled in the "Hours in a Library"? We sat down to dip into the essays again, and have been lured on and on from one to the next, and have found them as fresh, as alive and full of interest as when we read them years ago. It was high time to issue them in a cheaper edition, and it is characteristic of the publishers who do so that nobody seeing these three well-printed attractively bound volumes could know that this was a cheap edition, except by the price that is marked on the wrappers.

THE ROMANCE OF FURS.*

Great was the venture; greater were the results thereof, and greatly has Miss Laut sought to do her work in fitting spirit and manner. Indeed, her presentment is, in a certain sense, too great. She has caught every scrap of the enthusiasm of her huge subject, less a sufficiency of the power that lies in a style the strength of which is quietude. Some subjects are too enormous in their mere bulk, some are too majestic and sublime, others are too important in their relation to life, and a few—little-greats of here and hereafter—are too impressive to be put forward in what Brother Jonathan would term a "live" style. This, and this only, is where Miss Laut has erred—if we except such feminine slips as mixed tenses, and such exaggerations as saying that Americans (as the word is now understood) claimed "Oregon down as far as the Spanish settlements," in the seventeenth century, that the first H.B.C. adventurers were "gay gentlemen," and that they "took toll of the wilderness in cargoes of precious furs outvaluing all the taxes ever collected by a conqueror"; or that Hudson and his men undertook "a venture that has baffled every great navigator since time began." But when we bear in mind all the ramifications of such a history as that of the H.B.C., we are strongly tempted to say that it is a subject on which hardly any unaided feminine pen could do itself justice. Here there are points which, though in other phases of life they would need more heart than head for their adequate rendering, needed the greater stability (I say it in fear and trembling) of a masculine mind.

However, let Miss Laut speak for herself. This is at the opening of her first volume; the subject-matter of the moment is Hudson's desire for over-ocean discovery, and she says, in some of her very best English:

"It was a demon, driving him in spite of himself. It was a siren whom he could not resist, luring him on to wreck, which he knew [we have no evidence of this] was certain. It was a belief in something which reason couldn't prove but time has justified. It was like a scent taken up by a hound on a strange trail. He could not know where it would lead, but because of Something in him and Something on the Trail, he was compelled to follow. Like the discoverer in science, he could not wait till his faith was gilt-edged with profit before risking his all on the venture. Call it demon or destiny! At its voice he rose from his place and followed to his death."

Whilst we admire Miss Laut's verve, her enthusiasm and her lyrical sort of swing; whilst we bow to her disregard of the elegancies and often the necessities of our written mother-tongue, we cannot agree that this is a logical deduction of Henry Hudson and that which drew him away to his death. Yet we can heartily agree with and commend her comparatively brief summary of Hudson's four voyages, which Miss Laut has condensed into four short chapters. It was on the second of those voyages that the unperceived beginnings of the H.B.C. were laid, when Hudson discovered the river which now bears his name. Some of the more lawless members of his crew were ashore, where they drove Indians out of their wigwams, shot them and took their furs aboard—there to fight

* "The Conquest of the Great North-West: Being the Story of the Adventurers of England known as the Hudson's Bay Company. New Pages in the History of the Canadian North-West and Western States." By Agnes C. Laut. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

over dividing the spoil, never dreaming that those few armfuls of furs would be so instrumental in bringing into existence one of the greatest trading ventures that the world has known; one that, while practically giving us as much territory as John Company did in so largely gaining India for us, has far out-lived its early contemporary.

During the time that Hudson was trying to find his way through that imagined North-West Passage to the "South Sea" of those days, in dire privations, failure and death, the Dutch merchant-princes were fitting out vessels to make the best of Hudson's fur discoveries on the nearer coast of North America. Then came Radisson, the intrepid young French fur-gatherer, with his more elderly companion at the same game of barter, and their wondrous stories of untold furs which were to be had from the Indians in the northern part of the great continent. It was they who brought into being the "Gentleman Adventurers," who sent to Hudson's Bay two craft, one of which came back so loaded with skins that Radisson there and then originated the H.B.C. How unusual prosperity attended the Company's doings as the years went by, adding, season by season, hundreds then thousands of miles of newly found and indifferently explored country, tribes of animal-trappers and cargoes of pelts to their transactions, are all told in Miss Laut's lively manner. Then the coming of the opposing adventurers, "The Nor'-Westers"; the struggles between the two Companies, ending in their becoming one, their spreading over the greater half of the American continent, and much that has gone to make the H.B.C. what it has been in every way—it is all here, and we are thankful to have it in this "live" and compact form, which is considerably enhanced by maps and reproductions of old pictures.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE BANCROFTS AND THEIR FRIENDS.*

Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft occupy a somewhat exceptional place in the story of the theatre in England, as much by reason of the multitude of their friendships with men and women of note in the arts and letters as by their services to the English dramatic revival of the last century. Actors and actresses, as a rule, be they never so famous and gifted, are limited in their personal attachments mainly to the members of their own profession. The Bancrofts, on the contrary, have had, and still retain, a far larger circle of intimate acquaintances among distinguished figures in literature, science, law, and society than among the wearers of grease-paint and buskin. How they found the art of acting in England (not to speak of the general level of the plays produced at the London theatres) at its lowest ebb, and how they introduced a new spirit of high and uniform merit into the companies engaged, and with the comedies of Robertson inaugurated a new era of natural simple drama to our theatres, are facts long since familiar to the intelligent public. The tale has been told and retold many times; but it bears retelling once more.

The chief interest of "The Bancrofts"—which is a development of "On and Off the Stage," published in the 'eighties, soon after its authors had retired from their significant and fortunate management—lies to-day for all but the very young playgoer not so much in the necessarily somewhat egotistic record of the managerial and acting successes of the picturesque actor-knight and his talented wife, but in their agreeable gossip of the many brilliant and entertaining people they have met on more or less friendly terms. Its form is curious: it consists of alternate layers, so to speak, of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft: to borrow

* "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years." By Marie Bancroft and Squire Bancroft. With Portraits and Illustrations. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

their own description, which they had borrowed already from Sir Conan Doyle, it is "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus." Truly "the listener (or reader) cares but little which of the two voices" is to the fore at the moment, the greater part of the volume being as pleasant a budget of interesting tattle as we have read in many days.

Naturally, Henry James Byron and T. W. Robertson figure frequently as well as favourably in these pages: for Byron, who "was a lineal descendant of the illustrious poet's family, as reference to Burke will show," was not only the writer of plays staged by Lady Bancroft when she was yet Miss Marie Wilton, but was joint manager with her of the old theatre in Charlotte Street, W.C., on whose site the Scala now stands; whilst Tom Robertson laid the foundation of the Bancroft wealth, at the same time raising himself from poverty by the series of pieces which he wrote for them. The Bancroft capital was originally a loan of £1,000—when the theatre actually opened it was £150 only—and Byron and Miss Wilton were to draw a salary of £10 per week each: the rent was £20 per week and the house could have been bought outright for £10,000, less than the annual rent to-day of any of the leading West End houses.

Some of the sayings of Byron (whose output of plays numbered about a hundred) during the partnership were quaint. For example, he suggested that a certain actor with a very long neck should not wear turn-down collars because "any neck after eight inches becomes monotonous"! It was Byron who, when asked why the stage carpenters were making such a noise with a saw during the production of one of his plays, replied, "I *think* they must be cutting out the last act."

When he met the Bancrofts and offered them "Society," which—like that other epoch-making play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—had been refused by almost every



Squire Bancroft.

(Caricature by "Sem.")
From "The Bancrofts." (John Murray.)

London manager before it was seen by the public, Robertson was in deepest want. "I often dined on my pipe," he said. Then came five years of prosperity, although the American pirate robbed the dramatist shamefully, and the commencement of a revolution in English drama; and then death.

Dickens was an early admirer of the art of Lady Bancroft, and Ruskin was an appreciative patron, as was Browning. Ruskin wrote, in a letter here reproduced, that he got "more help" in his "own kind of work from a good play than from any other kind of thoughtful rest." Browning was "for years among our most honoured guests." When first he dined with the Bancrofts, his host anticipated Browning's taste in wines by placing before him a bottle of good old port; and the poet repaid the compliment with a capital story of how Longfellow when out with Browning in a hansom cab insisted on passing his umbrella through the hole at the top, for the use of the driver during a heavy

shower. Apparently our authors did not know Thackeray, but being anxious to put "Vanity Fair" upon the stage, they commissioned three different playwrights to dramatise it without obtaining a satisfactory version. Charles Reade opposed strongly some suggested amendments of "Masks and Faces," which he and Tom Taylor had written from "Peg Woffington"; then wept at rehearsal and let the Bancrofts have their own way. It was the last piece Reade ever saw in a theatre, and Gladstone among others praised it. Wilkie Collins, when his play "Man and Wife" was produced, passed the evening in a dressing-room "in a state of nervous terror painful to see": he became subsequently a confirmed opium-taker, his nightly dose at the last being "enough to kill several men."

Here are pen-pictures indeed of an astonishing variety of personages, ranging from "Hang-theology" Rogers and Lord Russell of Killowen on the one hand, to Henry Labouchere and Whistler on the other. Not least amazing in their piquancy are those of the editor of *Truth* seated *incog.* at a foreign restaurant between two clergymen and delighting them with his characteristic anecdotes, or arbitrating, with the worldly wisdom of a modern Solomon, on the claims of High and Low Church services to the attention of an English tourist. It would be difficult to name half a score of celebrated Englishmen of the past half-century who are not mentioned briefly or at some length in this very readable book.

W. F. P.



Marie Bancroft.

From a drawing by Beatrice Ward.
From "The Bancrofts." (John Murray.)

Novel Notes.

THE INFAMOUS JOHN FRIEND. By Mrs. R. S. Garnett.
6s. (Duckworth.)

The hero of Mrs. Garnett's remarkable novel is not the Sir John Friend who was hanged for a traitor in the reign of William III. It is true he shares the fate of his namesake, plying his trade of spy a century later, but the old

Jacobite knight was vastly inferior to this "Infamous" in the book before us. It is really a wonderful study of character Mrs. Garnett has made, and while the story drags a little perhaps in its earlier chapters, it rises to heights of real power at the end, and the trial and condemnation of John Friend are a great piece of work. John Friend and his wife are the only people that matter: Susan Marny and William North, and the rest, are useful as "supers," but the reader won't care a button for their love-making; and even Susan's ill-usage at the hands of Corinthian fashionables and North's narrow escapes from murder leave us unmoved. But Mrs. Friend, the wife of the infamous spy, hating even to death the secret business of her husband, and yet loving him with a strength and passion invincible, her life chastened and disciplined by illness and meditation on the Divine will, holds us all the time. Through love she has grasped the meaning of life, and her broad common sense is as conspicuous as her charity of soul and justice of mind. It can hardly be said that John Friend is less interesting than his wife—of a truth, the two are rightly mated. Friend—the double spy—without sense of patriotism, honour, or honesty in public affairs, betraying Pitt's secrets to Napoleon without compunction, is yet a man of natural human sympathies and of simple kindly relations with his fellows, no man of blood or debauchery. In an age of general profligacy and brutality (for so was England in the beginning of the nineteenth century), Friend is the devoted and faithful lover of his wife, the affectionate "daddy" to the orphan Susan, and the genial patron of young North. When the end has come, and the gallows loom ahead, Friend retains his courage and imperturbable good humour all through the trial and the last days at Newgate, doing what service he can to the turnkeys, and he dies the felon's death as an honest man should. Rare and deep observation are in this story of "Infamous John Friend."



Photo by H. H. Hay Cameron.

Mrs. R. S. Garnett

FAITH. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Nearly a score of miscellaneous sketches are pieced together to make this volume what it is, a thing better than any novel. One's pride in English letters is re-awakened by the consideration of such work as Mr. Cunninghame Graham's, with its insistent notes of quiet distinction and grace, its delicate yet finely pointed irony, reminiscent in a sense of Anatole France, its under-current of a subtle melancholy. "To record emotions," as runs the preface, most admirable feature of the book, "is to store up a fund of sadness, and that is why all writing is a sort of icehouse of the mind, in which that which was once a warm and living action, a feeling, scene, experience, joy, or sorrow, is now preserved, as it were, frozen, stiff, deprived of actuality, and a mere chopping-block on which fools exercise their wits." So rare and delicate a spirit as is here laid bare is little likely to encounter amid the scenes of a crude and material Western civilisation the finer notes of incident or personality to which it is attuned, and it is thus that nearly all the sketches in this book are of life in North Africa, life in the sunny, sleepy cities of old Italy and Spain, or on the pampas of Spanish South America. The exception, "In Christmas Week," a finely wrought impression, though a bitter one, of London winter, does but bear this out. There are the blackened muddy snow, the cold and pinched humanity, the newspaper boys with raucous voices, "harsh by all the gin their parents had imbibed," crying their unsavoury wares. "So dull and strenuous, indeed, was the life, that it appeared impossible in other lands the sun was shining, and that the brown-faced men and merry black-haired women had time to love and be loved."

CECILIA KIRKHAM'S SON. By Mrs. Kenneth Combe. 6s. (Blackwood.)

In the background of this romance, through the greater part of it, waits the lonely, patient figure of the self-sacrificing mother whose only son seems to have inherited his ne'er-do-weel father's careless habit of accepting her love as a matter of course and giving her nothing in return. In the foreground, the son, Charles, an officer in the army, moves through a series of exciting adventures in India, through perils of sedition among the natives, and the more imminent danger of death at the vengeful hands of a Rajah who had been unpardonably wronged by his dead father, and whilst these shadows are thickest about him he loves and wins the love of Helen Estcourt and makes himself a new and deadlier enemy in the shape of a disappointed rival. The story has at least half a dozen different threads of interest, but the two that draw you most strongly are the tale of Charles's chequered but charming love affair and the narrative of how he came to realise that he was neglecting his mother and that she, gladly stinting herself that he might pursue his career in comfort, was secretly breaking her heart over his apparent indifference to her, and realising this, exerted himself, when it was almost too late, to make atonement. Mrs. Combe writes vividly, with imagination and with feeling, and has given us in "Cecilia Kirkham's Son" a capable and very attractive novel.

HOLBORN HILL. By Christian Tearle. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

There is a vast amount of topographical information in this "Story of Nelson's Day," and that is only as it should be, since Holborn Hill at the close of the eighteenth century is the scene of the play. Our author takes us from old Gray's Inn Lane to Highgate, shows us the course of the old Fleet River, lifts the curtain for a hurried glance at the criminal quarter in Field Lane by Smithfield, gives us Ely Place and Bartlett's Buildings for family residences, and is not above reference to Battle Bridge and Kentish Town. From Holborn we pass at times to Reigate in Kent,

where Captain Ashe (retired), an old messmate of Collingwood's, lives in general and well-deserved respect. Captain Ashe's daughter is married to Mr. Rexworthy, a deplorable person in a Government office in Whitehall—a religious maniac whose manners cause general distress. But Rexworthy's father is a knight and a city merchant, and an excellent old gentleman. Dr. Breckley is another old gentleman—even more excellent; indeed everybody is of a good character except Mr. Rexworthy and he, fortunately, dies of spotted fever. Rexworthy's son takes after his grandfather, Captain Ashe, and goes to sea, after falling in love with Deborah, Dr. Breckley's adopted child. We don't get very much of the sea in "Holborn Hill," but the lover of eighteenth century sea songs will find ample entertainment, for the songs are printed at length. Dr. Johnson and Boswell hover in the background, Burke, Fielding, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the poet-laureate, Pyc, all get honourable mention. Old London street cries echo in the streets. It was a rough place, the London of a century ago, and the times were brutal. But "Holborn Hill" knows nothing of this roughness and brutality, no hint of violence disturbs its even pages.

THE TRICKSTER. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The ingredients of Mr. Burgin's latest book are well tried and familiar. Lady Selma Archdayne is in love with a man who, from honourable motives, will not speak until she has seen more of the world. Discontented and unhappy, she falls an easy prey to the machinations of John Castleton, the trickster of the title, and marries him. Naturally enough, she soon finds that she has put herself into a worse position than ever. The marriage is not a success and neither party is happy, though Castleton has achieved the object of his desires. The one redeeming point of that gentleman's character is his affection for his little daughter, an affection which is the cause of his undoing. None of Mr. Burgin's characters are particularly amiable, but he is successful with the figures of Miss Castleton and her servant Gasket, who supply the light relief to a good melodramatic story.

MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING. By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. (Murray.)

We have never before come across a book of this kind, but we shall hope to do so in the future. "Much Ado about Something" is a fairy novel. It is not a children's story, in spite of the fact that the author displays gifts of imagination and description that would at once endear him to children; it is a very serious book indeed. Mr. Lawrence clearly feels that he has a message to deliver—a message to the people of London in particular. Even if one does not agree with every one of the changes which the author would like to introduce, one can feel nothing but admiration for a book inspired by such a purpose. It would be well indeed if London and the world generally could be changed in accordance with Mr. Lawrence's wishes. But his fairies went the right way about the matter—they changed men's natures. No amount of material alteration can make much difference until men are educated up to the point of view of the author of this very remarkable book. "Much Ado about Something" is the story of the revolt of June against her ruler Oberon. She is resolved to convert London to the fairies, a thing which Oberon says is utterly impossible. But June, who is assisted by her gnome-friend Bim, succeeds, and at the end of a year London is a very different place. How different, and how June succeeded, we leave our readers to discover for themselves. All who love daintiness and charm, who appreciate a delightful literary style, who occasionally think about people other than those in their own particular "set," should read this book. Would that it could come true!



A snapshot by Henry P. Boehm, with Mr. L. Crammer Byng, editor Series, and Mr. A. W. Evan

Mr. C. E. Lawrence, successful "Wisdom of the East" late editor of the Nation.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING. By Cosmo Hamilton. 3s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)

One gathers from the dedication that this story has been dramatised, and has been, or is about to be, put upon the stage. This is well, for it displays the requisite quality of movement, if little else. Little else, that is, as a story, for the exaggerations of its sentimentality and rather crude humour will call for but little emphasis in the dramatisation. In brief, Edward Chard, a factory owner, returns from abroad to find his men on strike. Strong with the strength of a clever man confident that he is in the right, he refuses to accede to any of the expressed demands of his men, who have been fired to rebellion by the bitter eloquence of Hemstead, a Socialist orator, father-in-law of Amos Tapper, a faithful old clerk of Chard's, whose business it is to supply the comic relief. Anxious to know more of the real lives of his men, Chard masquerades as a clerk in his own offices, and visits Tapper, who is in the secret, nightly at his own house. He discusses the situation with Hemstead, and falls in love with a board-school mistress, Miss Heron. She denounces Chard, who, masquerading as Drake, proposes and is accepted. Hemstead discovers the secret, and Miss Heron sends Chard about his business. He, moved to pity of his workers' sufferings by the eloquence of the school-mistress, gives everything they ask for. Miss Heron "eats her words," and the curtain is rung down on the obvious finale.

OUR ADVERSARY. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

We had great hopes that Eugene Swann would turn out to be a much more desperate fellow—that, in fact, he would be "our adversary." To our regret, he is only an ordinary and rather hackneyed type of impostor. This makes the title rather meaningless, but obviously the book had to be called something; and it seems to us a stroke of genius to have evolved a title at once so striking and so attractive. But for the disappointment over Eugene Swann, we enjoyed "Our Adversary." It is wonderful that Miss Braddon, whose earlier books thrilled another generation, should still be writing—and writing so well. Her powers of plot construction and her neat character-drawing must surely be envied by many modern writers of fiction. We do not consider this book the author's best work (it needs a good deal of compression), but it is very readable and it has much distinction. We recommend it to those who like—and who does not?—a slightly sensational plot allied to a thoroughly good literary style.



**The Pitiful Dumb Child:
The Majesty of the Law.**

From "These Little Ones," by E. Nesbit. (G. Allen & Sons.)

THESE LITTLE ONES. By E. Nesbit. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen.)

Mrs. Nesbit, who is probably the best-known "juvenile" writer of the day, has quite recently published two novels, neither for nor about children; and she now follows her novels with the book at present before us, which is about children, but not for them. It deals with the sadder side of child-life. The tragedy of a child has always seemed to us infinitely more distressing than that of a "grown-up," if only from the fact that its elements are simpler and more easily combined. Nine of the ten short stories which make up "These Little Ones" contain a tragedy in some form or other; they are full of sorrow and sadness, but they are also exceptionally good. "The Three Mothers" and "The Dog-Dream" have made the deepest impression upon us, but "Thor and the Hammer"—the one really cheerful story—is somewhat conventionally improbable and less convincing. The book bears evidence of Mrs. Nesbit's close observation and accurate understanding of childhood; the stories are well managed and the author has the gift of being able to say exactly enough and not a word too much. The illustrations of Mr. Spencer Pryse are far in advance of the average book-illustration of the present day. But we are sorry that "These Little Ones" is not happier.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FAITH AND WORKS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By the Author of "Confessio Medici." 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

In his preface the author draws attention to the attacks upon Christian Science that have been published in America during the last two years, and from this he deduces that, in that country, "the church of Christ, Scientist, is passing, or will soon pass, from consolidation to disintegration." On the other hand, in this country there are no signs of disintegration, and it would appear that the number of converts (or perverts) to this remarkable faith is on the increase. Here is obviously an excellent opening for a book attacking the religion. Had the book been weak or deferential in its treatment, had the author been afraid of hurting the feelings of certain well-meaning, but utterly misguided, people, the opportunity would have been lost. Emphatically this is not the case with "Medicus's" work. His book is brilliant in its treatment and convincing in its logic. It is not difficult to give an idea of the scope of the work and of the lines on which "Medicus" bases his attack, for the author himself, in his last chapter, supplies a brief summary, which we quote: (i) Christian Science "is ignorant of the first principles of Philosophy, and makes use of long words without apprehension of their meaning. . . . (ii) She cannot square her sham neo-Platonism with Christianity, yet must hang on, somehow, to Christianity, that she may be able to work miracles. . . . She offers to us a mere burlesque of the Christian Faith. (iii) By her gross doctrine that God is Life and Life is God. . . . she is landed in this absurdity, that she leaves all creatures but us out of her account of Creation. (iv) She denies the reality of injuries and diseases, affirming that they are errors of mortal mind: whereas, they belong to life, and therefore are real. (v) She denies the reality of pain: whereas, pain is an act of life and therefore is real. Also, she practically ignores the difference between pain and disease, and the difference between 'functional' diseases and 'organic' diseases. (vi) She heals many 'functional' cases. (vii) Her testimonials are mostly worthless. She evades investigation. (viii) Judged by common sense, she is unscrupulous, uncharitable, cruel to small children. She has this merit, that she preaches Quietism; but her style of preaching is intolerable." In the course of a brief review, it is impossible to do justice to the book's merits. We can, however, say that "Medicus" supports his contentions with unanswerable arguments and incontrovertible evidence, and that he writes convincingly and well, at times indeed with a suppressed passion which marks his complete sincerity. We cannot recommend a better book on the subject.

THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC. By Frederick Lawton, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

The author asserts in his preface that "to any fair-minded observer it is evident that France is evolving as a nation"; and again that "sufficient has been done to prove that she is great in peace, as she has been great in war." This is the underlying idea of Mr. Lawton's book. But, though he eulogises the French, he can also criticise; and the result is an informing and interesting volume. All the more important aspects of the subject are dealt with. Starting with a chapter on the siege of Paris and the Commune, which, as Mr. Lawton rightly points out, "virtually belongs to the Republic," the history of the eight presidencies is given in half a dozen terse, but adequate, chapters. Four chapters are devoted to the literature, science, and art of the period, while Paris, the Mutualist Movement, Educa-

tion, and the Parliamentary System have one each. The book cannot be described as a serious history, but at least it is a painstaking and accurate record of a kind that should be useful—particularly in these days of the Entente—in giving a general view of the recent history and of the general progression of our nearest neighbours. It is also a relief after the popular biography of the present day to come upon a book for the general reader which is not machine-made and repetitive. In fact, the book is popular in the best sense. There are thirty-two good illustrations—twenty of them portraits and the remainder a somewhat curious collection of reproductions of the work of French artists. Probably it will be many years before we have an authoritative work on this subject, in the meantime Mr. Lawton has supplied an excellent stop-gap.

OLD LONDON. Compiled by Walter L. McNay. 3s. 6d. net. (De La More Press.)

It is difficult to look at this series of fifty reproductions of old engravings "illustrative of the London of our ancestors," and still to go on feeling quite sure that London has been altogether improved by the many and sweeping "improvements" that have recently been made in it. If you know the London Wall of to-day, with its big heavy, ugly blocks of new buildings, its general businesslike plainness, you cannot pass from the presentation of London Wall as it was a hundred years ago without a sigh of regret for its old homely narrowness, its quaint, countrified aspect; the view of the Strand when it was still such a comparatively quiet thoroughfare that an apple woman could keep her stall in the roadway and the menagerie did not seem out of place at the Exeter Exchange, makes you realise how much too noisy and featureless and overthronged with traffic that same changing Strand has become; or you study the etching of Chancery Lane, and the beautiful old house, with its richly decorated front and overhanging gables, that stood at the Fleet Street corner of it until as late as 1799, and wonder when, with all our boastfulness, we shall get builders who can build anything so lovely as some of the things they destroy. The pictures are well chosen and admirably reproduced, and the little note that precedes each of them gives a succinct and sufficient history of the place illustrated. This is a very artistically produced and curiously interesting volume that every lover of London will be glad to have in his library.

THE DOG WORLD AND ANTICAT REVIEW. Written and Illustrated by Dogs for Dogs. Assisted by Walter Emanuel. 1s. net. (Lawrence & Jellicoe.)

"With the exception of Dogs, almost every section of Society is represented by a journal to look after its interests. There are even Fly Papers," we are reminded in an editorial foreword; but there was no need to offer this or any other apology for presenting us with "The Dog World"—it is the quaintest, most irresponsibly and genuinely humorous thing in the way of a book that has come to hand this year. You may call it extravagantly farcical, absurdly whimsical, but there is no denying that it is all excellent good fun. Here you have dogs writing of man as man has hitherto written of dogs; they advertise for situations, advertise their businesses and professions, write letters to the paper about their grievances, are supplied with the first instalment of a thrilling serial, "It's Dogged that Does It," reports of social functions, of the mysterious murder of a wealthy Yorkshire terrier, the "Death of the Vice-President of the Cat-Scarers' Association," all the news of the day in the dog world, indeed, furnished with scare headlines, stop-press telegrams, and portraits of the dogs and men concerned. The art of the illustrations lies in their laughable crudity, and the merit of the whole book in the delightful spirit of gaiety and sly humour that pervades it from beginning to end.

WAT TYLER. By Joseph Clayton. 1s. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

This, the first of a new series of booklets on "English Revolutionary Leaders," gives a reliable, unvarnished account of the great uprising of the English people in 1381 and particularly of the great part played in that rising by Wat Tyler. School histories prejudice us in vain against him and against the peasant revolt that he headed; a little study of the facts that provoked that revolt, and a little reading of what is really known about the leaders who inspired it or were inspired by it, and our sympathy is with the rebels, and our admiration for those men of the people who helped them to realise their manhood. The marvel is that a populace so enslaved by tyrannical laws, so deliberately kept in ignorance and bestial servitude, could produce men of such heroic mould as Wat Tyler, John Ball, Jack Straw, and William Grindcobbe, to say nothing of Litster, Farringdon, and others of Tyler's lieutenants. Grindcobbe, when in prison, was offered a free pardon if he would persuade his followers to surrender the charters they had obtained, but being taken to speak with them, he said, "Friends, who after so long an age of oppression have at last won yourselves a short breath of freedom, hold firm while you can, and have no thought for me, or what I may suffer. . . . Act, therefore, to-day as you would have acted supposing that I had been slain yesterday at Hertford." It is no rascal who could use such words in such circumstances. Mr. Clayton retells the momentous story of this awakening of the English democracy concisely, temperately, and with marked literary ability; his brochure forms an interesting introduction to what should prove a useful and interesting series.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK.

Whether you are a fisherman or not you cannot fail to find Mr. W. Earl Hodgson's new book a charming entertainment.



Mr. Walter Emanuel.

From a pencil sketch by Mr. A. C. Gould

But if you happen to be one of the angling fraternity, you will look upon it as a delightful, an engaging, and a thoroughly sound and useful companion. It is called *An Angler's Season* (6s. 6d. net), and its price seems altogether out of proportion to the pleasure it provides. Mr. Hodgson went angling from January till October, and he writes his experiences in his own easy manner, with the respect which a true fisherman feels for his sport, with honesty, enthusiasm, and no affectations. He follows the different fish from month to month, and reveals their haunts and their little ways, and the methods and care needful for success. If you have read the author's other books, you will not find this one superfluous; if you have not, you will assuredly make a point of doing so quickly. This volume is illustrated from photographs, and by word and picture it is likely to win many a new member for the brotherhood of the rod and line.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.

A lady (we guess) who writes under the initials "L. S." has studied the beauties of *Untravelled Berkshire* (7s. 6d. net) to some purpose, for in her meandering she has gathered a valuable and interesting store of folk lore and anecdote, and a true knowledge of the Royal county and its more primitive inhabitants. Berkshire is "Tom Brown's Country," of course; one of its glories is the Vale of the White Horse; and, as this author has learnt, it is a curious mingling of progress and old-time habit. "L. S." writes of beautiful, unspoiled villages; of Berkshire lore and Berkshire revels and customs; of rural industries and surviving beliefs; of Berkshire sport, agriculture and characteristics. The book has a personal touch about it and is thoroughly entertaining.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

There is nothing mediocre about Mr. Joseph Prague's new novel, *Delusion* (6s.). It is an extremely good book, clever and thoughtful, and at the same time vivid and broad in its effect. Its first chapter shows Mr. Shannon (an excellent bit of characterisation) going to find one Stephen Shaw, and tell him of good fortune. Stephen Shaw is a young man, intellectual, poor, contemptuous of wealth, with originality, and a brain full of ideas. The effect of money on this individual is revealed in the story which follows. There are several sides of London life shown, and love is not omitted. The book is one to read slowly for its merit, and quickly for its lively sequence of events.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

In *Elizabeth Davenay*, by Claire de Pratz (6s.), we have a story of the life of a clever and charming girl, intellectual and well educated, who, thrown upon her own resources in Paris, becomes a teacher of English in a girls' lycée. Such a position, it would seem, is held only by ill-faceted and entirely unattractive women as a rule, and Elizabeth suffers from being a noticeable exception. She is "advanced," too, in her ideas, holds strong opinions as to women's rights and freedom, but is kindly and loyal, and fond of beautiful things and refined habits. The story tells of Elizabeth's daily life and her sufferings by reason of her tender humanity and love. One of the chief attractions of it lies in the clear, evidently first-hand, and detailed pictures it draws of what the home life of such teachers may be in Paris.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A particularly acceptable group of volumes is that which comes to us from Mr. Robert Culley, under the general title of "The Finsbury Library." The series is designed to present in cheap form books of history, biography, missionary enterprise, adventure, and poetry; and these first volumes are most attractive examples of the best before us. There are half a dozen of them to begin with, and the first which delighted us is an abridged edition of *Wesley's Journal*; it is well abridged, giving a clear picture of the preacher's enthusiasm, humour, and pious work. Then come *Four Thousand Miles Across Siberia*, by C. Wenyon, M.D.; *Through Two Campaigns*, by A. H. Male; *Wesley's Veterans*, in two volumes, which gives autobiographies of some of the early Methodist teachers; and *The Great Chinese Awakening*, by A. R. Kelley. The volumes are only 1s. net each. The type is good, and in most cases large as well as clear; and the books as a whole are tasteful and well produced.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus send us a further Stevenson volume in their handy and charming "St. Martin's Library." This is *Essays of Travel* (2s. net and 3s. net). The fine-paper edition is admirable; and we could not suggest a better, more satisfactory manner in which a slender purse may obtain a delightful set of the shorter works of this author.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash now reprints René Bazin's impressive story, *The Nun*, in shilling form. This is its eighth edition in the English translation. Seven editions within one year are fair signs of the novel's popularity. The welcome given to it in its new form will probably be another triumphant proof of it.

Messrs. Mills & Boon are issuing a popular edition of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's *New Theology* (1s. net). This edition is thoroughly revised and contains a new Preface, in which Mr. Camp-

bell comments upon the first reception of his book, and the progress which has taken place since then.

In a neat, handy, and attractive volume Messrs. Thomas Murby & Co. publish a book which will be likely to lead many casual readers, at any rate, to Macaulay's works, who would never have dreamt of approaching the larger volumes. This is *Macaulay the Essayist* (1s. 6d.), consisting of well-chosen selections from the *Essays* and the miscellaneous works, edited by F. W. Raffety. It is distinctly an alluring little volume.

An extremely helpful series of little French books for pupils in that language is provided by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in "Stepmann's French Series for Rapid Reading." Eleven of these booklets have just reached us, and have provided quite a fascinating variety of literature; they are as follows: *Les Aventures du Dernier Abencérage*, by Chateaubriand; *Vyon et Finette*, by Edouard de Laboulaye; *Les Prisonniers du Caucase*, by Xavier de Maistre; *Les Deux Frères*, by Alexandre Dumas; *Le Col d'Anterne*, by Rodolphe Töpffer; *Le Chien Volant*, by Madame de Girardin; *Contes de Fées*, by Charles Perrault; *La Chasse au Lion*, by Jules Gérard; *Pif-Paf*, by Edouard de Laboulaye; *Les Jeunes Parisiens*, by Lucie Pezet; and *David le Trappeur*, by Emile Souvestre. These little red books are but sixpence each, and they contain sufficient notes and vocabulary to enable boys and girls to take the books to a quiet corner in playtime and read them for sheer pleasure.

New Books of the Month.

FROM APRIL 10 TO MAY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- CHARLESWORTH, SAMUEL.—Sin: Its Psychology. 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)
COMPTON-RICKETT, JOSEPH.—Origins and Faith. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
"Confessio Medici." Author of.—The Faith and Works of Christian Science. 3s. 6d. net (Macmillan)
FINOT, JEAN. The Philosophy of Long Life. Translated from the French by Harry Roberts. 7s. 6d. net (John Lane)
JOHNSTON, CHRISTOPHER N., K.C., LL.D.—St. Paul and His Mission to the Roman Empire. "The Guild Library." 1s. 6d. net (T. & T. Clark)
JONES, RUFUS M., M.A., D.Litt. Studies in Mystical Religion. 12s. net (Macmillan)
Mansfield College Essays. By various Writers. 12s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
New Testament, The Westminster. Thessalonians and Corinthians. Introduction by Rev. R. Mackintosh, D.D. 2s. net, 3s. net (Melrose)
QUIN, MALCOLM. Aids to Worship. 1s. net (Grierson, Newcastle)
ROBINSON, J. ARMITAGE, D.D. St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: An Exposition. 2s. 6d. net (Macmillan)
SMITH, HENRY PRESERVED, D.D.—The Prophets of Israel as Social Reformers. 1d. net (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)
TRAVERS, CHARLES.—God, Man, and the Universe. 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)

NEW EDITION.

- CAMPBELL, REV. R. J.—The New Theology. Revised Edition. New Preface. 1s. net (Mills & Boon)

FICTION.

- BENDALL, GERARD.—The Old Home. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
BULLEN, FRANK T. Beyond. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
BURMESTER, FRANCES G.—Davina. 6s. (Smith, Elder)
CANNAN, GILBERT.—Peter Homunculus. 6s. (Heinemann)
CLEGG, T. B.—Joan of the Hills. 6s. (John Lane)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—The White Sister. 6s. (Macmillan)
CROCKETT, S. R.—Rose of the Wilderness. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
DARCHE, MURIEL.—Coquette. 6s. (John Long)
DAWSON-SCOTT, C. A.—Treasure Trove. 6s. (Heinemann)
DEARMER, MABEL.—Gervase. 6s. (Macmillan)
DEEPIING, WARWICK.—The Red Saint. 6s. (Cassell)
DE PRATZ, CLAIRE.—Elizabeth Davenay. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
DOWNES, MARION.—Swayed by the Storm. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
DUTT, ROMESH, C.I.E.—The Slave Girl of Agra. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
EDGE, K. M.—The Shutters of the Loom. 6s. (John Murray)
FABER, BERYL, and COSMO HAMILTON.—A Sense of Humour. 6s. (Hutchinson)
FORBES, ETHEL M.—The Love-Tale of a Misanthrope. 6s. (Elliot Stock)
FORMAN, JUSTUS M.—The Quest. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
GARDINER, F. C.—Divided Houses. 6s. (John Long)

- GARNETT, MRS. R. S.—The Infamous John Friend. 6s.
(Duckworth)
- GOULD, NAT.—The Jockey's Revenge. 2s. (John Long)
- GRATACAP, L. P.—The Evacuation of England
(Brentano, N.Y.)
- HALIDOM, M. G.—A Son of Desolation. 6s. (Greening)
- HANDASYDE.—Other Things than Love. 6s. (Hutchinson)
- HARVEY, MARIE.—Satan, K.C. 6s. (John Long)
- HEILGERS, HENRIETTA. Stephen the Man. 6s.
(John Long)
- HELLEDORF, J.—A Running Fight. 6s. (John Long)
- HILL, HEADON. A Traitor's Wooing. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
- HILLIERS, ASHTON.—As It Happened. 6s. (Hutchinson)
- KING, ALIX.—The Romance of a Nun. 6s. (Rebman)
- LANE, ELINOR MACARTNEY. Katrine. 6s. (Harper)
- LANGFIELD, JOHN. Biddy the Spitfire. 6s. (John Long)
- LAWRENCE, C. E.—Much Ado About Something. 6s.
(John Murray)
- LE BRETON-MARTIN, E.—The Boys of the Otter Patrol.
"The Scout Library." Illustrated. 1s. net. (Pearson)
- LITCHFIELD, MAY. Floral Fairy Tales for Little Folk.
No. 1. "A Wild Rose." Illustrated in Colour. 1s. net
(H. J. Drane)
- LUKEN, HENRI.—Raveltoft. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
- MARSH, FRANCIS.—The Iron Game. 6s. (A. C. Fildell)
- MARSH, RICHARD.—The Girl in the Blue Dress. 6s.
(John Long)
- MCCALL, FLORINDA. Double Bonds. 6s. (Cassell)
- MEADE, L. T.—The Fountain of Beauty. 6s. (John Long)
- MEADE, L. T.—The Necklace of Parmona. With Illustrations.
6s. (Ward, Lock)
- MELLOR, DORA.—Beauty Retire. 6s. (Greening)
- NESBIT, E.—These Little Ones. 3s. 6d. net (G. Allen & Sons)
- OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—Jeanne of the Marshes. 6s.
(Ward, Lock)
- PEARCE, FRANCES M.—The Flying Months. 6s.
(Smith, Elder)
- PRAGUE, JOSEPH.—Delusion. 6s. (Greening)
- SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON.—The Biography of a Silver
Fox With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Constable)
- STANTON, CORALIE, and HEATH HOSKEN. The Tears
of Desire. 6s. (Werner Laurie)
- SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Priscilla of the Good Intent.
6s. (Smith, Elder)
- SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Willowdene Will. 3s. 6d.
(Fisher Unwin)
- TEARLE, CHRISTIAN.—Holborn Hill: A Story of Nelson's
Day. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- WALLACE, EDGAR.—Captain Tatham of Tatham Island.
1s. net. (Gale & Polden)
- WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Daphne; or, Marriage à la Mode.
6s. (Cassell)
- WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Veiled Lady. 6s. (John Long)
- WILLIAMS, ROBERT.—Memoirs of a Buccaneer. 6s.
(Mills & Boon)
- WILSON, THEODORA WILSON.—The Bargain. 6s.
(Hutchinson)
- WODEHOUSE, P. G.—The "Swoop," or How Clarence Saved
England. Illustrated. 1s. net. (Alston Rivers)
- WOOD, MICHAEL.—The Riddle. 1s. (Rebman)
- WYNDHAM, HORACE.—Mortimer's Marriage. 6s.
(John Milne)

NEW EDITIONS.

- BAZIN, RENÉ.—The Nun. 1s. net. (Eveleigh Nash)
- CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Mascotte of Park Lane. 6d. net.
(Greening)
- GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—A Woman of Business. 6d.
(John Long)
- GULL, C. RANGER.—Back to Lilac Land. 6d. net.
(Greening)
- HUGO, VICTOR.—Les Misérables. In 2 vols. Vol. I. 6d.
(Nelson)
- MACRAE, REV. DAVID.—Dunvarlich, and other Writings.
With Memoir of the Author. By George Eyre-Todd.
2s. 6d. net. (John Smith, Glasgow)
- NORRIS, W. E.—Clarissa Furiosa. 7d. net. (Nelson)
- OLDMEADOW, ERNEST.—Susan. 1s. net. (Grant Richards)
- ORCZY, BARONESS.—The Scarlet Pimpernel. 6d. net.
(Greening)
- TOWNLEY, HOUGHTON.—The Bishop's Emeralds. 6d. net
(Greening)
- TURNER, REGINALD.—Uncle Peaceable. 6d. net (Greening)
- WATSON, HELEN H.—The Captain's Daughter. 6d.
(Mills & Boon)
- WELLS, H. G.—Love and Mr. Lewisham. 7d. net. (Nelson)
- ZOLA, EMILÉ.—Drink. 6d. net. (Greening)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

- BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Cupid and Common-sense. 2s. 6d.
net. (New Age Press)
- CAMERON, W. J.—Poems. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans)
- CARSWELL, DOUGLAS.—The Dawn, and Other Poems.
1s. net. (A. H. Stockwell)
- COTTON, JULIAN JAMES.—A Book of Corpus Verses. 1s.
net. (Blackwell, Oxford)

- FOGERTY, ELSIE, and AMY NANKIVELL.—Monologues for
Recitation. 6d. net. (Sonnenschein)
- GRIFFITHS, E. M., M. G., B. G., and L. C. H. G.—With Club
and Caddie. Verses and Parodies. 2s. 6d. net
(Gibbings & Co.)
- HUDSON, GILBERT.—Vanderdecken. 1s. net
(Elkin Mathews)
- MACBRIDE, MELCHIOR.—Glastonbury and the Grail. 4s. 6d.
net. (Hunter & Longhurst)
- MONROE, ANITA.—A Rosary of Sonnets, and Other Poems.
1s. (H. J. Drane)
- "RAILWAY LAD, A"—Poems. 6d. net. (Baird, Belfast)
- TAYLOR, MAURICE.—Songs of Solitude. 3s. 6d. net
(Kegan Paul)
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES	151
OUR AMERICAN LETTER	156
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY	157
THE READER	
George Meredith By Dr. JAMES MORFITT	159
The Ordeal of George Meredith By M. STUART HENDERSON	16
George Meredith First Look By MAURICE LUTHER FORMAN	16
The Fate of the Sea Algeonon (Charles Swinburne)	172
"The Bookman Prize Competitions"	16
NEW BOOKS	
Davidson Let Fool By H. G. SAINTE-LEU	177
A FINEST THING	18
Beethoven's Manuscript Collection By SAMUEL	177

Empire Building	180
Josephine Butler By JOSEPH CLAYTON	160
The Novelist's Problem By LEWIS MELVILLE	161
A Fool like Meredith	16
A Painter turned Poet By COLTON KILNABY	163
Harold De Vere New Novel	164
The Old and New By CLIVE HOLLAND	165
Adventures in London By L. G. LEEFANS	166
The Case for History By PROF. JOHN ALMS	168
The Valley of Shadows By DAVID GOW	168
One side of a Question	168
A New Foot	168
A Literary History	169

NOVEL NOTES	
The Slaves of Allah The Powers of Misbelief Rose of the Wilderness The Foreigner Studies in Wives Cousins and Others—Moon of Venus Sir Gregory's Silence A Truism Samsun Unshorn The Luckwoodsmen Heathcote Hill The Veil 189 92	
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—	
The Turkish People Light and Shade The Lured City of Kentig With Club and Caddie Francis Masterpiece Wheel Me! A Fate of Jude The Bookman's Madens of Sophocles	192 4
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS	194
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH	195

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. JAMES HOUSE, WIMBORNE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

No unusual variations in the return of the time of the publication of the paper is to be made without the publisher's consent.

News Notes.

We have great pleasure in publishing this month an outspoken and brilliantly critical article on "The Laureate of the Sea—Algeonon Charles Swinburne." The article is unsigned, but it is written by one of the ablest and most popular of living authors and critics.

The August BOOKMAN will be an Oliver Wendell Holmes Centenary Number. The deaths of Swinburne and Meredith necessitating certain changes in our arrangements, the publication of a Tennyson Centenary Number is postponed until October. Mr. Stephen Paget and Mr. Walter Jerrold will contribute special articles on Wendell Holmes to our next issue.

Mr. A. W. Marchmont has just completed the revision of a dramatised version of his well-known

novel "A Corner of Fortune" in view of its production on the New York stage in the autumn by Mr. Ralph Stuart, who collaborated with him in the writing of the play. He is at present hard at work on a new story of action and adventure which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are to publish.

Dr. A. C. Bradley, who has been Professor of Poetry at Oxford since 1901, is engaged on a new book that is founded on the Gifford Lectures that he delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1907 and 1908.

"I had the good fortune to know George Meredith," writes Mr. W. I. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*, "for the last twenty-five years of his life. He was a true friend not less faithful in criticism than he was cordial in his approbation. Of the former, I remember well the neat way in which he put me out of conceit with my first attempt to write a story. I sent him my little effort with fear and trembling. My trepidation was not without warrant. 'I have read "From the Old World to the New,"' he wrote. 'Some of the characters are interesting and well drawn. One of them especially reminds me of Cecil Rhodes. But if any of your friends tells you that he likes

the story as a story, *don't believe him.*' How delightfully Meredithian! Mr. Meredith told me once that he had a novel on the stocks in which Lord Morley, Mr. Fred. Greenwood, and I were treated as types of our profession. It was to be called 'The Journalist.' But it was probably never finished."

In the course of some interesting "Memories of Meredith" in *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Frank Harris adds another to the many known instances of Meredith's kindness to younger writers. Whilst he was editing the *Fortnightly* Mr. Harris published in it a story of his own which drew so many protests from the readers that the directors expressed their willingness to accept his resignation, and he resigned. A few days later he received a letter from Mr. Chapman saying "that I must take no notice of what the directors had said, for Meredith had talked to them and converted them. This excited my curiosity, so I went to the office: Chapman came in to me perfectly friendly, as always, and said excitedly: 'Oh, I am delighted. Meredith thinks your story excellent and he has talked to the directors, and they withdraw that notice, and it is all right. I'm so glad. . . . Meredith says it is first-rate, so it is all right; and he's here, and won't you come in and I'll introduce you?' . . . When we entered Chapman's room Meredith was seated in a big armchair; he sprang up at once. Naturally I was struck with his appearance. He had the finest head I have ever seen, finer even than the late Lord Leighton's, for Meredith was careless in appearance, while Leighton was a curled Olympian god. Every one is familiar with the beautiful regular features, the tyrannous straight forehead, and the vivid lambent eyes; but no one who did not see it can imagine the extraordinary quickness and speed of the face: the most expressive face in the world I think; a mirror to every change of expression. The figure, too, was notable: he has been called tall, but at this time he did not seem to me tall, perhaps five feet eight or nine at the most. A slight figure, with square shoulders, carelessly dressed in tweeds with a soft hat.

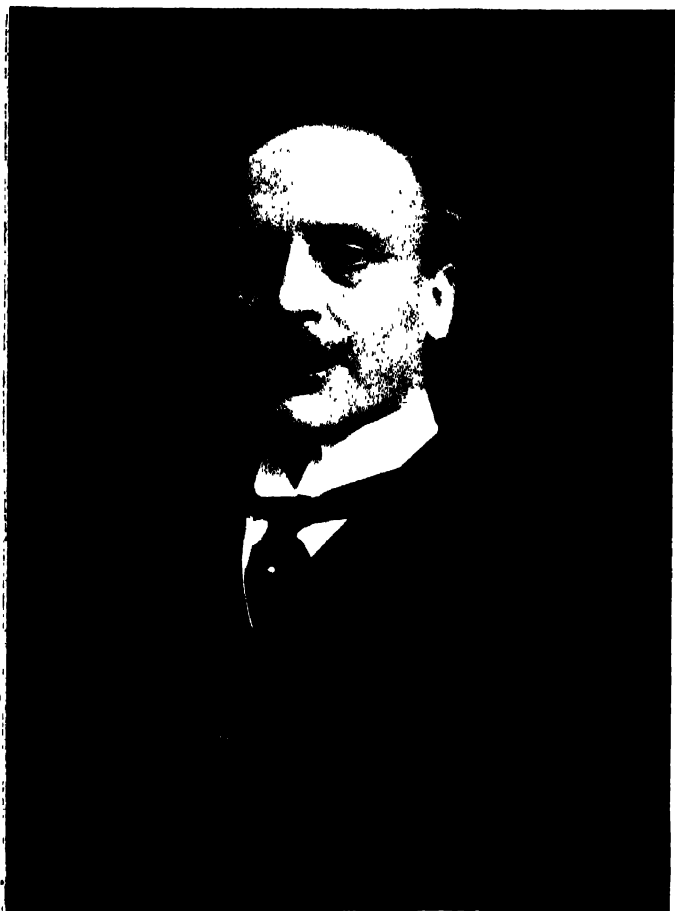
"He was more than kindly, cordial indeed, and irresistibly frank," Mr. Harris continues. "He had heard from his friend Chapman what the silly directors had done, and had thereupon come up to see them. 'Couldn't allow them to be so long-eared, blind to their own interests, as business men generally are. Admirable stories, as he had written to me, the public will want more of them.' All this came to me as a consecration, such understanding, such genial, sure appreciation; the hot



Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter's Book-plate.
Designed and drawn by Charles F. Dawson.

blood flew to my cheeks, pricked behind my eyes. The unconsciousness of the man was superb, no suspicion of his own kindness or what it meant to the beginner, or, perhaps, those keen eyes of his did see even that. . . . All the while Meredith was shouting, at least talking in a very loud voice, with fine accent and appreciation of the value of words; but loud, loud, almost as a deaf man talks, and while the volume of it roared and sung in my ears, the keen eyes flitted everywhere: wonderful lightning eyes they seemed to me; but whether grey-blue or light hazel I could not say now—darting hither and thither, now at Chapman with a side-glance, now at me, then at the windows, resting nowhere. Is that the explanation, I asked myself, of his style? The quickness of it; the perpetual straining after effect, the lightning brilliancy."

One of the most interesting of the three-and-fifty essays in Mr. H. W. Nevinson's new book, "Essays in Freedom" (Duckworth, 6s. net), is that on George Meredith, which he has entitled "The Last of his Peers." It was written somewhere about a year before Meredith's death, discusses his work, and gives some vivid personal impressions and recollections of him. "It is a peculiar thing, then," writes Mr. Nevinson, "that there is a freshness about his books as of to-day, and all who meet their aged writer find in him a spirit as young as youth. . . . As he once said of himself, he looks out upon life with young eyes, and one may perceive something of the same unconquerable spirit in the

*Photo by Russell & Sons.***Sir William Magnay.**

physical pride which disdains the crutches and ear-trumpets of deaf and crippled age. The head is very noticeable—essentially Greek. It might have served as model for those statues of mature and powerful manhood which, in our museums, are now labelled 'A Poet' or 'An Orator.' But if it is a poet's head, it is a Greek poet's. There is no trace of the indecision, effeminacy, and petulant unrestraint which 'a poetic appearance' suggests to modern minds. It belongs to a type that could be honoured even by manly people. It is the head of one who, like Sophocles, could have commanded a fleet as easily as write a tragedy. . . . There are modern writers who wear a shut-up, indoor look. Their faces are like the windows of a sick-chamber, and we dimly discern the invalid and delicately curtained soul within. But the very look of Meredith tells of the open sky, where the sun marches and the winds pipe, and the thunder-clouds mass their battalions. . . . His is the head of an orator, too—a Greek orator, like Pericles. The great mouth opens four square. It is an Attic mask. A spirit seems to be speaking, not with it, but through it, and on a broad scale of sound comes the voice, full, unhesitating, and distinct to the last letter."

Almost the latest, if not the last, literary work from the pen of George Meredith was the Introduction written by him for the Collected Poems of

Dora Sigerson Shorter which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton published in 1907. It is a charming little dissertation on rhyme and metre, and gives particular praise to Mrs. Shorter's Irish Ballads. Ireland, he says, "supplies one of the richest of fields" for the ballad writer.

Son of one Lord Mayor of London and grandson of another, Sir William Magnay's natural inclinations have been always towards the less business-like, more romantic sides of life. In the 'seventies he was one of that famous company of amateur actors that numbered Lady Monckton, Sir Charles Young, and Mr. Quintin Twiss among its members. He had written and destroyed a good many stories before he published his first novel, "The Fall of a Star," ten years ago. Since then he has produced some dozen works of fiction, the most popular of which is probably "The Red Chancellor." He is a regular and careful worker, doing most of his writing in the mornings, but he finds his best and most certain source of inspiration, as he once confessed to an "M.A.P." interviewer, "in a quiet hour or two spent sitting in the dark," this serving to "throw his thoughts back upon themselves, with the result that plots and characters are caught and held on the rebor

Sir William Magnay has a new novel in hand, a dramatic story of English life, and has lately

*Photo by Russell & Sons.***Mr. Laurie Magnus.**

completed a romance of love and adventure, the scene of which is laid in and near Munich at the juncture when that city was threatened by the French and Austrian armies and its defence was in the hands of that extraordinary man, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, who for the time was virtually Regent of Bavaria.

Mr. Laurie Magnus's "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century" is dedicated to George Meredith, and Mr. Meredith read about two-thirds of the book before he accepted the dedication. During the last few years of his life, Meredith wrote several interesting letters to Mr. Magnus, and was particularly appreciative of an essay on "The Succession of Mr. Meredith" that he contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1907.

The first piece of critical writing that Mr. Magnus put into print was a paper on "The Serious Poetry of Mr. William Watson"; it appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1895, whilst he was still an undergraduate at Oxford. Methuen's published his first book, "A Primer of Wordsworth," in 1897; for two years, 1897-8, he was Berlin Correspondent of the *Morning Post*; after that he was with Mr. John Murray, in charge of his educational depart-



Photo by Elliott & Fry

Mr. Ezra Pound.

ment, for a few years; and since 1902 he has been a Managing Director at Routledge's. He has written a popular school history called "How to Read English Literature," and his "Introduction to Poetry" (Murray) is in its second edition. Mr. Magnus is the eldest son of Sir Philip Magnus, M.P. for the University of London, and in 1903 he married a daughter of Sir Isidore Spielmann, C.M.G. (of the Exhibitions Department of the Board of Trade), who has just been instrumental in saving the much-discussed, nearly-lost Holbein.

In collaboration with Mr. Joshua Bates, Mrs. Havelock Ellis has dramatised her powerful little novel, "Kit's Woman," and it was produced by the Play Actors on June 20. Her one-act play, "The Subjection of Kezia," adapted from one of the stories in her earlier book, "My Cornish Neighbours," was very successfully staged at the Court, the Garrick, and the Criterion theatres last year. She has already made considerable progress on a new four-act drama, and has planned a long novel which she hopes to write this winter.

Mr. Ezra Pound, whose new book of poems, "Personæ," has met with an unusually appreciative reception, is a young American of English descent, his forbears having been among those early settlers



Photo by Lanyon,
St. Ives, Cornwall.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

who went out to the New World in the seventeenth century. On his mother's side he is distantly related to Longfellow, whose poetry he does not admire; he is a Fellow of the University of Pennsylvania; has travelled much in Spain; lived for some while in Venice; and is now making his home in England with no particular desire to depart from us, though he has a very much greater liking for the English people than for their climate. He has two other small books of verse to his name, "A Lume Spento" and "A Quinzaine for this Yule," which were printed in limited editions for private circulation. The smallness of his output does not indicate barrenness or indolence, but that he has a faculty of self-criticism: he has written and burned two novels and three hundred sonnets; last spring he delivered at the Polytechnic here an introductory course of six lectures on "The Development of Literature in Southern Europe," and he has prepared a long course of lectures on "Romance Literature" which he is to deliver at the Polytechnic this autumn; moreover, he is still only twenty-three. He has lately completed a new book, a prose and verse sequence, which he is calling "The Dawn."

Mr. Hammond Hall, late editor of the *Daily Graphic*, has accepted the editorship of "Hazell's Annual" in succession to Mr. Wm. Palmer, who

after seventeen years' service has resigned in order to devote himself entirely to his work as managing director of the Bedfordshire Times Publishing Co., Ltd., and editor of the *Bedfordshire Times*.

The newspaper world is coming very much under the lash of the satirist in these days. It has been mercilessly and successfully handled on the stage in "The Earth" and in "What the Public Wants"; to name only the most recent of novels on the subject, it was shrewdly satirised by Mr. Oliver Onions in "Little Devil Doubt," and is no less faithfully dealt with now in Mr. Reginald Turner's "Samson Unshorn." Mr. Turner has had considerable experience as a journalist; he has for the last ten years been on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, and is at present a literary reviewer on that paper. He is one of the many who have forsaken the overcrowded profession of the law for journalism and novel-writing, only to find that the novelist's pathway is almost as steep and quite as congested as the barrister's. Of his novels, which have been successively grave and gay and lively and severe, perhaps the most successful was "The Steeple," a study of clerical life. Mr. Turner is now engaged on a farcical story of an extremely topical nature. At a time when serious novels abound he seems to think there is a promising field for fiction such as his "Castles in Kensington," which has a real relation to life for all its lightness of thought and style.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons announce that they have purchased the publishing department of Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, and will shortly remove to more commodious premises at Ruskin House, 44 and 45, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W.

For much assistance in connection with the Meredith illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. G. H. Perkins, Mr. Fredk. Hollyer, Messrs. Smith, Elder, Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Mr. Grant Richards, and Mr. J. A. Hammerton. We are indebted also to Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Kegan Paul, and Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith for permission to reproduce certain of our other illustrations.

We regret that by an oversight we omitted to mention last month that Mr. W. Hartley's admirable drawing of Watts's portrait of Swinburne was reproduced on the cover of our June Number by kind permission of the editor and proprietors of the *Morning Leader*.



Photo by Professor Stebbing,
Paris.

Mr. Reginald Turner.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *June 11, 1909.*

EVERY healthy person likes a row, and next to being an actual party in it comes the joy of watching the quarrel. Presumably, therefore, English people have, like ourselves, found a mild enjoyment in following the disagreement between Mark Twain, the author of "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," and their respective publishers. This disagreement—a tame affair at best—will be, by the time this letter is printed, a story seemingly as ancient as the story of Troy, and is only worthy of re-mention because it illustrates so clearly one of the conditions in that curious national institution which is one of the most muddled affairs in the world. I refer to the copyright law of the United States, which seems—to the uninitiated at any rate—to have been patterned along somewhat the same lines as those followed by Lewis Carroll when he conceived his "Wonderland."

I have referred to "the uninitiated" in connection with American copyright law, thereby allowing it to be inferred that there are people who, on the contrary, are initiated in its mysteries. Presumably there must be such people as these, but it would seem as if in the average American community folk who understood the law of copyright were likely to be as rare as bearded ladies and living skeletons. During six months' residence in New York, I have talked with most of its leading publishers and magazine editors—often on this subject. I may be wronging these gentlemen, but I do not believe more than two or three of them all could do themselves credit in an examination on the knotty points of United States copyright law—and, mind you, it is a subject to which they must, in accordance with the demands of their business, devote more than a little attention.

Among the complexities of the law, the one great foundation stone is, however, simple, and to that foundation stone it is that the Mark Twain controversy called attention. This foundation stone lies in the fact that, to secure American copyright, one must have one's work printed from type set in America. The idea of this is, of course, to protect the livelihoods of American printers, and it is said that, if no such law existed, practically nothing whatsoever would be printed in the United States except the daily papers, for the reason that printing costs in this country greatly more than in Great Britain, and that it would be cheaper—other things being equal—to get the work done abroad, and import it complete into the United States.

Under the existing conditions things are certainly extremely pleasant and encouraging for the printers, but they are rather hard on the author who chances to live outside of the United States, for if it happens that his book is printed in England even a few days before

it is possible to have it published and printed here, the author must then lose his copyright. Every now and then such a fate as this befalls a book which eventually turns out to be a popular success. At this there is naturally enough rejoicing amongst the pirates, for they are free to sell the book in large quantities and to pay no royalty to the author—a state of affairs which naturally appeals to the piratical heart. In such a case the author who sees some one else making a little fortune out of his work while he goes altogether penniless is likely to make on the laws of America comments which fall considerably short of being flattering.

When it comes to a matter of non-fiction books, the pirate's depredations are, speaking broadly, not to be feared. This is for two reasons: one because the non-fiction book makes less of a popular appeal and therefore offers less of an inducement to pirates; the other because such a book is likely to be so expensive of preparation as to appal him.

Often indeed, in the case of serious books the author makes no attempt to save the American rights of his book by separate printing here, and is content to allow copies of the English edition to be sent to us for sale. Just this, I judge from the newspaper accounts of the Mark Twain controversy, happened in the case of Mr. Greenwood's "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," whence it happens that, though its American publishers may resent Mark Twain's extensive use of the book in his "Is Shakespeare Dead?" they cannot do anything in the matter, since Mr. Greenwood did not take the precaution to protect himself by separate American printing.

After July 1, however, the law will be somewhat gentler, and will, on the performance of certain formalities, allow to English books a period of several weeks' grace, during which those interested may make up their minds whether it is worth while to pay toll to the American printer, and thereby secure copyright, or better to spite the printer and let the copyright slide. People in whose business the copyright law is a factor (such as publishers, magazine editors, etc.) appear to feel that this added period of grace will do much to simplify matters and that it will result not only in their good, but in that of English authors as well.

American newspapers have all printed accounts this week of the serious illness of Mr. Jack London, whose prolonged voyagings about the world have attracted considerable attention. These newspaper accounts are based upon a letter said to have been written by Mr. London from hospital in Sydney, in which the novelist told how he was suffering from five different diseases, and gave altogether a very melancholy report on his condition. Curiously enough, on the same day on which these alarming newspaper reports appeared I

myself received a letter from Mr. London, which would seem to indicate that the situation with regard to his health had been somewhat exaggerated or else that he had made a much quicker recovery than was anticipated. In my letter Mr. London said nothing about his health, but as he wrote while aboard ship *en route* from Australia to South America, it is plain at any rate that he was not any longer in the Sydney hospital. Mr. London expects to be back at his home in California some time in July. Whether one admires Mr. Jack London's books or not, one cannot but rejoice at this apparent recovery of his, for, whatever one's personal prejudices may be, one cannot deny to Mr. London a unique place amongst modern writers.

Of the health of another and more pleasing, if perhaps less remarkable American story writer, the news is less good. Mr. Owen Wister, who wrote "The Virginian," and is one of the most popular of American novelists, both to American and to English readers, is still very ill. For several months now he has been suffering from a serious internal trouble combined with nervous breakdown and has been unable to attend to any business at his office in Philadelphia or to write. Two or three weeks ago, according to news of him which has just come to me through one of his friends, he was moved to his country house, where he is living day and night in the open air, seeing nobody but Mrs. Wister and the household, seldom exerting himself even to read a letter, and taking a complete rest cure. It is not expected, even with the best of luck, that he will be himself again before the end of the summer.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the authoress and one of the

earliest of American female suffragists, has just celebrated her ninetieth birthday. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's best known achievement was, without doubt, the writing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a wonderfully stirring Civil War song, to whose tune I have heard English children sing a ditty called "John Brown's Body." Mrs. Howe celebrated her birthday at her home in Boston, and amongst the guests at her party was, as it happened, the eighty-seven-year-old Edward Everett Hale. It was almost his last public appearance, for the veteran author of "The Man Without a Country" died within a few days.

The season of the year has now come round when all literary America empties itself into transatlantic steamships, and makes for European shores—a process which Americans call by the delightfully romantic phrase "going abroad." Each week takes away a dozen or so of assorted literary folk—authors, publishers, editors, and journalists—and it looks as if at the present rate it would soon be as difficult to discover a distinguished writer left in America as to find a dodo in Broadway.

The latest literary voyager of distinction is Miss Alice Brown, a novelist of the serious type who is very well regarded by thoughtful Americans, though, I fear, scarcely known in England. Her last novel, "The Story of Thyrza," a tale typically American in character, has been one of the six most popular books in the States, which is indeed a tribute to its author, since Thyrza's story is no way sensational, and offers little either by way of prettiness or of impropriety to catch the vulgar interest.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1 to August 1, 1909.

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DAVISON, J. RAFFLES (Editor).—The Arts Connected with Building. Lectures on Craftsmanship and Design delivered at Carpenters' Hall. With 95 Illustrations. 5s. net.
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WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6s.

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Ruskin Nature Reader (Intermediate). Edited by G. R. Bennett, B.Sc. Lond. 1s. 6d.
The Wood I Know. The Stream I Know. The Meadow I Know. The Common I Know. Edited by W. Percival Westell, F.L.S., and Henry E. Turner, Gen. Sec. of the School Nature Study Union. Cloth, 8d.; cloth extra, gilt top, and Nature Calendar, 1s.

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THE READER.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

BY DR. JAMES MOFFATT.

"POETRY we have none and but little philosophy." Mark Pattison wrote bluntly in 1830. When Meredith published his first volume of poems twenty-one years later, it was recognised that a poet of promise had arisen, but no one then could foretell that the author would produce prose as well as poetry which embodied a definite and original philosophy of life. Meredith ended, as he had begun, with verse. "A Reading of Life" appeared exactly half a century after the Poems of 1851, but the difference of tone and style, which appeared as early as the second volume of poetry in 1862 and became increasingly patent in the intervening novels, recalls the change felt in passing from "Pauline" to the subsequent poems of Robert Browning. Meredith has acquired a philosophy in the interval; it is a philosophy of Nature, and it has been responsible in large measure for the vital and the ephemeral qualities of his output.

From first to last he showed a remarkable power of delicate realism in his treatment of natural sights and sounds. This gift of sensuous charm, almost Keatsian in its quality, was what struck Kingsley and Rossetti and Hort in his early poems. Other interests absorbed his later mind, but never to the entire exclusion of this direct sensitiveness to Nature. One of his earliest pastorals, echoed in a famous chapter of "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," includes this exquisite glimpse of a summer day beside the Thames:

"There, by the wet-mirrored osiers, the emerald wing of the kingfisher
Flashes, the fish in his beak! there the dab-chick dived, and the motion
Lazily undulates all thro' the tall standing army of rushes.
O joy thus to revel all day, till the twilight turns us homeward!
Till all the lingering, deep-blooming splendour of sunset is over,

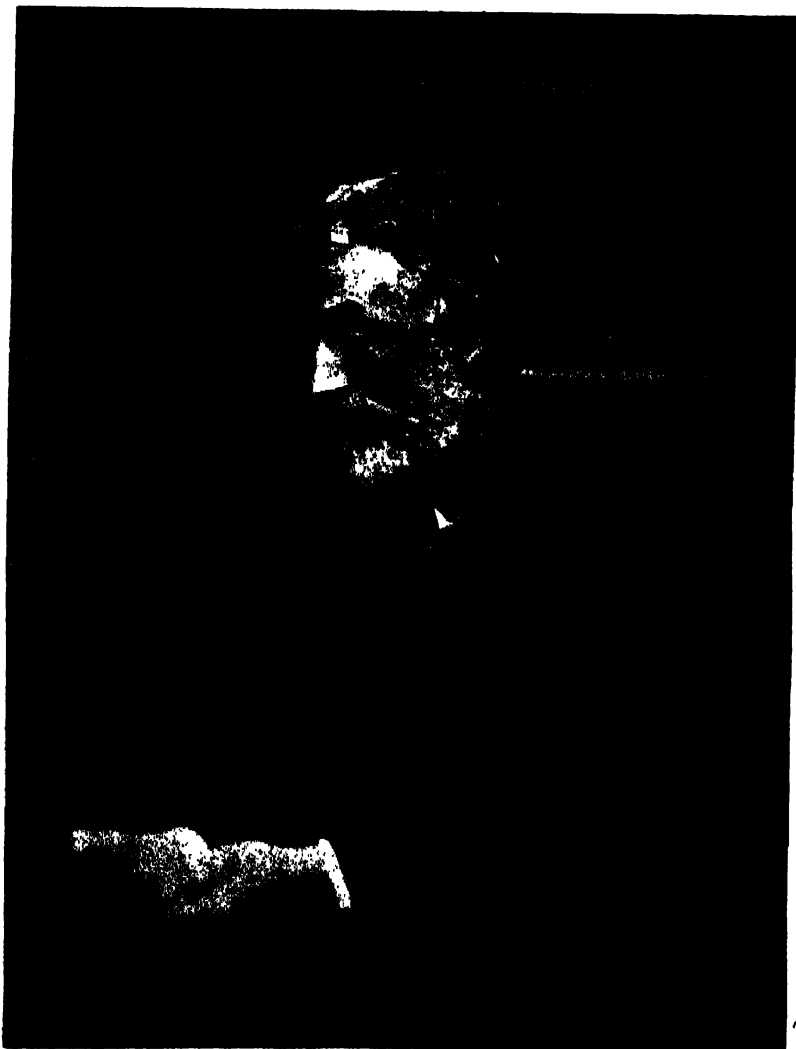
And the one star shines muddily in mellowing hues, like a spirit,
Sent to assure us that light never dieth, tho' day is now buried."

Over and over again, in prose and verse, he shows this power of reproducing a natural scene in its detail and charm. Thus, in his last volume, we get the following lyric, a vignette of autumn:

"They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.
Within my breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry,
In me they sing."

But Nature came to mean far more than this to Meredith. Thomas Love Peacock, his father-in-law, to whom the volume of 1851 was dedicated, had cited in his "Mistortunes of Elphin" a Welsh triad upon "the three primary requisites of poetical genius: an eye that can see Nature; a heart that can feel Nature; and a resolution that dares follow Nature." The first

two requisites never abandoned Meredith. His sensitiveness to Nature enabled him to rouse the inward vision by lyric, lucid transcripts of what he saw and felt, from black-birds to larks and nightingales, from the Thames to the Alps, from the crocus to the wild cherry-tree. His prose and verse repeatedly vibrate with such passages—sometimes a sentence or stanza, sometimes a paragraph or chapter—of direct intuition and unaffected charm. But another spirit of affectation and complexity struggled for his soul as a literary artist. Its hold upon him was due to the prominence assigned to his peculiar conception of the third requisite in the Welsh triad. Nature to him



By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

George Meredith.

meant the cosmos of modern evolutionary science, and loyalty to Nature involved an ethical idealism which sought the ethical standards as well as the physical origin of man in his relationship to the facts and forces of this living organism. This frank recognition of human nature as part of Nature produced Meredith's characteristic attack on sentimentalism and his buoyant, grave message of courage and joy. But it was responsible for serious defects in his literary method. Into its philosophic merits or demerits we need not enter here. The point is that his propaganda led not only to an ultra-subtle handling of motives, which investigated human nature with a lens and a scalpel, but to a disproportionate and unseasonable intrusion of philosophic analysis upon the course of his novels and the movement of his larger poems. To read some of the latter is like listening to a canary in a room full of typewriters at work: you catch occasional notes of song amid the metallic and staccato click of the machines. As for the romances, they are studded with half-defiant, half-contrite apologies for the intrusions of the Philosopher, but the latter is too much in evidence. He takes you behind the booth to let you see the strings by means of which the showman works his puppets. The result is that the characters are not always kept at blow-heat, while the reader's attention is apt to flag. It is as if Marcus Aurelius had embodied his philosophy in tales of the Romans and the Quadi.

This pre-occupation springs from the correct perception that human motives are to be sought in the ideas rather than in the appetites, but Meredith pays too little attention to the facts and incidents which give rise to the ideas in question, and in which his characters ought to have been allowed to reveal themselves more fully than they do. What interests him is the effect produced upon his characters by certain events in the chain of circumstance, and, in his eagerness to analyse the former, he often commits the inartistic blunder of merely hinting at the latter. He allows his antipathy to the reporting columns of sensational fiction to carry him too far. When he chooses, he can give his readers Stevenson's luxury of laying aside the judgment and being submerged by the tale as by a billow. But the trouble is that he often chooses the worst part. Instead of letting himself go, he will prefer to keep your head prosaically safe above the water, or even to drag you ashore, while he expounds in diverting and ingenious words the sequence of the tides. Thus the duels are never described directly in "The Tragic Comedians" or in "Beauchamp's Career," while the horse-whipping in the latter book is only alluded to. The divorce-case in "Diana," and Lord Fleetwood's nocturnal visit to Carinthia are similarly ignored, except by way of allusion. Things happen, of vital moment to the story. We only hear of them incidentally. The Greek dramatists employed a Messenger to tell the audience such incidents, but while Meredith creates an equivalent to the Greek chorus, he forgets to include in his *dramatis persona* any Messenger, the result being that his method of telling a story frequently suggests a forgetfulness



Photo by A. A. Temple.

George Meredith's House at Box Hill, from the drive.

of the distinctions between the psychological essay and the romance. Thus, in the searching and poignant sequence of poems entitled "Modern Love," it is not easy, even after a second or third reading, to make out the precise facts which underlie the actions and emotions of the husband and the wife as they blunder against one another in the snare of their own devising. But this perverse habit of allusiveness became more irritating than ever in the prose romances, when the author had less excuse for his failure to be explicit and definite.

Style is ultimately a matter of temperament, and it is the same passion for suggesting a multiplicity of more or less obvious ideas which is largely responsible for the elliptic discords and the conceits in Meredith's brilliant and energetic phrasing. After Rosamund Culling had listened to Dr. Shrapnel, "it was perceptible to her that a species of mad metaphor had been wriggling and tearing its passage through a thorn-bush in his discourse, with the furious urgency of a sheep in a panic; but where the ostensible subject ended and the metaphor commenced, and which was which at the conclusion, she found it difficult to discern." *De te fabula*, the exasperated reader of Meredith is often tempted to exclaim. No one can go quite so far wrong as a clever man, when he sets his mind to it, or rather as a genius who is also a clever man and who, as Henley grumbled, sometimes prefers his cleverness to his genius. But the genius is there, and it reasserts itself before long, even in the most ornate and grotesque chapters of the novels. Yes, "genius" is the word for him, intellectual and imaginative genius. The *Times* reviewer singled out his first great romance as "penetrative in its depth of insight and rich in its variety of experience," while George Eliot

had already hailed "The Shaving of Shagpat" as "a work of genius" in its own way. The subsequent novels bore out the promise of these initial works. The four most characteristic of the series—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Egoist," "Beauchamp's Career," and "Diana of the Crossways"—rank among the contributions of the Victorian age to the great literature of English fiction. They possess the line and colour of masterpieces, stamped with the individuality of a profound intellect. And they are flanked by poems such as the "Hymn to Colour," "The Nuptials of Attila," "Earth and a Wedded Woman," "The Thrush in February," "Juggling Jerry," "The Woods of Westermain," "Love in a Valley," and "Melampus"—to name only representative specimens of the author's versatile talent. These all testify to the essentially "great" note of his mind, to the extraordinary penetration and wide grasp which inform the luxuriant fancy and terse energy of the style upon the higher levels of his prose or verse.

For Meredith's eccentricity is of expression rather than of ideas. Like his own "later Alexandrian," "mystic wrynesses he chased"—and caught and fondled. The style is often as condensed and enigmatic as the digressions are prolix. But his thought, or rather his penetrating outlook upon life, has an equipoise and unity of its own. His ideal of life according to Nature saves him, even in his most daring and radical moments, from falling into the extravagances of the crude theorist, who would either flout Nature or worship natural instincts or fall into raptures before the "green thought in the green shade." One of the best illustrations of this balance occurs in his stringent criticism of plutocratic society in "The Empty Purse" and in "Beauchamp's Career," where his denunciations are carefully accompanied by a frank recognition of the place due to tradition and of the risks run by the extreme reformer. But perhaps a comparison of his treatment of the lark with the similar poems of Shelley and Wordsworth will serve to bring out what is meant by the equilibrium of his judgment. To Shelley the lark represented an "unbodied joy," which scorns and surpasses the earthly measures of men. Wordsworth saw in its mounting and dropping an emblem of "the wise who soar, but never roam" from their appointed lot on earth. Meredith combines the joy and the link with earth in a higher synthesis. His lines upon "The Lark Ascending" begin with a passage of genuine poetry describing the bird's song:



Photo by A. A. Temple.

The Chalet at Box Hill, where much of George Meredith's work was done.

"He rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All interwoven and spreading wide,
Like water - dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls."

But Meredith finds in the lark a truth of his own philosophy. The lark's song thrills with that simple and rich joy

of earth which comes from a life in harmony with Nature. The bird's song expresses the rapture of its natural existence, whereas, he contends, men are prone to fall out of touch with their surroundings and conditions.

"Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood;
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personalty."

The inward, spiritual interpretation of the bird's song, as it mounts alive and aglow with the joy of the earth below it, is that the true love of earth means self-

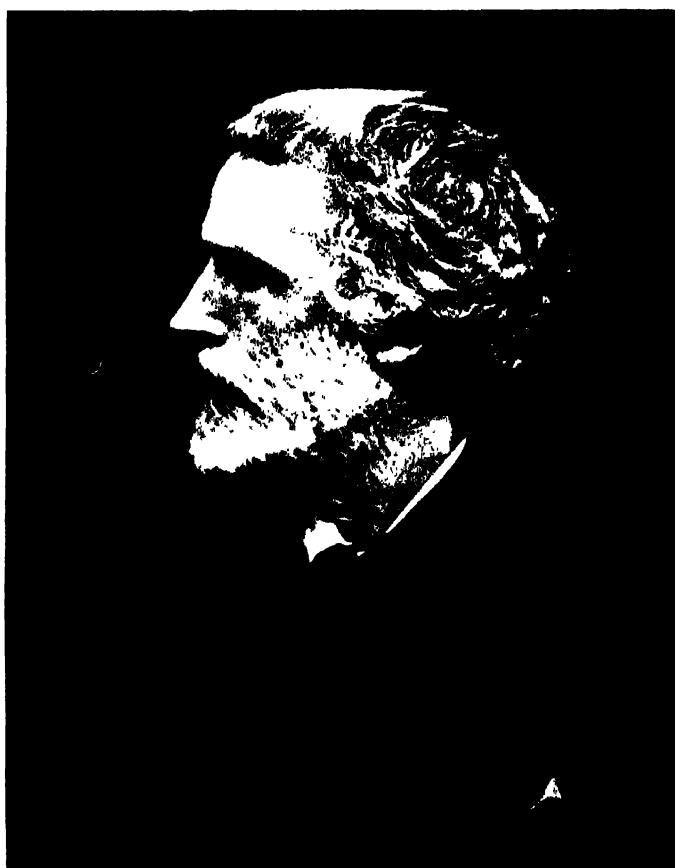


Photo by Messrs. Thomson, The Grosvenor Studios, New Bond Street.

George Meredith.



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George Meredith talking with Mr. and Mrs. Clement Shorter on the occasion of the Whitefriars Club Annual Outing in the Summer of 1902.

forgetfulness. What spoils the happiness and strength of men, the poet argues, is their rampant egoism; they exaggerate their personal likes and dislikes until they lose touch with the great, sane, wise order of Nature, and fall into the extravagance either of passion or of melancholy. Real eccentricity, according to Meredith, lay in egoism, and it was against this error in every phase of life that he shot his sharpest arrows. False pride, in its variety of forms, represented to him the really abnormal thing in human life. If his analysis of it became frequently hyper-subtle, the reason is that he felt its ramifications rayed out from a central error and were in many cases undetected alike by the sinner and the spectators, simply because they failed to grasp the constituent relation of human life to the natural order. He enjoyed splitting psychological seeds. He enjoyed the display of his own dexterity in handling them. But, at his best, when the method ceased to be over-intellectual, and the materials were other than some wilful derangement or aberration, he made his readers feel that he was taking a survey of human life from its centre, and not merely cataloguing with caustic insight the delicate traceries and gossamer filaments upon fantastic orchids in some garden of modern civilisation.

When a criticism of life is passed through the creative imagination of a novelist and poet, its effectiveness largely depends upon the particular form assumed by his analysis. Meredith did not choose an easy form.

He abjured satire and irony, which any one could have understood, little as they might have liked them. He chose a subtle, intellectual form of humour which he dubbed the Comic Spirit, and the main difficulty of appreciating his treatment of life arises from this idiosyncrasy. It is often so delicate, and makes such heavy demands upon the wit of the reader, as to suggest an eccentricity, a wilfulness, a perversity, which is unfairly attributed to the original and stimulating philosophy which it embodies. Fortunately, the "Essay on Comedy" supplies the necessary clue to the poems and the novels alike, especially to the

latter. "Comedy is the fountain of sound sense; not the less perfectly sound on account of the sparkle." "Philosopher and comic poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life: and they are equally unpopular with our wilful English of the hazy region and the ideal that is not to be disturbed." Meredith's humour is exactly defined in the last of these sentences. It is the humour of a serious thinker who, for all the fun and farce in him, wants to disturb conventional ideas and ideals. For an appreciation of his method he had to create his public, and the comparatively slow recognition of his genius has been due in part to his own mischievous delight in puzzling his audience, in part to the difficulty which people felt about taking grave criticisms of society from a writer of gaiety and romance. Still, the philosophy of his laughter has won its way at last. Its success has been and will be hindered by the handicap which he imposed on himself, but its impact is now recognised, and recognised as a factor in the increase of sanity and sincerity throughout modern life. "He did stout service in his day. If the bad manners he scourged are now lessened to some degree, we pay a debt in remembering that we owe much to him; and if what appears incurable remains with us, a continued reading of his works will at least help to combat it." Meredith wrote these words about one of his great predecessors in English fiction, and we are justified to-day in applying to himself what he said gratefully of Thackeray.

THE ORDEAL OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

BY M. STURGE HENDERSON.

IF irony were not forbidden us at such a moment, we should be tempted to smile at the paradoxical treatment the nation has accorded to its latest hero. George Meredith is dead. His death is made the first occasion for a genuine recognition of his life. He is denied, presumably on theological grounds, interment in Westminster Abbey; yet two ecclesiastical ceremonies accompany his burial. His warfare is accomplished, and he is, perhaps generally, believed to have fought and won; but the climax of his achievement is far ahead of him; the fruits and extent of his victory are not even conjecturable as yet. The campaign opened in a now almost forgotten past. It is fifty-three years since he wrote admonishing the hero of his first romance:

"Thou that dreamest
an Event
While Circumstance is
but a waste of
sand,
Arise, take up thy fortunes
in thy hand
And daily forward
pitch thy tent."

His first volume of poetry was published the year after the "Prelude," his first volume of prose before the earliest of George Eliot's novels. Since that time he has produced, besides short stories and essays, thirteen novels and nine volumes of verse. It must often have been a hard matter for him, as he daily pitched his tent or folded it, to decide whether his fortunes were taking him forward or back. Till twenty years ago his work was the possession of a few; now in literary circles he is accorded a pre-eminence unparalleled in England since Wordsworth was at the height of his vogue; but to the larger world, the busy world that reads for recreation, he remains comparatively unknown. The fact is strange, the more so because it is this very world of affairs—the world to which in fact he addressed

himself—which has need of him. He is a great literary artist, but he was never content to build his palace with borrowed materials or borrowed tools. His ideas are his own; above all else he is a reformer, one, moreover, whose thought has long been moulding the vanguard of our political life. "Our faith is ours and comes not on a tide," he writes in his sonnet "To J. M.," and closes the poem with prophecy that his friend will, with the strength of Roland,

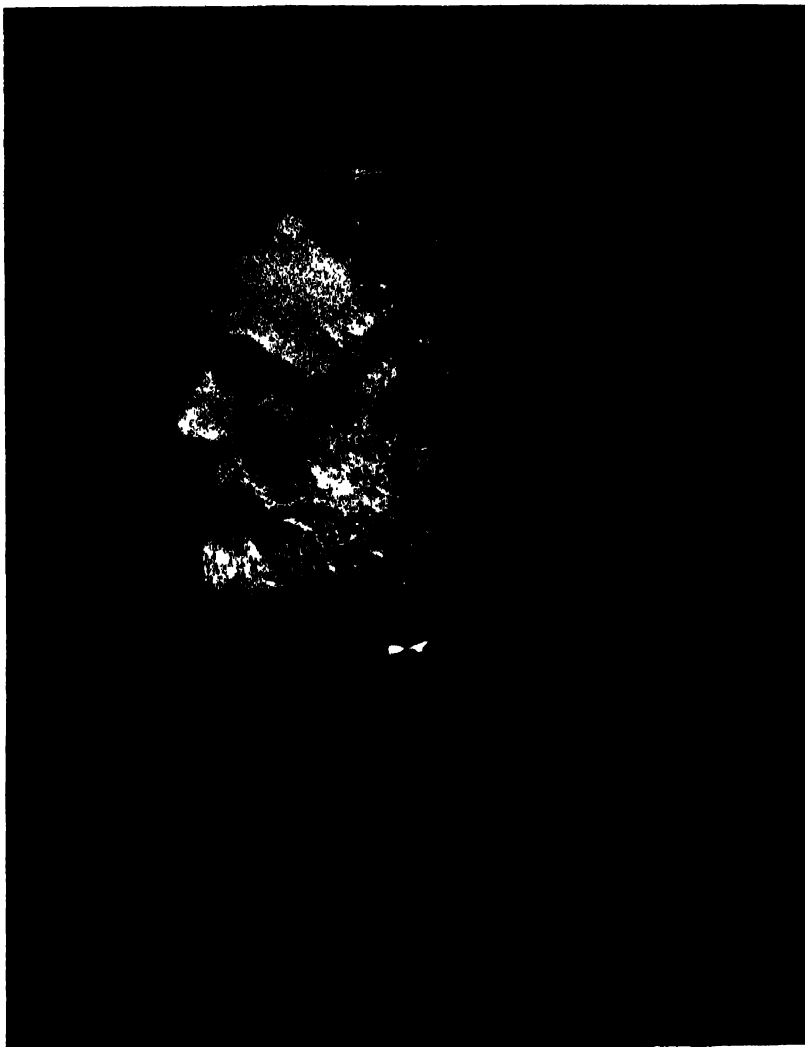
"hew
A chasm sheer into the
barrier rock
And bring the army
of the faithful
through."

Even more of a liberal and democrat in age than he had been in youth, Meredith's optimism was no sentimentality. He saw, and took care to acknowledge and proclaim that he saw, the cost of our undertakings. His reliance on the future is firm, but it is on a future "far, far," if distinct, that he relies, and not on an achievement? compassable by any facile

expedient. He hears "a faint crow of the cock of fresh mornings," and

"Glad eyes, frank hands, and a fellowship real,
And laughter on lips, as the birds' outburst
At the flooding of light,"

these are what that distant cock-crow heralds. An aristocrat and an artist by nature, he could know no temptation to think of beauty or worth or even happiness as easily to be produced. And further he perceived that there can be no going back, no Morris-like reversal to a beauty of bygone times, no reinstatement of "the grand old Egoism that aforetime built the House." He saw things as they are, bending his mind to all that is peculiar in the problems we have to face to-day,



By permission of Fredk. Hollye

George Meredith.



Photo by Bulak.

Burford Bridge "Meredith's Village"—near Box Hill.

and what he saw "Foresight and Patience" tells us summarily:

"Advantage to the Many; that we name
God's voice; have there the surety in our aim. . . .
Now let the perils thicken! clearer seen
Your Chieftain Mind mounts over them serene.
Who never yet of scattered lamps was born
To speed a world, a marching world to warn,
But sunward from the vivid Many springs,
Counts conquest but a step, and through disaster
sings."

The day of Individualism is past, the day of Community is coming, and the future is in the hands of those who voluntarily ally themselves with the forces that make for it. The ideal is not realised, but it is in sight at least. Society has not learned to control its limbs, but it feels itself an organism. And strenuously Meredith calls on the rich and fortunate, those who have had opportunity to see and care for beauty, to fall into line, to take their place in the ranks, lest the field and the future be possessed by mere materialists. The danger to which he is peculiarly alive is that by which the sensitive cultured mind is disassociated from invigorating contact with live issues and sinks away into an apathy which ends in scepticism.

"Wisdom is won of the fight,
The combat incessant; and
dries
To mummywrap, perching a
height.
It chews the contemplative
cud
In peril of isolate scorn,
Unfed of the onward flood.
Nor view we a different
morn

If we gaze with the deeper sight,
With the deeper thought forewise:
The world is the same, seen through;
The features of men are the same.
But let their historian new
In the language of nakedness
write,

Rejoice we to know not shame,
Not a dread, not a doubt: to have
done
With the tortures of thought in the
throes,
Our animal tangle, and grasp
Very sap of the vital in this:
That from flesh unto spirit man
grows
Even here on the sod under sun."

Meredith's main answer to the sceptic is that spiritual growth is proceeding observably under

our eyes. And the key to the secret of it is a moral, intellectual, spiritual, imaginative courage.

In Meredith's thinking, courage heads the virtues. His feeling for courage drew him to the Japanese and Bushido, and throbs through his entire work. Deliberate, reasoned warfare with fear is his panacea for individual and social maladies. And here, as elsewhere, direct personal experience is the source of his conviction. He had been a prey in youth to the half-aesthetic nervousness so common in our time. At twenty years old he closed with the demon and conquered it. Thereafter he fought on behalf of his fellows and principally of women. Courage—more courage and more—to front all kinds of snobbery and false convention, courage to turn from the pseudo-poetic, the pseudo-religious this he saw as the crying need of our day. Most of his novels and poems, all



From the pen-and-ink drawing by
Mr. Frederick Adcock.

**The Crossways Farm
(Abinger Hammer, Surrey).**

The original of the Crossways house in "Diana of the Crossways."



From a drawing by George Du Maurier.

Harry Richmond meets the Princess Ottila.

"We in good easy swing of the feet gave her a look as we lifted our hats."



From a drawing by George Du Maurier.

Harry Richmond and Janet Ilchester visit Julia Bulsted.

'At first she was shy, stole out a coy line of fingers to be shaken, and lisped; and out of that mood came right-about-face, with an exclamation of regret that she supposed she must not kiss me now. I projected, she drew back. 'Shall Janet go?' said I."

TWO ILLUSTRATIONS OF "HARRY RICHMOND."

(Reproduced from the *Cornhill*, by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.)

his heroes and heroines, are variants on this theme, and his last word on the subject has been the same as his first. In the amazing allegory that formed his earliest essay in fiction, the hero Shibli Bagarag, a Reformer trained and tested for service, encounters, as his final and fiercest temptation, sight of the Ferrying Figure. Long ago, at the outset of his career, Shibli had been tempted by sensual satisfactions, had mistaken illusions for realities. He has now to learn that it is possible to mistake realities for illusions. His life is dedicate, he is aflame with his mission, when the visage of Death confronts him; he views her, not incidentally, but with the mind; in the language of the allegory, he "peers behind the veil." The consequences are awful: his universe rocks; a moral paralysis gets hold of him and life itself becomes unreal. Merely as a philosophical idea, Meredith's linking of this last ordeal with Shibli's earliest temptations—revealing it as a swing of the pendulum, the old incapacity for separating illusion from reality on its reverse side—would be interesting enough. But with Meredith the thought is vital; it is at the heart of his life, the key and corner-stone of his work. The magic forest of life, he tells us, is thick-set with tangles; but it holds no unconquerable terrors; its dragons, including the giant spectre of Death, have no force that the mind of man may not subdue. The thought vibrates through every line of "The Woods of Westermain," and rings out in the opening stanza like a trumpet call:

"Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,

Foot at peace with
mouse and
worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of
dark
Quaver and they quit
their form:
Thousand eyeballs
under hoods
Have you by
the hair.
ENTER THESE EN-
CHANTED
WOODS
YOU WHO
DARE."

Part, certainly, of his greatness has lain in his ungrudging fortification of the teaching from this personal experiences of his life. Few of those who stood at his open grave, along-

side the mound marked M. M. and the date, but must have recalled a day twenty years earlier. His own death can have had no sting for him, no "pangs to conquer trust," comparable to those of that "morning of May" which his great poem, perhaps the greatest of his poems, has immortalised; when

"The crowned Shadow poising dart
Hung over her: 'she, my own,
My good companion, mate,
Pulse of me: she who had shown
Fortitude quiet as Earth's
At the shedding of leaves."

Yet as this marvellous narrative closes, he can tell of conquest and acceptance in words that for some of us have become linked indissolubly with our conception of fortitude itself:

"I bowed as a leaf in rain;
As a tree when the leaf is shed
To winds in the season at wane:
And when from my soul I said
May the worm be trampled: smite
Sacred Reality! power
Filled me to front it aright,
I had come of my faith's ordeal."

There is an idea afloat that Meredith has been more successful in showing what his faith is not than in showing what it is; and it may be allowed that he was led to insist more than he needed on his divergences from the accepted creed of his country. Yet his influence could never have been what as a matter of fact it is, and still more will be, had this insistence been less marked. His attitude to life and religion may be understood best by relating it to a question asked long ago by Plato and answered in the most compre-



Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead.

Sarah Grand at his left hand.

George Meredith at Box Hill.

hensive and the most celebrated of his dialogues. The theme was the nature of justice, or virtue in general, and it had been pointed out conclusively that the life of the good man had a far higher value than that of the bad and a far higher reward. But then the hard question arose, whether the higher value of the good life was really separable from its higher reward and independent of it. If heaven, and prosperity, and every adventitious happiness are withdrawn from the good man, including even the love and confidence of his fellows, has his goodness then any value left, is there still any good for him in being good? Modernise the question, recollecting that the answer to it

if it is to have practical bearing upon contemporary life, must take stock of all that two thousand years of life and thought have added to enrich, but also to complicate, the experience of humankind, and you have before you the focusing point of Meredith's thought and the foundation of the strength of his optimism. Goodness, he says everywhere, is immensely desirable, a splendid goal for man's most strenuous effort, and simply because it is itself. Whatever may be in store for them in the future—leaving that question, a dangerous and perhaps an unanswerable question, on one side—Meredith announces to men that, as men, it is worth their while to pursue the perfection of their nature here and now. The spirit of the Good has been breathed into them from their birth by the earth, their mother, and, though illusions be many, the belief



Photo by Bolak.

George Meredith taking his daily drive near his home at Box Hill.

in the possibility of a harmonious life, the "dream of the blossom of good," a heaven realisable on earth, is not among them. Talking, however, will not bring it; action will.

"Not argument but effort shall decide."

Can there be any reason why those who are so happy as to be able to feel this outlook limited should view it with suspicious eyes? We live in a period of scepticism; and scepticism, a malady recurrent in human annals, asks a fresh antidote each time it recurs. The antidote to our English scepticism of to-day is provided by Meredith, by his work and by the life behind it—a life of growing serenity and widening vision achieved under almost every form of testing and sifting that falls to man's lot. Poverty, deep domestic trials, bitterness, derision and persistent neglect—all these he has experienced in full measure. Yet to speak of him as fundamentally unsoured and unembittered is to fall far short of the fact. From first to last he has been a byword in his day and generation for encouragement and appreciation of others, his own work meanwhile unappreciated and mainly because of its greatness and truth. As theory, as a contribution to philosophy, Meredith's treatment of the subject of immortality may not be a matter to be very seriously counted with. But there is too much said about this topic. The point is that he would have been content to leave it alone.

CHOIR OR LANTERN.

ENTRANCE BY WEST CLOISTER DOOR.
MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M.

Admit

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

On SATURDAY, the 2nd MAY, 1909,

12 noon.

DOORS OPEN AT 11.15.

J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON, Dean.

The Ticket of Admission to the Meredith
Memorial Service at Westminster Abbey.

Kindly lent by Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

The object of his life was to induce men to turn from the contingencies of the future to the certainties of the present, and to give themselves to these certainties with a joyful courage. The crown of his effort has been his own accomplishment, his personal demonstration of the sufficingness of the Divine self-revelation in life as we know it, earth as we see it, to the needs of the spirit of man. And truly applicable to himself is

the thought which underlies the farewell words spoken to him by the Spirit of Earth in his hour of trial :

"Soon to be seen of a host
The flag of the Master I serve!
And life in them doubled on Life,
As flame upon flame, to behold,
High over Time-tumbled sea,
The bliss of his headship of strife,
Him through handmaiden me."

GEORGE MEREDITH'S FIRST BOOK.

By MAURICE BUNTON FORMAN.

POEMS :

GEORGE MEREDITH.

POST! blest Goddess of the Morning, hear
The blind Orion praying on thy hill,
And in thine odorous breath his spirit steep,
That he, the soft gold of thy gleaming hand
Passing across his heavy lids, sealed down
With weight of many nights, and night like days
May feel as keenly as a new-born child,
And, through it, learn as purely to behold
The face of nature. * * * *
His blind eyes wept.

R. H. HORNE'S "Or

LONDON
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON,
WEST STRAND.

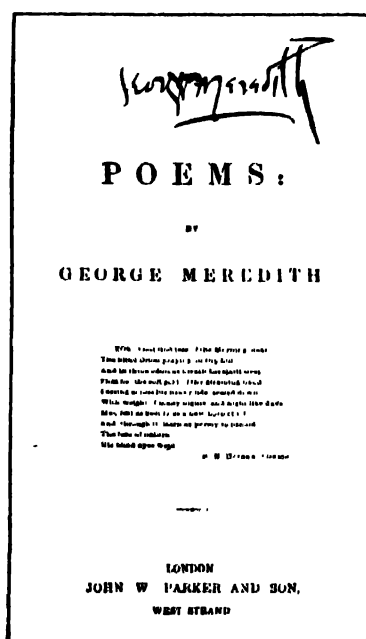
SO runs the title-page of George Meredith's first book, a book which even at the not exorbitant price of five shillings failed to attract even a moderate share of public attention, despite the sympathetic reception accorded to it by Mr. William Michael Rossetti in the *Critic* and Charles Kingsley in *Fraser's Magazine*. Five shillings, forsooth! Yet a generation later, when collectors were slowly realising that they must find room on their shelves for Meredith if they wanted their collections of Victorian writers to be really representative, one or two booksellers began to specialise in the novels, and any who lighted upon a copy of "Poems, 1851," as the book is generally called, asked for it anything from eight to ten guineas, according to state. By 1900 it had gone to twenty pounds, and now it stands, as a rule, not lower than twenty-five and at times higher than thirty. The enthusiasm represented by these figures, however, came too late to be of benefit to the author so far as that book is concerned, for he seems to have distributed

it almost lavishly among his friends, if we may judge from the number of presentation copies which have appeared in the market during the past quarter of a century; and it may well be doubted whether Mr. Meredith ever realised by its publication even the sum for which a single copy could be purchased in 1851.

The collation of this desirable little volume expressed in up-to-date bibliographical terms is as follows: Foolscap octavo. Pp. viii + 160, consisting of half-title, "Poems," with blank verso, pp. [i ii]; title-page as above, p. [iii]; imprint, "London: / Vizetelly and Company, Printers, / Fleet Street," in centre of p. [iv]; dedication, "To / Thomas Love Peacock, Esq. / this volume / is dedicated with the profound admiration and affectionate respect of his / Son-in-law, / Weybridge, / May, 1851," with blank verso, pp. [v-vi]; contents, pp. [vii-viii]; and text, pp. 1-160, both the first and the last pages being, like all the preliminary pages, unnumbered. The signatures are B to K,

ten sheets of eight leaves each, the first four leaves bear no signature. The headlines vary throughout to accord with the text. The leaves measure $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A slip containing four errata is inserted sometimes at the beginning, sometimes at the end of the book, but this slip does not occur in all copies. Issued uncut in dark green or purple cloth boards, ornamented on the sides with blind stamping and lettered in gilt across the back "Poems / by / George / Meredith" with three gilt lines at the top and three at the bottom. The end papers are glazed and primrose colour.

The exact date of publication I have been unable to ascertain. The British Museum copy (press mark C 58, b 9) bears the date of receipt, 1 July 1851, and reviews of the book appeared in the *Leader* and the *Spectator* on July 5. In a letter to James Vizetelly, the author said, "I am sorry to say I discover a great



Title-page of the First Edition of George Meredith's "Poems," with Signature.

From the library of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

many new and original mistakes in my Book, of which both the MS. and proofs were utterly guiltless," and as that letter was dated May 26, 1851, it may, perhaps, be assumed that the book left the binder's hands some time in May. The errata slip was probably the outcome of the letter quoted above, and for the satisfaction of those who possess copies of the book without it, I venture to record the opinion that such copies are not necessarily incomplete. "Convictions," said Mr. Meredith, "are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices." For some years I entertained the conviction that the absence of that slip indicated an imperfect copy, but I never applied the seal of prejudice, and I have now changed my opinion. It is reasonable to suppose that copies left the publishers' hands before the mistakes had been listed, and such copies, never having had the slip, cannot be regarded as imperfect. Similar instances are to be found from the seventeenth century onwards, and as an appropriate example the case of Keats's "Endymion" may be cited. "Endymion" occurs sometimes with a leaf bearing a solitary erratum, and sometimes with a leaf upon which five errors are noted; and furthermore, copies with the single erratum leaf not infrequently contain also a five-errata slip. In each case the book is an example of the first edition and complete in itself; yet there can be no doubt that the first named was issued before the others. On the same grounds I assume that "Poems, 1851," without a slip, is "as issued" unless there are unmistakable signs of the slip having been removed. The British Museum copy has no slip, and there is nothing in it to suggest that it ever had one.

The list of contents consists of fifty-one entries, which it is needless to give *in extenso* here, as all the poems save one are to be found in Vol. XXXI. of the complete edition of Meredith's works, published by Messrs. Constable in 1896-8, where they appear under the head of "Poems Written in Early Youth." The one omitted from the reprint is the song beginning "Should thy love die." The ten "Pastorals," which are covered by one entry in the table of contents and fill pages 84 to 105, bring the total number of poems in the volume up to sixty. Into the putting together of this collection an insight is afforded by a letter, recently in the possession of Messrs. Maggs Bros. of the Strand, which has now found a home in America. This letter, bearing no date, reads thus:

"WEYBRIDGE

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It possible put the enclosed *Hexameters* among the 'pastorals' that is to say, if not too late. Also 'Love in the Valley' but separate the two--and put neither *first* among the pastorals and let the Songs 'Spring'--'Autumn' be *last* among them. 'July' is to follow 'Antigone' and then 'Beauty Rohtraut.'

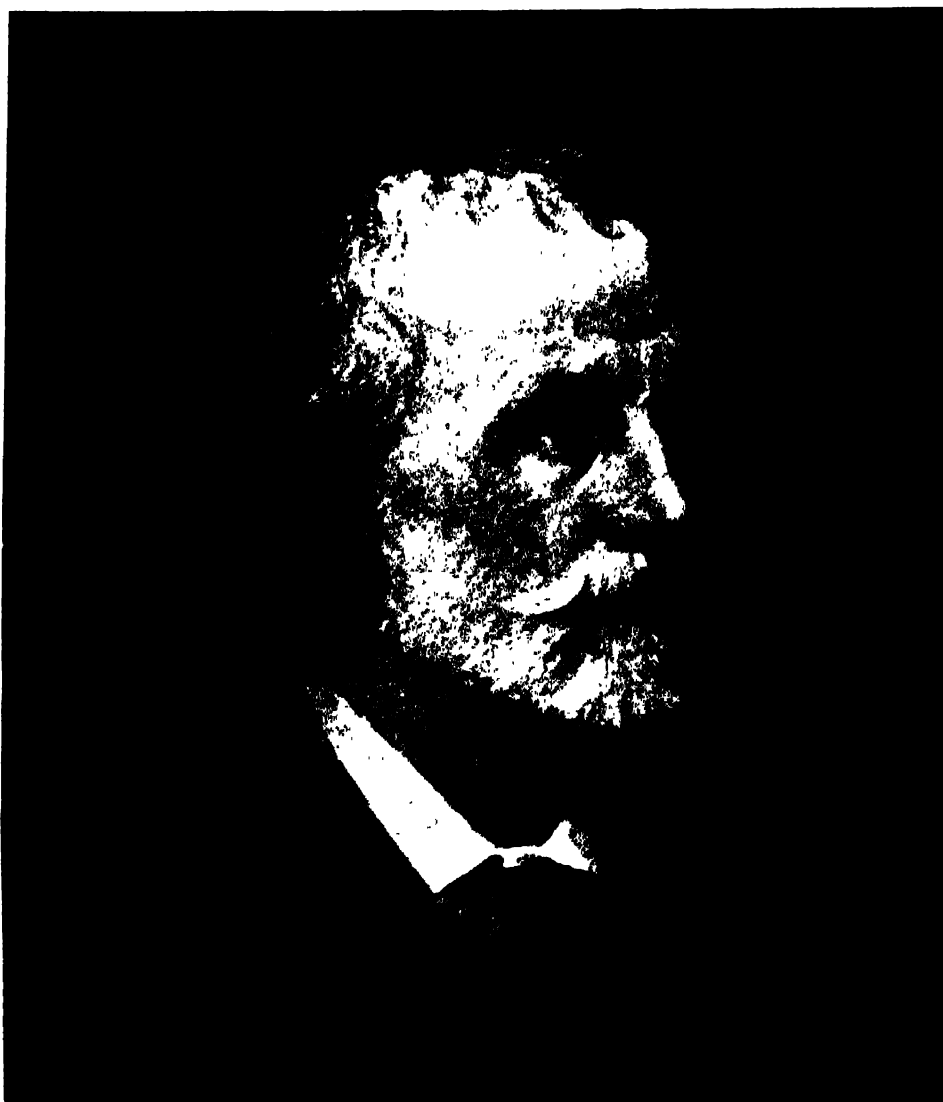
"I hope to hear from you to-morrow about *Idomeneus* and that the volume will soon be finished

"Very truly

"GEORGE MEREDITH

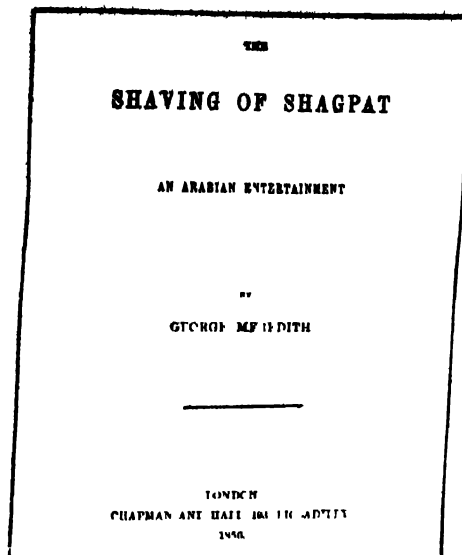
"JAMES VIZETELLY ESQ."

The hexameters are those referred to by Charles Kingsley as "careless as hexameters; but honest landscape-painting; and only he who begins honestly ends greatly." "Love in the Valley," let us be thankful, was not too late; it was placed at the end of the pastorals, so that the author's wishes in regard to the position of "Spring" and "Autumn" were not carried out, and those two songs were put immediately following the hexameters. Nor did the printer oblige the poet in the matter of the arrangement of "July," "Antigone," and "Beauty Rohtraut." The last-named piece follows upon the pastorals, four poems separate it from "Antigone," and three come between "Antigone" and "July." "Idomeneus" appears in the volume as "The Shipwreck of Idomeneus."



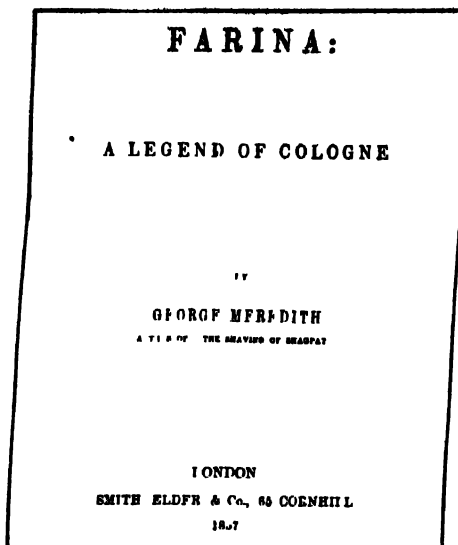
From the painting of G. F. Watts, R.A.
By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

George Meredith.



Title-page of the First Edition of "The Shaving of Shagpat."

From the library of Mr. Clement K. Shorter



Title-page of the First Edition of "Farina."

From the library of Mr. Clement K. Shorter

Of these sixty poems three at least had previously appeared in print, and it is not unlikely that others lie hidden in the pages of defunct journals. Indeed, Mr. Lane in his useful bibliography says with reference to "The Olive Branch" the first poem in the book "I am informed that this piece was first published in some magazine, but I have been unable to trace it." "Beauty Rohtraut (from Moricke)" had appeared in the *Leader* for September 14 1850 (Vol. I No. 25 p. 597), as "The Ballad of Beauty Rohtraut" the only variation from the later text being in the first line of verse 3, which ran—

"Beneath an old oak tree once they sat
instead of—

"Under a gray old oak they sat" as in the book version. The original German ballad is to be found in a little volume of "Gedichte" by Eduard Moricke, published at Stuttgart in 1848. This is how the German poet tells the tale

SCHÖN ROHTRAUT

"Wie heisst König Ringangs Tochterlein?
Rohtraut Schön-Rohtraut
Was thut sie denn den ganzen Tag
Da sie wohl nicht spinnen und nagen mag?
Thut fischen und jagen
O dass ich doch ihr Jäger war'!
Fischen und jagen freute mich sehr
Schweig' stille, mein Herze!"

"Und über eine kleine Weil',
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut,
So dient der Knab' auf Ringangs Schloss
In Jägertracht und hat ein Ross,
Mit Rohtraut zu jagen
O dass ich doch ein Königssohn war'!
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut lieb' ich so sehr
Schweig' stille, mein Herze!"

"Einsmals sie ruhten am Eichenbaum,
Da lacht Schön-Rohtraut
Was siehst mich an so wunniglich?
Wenn du das Herz hast, küsse mich!
Ach! erschreck der Knabe!
Doch denket er: mir ist's vergunnt,
Und küsset Schön-Rohtraut auf den Mund.
Schweig' stille, mein Herze!"

"Darauf sie ritten schweigend heim,
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut;
Es jauchzt der Knab' in seinem Sinn:
Und wurd'st du heute Kaiserin,
Mich sollt's nicht kränken:
Ihr tausend Blätter im Walde wisst,
Ich hab' Schon-Rohtrauts Mund
gekusst!
Schweig' stille mein Herze!"

"Sorrows and Joys" was the first poem contributed to *Household Words* by Mr. Meredith, and "The Two Blackbirds" was the second. The former will be found in the first volume of Dickens's journal on pp. 517-8, in the number for August 24, 1850, and the latter in the second volume on p. 157, in the issue for November 9, 1850. Before these poems were printed in the 1851 volume,

the author made several minor and a few important alterations in them. Passing over the minor changes it will suffice to record here that the sixth and seventh triplets in the original version of "Sorrows and Joys" changed places in the reprint: the eighth triplet of the original—

'O make thy sorrows holy—wise—
So shall their buried memories rise
Celestial even in mortal skies

is omitted in the reprint, and the ninth and tenth triplets stood thus—

'O think what then had been their doom
If all unshriven—without a tomb
They had been left to haunt the gloom!

"O think again what they will be
Beneath God's bright serenity,
When thou art in eternity!"



The last Portrait of George Meredith.

(Copyright) By permission of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.



From the illustration by
Hattie K. Brown (Chicago)

"The Three Maidens."

Said they to the youngest: Why wilt thou sit so still
The land is dark, the night is full
O but the light in my side is ill
And the nightingale will languish for its mate
—George Meredith



From the drawing by
Sir John Millar

"The Crown of Love."



From the drawing by
Charles Keene

Evan and Rose in the Conservatory.

"She plucked both a white and red rose, saying 'There! choose your colour by-and-by and ask Juley to sew the one you choose in your button hole'—Luan Harrington



From the drawing by
Charles Keene

Tom Cogglesby's Arrival at Beckley Court.

"The donkey cart in which old Tom Cogglesby sat alone, bunched in figure, bunched in face, his shrewd grey eyes twinkling under the bush of his eyebrows—Luan Harrington

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEREDITH'S EARLIER WORK.

(Reproduced from *Once a Week* by permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

In the book they stand thus :

"O, think what then had been thy doom,
If homeless and without a tomb,
They had been left to haunt the gloom !

"O, think again what now they are --
Motherly love, tho' dim and far,
Imaged in every lustrous star."

In "The Two Blackbirds" a new verse is added, verse 3 :

"Strange anguish in that creature's breast,
Unwept like human grief, unsaid,
Has quickened in its lonely nest
A living impulse from the dead."

In the third line of verse 7 (revised version) "woodland life" takes the place of "wingéd life," and the last line of the poem is changed from

"A pitying, loving sympathy,"

to

"A self-forgetful sympathy."

Of the connection between these two *Household Words* poems and the quotation from the sixth, not the farthing, edition of Horne's "Orion" on the title-page of "Poems, 1851," something might be said, but that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

THE LAUREATE OF THE SEA

(ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE).

IT is strange, but nevertheless true, that in all ages of the world's civilisation the finest, rarest, and most prophetic thoughts of man have invariably set themselves to rhythmic expression. The sound-waves in space which science is now utilising to convey messages across wide seas from one distant land to another are not more real than the sound-waves of inspiration and imagination, which, rolling along in measured movement with breathing pauses between, strike the human brain and form in its cells that concordance and harmony of language which we call Poetry. Poetry is declared by Aristotle to be the pleasure of a truth,—Bacon asserts it to be that of a lie, but both writers admit that whatever may be its other aims, its chief object is to excite pleasure. The poet is not always a melodist; equally the melodist is not always a poet. A poetic thought may be offered to the reader in a jumble of discordant lines such as Browning was often wont to employ, though few will contend that the thought would not gain in point and impressiveness were it rendered harmoniously. Again, a melodist may fit vague utterances or mere words together which convey no intrinsic sense of beauty or meaning, yet they will appeal to many unthinking readers with a suggestive sweetness which haunts the memory simply because placed in a tuneful setting. To numbers of men and women any jingling rhyme means poetry, and they are quite unable to discern the difference between good and bad verse.

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are"

would probably seem to them far more sensible and lucid than Shakespeare's lines—

"Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven
Having some business do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return—
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night."

The one is mere jingle; the other matchless poetry;

but to the majority of minds the poetry would be obscure and "far-fetched," while the jingle would be simple and comprehensible.

To really understand and take pleasure in the fine delights of perfect poetry the student must be gifted in no ordinary degree. Such an one must have a delicate musical ear, a sense of proportion which may almost be termed sculptural, and a quick perception of that further outlook beyond time and space which every great poet always suggests without any personal consciousness of the suggestion, such as Keats writes of in the lines

"My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream"

Things "beyond the shadow of a dream" are the poet's province, and we must be prepared to accompany him in his pursuit, or else remain behind him altogether.

This is how it happens that the greater part of the reading public are a long way behind Swinburne, the unique singer who has now taken that last onward step which lifts him out of our ken into the higher and wider life. He was a poet entirely above the comprehension of newspaper critics who found it more amusing to parody his lines and ridicule his methods than take the trouble to study and understand them. The curiously witless observations on his genius made by so many who have written of him since his death are remarkable testimony to the egotism of the writers as compared with the towering superiority of the dead man they profess to honour. It is a pious opinion with not a few of them that his reputation might rest upon his early triumph, "Atalanta in Calydon," chiefly, it is to be supposed, because this particular poem of a great modern master was the only one they ever took the pains to read. Mr. Bernard Shaw's ludicrous admission of his own ineptitude is amusingly chronicled in his confession in last month's *BOOKMAN*: "I never got anything from Swinburne except the musical pleasure of reading his verse, and I could not go on very long

with that any more than I could make my dinner off raspberry jam." One might compassionate a poet for being so foolishly judged after his death by foolish critics, if one did not know how infinitely above them all his genius soars, even as the genius of John Keats soared above the coarse penster who told him to "go back to his gallipots." Swinburne was, or rather is one of the greatest of English poets, and will take his place prominently among the very few who are destined to appeal to a far distant posterity. He was a perfect master in an art unpractised before his time, - the art of modulating the plain terse English language into the dulcet measures native to the literature of the South and the softness of Southern tongues. No one before or since Swinburne has deliberately started to build up English verse on Italian and Provençal metres, and to give to our often rough sounding consonants an almost Italian smoothness. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have made a study of early Italian and old French ballads that Swinburne often carefully and most artistically planned his rhyming sequences, on those suggested to him by the old time minstrels of Southern lands, and the wonder of it all is that he was able to mould our language so deftly into these unaccustomed soft cadences. His friend, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was equally happy and skilful in his renderings of the early Italian poets, and it may be questioned if Swinburne, who must have frequently criticised and privately commented upon Rossetti's work, did not unconsciously borrow a few echoes of the subtle Southern music that rang through Rossetti's brain. Whether this be so or not, it is very instructive to read the First and Second series of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" alternately with Rossetti's "Translations of the Early Italian Poets," and to note how in many instances the one sound-wave of language appears to have met and mingled with the other. The British people are in the majority hopelessly ignorant of foreign tongues, and even the most educated among them are seldom students of the poesy of old Provence, therefore the original source or basis of any particular rhythm or metre borrowed from thence would be to them a matter of complete indifference. But to the literary student it is more than commonly interesting to trace resemblances such as exist between the Italian Canzonetta by Jacopo da Lentino (of Dante's period) commencing: "Madonna mia," and Swinburne's "Madonna Mia," not for any similarity of thought so much as for style of composition and measure of sound. Jacopo da Lentino, as translated by Rossetti reads thus: -

"My Lady mine, I send
These sighs in joy to thee,
Though loving to the end,
There were no hope for me,
That I should speak my love,
And I have loved indeed,
Though having fearful heed,
It was not spoken of."

The lines *tone* on the ear in a similar way to Swinburne's:—

"Under green apple boughs,
That never a storm will rouse,
My lady hath her house
Within two bowers.
In either of the twain
Red roses full of rain,
She hath for bondwomen
All kinds of flowers."

There is of course no question as to the superiority of Swinburne's cadence over that of Rossetti's rendering of da Lentino; it is merely the structural basis that one may consider for a moment, just as one considers the dull foundation of "Romeo and Juliet" as narrated in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," on which Shakespeare raised his immortal palace of poesy which we know as the only "Romeo and Juliet" in the world. "Madonna Mia" is one of the loveliest poems in the English language, yet it may be safely asserted that nineteen out of every twenty persons who profess to read Swinburne's poetry have never heard of it. One finds the new "Socialistic Literary" school familiar with the poet's most glaring sins of fleshiness and blasphemy, and on these they gloat, -but with the purer, higher, better side of his inspiration they seem to be wholly unacquainted. Even in the one poem which the critical faculty generally appear to have read, "Atalanta in Calydon" they hardly allude to its finest part, the "Chorus," with its magnificent rush and swing of rhyme:

"Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man,
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran,
Pleasure with pain for leaven,
Summer with flowers that fell,
Remembrance fallen from Heaven,
And madness risen from Hell,
Strength without hands to smite,
Love that endures for a breath,
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of Death."

There is a dual nature in every man, a twin force—the Material and Spiritual, - and at certain periods of life the two struggle for supreme mastery over the soul which one or the other must finally dominate. This period is distinctly marked out in Swinburne's life by his fine poem "The Triumph of Time," in which any perceptive student of human emotions can see this gifted spirit "whose heart-strings are a lute" pause as it were, on the summit of some high peak of utter desolation, and chant to the impassive gods the secret of his life's history ere going down into the shadows below. One feels that at this time some great hope was shipwrecked,—some strong faith betrayed.

"I will say no word that a man might say,
Whose whole life's love goes down in a day!"

The entire poem expresses what the poet himself had evidently dreamed of the higher possibilities of his life, had the glory of a perfect love been his. But he says:

"It will not grow again, this fruit of my heart,
Smitten with sunbeams, ruined with rain."

And then with a passionate wistfulness of regret goes on to show what might have been :—

"In the change of years, in the coil of things,
In the clamour and rumour of life to be,
We, drinking love at the furthest springs,
Covered with love as a covering tree,
We had grown as the gods, as the gods above,
Filled from the heart to the lips with love,
Held fast in his hands, clothed warm with his wings,
O love, my love, had you loved but me !

"We had stood as the sure stars stand and moved
As the moon moves, loving the world ; and seen
Grief collapse as a thing unclean,
Death consume as a thing unclean.
Twain halves of a perfect heart, made fast
Soul to soul while the years fell past ;
Had you loved me once as you have not loved ;
Had the chance been with us that has not been.

"I had grown pure as the dawn and the dew,
You had grown strong as the sun on the sea,
But none shall triumph a whole life through ;
For death is one, and the fates are three.
At the door of life, by the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than death ;
Death could not sever my soul and you,
As these have severed your soul from me.

"But you, had you chosen, had you stretched hand,
Had you seen good such a thing were done,
I too might have stood with the souls that stand
In the sun's light, clothed with the light of the sun ;
But who now on earth need care how I live ?
Have the high gods anything left to give,
Save dust and laurels and gold and sand ?
Which gifts are goodly ; but I will none."

"Dust and laurels and gold and sand," were the material of life as the poet accepted it without the one talisman that transmutes all commonness to divineness, Love, of which he writes :—

"the sun-god which is love,
A fiery body, blood-red from the heart
Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
That close not and uncloze not, but upright
Steered without wind by their own light and might,
Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings."

And he promises he will keep his soul

"in a place out of sight,
Far off, where the pulse of it is not heard."

This promise was fulfilled literally. The soul of the singer burned no more with its pristine heat and glow after the "Poems and Ballads." Something went out of the early passion of his muse that never returned to it again. He had, as he averred, put his

"days and dreams out of mind,
Days that are over, dreams that are done."

This is easily perceived by a comparison of the Second Series of "Poems and Ballads" with the First. There is a lack of the former vigour ; the music is as sweet, but it is produced with a certain listlessness and indifference. Only on one subject does the fervour and eagerness of the once red-hot vitality remain,—the subject to which, after his break with the sweetest of human hopes, the poet devotes his highest remaining energies.

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea,
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me.

"O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me within thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

"Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea ! "

And he, who might have been a Laureate of love and lovely women, became by his own choice the Laureate of the Sea,—the express translator of the music of the waves—the elect singer of the glories of that terrific element which is more fickle than woman, more brilliant than beauty, more fierce than passion and more pitiless than betrayal. Homer alone can be compared to Swinburne in poetic praise of the sea. The Greek bard never chanted of ocean more superbly than Swinburne has done in "Tristram of Lyonesse," a poem apparently unfamiliar to Fleet Street oracles and "caviare to the general," yet surely one of the finest ever penned. Such lines as these are almost more Homeric than Homer :—

"And sword-like was the sound of the iron wind,
And like a breaking battle was the sea ! "

The last magnificent image can hardly be matched in our language. Here is another Homeric line :—

"The light and sound and darkness of the sea ! "

To some readers Swinburne's abundance of imagery and metaphor becomes bewildering ; he is a voice which "makes heaven drowsy with the harmony," and occasionally creates in the mind a confusion of ideas. His similes are seldom as lucid and distinct as those of Shakespeare, for example,—for though Shakespeare has comparisons in abundance they never lose in picturesqueness by superfluity of words. Sophocles, who is perhaps the purest of the Greek dramatists, never dwells on imagery for its own sake. He uses it to clothe his ideas ; and it may be said by objectors to Swinburne's methods that he has no ideas to clothe, and therefore sacrifices everything to the dominance of sensuous sound. Yet a very real and distinct word-picture is given in the following passage :—

"They, watching till the day should wholly die,
Saw the far sea sweep to the far grey sky,
Saw the long sands sweep to the long grey sea,
And night made one sweet mist of moor and lea,
And only far off-shore the foam gave light,
And life in them sank silent as the night."

Criticism as an art is well-nigh obsolete, and our magazines and daily newspapers have for the most part descended to such a level as to make it hopeless to expect any adequate testimony to the genius of Swinburne in the contemporary press. That Mr. Watts-

Dunton will write a book about his friend, is of course imminent, but charm he never so wisely it is not to Mr. Watts-Dunton that we must look for a true or final verdict on the poet's place among the Immortals. Mr. Watts-Dunton has been the Damon to Swinburne's Pythias for many years, and can scarcely, for this very reason, be accepted as an impartial critic. Certain Philistines are prone to declare that the fervour and *abandon* of Swinburne's muse was crushed by Mr. Watts-Dunton's proximity, and that while Mr. Watts-Dunton cared for the poet's physical health and well-being, the spiritual and mental power of his singing was checked and held in thrall by the very kindness which protected his life. It is quite possible that this might have been so. Too much kindness is as weakening to the poetic gift as too much cruelty is crushing. A good measure of struggle and adversity, disappointment and poverty seem as necessary to the making and continuance of a great poet as the hammer and anvil are necessary for the shaping of iron. Swinburne had no very hard beatings in life. His first efforts met with literary triumph, and for the rest of his career he was kept afloat on the high tide of critical favour by his own special "clique" which from the first was powerful. The so-called "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" would seem to have had a bond of union whose motto was "Praise we each other or die." Few poets have had the good fortune to command such friends on the press as Swinburne had in the days of his prime, and the fact that his later work did not meet with such reverent and careful attention as formerly is simply because most of those friends are dead, and the new school of critics have methods which are not so much of art as of trade. But there is one fatal flaw in the genius of Swinburne, which if all the most potent influences of culture and criticism in the world were to seek to explain away or pass over, would still unfortunately cloud his brilliancy and jar his exquisite music, and that is his attempt to cover and justify the immoral and unclean and therefore diseased things of life. He himself wrote once that "the Lesbian music which spends itself on the record of fleshly fever and amorous malady has a value beyond price and beyond thought." This is rank nonsense. All the highest art is moral, and like an upward-climbing vine tends to the flower and foliage of goodness and beauty. As Tennyson nobly expresses it:—

"Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears."

An inexorable Nemesis overtakes uncleanness in literature. And Poetry is an art which should elevate, ennoble and refine the mind of man,—when it tends to degrade the thing it touches, it has no right to exist. Mr. Watts-Dunton would perform a great and holy service to the memory of his dead friend if he would issue an edition of Swinburne's poems which should contain nothing but the best—and from which such a piece of mere drunken blasphemy as the lines "Before

a Crucifix" should be omitted, and others of the same insane and hysterical tendency which should never have been published at all, and are, for the poet's sake best forgotten. No man perhaps passes through his life without certain experiences of mental delusion and sickness, but it is pitiful when his ravings during such periods are gravely handed over to the world as the reasonable expression of his natural feelings. No poet was ever the greater for standing as it were, on a small heap of earth-dust and mouthing at his Maker. We are told that Professor John Nichol was answerable as a "rationalist" for shaking and ultimately destroying Swinburne's faith in Christianity. If this be the case, Professor Nichol undertook a piece of sheer devil's work, though it is regrettable that the poet's faith was of so slight a nature as to be shaken at all. Man is a poor creature at best, but he becomes poorer than ever when he questions or denies the divine mission of Christ, his Divine Brother-Man. Reading the account of Swinburne's funeral one is thankful that despite warning, the minister at Bonchurch met the corpse of the great singer with the gentle words, "I am the Resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." They did the dead body no harm; they may have done the departed soul good. For as he himself expressed it:—

"It is not much that a man may save
On the sands of life, in the straits of time,
Who swims in sight of the third great wave,
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb;
Some waif washed up with the strays and spars
That ebb-tide shows to the shore and stars;
Weed from the water, grass from a grave,
A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme!"

It is not much indeed. The "third great wave" has whelmed the singer in its abyss and drawn him away from us, leaving on our shores "a broken blossom, a ruined rhyme"—but the sound of things eternal still rings in his music and chants the truth which he sometimes sought fruitlessly to deny,—that all wrong things are balanced right in due season, and that only the best and purest and highest part of a poet's singing is given to future generations of the world to keep. And of this best and purest and highest in Swinburne is his laudation of the sea. We shall hold that fast whatever else we let go, as something unique and matchless in our literature—as grand and haunting as the march in "Tannhäuser" or the Choral Symphony of Beethoven. There is no chance, we may thankfully note, that the "Lesbian school of poetry" will ever gain much hold on English readers,—for sense avenges sense, and the average man of good culture recoils from such verse as evinces either dotage or "delirium tremens." And in time to come, if his biographers are wisely reticent, and careful with the jewel-things of his wonderful muse, we shall think of Swinburne more universally as one of our greatest poets, who, though he never attempted to teach or to comfort his fellow-men, nevertheless gave to the English language a new and thrilling voice, and made it sing.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the three best (or worst) examples of obscurity of expression in English poetry; no passage to exceed more than ten lines in length.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to C. E. W. BRAYLEY, of St. Paul's College, Cheltenham, for the following:

MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING. BY C. E. LAWRENCE.
"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."
Much Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc.1.

We also select for printing:

A VERY DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT. BY L. G. Moberly.
"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the ladies."
BURNS, *On Nature*.

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.)

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS. BY MAJOR A. GRIFFITHS.
"Though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."—*John Gilpin*.
(Mrs. Moss, Bletsoe Rectory, Bedford.)

THESE LITTLE ONES. BY E. NESBIT.
"Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin,
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they thought they were driving them in!"
Hood, A Partisan Glance.
(Miss Dorothy Crofton, 32B, Willesden Lane,
Kilburn, N.W.)

THE MEASURE OF OUR YOUTH. BY ALICE HERBERT.
(John Lane.)

"My brother Jack was nine in May
And I was eight on New Year's Day."
HORACE AND JAMES SMITH, *Rejected Addresses*.

(F. J. Maynard, 42, West Street, Mile End, E.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the most amusing sentence, not exceeding forty words, constructed entirely from the titles of well-known books, is awarded to MISS MARION YULL, of 147, Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

He knew he was right, for the sake of the family, to let that fast Miss Blount alone, in London; even if the woman he chose, for better for worse, wanted the one thing needful, ten thousand a year.

Title of the Books
He Knew he was Right.
For the Sake of the Family.
To Let.
That Fast Miss Blount.
Alone in London.
Even If.
The Woman he Chose
For Better for Worse
Wanted!
The One Thing Needful.
Ten Thousand a Year.

Quite a large number of competitors failed to observe the condition that the sentence must be constructed "entirely" from the titles of books. Two of the best among the many others are these:

Far from the madding crowd, Robert Elsmere wooed and won a fair barbarian. The beautiful wretch, in silk attire, three leathers, two little wooden shoes, held in bondage all sorts and conditions of men. Did she love him?

(Miss Watson, 2, Otterburn Villas South, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

Two years ago, far from the madding crowd, in the palace of the King, Robinson Crusoe, the egotist, wooed and married Trilby (the bride of Lammermoor), in spite of all the comments of Bagshot concerning Isabel Carnaby, the betrothed.

(Mrs. Charles Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

Good sentences have been received also from Miss M. G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), E. E. Woolby (Stowmarket), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Rosa E. Barnett (Bridgwater), Miss E. M. Castle (Huddersfield), Basil Procter (London, W.C.), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to E. M. KEMPSON, 27, Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, for the following :

ARAMINTA. By J. G. SNAITH. (Smith, Elder.)

Araminta known as "Goose," because she is "rather a silly" is something quite new in heroines. She; Jim, her artist lover, the aristocratic old aunt who adopts her, Lord Cheriton, the elderly buck—all are interesting apart from the thread of story which links them together; and all improve upon acquaintance. The humour of "Araminta" is irresistible, it catches hold of the fancy, and we end in liking the book better than we should have thought it possible to, judging from the opening chapters. "Araminta" is like a caricature at which we exclaim, "How silly!" and then, "How clever!"

Among the best of the numerous other reviews sent in are :

STARBRACE. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. (G. Bell & Sons.)

"Starbrace" is remarkable for vigour and vividness of description, alike of scenes and of action. The Kent and Sussex countryside is drawn with a loving hand, and Miss Kaye Smith has realised the æsthetic side of hunting as, curiously enough, very few have done save Charles and Henry Kingsley, while there is a grim truthfulness in the picture of the highwayman's life. But the character of Miles Starbrace is the book's outstanding feature—a convincing, tragical study of a primitive, pathetically articulate type, lovable in spite of all its faults and follies, and delineated with sympathy and insight.

(C. Fox Smith, Holcombe, Boothroyde, Rhodes, Lanes.)

THE ROYAL END. By HENRY HARRAND. (Hutchinson & Co.)

Glad as we are to have this novel, we cannot but regret that the author did not live to publish it himself. As we have it now it resembles the outline of a picture, the artist's main idea roughly blocked in, some bits of background well worked up, a few figures nearly finished, all still wanting to be brought together into a complete whole. One figure, too, would pro-

bably have been erased: Jack Enderby is not only unnecessary and far too heavy for this graceful world, but so unnatural that his introduction has marred the end of the book.

(Mattie K. A. Nesbitt, 23, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.)

OIL, CHRISTINA! By J. L. BELL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lovers of Wee MacGregor will be delighted with Christina, his juvenile counterpart. Every page of the little volume abounds with humour. There are scenes in which Christina takes the leading role, which, if acted on the stage, would convulse the audience with mirth. The author has been particularly successful in writing from the little heroine's point of view, so that the climax comes with surprise both to the reader and the latter. The contrast between the shrewd worldly wisdom of the town child and the rural aunt with her sense of propriety is cleverly defined.

(Miss Alice M. Page, Windy Holme, Sleights, S.O., Yorks.)

We also particularly commend the reviews by Doris Gill (Redcar), Noel T. Methley (Clifton), E. C. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Cowrie, N.B.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Marjory Charlton (Sittingbourne), C. Fox Smith (Rhodes, Lanes.), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), A. Rowberry Williams (Denbigh), Mrs. J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss F. S. Petrie (Scarborough), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), Mrs. Rose-Soley (London, S.W.), John Hood (Ayr), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), and E. P. Smith (Streatham, S.W.).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to M. R. RIDLEY, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.

New Books.

DAVIDSON'S LAST BOOK.*

On the only occasion when I met Mr. Davidson, a good many years ago, we were neighbours at luncheon—and there occurred between us a little imbroglio not uncommon in such circumstances, when one neighbour is a native of the southern part of this island and the other of the northern. So I said to him, "I'm afraid I have taken away your bread", and he replied, "I'm afraid that's what a critic very often does to a poet, Mr. Saintsbury." It was said with a kind of demure *bonhomme* which would in any case have deprived it of the slightest offence; while as a matter of fact my withers (in the major case) were quite unwrung, and I think he knew it. For I had never "slated" him, and had indeed expressed the opinion, to which I hold, that he was one of the most promising of the "new poets" of that day. Very soon afterwards I practically gave up reviewing; and between the 1894 volume of "Plays" and this present, which appears with his own farewell, no poems of his have come under my critical notice.

Whether his *not* was purely humorous, or whether it expressed an actual sense of bitterness towards critics in general, if not towards me, I cannot say, but it is observable that in the "Last Words" he does not complain of the critics who will not appreciate, but of the public.

* "Fleet Street, and Other Poems." By John Davidson. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

which will only buy things he does not care to write. That the public had not far to go for its retort is obvious enough, but with that we have at present nothing to do. Yet there may perhaps be some interest in seeing "how it strikes a contemporary" who, to prepare himself for reading this present volume, has also read over again the fifteen years older one—five and twenty almost, if the original date of the oldest play be taken—and some others.

In that volume it was impossible not to notice (and it strikes one more vividly than ever, on re-reading) the curious resemblance to an older poet whose circumstances were not very dissimilar—Alexander Smith—and indeed to the "Spasmodics" generally. But though I do not know that there was anything so good as the "Barbara" song in "Horton," or the very best passages in the "Life Drama," there was less definite *pastiche*; and a sort of suggestion of "grip"—when the right thing should present itself—which was encouraging.

Now, *did* the right thing present itself? With the intervening volumes we have, again, no business here. It is, however, of some importance to notice that the extreme aggressiveness towards orthodox opinion with which Mr. Davidson was latterly charged (and indeed charged himself) only appears here in one piece, "Cain"—the others of kindred nature referred to in the preface-vaediction having apparently not been written. They were probably no loss. Elsewhere, there is pessimism and nihilism enough; but it does not (the temperaments and vocabu-

laries of the two men being considered) go much beyond the attitude of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." Indeed, Thomson seems to have succeeded the Spasmodics as Mr. Davidson's model not for "copying," but for following, as even the highest genius may follow. Nor is this the only evidence of that effect of the "printed book," which is becoming more and more difficult even for genius to escape or resist. There is a great deal of "Meredithese"—I do not say of actual Meredithian vocabulary—"tense susurrant speech," "clair-audent," "powers luniparous," etc. In fact, in parts we really seem to be getting back to the Limousin Scholar. There is abruptness and impressionism which strikes me as slightly Henleian: though Mr. Davidson, to do him justice, had struck out a line of his own before Mr. Henley's work began to produce many imitators.

I am not mentioning these things in the least disparagingly. Work such as mine has been for years past shows me more and more the truth of what I always held—that charges of "plagiarism," and "copying," and so forth are mostly nonsense, and rather ignoble nonsense too. But it also shows me that the servitude to the printed book of which I spoke just now is growing and growing: and that until we get some such distinctly novel combination of forces as has hardly been seen for the last forty years, it will continue to grow. It certainly will not be stopped by the frantic efforts to be original often made by the very men who are in reality most subject either to following, or to that mere recalcitrance and reversal which is only a clumsy kind of "following the other way."

Mr. Davidson was too strong simply to succumb to either of these forms of weakness; but, once more, *did* the real thing ever quite present itself? Let us go back again to "In a Music Hall" and "Ballads and Songs"—the former published three years before the collected plays, though of course mostly written after them; the second published in the same year with them. The matter is often much the same as in this last book before us; the manner is, I think, freer. The "Ballad in Blank Verse of the Making of a Poet," with its fellows, sums up the mainly "Spasmodic" period in sentiment, but gets much more individual in form and phraseology. "A Loafer," "To the Street Piano" (best of all), "Song of a Train," "Summer" announce the Thomsonian course, but keep their own note. One could hope for much—the hope being as usual not unmixed with fear—from the "Ballads and Songs."

Which has come truer, the hope or the fear, in "Fleet Street, and Other Poems"? The answer may be different according to different tastes; but it will seem, I think, to the dispassionate that there is less freedom and less disengagement, especially in form. "Fleet Street" itself, as an impression—a one-sided personal vision with more of the eye than the object in it—is good. If you have trodden your Fleet Street in (but for the personal *differentia*) the same kind of boots, you will recognise their echoes. And in the appended "Song" the grip establishes itself:

"Tidal the traffic goes,
Citywards out of the town:
Townwards the evening ebb o'erflows
This highway of old renown,
When the fog-woven curtains close,
And the urban night comes down,
Where souls are spilt and intellects spent
O'er news vociferant near and far,
From Hesperus hard to the Orient,
From dawn to the evening star."

I think a critic's soul would be justly spilt if he had ever done anything to take away the bread of a poet who wrote like that.

But in the main poem, and in "The Crystal Palace" which follows it, the malediction of blank verse asserts itself rather too strongly. Mr. Davidson was too much of a poet to indulge badly in the pseudo-original cacophony

which some modern blank-verse writers affect. He takes his liberties temperately, and as a rule judiciously; there is no fault to find with his verse as verse, and sometimes it is excellent. But he did not so well escape the danger of the fluent jargon which (thanks partly to Mr. Browning) has replaced the old "tumid and gorgeous" temptation of the form; and which can be indulged just as well in couplet, as "London Bridge" shows. The stanza, with its inevitably lyric promptings, comes to the rescue in "Liverpool Street Station," which, taking all things together, I should call the finest poem in the book. The contrasted description of the forest so simply, obviously, but admirably appropriate gives him occasion to write like *this*:

"A silence like the dead of night
The ebon pillared emerald walls
Immured; a dusky latticed light
Fulfilled the high-voined cloisters, halls,
Occult recesses, wildwood stalls
In glimmering chancel-aisles arrayed;
And violet beams at intervals
Illumed the forest-girdled glade
Through rents and loopholes in the beechen shade."

That is poetry again, that is; there is not a word or a foot wrong.

The book is short—not one hundred and fifty pages widely printed. In "Snow" and "St. Michael's Mount," two lyrics of medium and short length respectively, as well as in "The Lutanist," he lets himself go poetically without troubling himself about such scarcely poetical questions as whether "the simplest man should consider himself too great to be called by any name," and the result is delightful.

"St. Michael's Mount, the tidal isle,
In May with daffodils and lilies
Is kirtled gorgeously awhile
As never another English hill is
About the precipices cling
The rich renaissance robes of Spring.

"Her gold and silver, Nature's gifts,
The prodigal with both hands showers:
O not in patches, not in drifts,
But round and round, a mount of flowers—
Of lilies and of daffodils,
The envy of all other hills.

"And on the lofty summit looms
The castle; none could build or plan it.
The foursquare foliage springs and blooms—
The piled elaborate flower of granite
That not the sun can wither; no,
Nor any tempest overthrow."

I wish, for reasons, he had written

"The rich robes of renaissant Spring,"

or

"The rich renaissant robes of Spring,"

which certainly would have been no worse verse; but that is a trifle. The piece is as fresh and refreshing as the daffodils and the lilies themselves—a gracious "vision of the guarded mount," if not a positively "great" one. If the public would not pay for things like that, then certainly it was, and is, "a great-sized monster of ingratitude"—and of folly as well. But, once more, it might have its retort: and the problem is not so simple as the generous persons who rush to newspapers with projects of a general Prytaneum for poets would have us suppose. Yet the pity of it remains.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A FIRST NOVEL.*

There is a boyishness, a light-hearted gaiety and frank good-humour about Mr. Swinnerton's book which disarm criticism. The plot is of the thinnest, the dénouement

* "The Merry Heart." By Frank A. Swinnerton. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

wildly improbable, and the psychology, to say the least, elementary; but it is written in such a cheery vein that the author's merry, buoyant fashion of taking life is irresistible. There is something infectious about Mr. Swinnerton's gaiety: like his hero, he has "the merry heart." He is no professional "funny man" stolidly striving to wring an unwilling smile from a bored world, nor is he blind to the darker side, the harder facts of life. But he has contrived to take the life of the ordinary City clerk whose orbit is confined to his home, his office, and the bunshop where he lunches, and to invest this trivial, commonplace round with something of romance and the glamour of the high adventure which is so soon lost and so impossible to recapture. Mr. Swinnerton's characters are not brilliant; they never scintillate with laboured epigram; but they are good company, simple, happy people taking life as it comes, without grumbling or envy, and ready to extract the uttermost from their innocent amusements. Of course there is the necessary complement of villains, rather unsophisticated and not wholly convincing swindlers. But Mr. Swinnerton is at his best when he is describing the ordinary round of the London clerk, from the vagaries of the "boss" and his scapegrace sons to the love-affairs of the lady typists. The tea-shop scenes, too, are excellently done. They are so typical, so characteristic, without any tiresome photographic realism, and Mr. Swinnerton's fanciful delicate humour saves him from sinking into the commonplace or the sentimental. Tea-shop idylls in real life are apt to be prosaic, often a little absurd and occasionally merely vulgar; but in the episode of Kitty, the waitress at the Tarratonga tea-rooms, Mr. Swinnerton has succeeded in constructing a charming little romance without forcing his effect, except for one touch of melodrama which might have been omitted. The sketch of the hero's mother, who advocates the free expansion of every woman's personality while persistently suppressing her own daughter, is less successful. The writer was apparently going outside his own experience and attempting a task which demanded a more mature experience. But it is scarcely fair to expect Mr. Swinnerton to be old and young at the same time, and his boyishness is a quality rare enough to atone for any lack of experience in character-study. His dialogue is good, sometimes quaint and fanciful, and always with a pleasant literary flavour without any suspicion of being bookish. Altogether the book is capital reading, sound and wholesome, and for a first effort quite exceptionally promising. We shall look for Mr. Swinnerton's next book with real interest.

BEETHOVEN THE MAN.*

One of the essentials of tragedy is that the sufferer must be human. In another, and very important sense, the sufferer must also be superhuman. In a mean and petty life there may be unhappiness, but there will not be tragedy, for, however we may define the matter, our conception of a tragic figure implies such a capacity for suffering as will be possible only to those with an equal capacity for other noble emotions. Thus the intensity of suffering implied in tragedy is more than natural: it is supernatural; and the sufferers are more than human: they are superhuman. But though we demand this superhumanity from our tragic figures, we also demand humanity—humanity not of name but of nature; for the suffering heroes of grand opera and melodrama, called men, do not move us, because they are not human, while Milton's Satan, with substance called empyreal, grips tight at our hearts, because his griefs are mortal.

In these columns, not long since, I pointed out that Beethoven's troubled life has both these notes of tragedy—

the note of humanity and the note of superhumanity. There is some danger, at present, of undue insistence on the latter. The mightiest musicians have never been appreciated both widely and deeply until recent times. A century of wonderful development in the art has been necessary before we could grasp the huge power and significance of a Bach or a Beethoven, and with appreciation has come a sort of deification. The placid career of Bach offers little material for gush; but the stormy life of Beethoven has been sentimentalised into a legend, illustrated by statues and pictures in transpontine attitudes, and plays in which the composer's death-agony is mitigated by the attentions of nine young persons with wings, alleged to represent the nine symphonies. The best corrective of such vulgar dehumanisations of a thoroughly human figure is the intimacy permitted by these letters. Read the volumes through, and you will forget the absurd adulation of the undiscerning vulgar, you will forget Philistine banalities of the kind that Nietzsche holds up to ridicule, you will remember only the man, suffering, enduring, conquering.

The effect of letters is cumulative, and cannot be represented in extracts. However, let us adduce some passages illustrative of the more intimate—the purely human—side of Beethoven's life. Observe the kind simplicity of the following, from a letter sent to a child of ten who had timidly written her praise of the master:

"My dear good Emilie, my dear Friend, I am sending a late answer to your letter; a mass of business, constant illness must be my excuse. . . . Do not snatch the laurel-wreaths from Handel, Haydn, Mozart; they are entitled to them; as yet I am not. . . . Continue; do not only practise art, but get at the very heart of it, for this it deserves, for only art and science raise men to the God-head. If, my dear Emilie, you at any time wish to know something, write without hesitation to me. The true artist is not proud, he unfortunately sees that art has no limits; he feels darkly how far he is from the goal; and though he may be admired by others, he is sad not to have reached that point to which his better genius only appears as a distant, guiding sun. . . . Look upon me as your friend, and as the friend of your family."

In that way to a child, and in this to a friend after a difference that has led to a quarrel; a portrait accompanied the letter:

"Let what for a time passed between us be for ever hidden behind this picture. . . . The emotion which you must have noticed in me was sufficient punishment for it. It was not malice against you; no, for then I should be no longer worthy of your friendship. It was passion on your part and on mine. . . . Men came between us who are not worthy either of you or of me. My portrait has long been intended for you. You know well that it was intended for some one, and to whom better could I, with warmest feeling, give it, than to you, faithful, good, and noble Stephen. Forgive me if I did hurt your feelings; I was not less a sufferer myself through not having you near me during such a long period; then only did I really feel how dear to my heart you are and ever will be."

Let us turn to another side. The famous publishers, Breitkopf & Haertel, with whom Beethoven had dealings in the first decade of last century, possess many of his letters, which they now regard as priceless treasures. It does not appear that they specially appreciated the honour of this connection at the time. They declined, for instance, to publish some of his works on any terms—among the rejected being such masterpieces as the B₃ Trio and the Eroica Symphony—the latter being not only rejected, but crudely slated in the firm's musical journal. That Beethoven knew how to treat their slights with dignity can be seen in such a passage as this:

"The whole proceeding is far too humiliating for me to waste a word about it. If a fault has been incurred, it is that my brother made a mistake as regards the time of copying. The honorarium is far less than I generally take. Beethoven makes no boast, and despises everything that he has not exactly received through his art and merits—so send back all the manuscripts you have received from me, the song also included. I cannot and will not accept a smaller fee; only upon the agreement made with me can you keep the manuscripts."

Well might the tormented composer exclaim in a letter to another publisher:

* "Beethoven's Letters." A Critical Edition with Explanatory Notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer. Translated with Preface by J. S. Shedlock, B.A. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Dent.)

"There ought to be an artistic depot where the artist need only hand in his art-work in order to receive what he asks for. As things are, one must be half a business man."

"Give my respects to your wife: unfortunately, I have none!" he exclaims in one letter. From how much domestic misery could a good wife have freed the master! Persons who condemn their servants generally condemn themselves: and when Beethoven, in the midst of a wild attempt to grapple with the stupidities and vices of his domestics, appeals to some good, friendly housewife to come and extricate him, it is easy to see how trying mere mind must have been to the mere clay of servants. "Trog-lodyte, inhabitant of hell," he notes of a new girl on her arrival; and no doubt the ordinary domestic would never live down such an impression made in such a mind as Beethoven's. In one letter he grimly invites a friend in these terms:

"Come on Fridays or Sundays . . . when Satanas in the kitchen is at her best. . . . Friday is the only day on which the old witch (who would certainly have been burned four hundred years ago) cooks tolerably: for on this day the devil has no power over her."

Let us conclude our extracts with something more appropriate to the man. His unspeakable nephew Carl was being taught music by Czerny, to whom Beethoven addressed some of his friendliest notes. In one of them he writes thus:

"With regard to his playing, I beg you, if once he has got the right fingering, plays in good time, with the notes fairly correct, then only pull him up about the rendering; and when he is arrived at that stage, don't let him stop for the sake of small faults, but point them out to him when he has played the piece through. Although I have done little in the way of teaching I have always adopted this plan: it soon forms musicians, which, after all, is one of the first aims of art."

These two handsome volumes embody the completest collection of Beethoven's letters yet put forth. The publishers have done their part well. Print, paper, and binding are entirely suitable, and the value of the book is considerably enhanced by a splendid series of portraits and facsimiles. In certain other respects the volumes are less admirable. The original editor, Dr. Alfred Kalischer, deserves praise for his enormous industry and enthusiasm, but he is a very German editor in the heavy-handed, uninspired disposal of his material. His references to other labourers in the field are pedantic and ill-mannered. Heaven help us if we had had always to depend upon Kalischers for our knowledge of Beethoven! He attempts to settle the vexed question of the master's love-letters by mere bluster, but adds nothing to the matter. Many of his notes leave confusion worse confounded, while some go very wide of the mark. In translating the letters, Mr. Sherlock has had a terrible task, which he has accomplished with fair, but not complete, success. The trail of the timid translator is over all, as the reader may see in the extracts above, which represent the version at its best. Publisher and translator must settle between them the responsibility for the many misprints. If I dwell upon these defects it is because the occasion is important: for in this work English readers can at last come face to face with the real Beethoven.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

EMPIRE BUILDING.*

Other names may be more intimately associated with the two great movements which culminated in the establishment of the Dominion of Canada and of the Commonwealth of Australia, but there are few men either in Canada or Australia better qualified for the work which they have

* "The Commonwealth of Australia." By the Hon. B. R. Wise. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)—"The Struggle for Imperial Unity." By Colonel George T. Denison. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

undertaken than Colonel Denison and Mr. Wise respectively. Both men are well known as staunch Imperialists, and both have had the satisfaction of seeing their struggles crowned with success. Of the two books, that by Mr. Wise is much the more ambitious in scope and affords the happiest augury for the "All Red" Series of which it is the first volume. In a modest preface Mr. Wise claims to "at least explain some of the special features of Australian policy, and the ideas, temper, and conduct of its people." His words are more than justified, and we must congratulate him upon a book which, whatever the political views of those who read it, must be acknowledged to be of inestimable value. How many false impressions about Australia, generally current in this country, Mr. Wise seeks to dispel, it would be hard to calculate. Let us take one striking example. No feature, probably, of Australian policy is more misunderstood here than that of the "White Australia" doctrine. The doctrine finds expression in many forms, notably in the desire to exclude coloured aliens. The unhappily entitled "Immigration Restriction Act," combined with one or two episodes such as that of the "Six Hatters" (which is here fully explained), gave rise to the mischievous notion that white immigrants would also be excluded wholesale from selfish motives. In the face of this belief it is at least remarkable to read Mr. Wise's assertion that "from the day of the passing of the Act until the present time (1908) no white person has ever been submitted to the language test, nor has any white person been refused admission to the Commonwealth." Although he has not gone so deeply into his subject as Mr. Bryce, Mr. Wise has given a general view of the Commonwealth which suggests a comparison with Mr. Bryce's classic on the United States. His chapters on "The Labour Party," "Back to the Land," and "The Fight for Union" are alike admirable, though, as might perhaps be expected from his own career as a politician in New South Wales, Mr. Wise is at his best in describing the "Industrial Life" of Australia and the systems of Wages Boards and Industrial Courts.

Colonel Denison, though primarily a soldier, has long played so active a part in Canadian politics as to make his book, too, valuable for the student who, shunning the more formal history, would read of the forces which led to the consolidation of the Dominion, and have maintained it intact in the face of opposing powers. He has a plentiful supply of hard words for his political opponents, such as Mr. Goldwin Smith, and it is quite obvious from his own accounts that he must have been regarded as the *enfant terrible* of his party, who could be relied upon to blurt out in a bluff, soldierly fashion what the professional politician in Parliament might no doubt be thinking but shrank from saying quite so bluntly. Not the least interesting portions of his book are those in which Colonel Denison refers to his relations with many prominent British statesmen, such as Lord Avebury, Lord Rosebery, the late Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain. His correspondence in the *Times*, for example, about the fiscal views of the late Lord Salisbury, which caused so much comment at the moment and drew a letter from Lord Robert Cecil, is here reprinted, and he has rescued from oblivion many of his own speeches which prove him to have been one of those bold political thinkers who dreamed of an Empire bound together by commercial ties long before the question was brought into prominence by the advocacy of Mr. Chamberlain.

JOSEPHINE BUTLER.*

"Josephine Butler was one of the great people of the world," writes Professor Stuart in his Introduction to this

* "Josephine E. Butler: An Autobiographical Memoir." Edited by George W. and Lucy A. Johnson. With Introduction by James Stuart, M.A. 6s. net. (Bristol: Arrowsmith, London: Simpkin, Marshall.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Josephine E. Butler.

From "Josephine E. Butler," Edited by G. W. and Lucy A. Johnson. (Arrowsmith.)

story of her life, and he adds that "the inspiration of a mighty purpose enabled her to rise above" all that threatened her work. The source of that inspiration and the profoundly religious character of Josephine Butler are revealed in the autobiographical writings. Her public life, so remarkable for its courage and its great qualities of leadership, for her is kept sweet and wholesome by rare spiritual communion with God, and stands free of the personal vanity and "touchiness" found in many of our popular champions.

The faith that removes mountains is conspicuous throughout Mrs. Butler's campaigns, never more so perhaps than on the memorable day of the great prayer meeting at Westminster Palace Hotel (February 28, 1883), when the Resolution for the Repeal of the C.D. Acts should have come before the House of Commons.

"Charles Parker told me next day that at that time several M.P.'s were walking about the Lobby, and that two young men, not long in Parliament, said to him, 'Have you heard, Parker, that the ladies were to hold a prayer-meeting to-night to pray for us?' But I suppose it is given up, as this debate is to be postponed." Mr. Parker, better informed, said, 'On the contrary, that is just what they are doing now, praying for us. It throws a great responsibility on us.' The young men, he said, looked very grave."

And no wonder. The pleasure-loving M.P.'s to whom men like Stansfield and C. H. Hopwood and James Stuart were "cranks" and "luddists," and Josephine Butler's company a "shrieking sisterhood," must have resented being prayed for as much as that honest tradesman Jerry Cruncher did.

It was at that prayer-meeting in Westminster Palace Hotel, while some women were singing hymns and others were weeping, that

"a venerable lady from America rose and said, 'Tears are good, prayers are better, but we should get on better still if behind every tear there was a vote at the ballot box.' Every soul in that room responded to that sentiment. I never saw a meeting more moved."

Josephine Butler was not of those who wept. "I felt ready to cry, but I did not; for I long ago rejected the old ideal of the 'division of labour,' that 'men must work and women must weep.'" Needless to say, she was an ardent Suffragist.

The last of the C.D. Acts was passed in 1869, and in 1870 Josephine Butler and her stalwarts were in the field rousing

the country, and attacking the Liberal Government in power responsible for these measures. Herself a devoted Liberal, Mrs. Butler had no hesitation about the necessity of opposing Liberal candidates at Parliamentary by-elections during those years of Gladstone's first ministry, though at the Colchester by-election, November, 1870, this opposition was done at the risk of life and limb—so furious was a certain mob at the agitation for social purity. But the working classes stood steadily for the Repeal of the Acts, and there is a pleasant story told of the Colchester by-election

"I was walking down a by-street one evening after we had held several meetings with wives of electors, when I met an immense workman trudging along to his home after work hours. By his side trotted his wife, a fragile woman, but with a fierce determination on her small thin face; and I heard her say, 'Now you know all about it: if you vote for that man Storks, Tom, I'll kill ye!'"

Mrs. Butler comments, "This incident did not represent exactly the kind of influence which we had entreated the working women to use with their husbands who had votes, but I confess it cheered me not a little."

The editors have pieced this memoir together mainly from "Recollections of George Butler" and "Personal Reminiscences of a Great Crusade," and the result is a straight-forward story of valiant effort in the cause of womanhood and social decency. An index, however, is always wanted in books of this sort.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

THE NOVELIST-HISTORIAN.*

We have long had with us the historical novelist, and now we are being introduced to a new class of work that is the product of a writer who may perhaps be called the novelist-historian. It is good that in all arts new forms of expression should from time to time be tried, but, even while it is right and fitting that talented young authors should strive after originality, it must be borne in mind that the latest is not necessarily the best. In the present case, the latest is very far from being even good. The historical novelist at least gives us fiction in the guise of history, and his lapses from the narrow paths of history into the broad walks of imagination are often forgiven for the sake of the story; but the novelist-historian gives us history in the guise of fiction, and his treatment of episodes of which the details are purely conjectural is so particular as to throw over the whole an air of unreality. Where we know so much of the book is the outcome merely of a vivid imagination, how can we assume that any part of it is true?—unless, indeed, we are well acquainted with the subject, in which case we are unlikely to peruse the class of work under consideration. As an example of this imaginary history, take the following passage, describing the last weeks spent by the Countess of Macclesfield hiding under an assumed name, while awaiting the birth of her son:

"Wearily and anxiously Madam Smith passes her days. Concealment sits heavily on one in whom the spirits of youth and health in other circumstances did more than duty for the beauty which is so often and so arbitrarily supposed to be their accompaniment. As if a temperament were not, for the honour and pride of youth, a more considerable possession than the complexion of a rose-leaf or the nice angle of chin and nose! But even a temperament is at times clouded. Madam Smith is indeed dejected, and cannot shine in her true colours. Occasionally the tall Captain puits in an appearance towards nightfall, scattering the clouds with the sun of that boisterous presence, more like a lover's than a husband's. But alas! (devil take the cursed necessity for so much circumspection!) his visits are made at rare intervals. How inexpressibly dull the periods of his absence! What a Christmas—without cake or candle-light, or the numerous company she loved! How ominous the near presence of Mrs. Leigh, so attentive, so unob-

* "Richard Savage: A Mystery in Biography." By Stanley V. Makower. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

trusive, so capable! As the days advance the landlady's steady eye betrays an increased vigilance, and she manifests a tendency to hover about her lady's person. Sarah Redhead moves silently, discreetly, from room to room. The heavy atmosphere of waiting, waiting, a sort of preternatural suspense, settles over the inmates of the house. Suddenly, one night, towards the middle of January, they are all astir. It is past midnight. There is much running hither and thither."

It is not mere prejudice that makes most intelligent well-read men and women prefer their history plain. It may be well written, nay, it must have high literary qualities to take a permanent place—the dry-as-dust professors have small audiences—but the picturesque may be indulged in unduly. Mr. Makower not long ago made a virtuous and ill-treated heroine of fiction of "Perdita" Robinson, that pretty woman with no morals, the plaything of many men; and now he has taken, for treatment in the same picturesque fashion, Richard Savage the poet.

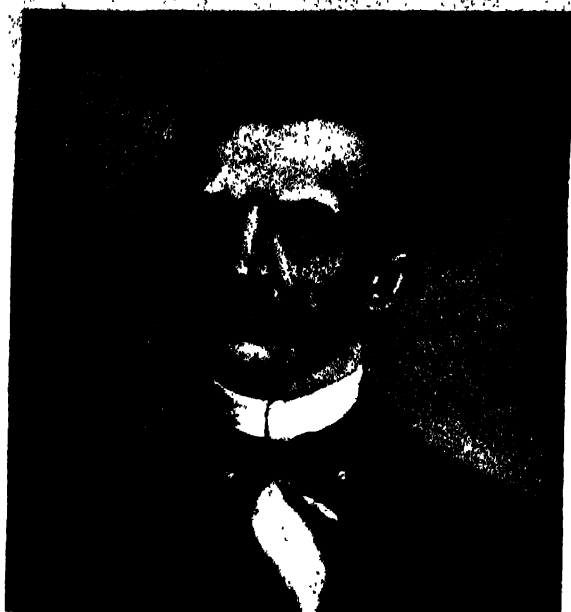
It was Lord Beaconsfield who said that if a man desired not to be regarded as a bore he must refrain from asking on which side of Whitehall Charles I. was beheaded and must never raise the question of the identity of the author of the "Letters of Junius": this sage counsel might have been supplemented by a warning against making inquiries as to the parentage of Savage. It is probable that Savage was of humble birth, but it is certain that he believed himself to be the natural son of Richard, fourth Earl Rivers, by Anne, wife of the second Earl of Macclesfield. Though his alleged parents denied him absolutely, he could never divest himself of the idea, which took possession of him, made him regard himself as the victim of a great injustice, and eventually drove him into evil courses. This belief in his wrongs, even though it may have been ill-founded, has been urged as an excuse for the wildness of his life, and as an excuse it is as good or better than most. Certain it is that he had bad blood in him, for he became as thorough-paced a blackguard as could be found in the dissolute, unmannerly set in which for the greater part of his life he moved. He had undoubted talent, but it was talent and not genius; his plays and poetry are not read to-day; and his name would be little more than a dim memory but for the extraordinary, impenetrable mystery that surrounds his birth. Withal, however, though he can claim no more sympathy than the charitable usually bestow upon the unfortunate, he is a picturesque figure, well worthy of a biographer who can capture something of the spirit of the age in which the unhappy man lived and died.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

A BOOK ABOUT MEREDITH.*

Just when even those who have taken no interest in Meredith are interested in him and wanting to know about him, comes Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism" to tell them all they want to know. The book could not have made a more timely appearance, but its timeliness is the least of its merits, and is, moreover, an accidental one, for, as he mentions in his preface, Mr. Hammerton has been working on it for some five years past; it was in the hands of the publisher shortly before Meredith died, and since his death has been revised again and brought up to date. Mr. Hammerton's aim in the book has been "to follow the career of a great figure in modern letters with some measure of critical detachment, that the result might be to disengage from the vast mass of contemporary criticism an even-tempered and well-considered estimate of the man and his work"—an aim that he has certainly and skilfully fulfilled. He presents "a survey of all that has been printed about George Meredith and his art," and makes no pretence at formal biography; nevertheless, his narrative of Meredith's life and friendships, the reception of his books and the slow

* "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism." By J. A. Hammerton. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)



"Dr. Alvan"
(Ferdinand Lassalle).

The unhappy love story of the famous Jewish leader of German Liberalism and Helena von Doënniges is the theme of "The Tragic Comedians," where Lassalle figures as "Dr. Alvan."

growth of his fame, is an admirable and useful substitute until the authoritative biography is forthcoming.

Although Mr. Hammerton has devoted himself largely to collecting and arranging the records, anecdotes, and criticisms of others, he links the whole together with a running commentary. He protests against the "fable" that Meredith had to endure long years of neglect, and says that, more than most authors, he "had intelligent and cordial appreciation from the beginning." Two of his early novels appeared serially in *Once a Week* and the *Fortnightly*, and, on the whole, "far too much has been made, parrot-wise, of the thoughtless story about the frosty reception his earlier works met with at the hands of critics and readers." In his chapter on "Some Early Appreciations" Mr. Hammerton justifies this conclusion so far as the critics are concerned, but the fact that nineteen and fourteen years elapsed before those and others of Meredith's novels arrived at second editions would seem to show that the story of his neglect was not altogether fabulous. Nor is such neglect inexplicable. "One of Meredith's characteristics," remarks Mr. Hammerton, "which accounts for the delight with which the literary man may read him while it bores the ordinary patron of the circulating library, is his evident delight in being 'literary.' He seems never to have mastered the art that conceals art"; and he illustrates the point with passages from "Sandra Belloni."

An exceedingly interesting chapter is that on "The Novels in Contemporary Criticism," and acutely summarising the many and varied opinions he quotes in it, Mr. Hammerton says:

"If one might now venture to give a general impression of the criticisms we have been discussing, that would shape itself broadly in these terms: The novels of Meredith, though lacking in construction, often crudely fashioned and at times tending to the melodramatic, are so rich in the variety, truth, and freshness of their characters that where they fail as stories they triumph abundantly as revelations of human life. That the art of the story-teller is at the command of the novelist, when he has chosen to curb his 'overmastering cleverness,' such a masterpiece of tragic drama as 'Rhoda Fleming' proves as completely as 'Sandra Belloni' illustrates his proneness to prolixity and the inconsequent. While there is no feature of our social life into which the novelist has not looked with seeing eyes and studied profoundly, his sympathies are ever with the intellectuals; he moves uneasily among the lowly and the humble where Dickens was at home. . . . An epic largeness of design is noted in most of his great novels without an equal largeness of achievement; but the mark being high and the aim likewise, the falling short still leaves the achievement immensely greater than the successful efforts of lesser and often more widely read contemporaries. Above all is the remarkable

allegiance to feminism, leaving the impression that in the novelist's own character there is a feminine strain, of which he is conscious and proudly so. . . . Finally, his long series of novels is unique in our literature, and with all their faults of construction and style these works contain such a harvest of philosophy and humour as no other novelist of the Victorian era has garnered."

Other chapters are on Meredith's personal and literary characteristics, on his home life, his poetry, his philosophy, his heroines, his treatment in parody and caricature, his place in literature, what his fellow-novelists

thought of him, how he was regarded on the Continent, and concerning the illustrators of his poems and novels. The forty-seven illustrations to this volume include sketches, caricatures, and portraits of Meredith and his friends and the originals of certain of his characters, in addition to some two dozen of the illustrations of his novels and poems by Charles Keene, Du Maurier, "Phiz," Tenniel, Sandys, and Millais, reproduced from *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill*. Mr. Hamerton has done his work carefully, conscientiously, and with considerable literary ability; students of Meredith will find this book of his an indispensable compendium, and for the general reader it is as informing as it is full of interest.

A PAINTER TURNED PENMAN.*

"As a rule, I dislike modern memoirs. They are generally written by people who have either entirely lost their memories or have never done anything worth remembering." Of Mr. C. E. Hallé, Oscar Wilde's cynical saying is not true. Life may be short, but Mr. Hallé's memory is long, and he has done many things and met many people eminently worth remembering.

It is as a painter that Charles Hallé is known to the world, and, as a painter, one may say of him that he has obeyed the Aristotelian injunction to follow Zeuxis, who, as Sydney Dobell says in "Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion," "having promised to paint the Greeks a Helen, demanded to study from all the most beautiful women in Greece, and, choosing from each the beauty wherein she excelled, combined all their charms into a total perfection, more beautiful than any."

With Mr. Hallé as a painter this is, however, not the place to deal, for it is as a writer of Memoirs that he now comes before us. "Notes from a Painter's Life" is, I believe, a first book, but the hand and the eye of the artist are as evident in it as in his pictures. I do not mean to say that it is flawless in literary craftsmanship, for such a sentence as the following—apart from the recurrence of the word "which"—is not, structurally, admirable:

"It was under his [Richard Doyle's] guidance that I became imbued with that love for Italian Art which has remained with me, and which was the foundation of a close and lasting intimacy with my dear friend which was uninterrupted till his death."

* "Notes from a Painter's Life." By C. E. Hallé. 6s. net. (John Murray.)



After the fainting of Franz von Lenbach.

Clothilde of "The Tragic Comedians."

Helena von Doënniges, who married the Prince Racowitza after he had encountered her lover Lassalle in a duel which ended fatally for the latter, and who afterwards became the Countess Shevitch.

On page 150 we have "different to" instead of "different from"; on page 174, "who" appears instead of "whom"; and on page 208 "whoever" instead of "whomever." But apart from these technical slips in proof-reading, the book, as a whole, is conceived and carried out with art. Instead of being rambling and disjointed, as happens in the case of so many Recollections, it has the "balance" and the "composition" of a picture. Instead of being garrulous and indiscreet, it is condensed, to the point, and written with restraint, and admirable reserve.

As an authentic and authoritative record of the origin of the Grosvenor Gallery and the New Gallery, and of the memorable exhibitions which were held there, the book is an enduring contribution to the history of English Art. Even briefly to outline the vicissitudes through which the two galleries passed, would occupy more space than I have at my disposal, and I must pass on to speak of the work as it appeals, not only to the art student, but to the general reader.

Mr. Hallé, it is easy to see, is something of a sportsman, and takes life's buffets in the true sporting spirit. Speaking of learning to box, he says: "It taught me above all things to take a blow without flinching or showing temper, and to hit back when the chance came." His book is written in the same spirit. He tells his story manfully and modestly. He does not make a grievance of his failures, even when undeserved; still less does he "gas" about his deserved success. There is no flourish of trumpets; no word of advertisement of himself or of his paintings; no parade of great names. The great names are there for the reason that the bearers of many of them were his friends and associates. They are part of the picture, and so fall naturally into their place. And what names they are!—Ruskin, Rossetti, G. F. Watts, Burne Jones, Tennyson, Gladstone, Mazzini, Garibaldi, George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Berlioz, Gounod, Joachim, Turguenieff, Swinburne, Villars, Tadema, Holman Hunt, Poynter, Whistler, Leighton, Irving, Thackeray, and Laszlo—all these Mr. Hallé has known personally, and in many cases intimately. His stories of celebrities are new and striking. Your ordinary "good story" merely amuses for the moment, and is forgotten; Mr. Hallé's stories, while equally interesting or amusing, throw, for the most part, some illumination upon character, as, for instance, when the greatest living expert and authority upon enamel work was shown an enamel which Mr. Gladstone had pronounced to be the work of Pierre Raymond, whereas the expert instantly identified it as the work of another artist. "He says that! does he?" commented Gladstone. "I am sorry. I thought he was supposed to know something about these things!" Equally characteristic was Gladstone's "I think it is hellish!" when told of some graceful but admittedly insincere compliment paid by Beaconsfield to British Art in a speech at a Royal Academy dinner.

There is a new and delightful story about an artist in whose studio some invading soldiers found a gun. He explained that it was only there as a model, but his explanation was disbelieved, and, as an armed non-combatant, he was sentenced to be shot. As he was being taken out for that purpose, a friend of his who was present passed a handkerchief, wrapped around a pencil, down the barrel of the gun, and pointed out to the officer in command that the handkerchief came out covered with rust and dust, and so could not have been recently fired. Though other proofs of the artist's innocence had failed, this was evidence which appealed to a soldier, and the execution was countermanded. When the invaders had gone, the artist's friend asked him why he had not himself thought of this simple test. "Oh! the damned business bored me!" was the nonchalant reply. "And I'd rather any day be shot than bored!"

Mr. Hallé writes brilliantly of other things than Art, for his gamut is wide, and he strikes many notes. But the

one missing note is the note of hope. The book throughout is tinged with gentle melancholy, even with humorous pessimism. This will make against its success; and the same pessimism, for aught I know, may in the past have made against Mr. Hallé's success in other matters than the writing of a book. In Art, as in literature and in life, there is some distrust of the despondent man.

"Nowadays," says Mr. Hallé, "all thought in a picture is condemned. We are told that the literary idea is not wanted: the attitude towards us is very much that of a verger in Canterbury Cathedral who, perceiving a visitor on his knees, tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'Come, come, sir! We can't have you praying about all over the place!'"

In another passage Mr. Hallé seems to show himself as something of an Eastern and a fatalist.

"What are the conditions which cause the waves of creative genius to flow all over the world?" he asks. "Who can account for the mysterious spirit of music which, dormant for so many centuries, suddenly awoke in the eighteenth in the souls of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, and so many others? Why did Gothic Architecture in the thirteenth century attain to a perfection which has been the admiration of the world ever since—and then die?"

Apparently Mr. Hallé, as I have said, is something of a fatalist, and seems to believe that to achieve great things we must be born in great times. Elsewhere he says finely: "Michael Angelo's creations are mighty in bodily strength, mighty in intellectual power—they were the conquering race. Burne-Jones's men are the questioning race." There is insight and truth in the criticism, for great constructive work is seldom done in a questioning age. But, in saying this, Mr. Hallé seems to me unconsciously to be shutting out Burne-Jones from the high and enduring place in Art which, in another passage, he appears to claim for him; for though it is true that talent is moulded by the times in which it lives, is it not equally true that genius and greatness mould and compel the times to their will?

Enough has, I think, been said to show that "Notes from a Painter's Life" is as suggestive as it is interesting. The temptation to make a review readable by picking out all the good things I have sternly resisted, and have, indeed, done no more than adduce two or three nuggets as specimens of what may be found in the mine. There is, however, one other passage which I must quote. Ingres, the famous artist, said to Mr. Hallé once: "I would undertake to teach any one to draw or paint in a few months; but it takes a lifetime to learn to see." Commenting on this, Mr. Hallé says:

"How many thousands of people have seen a woman holding her babe in her arms? Raphael saw it, and what he saw was the 'Madonna della Sedia.' Ingres saw a girl holding a pitcher on her shoulder, and gave us 'La Source.'"

This seems to me to be said with the beauty, brevity, directness, and simplicity which we associate with real literary art; and I venture very heartily to congratulate Mr. Hallé on his first book, and as heartily to express the hope that it may not be his last.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

HAROLD BEGBIE'S NEW NOVEL.*

"Marriage is such a rabble rout
That those who are out would fain get in,
And those who are in would fain get out,"

sang Chaucer. Montaigne, coming to the same conclusion, wrote, "It may be compared to a cage: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair to get out," and taking this for a motto on his title-page, Mr. Harold Begbie gives us in "The Cage" an impressive and poignant story justifying the hard restraints of matrimony, vindicating its sanctity, its duties and responsibilities.

* "The Cage." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

cating its sanctity, its duties and responsibilities. Anne is the daughter of a notable Edinburgh doctor; after his death, she marries a wealthy young man of business, largely because her mother untruthfully tells her it was her father's wish that she should do so. The marriage proves an unhappy one—for her. Her husband presently neglects her, and is living the sort of life that degrades her and makes her ashamed; and when she can bear with it no longer she leaves him, goes away with her whimsical, kindly, worldly-wise young-old grandmother, and lives in a pleasant little cottage on the skirts of an obscure riverside town. Here she is much discussed by her neighbours, and somewhat irritated by their reproofs and advice when the fact leaks out that she is separated from her husband; and here one day she is found by accident by the foster-brother who had been silently in love with her and should have married her.

This man, Hugh Napier, was adopted in his orphaned, desolate boyhood by the great Edinburgh doctor, and had been Anne's playmate. Money had been left to him, but there is a shadow on his birth, and when he reaches manhood and knows the truth about himself he feels that his benefactor would not care for such a husband for his daughter, and goes away to forget her. He travels about the world in his yacht, and lands at last near where she is living, without knowing she is there. He is a thoughtful man, profoundly in earnest, inspired with the stern, high philosophy of life that he had learned of his foster-father, and he is frank in telling Anne that she has acted wrongly.

"Marriage," he said presently, "has given woman her position of honour and respect. To preserve that position is essential. Like music, woman either exalts man or degrades him. Civilization is the work of men, but it is in the hands of women. . . . I believe that discipline is more essential than gratification. . . . Isn't it possible to exaggerate the wretchedness and to attribute to marriage the misery which is really due to quite different causes? You spoke about people tied to each other in one house. In the words of Miss Potter, They did it themselves! That remark of hers can be developed. I don't believe that any difference can be irreconcilable between a man and a woman who have been married. They may make it so, but in fact it is not. It is inconceivable that any tend should be everlasting and hopeless between two people who have been man and wife. There must be somewhere, on one side or the other, the materials for a good understanding. Then the question follows, Is it better for them that they should fly asunder and follow their own inclinations wherever they lead, or that they set themselves to fulfil their vows, practise forbearance, seek points of agreement, and make the best of each other?"

She is equally firm in her opposite convictions, and declares that on no consideration will she ever return to her husband:

"There is nothing in the world that would make me submit to humiliation. I reject the religion, the law, the public opinion that says one human creature has the right to degrade another. I stand clear of all that. But even now the problem is only at a beginning. I refuse to go. I defend my freedom. The law, however, will have nothing to do with me. I shelter and defend myself outside the law. That is the woman's fate. The law, if it wish, can seek me out, drag me before the world, and punish me, for what? my self-respect. Do you think that is quite fair? Do you think that the law should not be altered?"

Napier finds he is falling in love with her, and goes away; but returns; and in the end has come round to her point of view. But in the interval, certain powerful religious influences have been at work upon her, she has come gradually round to the nobly idealistic views that Napier has discarded, and an appeal from her husband, who has reformed and is penitent and living a decent life, seems to leave her no choice, though she loves him no longer. Napier reappears at the critical moment, and there is a strong, tense scene in which he passionately endeavours to dissuade her from following the course he had at first urged her to take. It is an absorbingly interesting problem-story, fashioned out of what is most earthy and what is most divine in human character, written with ripe literary ability, and worked out fearlessly to an ending that is certain to provoke both approval and disapproval.

PARIS OLD AND NEW.*

The heading of this review of two of the most recent volumes upon Paris is in a measure indicative of their scope and aim.

Of the making of books dealing with the alluring city by the Seine there is indeed no end, but the two volumes under notice differ very materially. After careful reading by one who loves his Paris and knows it from the Invalides to the Quai de la Gare on the left bank, and from the Trocadero to the Bois de Vincennes on the right, and from Montmartre to Montrouge, it is quickly apparent that "Paris the Beautiful" is the work of a warm admirer and one gifted with some keenness of observation, whilst "Walks in Paris" is the work of a lover of the fascinating city who possesses a large amount of archaeological and historical knowledge and a charming literary style. And there is running through these two volumes, bearing this in mind, just the subtle difference one would be led to expect.

Place aux dâmes! To deal with Miss Lilian Whiting's volume first. It is most tastefully got up and well illustrated with excellent reproductions in half-tone of various groups



Entrance to Victor Hugo's House
in the Place des Vosges.

From "Walks in Paris" by Georges Cain. (Methuen.)

of statuary, "old masters," leading works by modern artists, and with some interesting views of Versailles and other places. We notice a slip regarding "colour photography" which should be corrected in any future edition or re-issue. Miss Whiting says: "By means of this (the autochrome plate) the beauty of landscapes and portraits and genre scenes can be photographed on glass, and can also be produced upon paper." This statement is, of course, incorrect in the sense in which the writer implies.

The pages dealing with the life and work of Victor Hugo in the second chapter, entitled "The Champs Elysées Region," are interesting and informative. And there are many good stories and anecdotes of Parisian celebrities scattered through the volume, which is likely to be welcome to the general reader, and to prove of service as "a guide, philosopher, and friend" to those who know Paris but indifferently well. The extracts from the works of great writers relating to the places and events referred to in the volume are mostly well chosen.

"Walks in Paris" is by M. Georges Cain, one of the leading authorities of the Carnavalet Museum, whose mind is well stored with archaeological and historical knowledge concerning the Paris he evidently loves so well. And to these qualifications he adds a charming and graceful literary

style and a vivid imagination. Throughout the volume are scattered delightful pen "cameos" dealing with Notre Dame; the Bastille; the historic Place de la Concorde, which has changed its name several times and seen more of the tragedy and comedy of life than possibly any other part of Paris save the Palais de Justice; the less inspiring quarter of the Halles, and many other corners and crannies of old and new Paris. The book is particularly well proportioned, and few events, celebrities, and peculiarities of the different quarters dealt with escape M. Cain's retentive memory and artistic eye for literary effect. His work carries with it not only the weight of much knowledge and study, but also of loving interpretation of the charms of the highways and byways of Paris.

In this volume one not only becomes the better acquainted with the buildings known to most who have visited Paris, but with many other "storied" places and monuments unknown to the average tourist, also with the alas! too quickly vanishing Paris of the past, and with the romance and history which attach so richly to many of the places the author describes. With him as guide, little that is material of the beautiful capital need be missed by those

who have the time at their disposal to wander in a leisurely manner along its highways and byways. Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand are among the celebrated people who figure in the chapter devoted to the Abbaye-aux-Bois; and the description of Balzac and his life in that upon the Rue Visconti have touches of extraordinary intimacy.

One of the most fascinating chapters is that entitled "At the Palais de Justice," and here is a vivid sketch of a scene at the Conciergerie during the days of the Revolution:

"Then, at half-past nine in the morning," writes M. Georges Cain, "the hour of the opening of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the top of the wall overlooking this sunk courtyard would be lined by a howling, vociferating crowd of men and women—more women than men—who came, as to a play, to take station on the steps of the Great Stairway of the *Palais*, which afforded so convenient a coign of vantage for viewing the drama that was daily enacted at the Prison gate.

"Bursts of fierce laughter and shouts of delight greeted the appearance of the *fiacres* conveying the prisoners to be locked up, while the 'watch-dogs of the guillotine' and 'tricoteuses' from the Revolutionary Clubs gazed hungrily at the unhappy wretches as they drove up escorted by police officers, pikemen seated by the coachman's side, representatives of Committees, underlings of Fouquier-Tinville. On the other hand the throng loudly acclaimed purymen who 'voted straight,' 'file-firers,' men like Truchard Villate, the *ex-decant* Marquis d'Antonnelle, or the Antoine Roussillon who used to subscribe himself without more ado as 'Roussillon, purveyor to the guillotine.'"

A notable chapter, too, is that upon "Notre Dame and Neighbourhood." In it one realises not only the beauty of the building, the historical and architectural glamour which surrounds it, but the pulsations of the hearts of those who have played a part in its history. It is not without some sorrow that M. Cain dilates upon the delightful little Parvis which vanished in the late 'sixties. And he is very severe in his condemnation of the modern Hôtel-Dieu which stands along one side of the bleak Place which has succeeded the old-time quaint and tiny Parvis.

In the chapter devoted to the "Depot of the Prefecture de Police" there is an admirable condensed description of the scene of the trial of Marie Antoinette, which remains in the memory long after the pages are turned.

To the true lovers of vanished, and alas! vanishing, Paris, to the wanderers in byways of historical lore and gossip, the volume will be sure of a warm welcome, which the admirable illustrations reproduced from old and modern sources will serve to enhance. The plans showing by

* "Paris the Beautiful." By Lilian Whiting. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Walks in Paris." By Georges Cain. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Methuen & Co.)

means of drawings on superimposed sheets of tissue paper the alterations which have taken place in some of the older quarters are of especial interest.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

ADVENTURES IN LONDON.*

In his fellow-journalists Mr. James Douglas must always inspire no little wonder and envy, if only because he seems to have the secret of perpetual vivacity. Not even this heart-breaking London of ours, so cruel in its immensity and in its apathy, can crush his spirits. From its baffling variety, its startling contrasts, its curious ironies, he emerges soaked with sensations and eager for more and more experience. Turn to his just-published book of "Adventures in London," and you will find him ranging East and West, North and South of our conglomeration of cities, and never tiring of watching its pageants or recording his impressions. He is quite impartial in his selection of locality or subject, and will as readily walk down Petticoat Lane as sit in the Park, as willingly look in at the Old Bailey or the police courts as spend a day at Lord's or up the river, as contentedly mix with a Bank Holiday crowd on Hampstead Heath or at the Exhibition as dine in luxury at the Carlton or listen to Tetrizzini at the Opera. But wherever he goes he shows himself alert, observant, absorbed. Obviously London in all its phases interests him, and therefore he is not to be taken too seriously when he talks of it as a sea made out of human tears, or as a thing "too formlessly huge to love or to be loved." At any rate, it is a place in which Mr. Douglas finds it possible to be very cheerful and to write cheerfully. This is not to say that he has a deaf ear to the appeal of distress, a blind eye to the squalor and misery and hideous suffering that prevail in too much of London—no one who knows anything of Mr. Douglas can be unaware how strong are his democratic sentiments. But he recognises that with all the sorrow and unhappiness there is an abundance also of humour and material for humour in London. And so while a fair share of his adventures are devoted to "Our Lady Poverty" and her gloomy courts, he does not think it necessary to drag in some allusion to social inequalities whenever he is speaking of the brighter and gayer aspects of the town. London, indeed, is only to be grasped in fragments, only to be studied piecemeal. To attempt a general sketch is to miss all the most piquant details. It is no use, for instance, attempting to describe the pleasures of either rich or poor without catching the spirit of the persons under observation and entering into their mood. And Mr. Douglas has this faculty of lively sympathy. Whether he is picturing the gaiety of a Covent Garden Ball or watching lazily some ballet at the Alhambra, whether he is giving us his recollections of an exciting Derby or of a stern fight at the National Sporting Club, whether he is telling us of the joys of dining out, or of the restfulness of lounging in a punt on the reaches of the Thames, the scene of the moment, the feeling of the moment, has his whole attention. He has got the knack of seeing one thing at a time. Of course it requires a man to be something of a poet, to have a responsiveness to romance in his blood, thus to seize the tone and get the colour of his surroundings. Mr. Douglas belongs to that happy type which meets adventures at every corner, and can put into words the thrill of the successful explorer. No wonder then that London has revealed to him some of its charms. One has to be quick to keep up with the city's kaleidoscopic changes of feature, and it is just such sparkling and sprightly impressionism as Mr. Douglas's which so well expresses this variability.

Of set purpose "J. D." heightens his effects by extravagances of speech and thought. These essays of his, indeed, might be termed without unfairness studies in the

art of exaggeration. Catering for a public that demands highly seasoned food and strong drink in journalism, he cannot afford to deal in moderation. The most casual impressions must have an air of finality about them; from no spectacle or personality that he contemplates can he come away without forming definite conclusions. The method suits his temperament as well as his readers. His is a challenging, provocative mind which loves to startle, which delights in extremes. He is a born phrase-maker, he has a natural affinity for paradox. It is almost impossible for him now to write a line which does not contain an epigram, and he does not scruple from caricature to ram home a point in criticism. The curious thing about this habit of over-accentuation is that it nearly always justifies itself, that it calls up before the reader just the picture the writer would have him see. Let us listen, for instance, to Mr. Douglas's account of a visit he pays to the Alhambra:

"We go through the alcoved corridors, past the tall janisseries, into the promenade. It is a seraglio, where man is a sultan and woman a houri. It is aglow with dim lamps, soft with the susurrus of silk, languorous with subtle perfumes. Miles away below us the ballet languishes in its golden frame. We are in Lotus land. The world dissolves in a swoon of delight. In a trance we descend the stairs and sink into a luxurious stall made for the post prandial Nirvana that muffles the soul. . . . The vast theatre is tapestried with faces. The air is aromatic with the fragrance of innumerable cigars. It is a temple of tunes. . . . Even the ballet is a ballet of tobacco, 'My Lady Nicotine.' It is a fragile fantasy of melting curves and woven hues and iridescent cadences, sound and movement and colour kaleidoscoping into a mist of painting and music, sculpture and poetry, that shadows forth the vague, irregular rhythm of visionary life. The eye is sated with silent colour, and the ear with coloured sound. The dancers are syllables in visible song, vowels in a breathing lyric, rhymes in a laughing villanelle. They are the gestures of an artificial femininity. The civilised woman is always artificial, but here her artificiality is multiplied. A woman is natural only when she is alone. She wears the armour of artifice in public, and the aim of the ballet is to generalise her artificiality. It submerges her in a long undulation of fluent femininity. As you gaze at the ballet you see life responding to your ideas. Your everyday self fades into a paradise of ethereal rapture where the moments fall like rose-leaves into the lap of time."

Those short, disconnected, staccato sentences, behind some of which you can almost hear the click of the Kodak, produce their effect. Even the over-ornateness of the epithets has its value. Gradually the whole atmosphere of the theatre is re-created. And there are times when Mr. Douglas's trick of exaggeration can deceive nobody, and is really helpful and illuminating. Especially is this the case in that section of his book which contains appreciations of famous players of the day. The cleverest and most amusing paper of all is that devoted to Mr. Martin Harvey, who, we are told, affords the luxury of grief to those who wish to escape in the theatre from the monotonous gaiety of life. This is how he appears to Mr. Douglas:

"He is a purveyor of woe for the woeless, of tears for the tearless, of sighs for the sighless, of moans for the moanless. He has saved multitudes from the doom of dying without having shed a tear. He relieves our minds from the pressure of pleasure. He takes us into a world where happiness is not compulsory and where misery is not an idle dream. . . . His sable locks and his sable eyes match his sable voice. . . . I do not wish to exaggerate the importance of Martin Harvey's hair. But I am as sure that he could not act without his hair as I am sure that his hair could not act without him. The hair is the man. The state of his hair betrays the state of his soul just as the barometer betrays the state of the weather. . . . It feels every breath of the stormy emotions that blow across his brow. But the hair of Martin Harvey is not his only virtue. His eyes are even more soulful. . . . They are Cimmerian pools of gloom. When you see these raven orbs gazing into the depths of eternity, you know that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. You feel that you can face once more the levity of life and the frivolity of work. . . . The mortuary grace of Martin Harvey is based on whiteness as well as blackness. His black hair and his black eyes are the antithesis of his white face. He is all black and white, like a mourning envelope."

The humour and the wit of that passage do not need emphasising. It must not be supposed, however, as it

* "Adventures in London." By James Douglas. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

might be from these quotations, that the author allows more than their fair share of space to the playhouse and the mummer in his survey of London. To everything that is representative of London, from its cabmen to its pampered public-school boys, from its politics to its sports, from its slums to its fog, Mr. Douglas is prepared to devote his pen, so long as while describing it he may indulge in some slight extravagance of fancy or frivolity; and never once, throughout four hundred pages, does he give the idea of satiety or boredom.

F. G. BELLAMY

THE CASE FOR HISTORY.*

According to Mr. Allen the educational value of history is that it assists in laying the foundations of sound thinking. As is to be expected from a professor of history, he leans towards the severely scientific view of the nature of the subject of his chair. In some passages his insistence on causation as the only thing that matters in history rather chills the ordinary reader and does not greatly encourage the enthusiastic school-teacher. It is not that the author takes a humble view of the scope and importance of history. "Actually, of course," he tells us, "the study of languages and literatures is a specialised branch of history." And again: "It might be said that we want the poet and the prophet to supplement the work of the scientific historian." What hurts is his attitude of aloofness to what seems to the plain man matter of great moment. After giving a distinctly brilliant illustration of the possibility of presenting the same historical facts in such a way as to bring out three totally different and irreconcilable conclusions, he goes on to say: "Which of these three ways, for instance, of looking at the facts of the Reformation is the right one? We may say at once that we do not know, and that, as historians, we do not care." This is depressing, but Mr. Allen does not keep up his aloofness all the time. In Chapter X he reads into his subject a great many of the human qualities that he is elsewhere at some pains to exclude. The scientific historian's only interest may be in the chain of causation; still, we are told that "He must read human nature into every legal technicality," and that "History of any kind deals essentially with human life." A reconciliation of the scientific and the human view is suggested in the sentence: "History keeps us in the human world, and yet takes us altogether away from our circumstantial surroundings."

It will be noted that the subject of the book is not the teaching of history—though the author does not quite neglect this aspect, as is shown in his suggestive chapter on "The Introduction to Historical Study"—but its place in education. This probably accounts for the omission of any reference to the writers who have already treated the subject from the teacher's point of view. Indeed, this book should gladden the heart of Dr. Emil Reich—it does not contain a single footnote. On the other hand, in dealing with the purely educational aspects, and particularly where moral training is under discussion in Chapter XI, it is a little surprising to find that the much debated dogma of Formal Training is taken for granted without being even mentioned. The distinction is drawn by Mr. Allen between education from the private and personal point of view and education from the point of view of society or of the race. The distinction is one of the commonplaces of text-books on education, but it acquires a new interest since the first kind of education is now labelled "technical." Our author admits that this is "giving an extension to the term technical education as it is ordinarily used. But it appears to be quite a logical extension." One need not quarrel with this new application, especially as Mr. Allen by its means differentiates between what he considers the good and the bad teaching of history. The technical kind is

* "The Place of History in Education." By J. W. Allen. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

bad. It is the other kind that counts. In working out this thesis, Mr. Allen has many opportunities of making capital use of his special knowledge and technical skill. His illustrations are particularly apt. They not merely interest, they illustrate.

JOHN ADAMS.

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.*

In this pleasant volume of reminiscences, dealing with the early days of a romantic and adventurous life, Mr. Grierson confirms and deepens the impression produced by his two little books of essays, "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament" published some years ago. The essays revealed him as a critic of rare discernment, with a gift of graceful and delicate literary craftsmanship. In "The Valley of Shadows" he paints on a larger canvas, but interspersed with vivid pictures of life on the Illinois prairies in the 'fifties we have the subtle touch shown in the essays applied to nature-drawing and character sketches. He is a master of the haunting phrase, and his descriptions of the prairie with its waving flowers and wistful distances, the log cabin and the meeting-house, linger in the memory. Withal he handles the vernacular with the deftness of experience, and we get literally speaking likenesses of Zack Caverly (nicknamed Socrates), Silas Jordan, Minerva Wagner, Serena Busby, and other characters of the place and period.

The narrative opens with a description of a service at the meeting-house. It is a time of signs and portents. The mysterious forces that work behind men and things are about to culminate in the terrific cataclysm of the Civil War. Night after night sets swinging in the prairie skies a comet (Donati's great comet) which the simple pious folk regard as an omen of the end of all things. But the abolitionist preacher, penetrated with the political unrest of the period, has been "wrastlin' fer a tex' tittin' this here time en meetin'," and, says he, "I hev found it, Hallelujah!" He has discovered an oracle in Isaiah xix. 20. "En it shell be fer a sign en ter a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the Land of Egypt, fer they shell cry unto the Lord bekase of the oppressors en he shell send them a saviour en a great one, and he shell deliver them." Nothing could be plainer. Abraham Lincoln has been divinely appointed to deliver the land from the curse of slavery.

We pass to a graphic sketch of Elihu Gest, the Load-Bearer, whose gentle mission it is to take on himself the burdens of others. He is a spiritual Mark Tapley. "When I set with some folks what's in a heap o' trouble I go away ez happy as kin be, but if I hev to go away without ary a load I feel mos' empty." But he is not an indiscriminate burden-bearer. "Them thet's skeered air folks without faith. I ain't got no call fer te take the loads from folks what's skeered. Summow I kain't carry 'em."

The log house is a vision of beauty when the morning glories that mantle it are in bloom. "The flowers looked out on sky and plain with meek, mauve-tinted eyes, after having absorbed all the amaranth of a cloudless night, the aureole of early morning, and a something, I know not what, that belongs to dreams and distance wafted on waves of colour from far-away places." Within the house Socrates, the prairie philosopher, favours the family with the homespun wisdom of a child of Nature: "Some folks air too good fer this world 'thout bein' plumb ready fer the nex'. Accordin' te thar reasonin' a prairie chicken settin' on the fence air better 'n two birds o' Paradise over yander. The world air a sorrowin' vale kase folks hez too many stakes in the groun'. Ez fer me, I kin shoot an' trap all I ken eat, jest plantin' 'nough corn fer hoe cakes en a leetle fodder. . . ."

As we pass on the action grows brisker, and the episode

* "The Valley of Shadows." By Francis Grierson. 6s. net. (Constable.)

of the fugitive slaves, helped to freedom by the Load-Bearer and other devoted men and women, is told with dramatic power. All the passages, indeed, that relate to exciting incident are written in a way that stirs the pulse. But the realism is that of an actual transcript from life. Mr. Grierson re-creates his scenes from memory and re-animates them with consummate art. The past of a picturesque time and people lives again for us in the camp meeting, the pioneer of the Sangamon County, the planter's house, the torchlight procession, and the dance of death. We linger over the word-pictures of the Mississippi, which seems curiously unlike the river we have seen through the eyes of Mark Twain. It is another Mississippi, and yet the same.

The chapter on Abraham Lincoln is a valuable contribution to history. It is worth volumes by writers who never met that great soul in the flesh. It was Lincoln's sense of humour that carried him through the terrific stress of the war. His humour "was the balance pole of his genius that enabled him to cross the most giddy heights without losing his head." The book closes with a spirited account of the taking of Vicksburg.

DAVID GOW.

ONE SIDE OF A QUESTION.*

The Royal Commission appointed in 1906 to inquire into experiments on animals in this country has already had nearly eighteen months in which to prepare its final Report. This long delay is greatly to be regretted. Meanwhile, the Research Defence Society, founded last year, has published its first volume of essays, dealing with the administration of the Act, the character and the extent of the experiments made at the present time in Great Britain and Ireland, and the practical results that have been obtained, by the help of experiments on animals, in the prevention or treatment of diseases.

The book gives us Lord Cromer's Presidential address at the Society's Inaugural Meeting last June, and eleven essays or reprints selected by the Committee of the Society. Of course, the appeal is to facts. But the book includes, for the full study of the ethical argument, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton's long and thoughtful evidence before the Royal Commission (pp. 51-131). It would be hard to find a more clear and sensible essay. Next in the development of the purpose of the book come four short essays, saying what experiments were actually made on animals, during 1907, in Great Britain and Ireland; what are the methods and the safeguards used in the administration of the Act; what anæsthetics are given, and how they are given; and why it is necessary for certain experiments that dogs should be used. This last essay, by Dr. Starling, Professor of Physiology at University College, is one of the most valuable in the volume. He explains very carefully the exact nature of these experiments, and the strict conditions under which they are made.

"I do not think," he says, "that the absolutely painless character of the vast majority of physiological experiments is sufficiently appreciated. Records of classical experiments, performed before anæsthetics were invented or had come into general use in laboratories, are too apt to be taken as typical of those of the present day, when the use of anæsthetics is invariable in all experiments more extensive than a simple inoculation. Though I have been engaged in the experimental pursuit of physiology for the last seventeen years, I can say that on no occasion have I ever seen pain inflicted on a dog or cat in a physiological laboratory in this country, and my testimony would be borne out by any one engaged in experimental work in this country."

After these prefatory essays, we have six essays or reprints concerned with results obtained, by the help of experiments on animals, in the prevention or treatment of diseases. Dr. Cushny, Professor of Pharmacology at Uni-

versity College, writes on the experimental study of the action of drugs.

"I have no desire," he says, "to minimise the importance of other methods of investigation; but when one contrasts the number of valuable drugs introduced into therapeutics without the aid of experiments on animals, one finds it disappointingly meagre. In the last forty years, during which the experimental method has been so fruitful in valuable remedies, the only drug of even mediocre importance introduced by other methods is pilocarpine."

And he calls attention to the fact that experiments on animals are necessary, not only for the discovery, but for the proper standardising of drugs, e.g. ergot, digitalis, and cannabis indica. Dr. Courtauld contributes a good little essay on the value of antitoxin in the treatment of diphtheria; then come two very short essays of the utmost interest, Sir David Bruce's account of the extinction of Malta fever from our garrison by the tracing of the infection to the goat's milk, and Dr. Robb's account of the admirable results obtained, by the help of experiments on animals, in the treatment of epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis, that frightful disease to which a former generation of doctors gave the trivial name "spotted fever." Then we have a reprint of Professor Osler's evidence before the Royal Commission on yellow fever and malaria; and a reprint of a recent article in *Nature* by Dr. Bashford, Director of Imperial Cancer Research, on recent advance in knowledge of cancer.

It is certain that we have here a thoroughly honest book, written by men of experience. They have, and use, the right to speak with authority. The book is quietly written, and the Committee of Publication has kindly excluded all purely controversial matter. The long list of the Society's Vice-Presidents, at the beginning of the book, shows that the Research Defence Society is not run only by men of science and doctors, but may truly be called a national movement for telling the truth, from the side of science, and with honourable regard to facts, on a very difficult matter which is of immediate concern to the whole world.

A NEW POET.*

No one who has any feeling for what is poetry can read through "Personæ" without realising that Mr. Ezra Pound has the root of the matter in him. Faults his book has in plenty, but they are all the faults of youth, faults of an eager, adventurous spirit who will not keep tamely to the beaten track, and seeking ways of his own, must needs go often astray before he finds them. He disdains the fetters of regular rhyme; his metrical harmonies are frequently unfamiliar, and at times seem crude and harsh, perhaps because our ears are unused to them; he conjures largely with assonance and alliteration. Again and again his verse strikes you as too artificial, too tricky; the frequent use of old words and eccentricities of phrasing give it an air of affectation; yet again and again, also, you come upon some lyric that is beautifully simple in form and utterance, that orbs itself easily and naturally, as thus, with "In Tempore Senectutis":

"For we are old
And the earth passion dieth;
We have watched him die a thousand times,
When he wanes an old wind crieth,
For we are old
And passion hath died for us a thousand times
But we grew never weary. . . .

"The moth-hour of our day is upon us
Holding the dawn;
There is strange Night-Wonder in our eyes
Because the Moth-Hour leadeth the dawn
As a maiden, holding her fingers,
The rosy, slender fingers of the dawn."

* "Publications of the Research Defence Society." 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "Personæ of Ezra Pound." 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Or turn to "In Durance" and you have Mr. Pound almost at his best and almost at his worst :

"I am homesick after mine own kind,
Oh I know that there are folk about me, friendly faces,
But I am homesick after mine own kind . . .

Aye, I am wistful for my kin of the spirit
And have none about me save in the shadows
When come they, surging of power, 'Djimon,'
'Quasi Kaiops' S.T. says, Beauty is most that a 'culling
to the soul.'
Well then, so call they ; the swirlers out of the milt of my soul,
They that come newards bearing old magic. . . .

"And yet my soul sings 'Up!' and we are one,
Yea thou, and Thou, and Thou, and all my kin
To whom my breast and arms are ever warm,
For that I love ye as the wind the trees
That holds their blossoms and their leaves in cure
And calls the utmost singing from the boughs
That 'thout him, save the aspen, were as dumb
Still shade, and bade no whisper speak the birds of how
'Beyond, beyond, beyond there lies' . . ."

No eccentricities go to the making of great poetry, when Browning rose to his highest he was neither eccentric nor obscure. There is real imaginative power and a breath of originality about such things as "An Idyl for Glaucus," the "Ballad for Gloom," "And Thus in Nineveh," "Praise of Ysolt," and certain other of his poems which give you confidence that Mr. Pound will outgrow the influence of Browning's perversities and conquer his own ; in the meantime, "Personæ" is a profoundly interesting achievement ; no new book of poems for years past has had such a freshness of inspiration, such a strongly individual note, or been more alive with undoubtable promise.

A LITERARY HISTORY.*

Setting himself to compass within the span of a single volume a survey of English literature from 1784 to the present day, Mr. Laurie Magnus has fulfilled his intention concisely, but with a sufficient fulness, and with a broad sanity of judgment. He passes in review the glorious pageantry of great names and great work that have made the nineteenth century notable, traces the beginnings of that revolt against the town-bred artificialities of Pope's day, the return to nature and natural thoughts and emotions and simplicity in expressing them that with the advent of Wordsworth and Coleridge brought romance and the realities of life back into literature, and decided the form and character of the poetry and prose of the whole Victorian era. Casting about for a new formula by which to connote the literature of the nineteenth century in England, Mr. Magnus says "we have learned to recognise the notes of the Renaissance, the Age of Discovery, Puritanism, the Age of Reason and the Romantic Revolt . . . The formula of literature is identical with the tendency of the age, and the soul of the nineteenth century is revealed through the vision of its writers. Two moments especially stand out pre-eminently in retrospect. The first is the French Revolution, and the second is the Darwinian hypothesis. They are connected by threads so fine as almost to escape detection save when sublimated by art. The seers and interpreters render them in their unity not in their differences, and, reviewed in that light, they are parts of a single whole, which, in default of a better name, may be called, in one word, emancipation. 'This wonderful century,' exclaimed one of its great men, William Ewart Gladstone, whose life extended nearly through its course, 'its motto is "Unhand me!"' and it is as the Age of Emancipation that it takes its place in the series of which the Age of Reason was the last." One might criticise Mr. Magnus's concentric tables of Victorian men of letters and wonder why certain names are included and certain

others omitted ; one might dissect the table which is to prove that early in the century the centre of literary life is no longer fixed in London, and ask why Campbell passes as the only Londoner, why Hazlitt, who lived mostly in London, is put down as of Winterslow, and why, since the list of authors includes those born between 1770-80, such an inveterate Londoner as Lamb is omitted ; but these are matters of detail that noway affect the validity of his argument as to the general tendency. Mr. Magnus's criticisms are sound and suggestive ; his narrative of events and developments is admirably lucid ; he carries his learning lightly, and has the great art of being interesting as well as informing.

Novel Notes.

THE SLAVES OF ALLAH. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The latest of Mr. Burgin's very numerous novels is pre-eminently a good story. It is not, we think and hope, very probable, and in our opinion the ending is weak. However, as three-fourths of the book is interesting, exciting, and amusing, perhaps we should not complain. Diana Beaudesert, who is on the whole a very satisfactory heroine, has the misfortune, while on her way to Constantinople, to inspire a Turkish Pasha with a quenchless passion. He offers to give her a leading position in his harem and, on her indignant refusal, proceeds to kidnap her. How, with the assistance of the ubiquitous Achmet Effendi, she manages to escape, how she marries the right man, and how the Pasha is finally outwitted, we leave our readers to discover for themselves. Mr. Burgin writes in a spirited manner and evidently has an insider's knowledge of the Turkish character. His plot is clever and well developed, the machinations of Achmet Effendi making especially good reading. Indeed, this book is far above the average of the sensational story, though we cannot quite forgive the author for spoiling the conclusion by an excess of sentimentality.

THE POWERS OF MISCHIEF. By Sir William Magnay. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

There are in "The Powers of Mischief" all the ingredients for an excellent sensational story, and Sir William Magnay makes an excellent sensational story of them. Christopher Baslow, with his four troublesome, aristocratic half-brothers, makes an attractive hero, and is the more interesting for being a quiet, unheroic, normal human being. He discovers that he has an uncle living a self-made wealthy man, and his half-brothers, the swaggering, unpeccuous Fitzralphs induce him to write to this desirable outsider and invite him to visit them. The invitation is declined, but Uncle Baslow opens his house to his nephew. Presently Christopher goes and stays with him and his daughter Enid, work is found for him, and his prospects seem brightening, when two of his half-brothers appear on the scene, under false names, to impose on Mr. Baslow and carry out an unscrupulous scheme for their own advantage. At the outset Christopher does not like to expose them, and afterwards cannot, without bringing himself under suspicion of being in league with them. He suffers for his hesitation when at last he does what he should have done at first, and yet after all wins through to happiness. The story has humour, and a charming love interest ; it is written lightly and cleverly, and keeps the reader all the while pleasantly on the alert.

ROSE OF THE WILDERNESS. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Greatly daring, Mr. Crockett ventures to marry off his heroine early in the course of the story. The rest of the book hinges mainly on the perils of her baby, which is

* "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century." By Laurie Magnus. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

in danger of being kidnapped by a former suitor who has gone mad, and of being nursed over-zealously by all except the mother. The connecting link is furnished by Muckle Tamson, a sturdy servant of the farm, who is a very handy man with his pole. His exploits on behalf of the family savour of wild justice, but they make capital reading, and Mr. Crockett has evidently written them *con amore*. The scene of the book is in Galloway, where Rose Gordon is reared by her father on a lonely farm. She marries a minister who resigns his charge in order to live with them, and, except for a brief excursion to England and some Edinburgh episodes, the action of the story—and there is a wealth of action—proceeds in the neighbourhood of Dumfries. The reader will find no slackening of spirit in Mr. Crockett's latest story. The heroine is, perhaps, less in evidence than usual, but the minor characters get their full stroke, and they are a lively crew. The touch of pathos, without which the book would be incomplete, is furnished by the relations between Henry Gordon and the delicate young girl, Lila, who droops and dies on the farm. As a feminine foil to the heroine, Mr. Crockett provides a shrewd, merry banker's wife and a managing farm-servant. The former's character may be inferred from her comment on "Pride and Prejudice," that if only she could have had "that D'Arcy" to herself for a day or two, she would have taught him quite a number of things! The story lacks unity, but its gusto and variety more than make up for any defects of construction.

THE PERJURER. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Constable.)

A new book by Mr. Norris is something of an event in the novel-reading world. Happily it is an event of frequent recurrence, for Mr. Norris is an astoundingly fertile writer. Indeed, he seems to exist to refute the dictum that rapid writing is bad writing. There are no signs of haste about his latest book, no incoherencies, no ragged edges. It has those qualities of careful workmanship, fluent narrative, and strong characterisation which he has led us to expect from him. After his custom, the author introduces us to a society of wealth and leisure. Lord Lavernock, a man of somewhat narrow-minded rectitude, leaves to his niece, Helen Monk, the wealth that should, in the natural course of things, have fallen to his scapegrace son and heir. Helen is perfectly aware of the purpose underlying the old Earl's curious will. It was his wish that she should marry her cousin, and, by the force of her fine character, reform that weak-witted but not unamiable young man. Professing no more than mere liking for her cousin, Helen yet feels it her duty to accept him, if he presses his suit. But it is not to be. The young Earl, who is an inveterate gamester, commits suicide after losing heavily at cards to his friend Forrester, beneath the roof of Colonel Julian, Helen's mature admirer. At the inquest Colonel Julian, persuaded that Helen's love is given to Forrester, with a splendid mendacity arrogates to himself the whole blame of the scandalous affair. We confess that Julian's perjury, vindication, and death put a severe strain on our credulity, and strike us as somewhat theatrical and forced. The author is stronger in characterisation than plot. Helen Monk is a woman planned on a noble and generous scale, and Lavernock tempts our pity, if he does not command our respect. The author is to be congratulated on adding yet another to a long list of distinguished books.

STUDIES IN WIVES. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Of the six stories which go to form this book not one is without distinction. All are characterised by breadth of sympathy and insight. The authoress does not moralise, she presents a case. Her stories, whilst of a clear-cut finality of form, still provoke, rather than satisfy the imagination. In a word, they make us think. If we

have a fault to find with them, it is that they are too long. They have not the breathless intensity of the perfect short story. One of the longest, and perhaps the least successful, "A Very Modern Influence," moves languidly to a rather commonplace dénouement. It is doubly unfortunate that it should challenge comparison—if distantly—with de Maupassant at his most incisive. But there is no question of the originality and power of "Mr. Jarvice's Wife." "According to Meredith" recounts the tragedy of a leasehold marriage, in which the wife will not consent to a renewal. "The Decree made Absolute" ends with a fine touch of dramatic irony. As Mr. Tapster stands by the dead body of his unfaithful wife, a sharp rap is heard at the door, and a telegram is handed to him. He opens it and reads: "The decree has been made absolute." Lovers of sugared fiction may find the book of too harsh a flavour for their palate, but those who appreciate good writing and strong and subtle characterisation it cannot fail to charm.

COUSINS AND OTHERS. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

A book of entertaining short stories from the pen of Katharine Tynan is sure of the warmest of welcomes from her many admirers. The first, and longest, story, "Cousins," contains a vivid and exciting description of a fire that breaks out in a farmyard; and it is amidst the flames, whilst rescuing the terror-stricken horses and cows, that the hero and heroine first meet—and both fight bravely together for the lives of the poor helpless animals. Clodagh makes a pleasant and winsome heroine, and the character of her father is sketched in very cleverly. Perhaps the best of this collection of tales are "Cousins," "The Inn of Meetings," "Travelling Companions," and "The Bachelor"—but they are all so good it is difficult to choose. The last named tells how James Hilliard starts a Bachelors' Club, and, by "sheer eloquence harangued some two score young men into becoming members." For two months of the year the Club suspends its meetings, and, of course, during one of these holidays the inevitable happens to Hilliard. He, the leader and most confirmed bachelor of all his circle, meets his fate, and the story ends with his startling telegram: "To the Bachelors' Club, Dullidrum. Married this morning. You are all wasting your time. Hilliard and Else." Within a week the Bachelors' Club is formally dissolved. All the stories are interesting, and the book is a thoroughly enjoyable one.

MOON OF VALLEYS. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Greening.)

Unlike most sensational novelists, Mr. David Whitelaw cavens his sensation with humour; he gives us in "Moon of Valleys" a capitably devised story that lacks nothing in the way of mystery and adventure and exciting incident, but tells it all easily, lightly, and heightens and relieves the darker hours of the romance with matter for the jolliest laughter. Wally Burns the dissipated, graceless little actor who gets accidentally involved in the search for the long-lost jewel of the dead Cingalese monarch and is carried reluctantly from the glamour of his beloved Strand into the perilous wilds of an unknown country, is a quaint and delightfully amusing personage, for all his rascally ingratitude. The heroine is a charming girl with an unscrupulous father who hides his villainies from her; the hero is far from being a perfect man, but love brings him back to his better self. An ingenious plot and some good character-drawing make "Moon of Valleys" a thoroughly readable book; Mr. Whitelaw is to be congratulated on an original and distinctly clever piece of work.

SIR GREGORY'S SILENCE. By A. W. Marchmont. 6s. (Cassell.)

With an ingenious and skilfully handled plot—in which an exciting chain of coincidences, a mystery, a letter, a

charming and plucky heroine, an admirable hero, and a thoroughly villainous villain play important parts—"Sir Gregory's Silence" should become one of the most successful novels of the season. The story concerns Helen Powell, who is engaged to Sir Gregory Trevellock's son, Bulmer. Sir Gregory and his elder brother spent some time in the West of America; the brother died out there and Sir Gregory, dropping his own name of George, and adopting his brother's, inherited the title and estates. From a photo that is shown him of Helen's father, he discovers that she is his brother's child—and ought to take possession of his wealth. He is tempted to keep her in ignorance of this fact, and yields to the temptation. Complications ensue; and finding that Sir Gregory is keeping some secret from her Helen gradually comes to the conclusion that she is his daughter by a former marriage—and so, Bulmer's step-sister. "'You were in Montana at the time my mother married Gregory Powell. That was the name you bore then. . . . The likeness I showed you was his, and after the lapse of years you shall say that it was not one of you? . . . Were there two Englishmen of the same name there at that time?' . . . With a groan he took his hands from his head and tried to meet her look, but cowered from her, and forced himself to answer, speaking in low, broken tones 'You—you are right. There was—but one Gregory Powell.' Helen stepped back in horror. 'Then, I—I am your your daughter!'" For various reasons he allows her to think so, and in an agony of despair she runs away to hide herself from Bulmer, whom she feels she must never see again. It is a clever story and the interest of it is fully maintained to the end.

ATTAINMENT. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Alston Rivers.)

We have tried hard, but have not managed to come to a full appreciation of Mrs. Havelock Ellis's latest novel. Rachel Merton is dissatisfied with life in her Cornish home, so she comes to London to see life. She goes slumming for a time under the direction of a popular clergyman, renowned for his daring (but to us unconvincing) sermons. She makes the acquaintance of a Socialist poet, and by him is introduced to a company of extraordinary cranks. She, her maid Ann, and the cranks form the Brotherhood of the Perfect Life, and settle down to existence under one roof. Chiefly owing to Rachel—ably seconded by Ann—the Brotherhood lives in harmony until the heroine is called away by the death of her mother. Then, for no very obvious reason, the members decide to disband. Rachel settles down in Cornwall, and all that she has discovered from her experiences is that "it is just what you are that matters." Mrs. Havelock Ellis has plenty of talent, an engaging satire, and a satisfactory literary style, but we cannot believe that "Attainment" will please even her warmest admirers.

SAMSON UNSHORN. By Reginald Turner. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In a way, this novel more than fulfils expectations. The beginning is so unimpressive and so ordinary that one gets the impression that the whole book is going to be merely rather silly. However, parts of it, especially towards the middle, successfully set off this weak beginning and an improbable conclusion, and give one the feeling that, after all, "Samson Unshorn" was well worth reading. Mr. Turner's latest novel describes the career of James Maxwell, who, after a somewhat wasted education at a public school and Oxford, is left nearly on his own resources. After some years' work as a journalist, he has an idea, borrows money, and starts *How It's Done*, a journal of the Bits type. *H. I. D.* (for it soon adopts initials) "takes," and a semi-fraudulent method of prize competition supplies its proprietor with a considerable fortune. Maxwell is soon in a position to start *Daily Opinion*, a paper which aims at reproducing the ideas of

"the man in the street." Those portions of the novel dealing with Maxwell's journalistic ventures are extraordinarily interesting and give the book an unusual distinction. Away from journalism the author seems entirely to lose his grip in realities, and his hero's love affair with Lady Gertrude is mildly unpleasant and extremely unlikely. It cannot be said that any of the characters inspire the reader with sympathy, but Mr. Turner has done enough to ensure the book's success.

THE BACKWOODSMEN. By Charles G. D. Roberts. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Mr. Roberts's latest book is somewhat of a disappointment to us. "The Backwoodsmen" is a collection of sketches and short stories which clearly have appeared in American magazines. We question whether some of these little tales were worth preserving in book-form, so slight are they. The general defect of all the stories in the book is then obviousness. There is no subtlety about them, and one can generally foresee at the beginning of the story what is going to happen at the end of it. This makes a large dose uninteresting and somewhat cloying. However, Mr. Roberts is undoubtedly one of the authorities on wild nature and the backwoods, and nothing that he writes can be altogether without charm and interest, while he is an adept at the difficult art of catching "atmosphere." For these reasons alone the book is worth reading, but, unless he is careful, the reader will want to give up in despair long before it is finished. We recommend him to persevere, for it seems to us that nearly all the better tales are printed at the end. But the best way to read "The Backwoodsmen" would probably be to sandwich in a tale or two between two heavier books, the fifteen stories in a lump are rather too much of what is, doubtless, a good thing.

HEARTBREAK HILL. By Hermann K. Viole. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

There is something very blithe and jocund about this book, which the author has termed a comedy-romance. Heartbreak Hill is a barren crag, the co-inheritance of two distant cousins, Mopsie and Sidney Beaton. To all appearances it can have no intrinsic, but only a sentimental value. But quite suddenly and mysteriously the hill becomes a marketable commodity. Brokers and companies begin to make what seem absurdly magnificent



Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts in the Woods.

offers for its purchase. Young Mr. Stiles, of the highly accredited firm of Stiles, Brimley & Stiles, wakes the loud echoes of the hill in his large red motor-car. Mr. Lawlor, a dilapidated financier, appears on a long-deferred visit to his sister. Uncouth figures with strange implements are seen scaling the flanks of the barren crag. The little old-world village of Beatoun's Bridge is big with intrigue. Sidney, lately elected to the legislature, sees in the exorbitant offers of the bidders a veiled attempt at bribery. There are quarrels between the cousins, and it seems as if Heartbreak Hill is to lead to an estrangement. When Mopsie learns, just in time to avoid a sale, that a very rich vein of copper has been struck on her side of the hill, it appears that the so obviously predestined marriage will never take place. For Mopsie will be a very rich woman, and Sidney is poor and proud. But as luck will have it, the vein which crops out on the girl's land is only workable on Sidney's. So the claims of love and honour are alike satisfied, and the story ends, as it should end, merrily. Sentiment and broad humour are agreeably mingled in this pleasant book.

THE VEIL. By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Stevens is a new but well-equipped novelist, with a strong dramatic sense, a feeling for colour, and another somewhat rarer gift, the ability to keep the threads of a rather intricate story well knit together. "The Veil" is a North African romance, with most of its scenes laid in Tunis and sacred Karouan, its principal characters a dancing girl, a *marabout* of mixed Arab and Irish parentage, and a Sicilian boy. In a sort of prologue the reader is shown an incident in the early life of Mabrouka, the dancer. She is fourteen years old; as a little child she has had glimpses of the freedom of life among Western women, and now, as a member of Si Ismail's harem, she longs to be free. A French officer helps her to escape, but his subsequent attentions become a little too marked, and Mabrouka stabs him. Here we have the right atmosphere, into which, eighteen years after, steps the boy Riccardo, to meet Mabrouka, none the less alluring for being rather older. A Sicilian family with whom Riccardo lives affords the author an opportunity for character-drawing, in the person of two girls and their father. To one of the girls, Annunziata, Riccardo is affianced, which is just as well for him perhaps, though he is a fresh and clean kind of creature, and keeps his honour bright, while in his company Mabrouka becomes almost virginal. A little revolution, an abduction, and divers alarms and excursions work up the excitement towards the end, but with the death of Si Ismael, the mysterious revolutionary *marabout*, things arrange themselves. It is due to Miss Stevens to declare her story clever, and out of the ordinary run. Incidentally, she introduces some delightful Arabs, and displays in one episode a quite surprising talent for creepiness.

The Bookman's Table.

THE TURKISH PEOPLE. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

If she does not possess marked ability as a writer, or show any very profound knowledge of her subject, Miss Lucy Garnett has contrived to make an interesting book upon the life and manners of the Turks. In contradistinction to Mr. E. F. Knight, whose recent book is primarily devoted to Turkish politics, Miss Garnett has comparatively little to say upon this head, and has busied herself almost entirely in describing the social institutions of the Turkish nation. The book is subdivided into three main parts. In Part I. under "Social Life," Miss Garnett describes the Turks of the capital and of the country, the

life of "the denizens of the palaces" and the ordinary daily careers of the official and military classes. By far the most entertaining chapter in this section is that upon "Holiday Life," in which Miss Garnett gives some excellent specimens of popular Turkish stories, including two anecdotes of the famous *Hodja* which have not previously appeared in English. When she comes to "Religious Beliefs and Institutions," Miss Garnett wanders further away from the beaten track, and is correspondingly more interesting. Her chapter on "Intellectual Progress," for example, is excellent; and the same adjective may be applied to that on "Mysticism" and "Freethought," which we would willingly have seen expanded to a greater length. The concluding portion of the book is taken up with "Domestic Life" and the description of the ceremonies performed upon such occasions as a birth, marriage, or funeral. Except for an occasional lapse into a rather exasperating periphrastic phrase, Miss Garnett can describe what she has seen both well and clearly. A word of praise must be given to the photographs, which have been well chosen and admirably reproduced.

LIGHT AND SHADE, and other Poems. By R. C. Lehmann. 5s. net. (Wm. Blackwood.)

It is doubtful if Mr. Lehmann has done wisely in publishing this volume in its present shape. Serious and light verse are in a shallow sense branches of the same art. But their source, their points of view, their significance are poles asunder. To meet a pretty girl and to write charming little verses about her—skilful, exquisite, evanescent, as dainty an addition to her *tout ensemble* as the dimple on her cheek, is one thing. To break your heart for love of her, or even with heart unbroken, to tell the world of her in lines that no man will ever read without a kind of noble and immortal envy and regret is quite another thing. Both may be done even by the same poet; but let him print them side by side—something will seem amiss. Mr. Lehmann has not gone to quite such lengths as this; but there is not the least question that some of the best of the serious verses in this book are baulked and thinned and undermined by their proximity with the merely facetious and the rollicking. Life's philosophy can easily survive every quick and sudden extreme of fortune from grave to gay, from light to shade. But a real yet thinly expressed sentiment on one page and burlesque on another make vexatious reading: poor human nature resents motley at a funeral. Apart from this, with a few exceptions the majority of these verses suggest a certain inattention and carelessness, as if the writer had not been at much or inconvenient pains to do his best. Light verse requires immense elaboration, which is at last concealed in its perfect finish. The thought here is often slipshod in its expression, and at times not really mastered. A poor phrase and a forced rhyme frequently spoil an excellent stanza. It is, as it were, an untidy collection with many loose ends and irrelevancies. Such books cannot truly represent their writer. Even sound verse is rare; wit and dexterousness and keenness and flash of mind are rarer yet. And "Light and Shade" and "Contentment" being such excellent pieces of verse, and "Lady, a Sheep Dog," and "Mollie," and "Polly" revealing so real a feeling and so quick an eye, the reader rather resents their company. As for "Easy," it is a delightful achievement in that very difficult genre, imaginative humour, and almost deserves the book to itself.

THE BURIED CITY OF KENKIG. By Thomas Gray. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Near Port Talbot, between Swansea and Cardiff, lies the buried city of Kenfig, not, as some picturesque but ill-informed tradition has it, beneath the gloomy waters of Kenfig Pool, but covered by the adjacent sand dunes, that have been blowing in and in from the sea since the time of King John and earlier. Mr. Thomas Gray, of the

neighbourhood, has written a book about it. Of recent excavations on this site there have been none, or next to none, so that Mr. Gray has confined his research to local archives. The result is much dryness and dust, and a few interesting facts, notes of sales and exchanges of Kenfig lands by the Gramuses, and Saleeses, and Lovelses, and other families, and histories of the neighbouring manors of Streo and Stormy. To Jestyn ap Gwrgan, first Lord of the Manor of Kenfig, and Sir Robert Fitzhamon, on whom it was bestowed at the Norman Conquest, Mr. Gray devotes an interesting chapter. The traditional story as to Kenfig's lying beneath the waters of the Pool is repeated in a tale from the Iolo MSS., wherein it is related how a peasant's son committed robbery and murder that he might have money enough to marry the Lord of Clare's daughter, and how an awful voice was heard at the marriage feast prophesying vengeance at the end of the ninth generation. The ninth generation found the original bride and bridegroom still alive, and all Kenfig in the hands of the family. The voice was heard again, "Vengeance is come!" and in the morning nothing was to be seen but a large lake and three chimney-pots smoking above its surface, "and with the dawn there were countless voices praising God with heavenly songs."

WITH CLUB AND CADDIE. By E. M. Griffiths. 2s. 6d. net. (Gibbings.)

One half of this entertaining little book of verse is given over to the humours of golf, the other half is divided into three sections: "A Little Sentiment" contains much that is charming in thought and graceful in expression, "Humour of Sorts" is of good sorts, and "Times and Places" labels some half-dozen poems on passing events. The golf verses are mostly parodies, deftly and neatly turned, and refreshingly varied. You read on one page how

"Phyllis went a-golfing, O,
Cupid came to caddie",

on another of the player who had to make his stroke with

"Sandhill to right of him,
Sandhill to left of him,
Sandhill in front of him",

you read of what happens when

"The Guernsey girl to the links has gone",
or are tickled by the excellent "Fool's Song".

"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the toil and the pain,—
With club and ball I did but toy,
For the fool he toozles every day"

"The Lost Ball" goes to the tune of "The Lost Chord," and "Sigh no more, golfers" recommends an innocuous form of words in place of the strong language that is occasionally used by the best of men on the links. The verses have the right hit and lightness, and the humour of them is real humour and thoroughly enjoyable.

FRANCIA'S MASTERPIECE. By Montgomery Carmichael. 5s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

This is probably the first time a whole volume has been devoted to the describing and expounding of a single picture, but the picture is one of no ordinary interest, and is every way worthy of the full and careful study that Mr. Carmichael has bestowed upon it. Francia's masterpiece hangs in the Chapel of the Assumption in the old Lombard Basilica of the San Frediano at Lucca. It has often been misunderstood and erroneously described, but Mr. Carmichael's minute examination makes it clear that it represents the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He describes all the involved and wonderful detail of the picture and unravels its meanings, tells the history of its peregrinations, and collects in an appendix descriptions and opinions of the work that have been published by other critics. Incidentally he furnishes an admirable essay on the beginnings of the Imma-



The Altar-piece from San Frediano Lucca. Alinari.

From "Francia's Masterpiece," by Montgomery Carmichael. (Kegan Paul.)

culate Conception in art. His book is certainly a notable departure in the interpretation of Religious Pictures: it is not written for the learned, but for the behoof of "the well-intentioned who go into art galleries, admiring and loving religious pictures, but hazy of their actual uses both in the dead past and the living present"; and such art lovers will find it a helpful, informing, and thoroughly attractive handbook. The illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced.

WHEEL MAGIC, or Revolutions of an Impressionist. By J. W. Allen. 3s. net. (John Lane.)

In a very charming dedication to Mr. Thomas Secombe, Mr. Allen writes: "You said, I remember, that there was yet no Izaak Walton of cycling. You suggested that I might be the man to come." But, he adds, "I knew, even at the first, that Izaak Walton is dead and has no fellow. . . . The little book is done; but it is not the thing we dreamed of. It is a quite other thing" a pleasant, fanciful, whimsical, picturesquely written, altogether admirable other thing, nevertheless. It is the record of a cycling tour, but "the word 'cycling' has a too technical and business-like sound to be applied to our mode of travel. There was no attempt to develop the power of the machine. There were none of those long runs which bring that 'fine intoxication' Stevenson speaks of in connection with walking tours, 'that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.' We rode a couple of miles and loitered in a village church; half a mile on we dallied on a bridge; a mile further and we were off again, after daffodils. Are not all the finest pleasures a plucking of flowers by the wayside? . . . We idled busily on the roads and did our work on foot, in town and village. One

whole day we spent sitting about on the Malvern Hills watching the play of earth and heaven." There you have the manner, the outlook, the atmosphere of the dozen essays that make up the book. You need not be a cyclist to enjoy them; all it needs is that you should be a lover of the open air and country life and country places or, even lacking this, that you should be susceptible to the magic of such delicate and imaginative prose as Mr. Allen knows how to write.

A LUTE OF JADE. By L. Cranmer Byng. 2s. net. (Murray.)

It is strange! Before the year 500 B.C. Confucius had collected many poems, of which the following is one:

"She has gathered with her lily fingers
A lily fair and rare to see.
Oh, sweeter still the fragrance lingers
From the warm hand that gave it me."

We will not say that Ben Jonson was a plagiarist, for he had never seen these lovely lines. The Chinese poetry, as here assembled, is a thing of beauty which has waited all these centuries till Mr. Cranmer-Byng's arrival, and behold! it is a joy for ever.

"Fire-fly, will-o'-the-wisp, and wandering star
Glow in thy gloom, and naught is heard but the far
Chanting of woodman. . . ."

That was written by Ou-Yang Hsin of the Sung dynasty, who flourished with William the Conqueror. He wrote it at the graveside of a friend.

"Or haply art thou some far towering pine,--
Some rare and wondrous flower?
What boots it, this sad hom?
Here in thy loneliness the eglantine
Weaves her sweet tapestries above thy head. . . ."

Peace be to the ashes of Ou-Yang Hsin of the Sung dynasty. We started out by saying it is strange, and when you look at what was gathered by Confucius five whole centuries B.C. you think about the Christian missionaries who are labouring in China. Some of us have wondered whether Chinese missionaries would in turn endeavour to convert this country. Now this little book in Chinese yellow lies before us. We will not quote the poem on Lake Shang, for we have lately seen it printed in at least three notices and it will soon be famous. From To Chü-l's poem on the Lute Girl, with the tragic and romantic story, we will quote a single image, illustrative of her music:

"Now loud and soft together as the long
Patter of pearls and seed-pearls on a dish
Of marble. . . ."

We have read other volumes of Mr. Murray's admirable "Wisdom of the East Series." We have been told that they sell by thousands, that our countrymen invited to subscribe to some unwieldy works go straight and buy the twenty little volumes, at 1s. and 2s., of this most remarkable series—and we believe it.

THE TRACHINIAN MAIDENS OF SOPHOCLES. Translated into English Verse by Hugo Sharpley, M.A. 1s. 6d. net. (David Nutt.)

Although Mr Sharpley is by no means the poet that Professor Gilbert Murray has shown himself to be in his admirable translations of Euripides, this rendering of "The Trachinian Maidens" is not unworthy of the original. Mr. Sharpley's verses are often somewhat ungainly—like Professor Murray, Mr. Sharpley has turned the iambic passages into the rhyming non-heroic couplet—but what he lacks in poetic expression is counterbalanced by neat scholarship and by a most praiseworthy absence of padding. Some of Mr. Sharpley's lines, indeed, are from this standpoint quite first-rate. For example—

" . . . the night brings woe, to cease
The next night, when a new woe takes its place,"

is an excellent version of ll. 29-31. And again the words of Heracles in ll. 1048, 1049 are excellently turned into

"Oh, many and fierce my battles, many and sore
My burdens, in the past. . . ."

But it is, perhaps, in his translations of the choric passages that Mr. Sharpley shows to the best advantage, owing to his power of compressing everything essential into the minimum of words. The chorus which (we quote Mr. Sharpley's version) begins

"O ye who dwell on the rocky shore,
Where the water bubbles warm,
Where ships are safe from storm,
And the peaks of Ceta soar,"

is a good instance of his ability; though we do not care for the line in which Heracles is described as

The famous fruit of the Godhead's breeding."

If anything, in fact, Mr. Sharpley errs on the side of being too brief, and we have noticed one or two passages in which all the vigour and meaning of the original Greek have not been brought out. Mr. Sharpley is not a great poet, but he is, at least, sufficiently good to make us anxious to read any further translations of Sophocles which he may publish.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Lovers of a simple love-story will enjoy *A Very Doubtful Experiment*, by L. G. Moberly (6s.). The plot is neither new nor striking, but the theme is gently and prettily handled, and the affection of the beautiful honest hearted Rachael Danvers for the scientist who is absorbed by the fascinations of bacilli has its own decided attractions. Rachael, who is very poor, becomes rich and longs to help the man she loves. She induces him to marry her, and that is the "doubtful experiment." Rachael's sudden illness is inexplicable and unconvincing, and some of the incidents have a fairy-godmother-like way of happening, but Miss Moberly serves up her theme with an air of personal care and shrewd observation, and many a "holiday-reader" will thank her for it.

THE NEW AGE PRESS.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new volume, *Cupid and Common Sense* (2s. 6d. net), should be read by theatre-lovers on both sides of the curtain. It contains a long preface dealing with what the author terms "the crisis in the theatre." To some extent his attitude is that of the typical old retired military man in his Piccadilly club—"The country is going to the dogs, sir." So, very likely it is—all in good time. Mr. Arnold Bennett says some very wise words which theatrical people, managers in particular, will be the better for reading. What, however, so many of us are inclined to forget when we get on that high horse "Art" is, that a theatre is, and always has been, intended for a place of amusement for many kinds of persons. And there are hundreds of persons who are never amused, only bored, by the "Works" of Mr. Shaw; while Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has (it is a known fact) managed to fill a good many theatres in his day. So Mr. Bennett's wise words will, we hope, do good; and his fears, we hope, will wear away with time—by improvement in theatrical affairs, or by philosophy in cultured minds. Meanwhile Mr. Arnold Bennett himself presents in this same volume a capital play in four acts, a direct, unadorned piece of work which yet is subtle and distinguished in its characterisation. We look forward to the staging of this play, were it only to see portrayed the weakness of Willie Beach and the naturalness of Emily Boothroyd.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Mr. Warwick Deeping has, in *The Red Saint* (6s.), given us a romance of the thirteenth century, with all the stir of battle and adventure which the third Henry's reign was capable of providing. The main theme of the book is the story of Denise, half hermitess, half saint, a young and beautiful girl, whose life, touching as it did the religious and the adventurous side of the period, was chequered by superstitions, tragedy, and love. The story with its mingling of brutality and chivalry, rough manners and high ideals, possesses an almost mediæval force, though told with no parade of archaic mannerisms.

MESSRS. WELLS GARDNER & CO.

A little series of bijou biographies of bishops is being published by this firm at the modest price of twopence each. Admirable

little booklets they are, about the size of a large court envelope. On their dark covers is given a portrait of the subject of the biography within, and the writing is done with a true sense of selection, thought, and understanding. The volumes which have reached us are—*William Walsham How*, Bishop of Wakefield, by F. D. How; *George Augustus Selwyn*, first Bishop of New Zealand, by E. A. Bulley; and *George Howard Wilkinson*, Bishop of St. Andrews, by Henry Scott Holland.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Cambridge visitors would do well to decide upon Mr. Bunley Johnson's small black leather and gold volume *Cambridge Colleges* as their "keepsake" or "souvenir" of a pleasant occasion. Though no bigger than an ordinary prayer book, it is packed full of information, it contains illustrations which are valuable as well as interesting, also a map of Cambridge, and the letterpress is a well-written, concise, and delightful "middle way" between the common "guide" and the ponderous history.

MESSRS. T. NOVELLO.

To celebrate the third centenary of its charter of incorporation, the Worshipful Company of Musicians held at Fishmongers' Hall a memorable Loan Exhibition of musical instruments, books, portraits, MS., and other miscellanies, all relating to music. The Exhibition, which was under the patronage of the King and Queen, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on June 27, 1904, and for the fortnight of its duration the musical public crowded to see what was one of the largest, as it was certainly one of the most interesting, collections of the sort that have ever been brought together. Messrs. Novello have now published in one stout, handsomely printed volume (42s.) a full descriptive and beautifully illustrated catalogue of the exhibits. The book is conveniently divided into sections, one being devoted to Music Printing and Printed Music, a second to Musical Instruments, a third to Portraits, Engravings, Caricatures, Medals, etc., a fourth to Manuscripts, a fifth to Concert and Theatre Bills, Programmes, etc., and a sixth to other miscellanies. There are some fifty excellent illustrations, including portraits of famous players, pictures of antique instruments, facsimiles of title pages to old treatises on music and "the skill of song," etc.; the whole thing is, indeed, admirably produced and of unique historical value and interest.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Messrs. Macmillan are following the excellent lead which has been set of issuing popular modern books at a very low price. Ten attractive volumes of fiction have reached us, each being a well-established favourite and each costing sevenpence net. The list includes *The Forest Lovers*, by Maurice Hewlett; *The House of Mirth*, by Edith Wharton; *Misunderstood*, by Florence Montgomery; *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen; *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*; *The First Violin*, by Jessie Fothergill; *A Roman Singer*, by F. Marion Crawford; *Diana Tempest*, by Mary Cholmondeley; *A Wall's Progress*, by Rhoda Broughton; and *John Glynn*, by Arthur Paterson. They are pretty books, neat and well bound.

Messrs. G. Bell & Sons continue their very charming "Queen's Treasures" Series with Mrs. Fwing's lovable discursions, *Mrs. Overhway's Remembrances* (2s. 6d. net). Miss M. V. Wheelhouse has illustrated the volume in her own particularly dainty style, and twentieth-century children could wish for no prettier edition of our old favourite.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MAY 10 TO JUNE 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—*The Message of the Son of Man*. 4s. 6d. net (A. & C. Black)
 ADAMS, The Sermons of Thomas. A Selection Edited by John Brown, D.D. 1s. 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)
 DAWSON, JOSEPH.—*Job and his New Theology*. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
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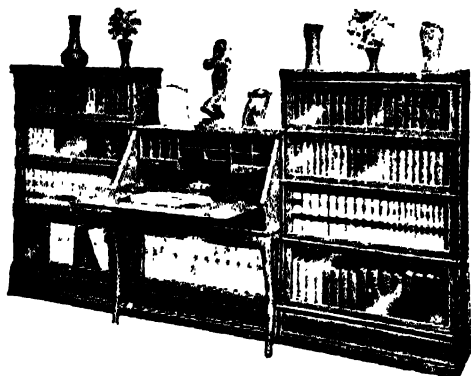
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES	199
OUR AMERICAN LETTER	202
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY	203
"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS	205
"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY	
Mr. Oliver Onions. By ASHLEY GIBSON	207
THE READER	
Oliver Wendell Holmes. By WALTER JERROLD	209
Pathology and Poetry. By STEPHEN PAGET	214
St. Paul's Chimes. By ANNIE MATHESON	218
NEW BOOKS—	
Grandfather Bull, by Uncle Jonathan. By THOMAS SECCOMBE	219
"Notes and Queries" by the Way. By WILLIAM E. A. AXON	220
The "Decameron" of Boccaccio. By T. E. PAGE	221

A Bundle of Eight	222
Thais	223
Belloc on the Pyrenees. By DAVID HODGE	223
Italian Architecture. By ARTHUR LEWIS	223
Earth to Earth. By FRANCIS BICKLEY	224
Love Affairs of Napoleon and of Josephine. By FRANK HAMEL	225
Wagner and his First Wife. By EDWARD WRIGHT	226
A Friend of Byron. By WALFORD D. GREEN	226
Court and Society. By LEWIS MELVILLE	227
Fra Filippo Lippi	228
Anatole France and Others. By HENRY BAERLEIN	229
Oliver Wendell Holmes	230

NOVEL NOTES—

A Change in the Cabinet—An

Eye for an Eye—Marcia—The Red Rose of a Summer—Sixpenny Pieces—The Wanton—'Neath Austral Skies—The Stairway of Honour—The Flying Months—A Little Green World—Everybody's Secret—Henry in Search of a Wife—John Saint—The Romance of a Plain Man—Moran of Kildally—Envious—Eliza—A Young Man Married—A Reaping	230 34
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Scenes and Portraits—A Summer Garden—Americans—The Bretons at Home—Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures—Tyrol and its People	235-7
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 237

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 238

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The September BOOKMAN will be a DR. JOHNSON BI-CENTENARY NUMBER, and will contain special articles on Johnson and his work by Thomas Seccombe and by H. Spencer Scott, and on Johnson's ancestry by C. S. Sargisson. The number will be very fully illustrated with portraits of Johnson and his friends, and photographs of places associated with him.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is just passing the proofs of a monograph on Marie Antoinette that he has written for Messrs. Methuen. The book is to be largely illustrated, and will be published in September.

Mr. John Lane is publishing shortly a new biography of Thackeray by Mr. Lewis Melville. Mr. Melville is admittedly one of our leading authorities on Thackeray, and he has for several years past

been collecting materials for this work; he has had access to many new letters, has gathered much fresh information, and in compiling the biography has been assisted by numerous Thackeray experts. The book will contain a bibliography that runs to over 1,300 items; a collection of Thackeray's speeches, several of which have never before been republished; and will be fully illustrated.

Mr. Arrowsmith has just put out a new edition of Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," and tells us in an interesting foreword that since its first appearance in August, 1880, the book has been reprinted every year until there has been produced the large number of 202,000 copies, the 5,000 of this present edition bringing the total up to 207,000. During that period there has been only one edition, and, like the present issue, this has been published at 3s. 6d.—facts which the publisher believes to be unprecedented.

Mr. Jerome adds an "Author's Advertisement" to this new edition of his most popular story, in which he supplements his publisher's particulars about its sales. "In Chicago," he writes, "I was assured by an enterprising pirate, now retired, that the sales throughout the United States had exceeded a million; and although, in con-



Photo by Annan & Sons.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

sequence of its having been published before the Copyright Convention, this has brought me no material advantage, the fame and popularity it has won for me among the American public is an asset not to be despised. It has been translated, I think, into every European language except Arabian, also into some of those of Asia." He tells of letters he has had from some of his readers, but says he cannot explain the success of the book. "I have written books that have appeared to me more clever, books that have appeared to me more humorous. But it is as the author of 'Three Men in a Boat (to say nothing of the Dog)' that the public persists in remembering me." And who shall say that the public is not justified in doing so? Most humour is soon old-fashioned. How many humorists are there who can re-issue a twenty-year-old book and find the world still as eager as ever to buy it, and able and more than willing to laugh over it?

"The Garden of Women" is the title Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop has given to a volume of essays that he is publishing this winter. He has a new novel in hand which will be ready for next spring. Mr. Calthrop, by the way, is firmly opposed to the sevenpenny novel, and declares that nothing but disaster can follow on flooding the market with fiction at a price which cannot pay either author or publisher.

Mr. Frederic Manning, whose book of "Scenes and Portraits" is meeting with a remarkably favourable reception, is an Australian, and was born at Sydney, but he has been living in England since 1898. He is the son of Sir William Manning, a well-known Mayor of Sydney, and one of the leading business men of the town. The family are Roman Catholics, Sir William being a Papal Chamberlain, the first and, so far, the only one in Australasia. Mr. Manning was a delicate boy and unable to go to school, but having always a passion for books, he educated himself. He is still only twenty-four, and with the exception of a small volume of verse, "Scenes and Portraits" is his first book.

The many thousands of her readers will learn with regret of the death of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey. She was one of the most deservedly popular writers for girls; "The Old, Old Story" was probably the best of her books, but "Robert Ord's Atonement," "Not Like Other Girls," and her first novel, "Nellie's Memories" (published as far back as 1868), have found almost as much favour with a very large public.

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton is one of the most popular exponents of melodrama in fiction; she is a specialist in serial writing, and it has to be remembered that success in this branch of the literary craft does not depend at all on the prestige that has accrued to a writer from the merits of former work, but on the solid test of an increased circulation of the paper in which the serial appears. The most



successful of her stories, "Hush Money," is too long to be issued as a six-shilling novel—it held for nearly two years the unflagging attention of the vast multitude of readers to whom it was presented in weekly instalments. At present Mrs. Leighton is busy planning another of her ingenious and emotional serial stories that is to be ready for publication during the autumn and winter in the popular weekly with which her work is mainly associated.

Having completed a new volume of nature stories to be called "Kings in Exile"—the stories are now running serially in the *Windsor*—Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is preparing for the press another collection of his verses. He has made a beginning also on an aeroplane romance (largely of military and political adventure) which he is naming "The Runners of the Air." Mr. Roberts's books on wild life are written from a most intimate knowledge of his subject. He spent fourteen years of his boyhood in the far backwoods, and has frequented them ever since, from sheer love of the wilderness and the wilderness life; but he early gave up hunting the wild creatures because he grew to love them, and found studying them so much more interesting than killing them. Although Mr. Roberts has a place in a book that was recently issued at Boston on American Authors at Home, he says he is not



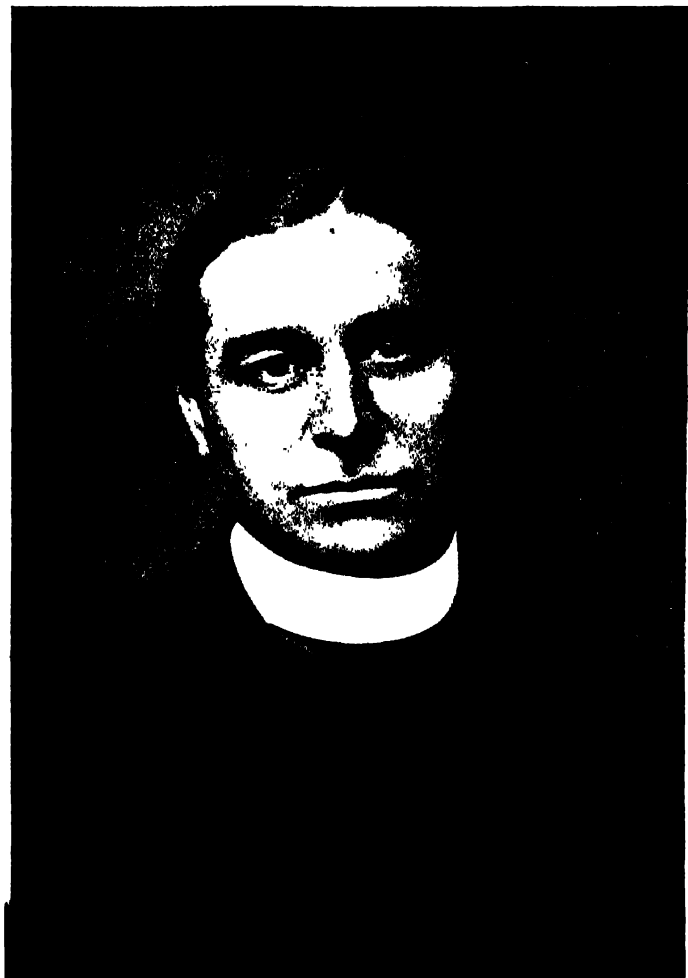
Photo by Elliott &

**Winifred Graham
(Mrs. Cory).**

really at home in that volume, for he is emphatically a Canadian and a Britisher, and throughout these last twenty-five years has been a strenuous advocate of the Federation of the Empire, for which he declared himself in his *History of Canada* that was published in 1896.

The Rev. R. S. Swann-Mason, who is well known as a county cricketer and sportsman, and better known as "the Jockeys' Chaplain," has just published a volume of his "Straight Talks to Stable Lads," a series of sermons which he delivered in the chapel that was built by Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, at Egerton House, Newmarket. Lord Marcus Beresford has written a preface to the book, a copy of which has been accepted by Her Majesty the Queen.

Mrs. Winifred Cory, better known as Winifred Graham, has spent most of her life in her riverside house on the Thames, at Hampton—a picturesque, historical old house that was built by Nell Gwynn for her son, the first Duke of St. Albans. She was married three years ago to Mr. Theodore Cory, a son of Mr. Richard Cory, who is a prominent figure in the social life of South Wales. Her novels, which number twenty-two, were all written with a purpose, and are devoted to the exposure of certain wrongs and evils of our own time. The many charmingly sympathetic stories of child-life she has

**The Rev. R. S.
Swann-Mason.**



recently contributed to the *Strand Magazine* have added not a little to her popularity. She has just completed a new novel, perhaps the most startling and elaborate she has ever written, to which she has given the simple title of "Mary." It is the romance of a pure and beautiful woman, and deals with a great problem that must, she thinks, appeal equally to religious persons of all denominations.

Mr. Clive Holland is engaged upon a novel dealing with the romantic history of a noble family during the French Revolution, facts and papers relating to which history came into his possession when he was on a cycling tour through Normandy and Brittany a couple of years ago. He put a year's work into his new volume, "Tyrol and Its People," which we review on another page. Mr. Holland has known Tyrol for eighteen years past, and latterly has made several special visits to it for the purposes of this book.

A Hampshire man by birth, Mr. Clive Holland lives at Bournemouth in an old-fashioned house, which has a lovely garden, though but a few hundred

yards withdrawn from the railway station, the tram lines, and the life of the town. He is a keen politician, does a great deal of public speaking, and has been asked to stand for Parliament in the Liberal interest, but prefers sea-bathing, tennis, cycling, and exploring untrodden by-ways; moreover, he is an enthusiastic amateur photographer whose pictures are seen at most of the exhibitions.

Mr. Clive Holland. The Centenary of Oliver Wendell Holmes has not brought us Centenary editions of any of his works, but the Poems, the three Breakfast-Table volumes, and "Elsie Venner," are published by Routledge in so many forms and so inexpensively (some of us have the kindest twenty-year-old recollections, for instance, of their handy sixpenny editions of the "Autocrat" and the "Professor" in yellow paper wrappers with a portrait of the author on the front), as well as by Macmillan, Ward Lock, Frowde, Dent, and Collier, that special Centenary editions would perhaps be only more or less fussy and superfluous. There have been several biographies of Holmes; among the best are those by J. T. Morse, Walter Jerrold, and W. S. Kennedy; and to these must now be added the Centenary Biography written by Lewis W. Townsend, to which we give due consideration elsewhere.

For much assistance with the illustrations in the present number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Headley Bros., and Messrs. Methuen.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1909.

THE more you skate, the better you do it; the oftener you cook a veal pie, the surer grows your touch. "Practice makes perfect" in all the arts and handicrafts, it would seem, barring that of penmanship. In that, apparently, the more one practises the imperfecter becomes the result produced; and your real man of the pen writes—in seven cases out of ten—

a hand that would reflect discredit on his own housemaid.

To write badly is, however, counted no disgrace. Mr. Andrew Lang would, I think, bear no one any ill will for giving to him, as many people probably would do, the palm as bad handwriter; indeed, he might be perhaps even a little vain of being instanced, as he seems almost always to be, as the classic example among English

literary men of the writer of glaringly eccentric and illegible penmanship. Amongst Americans I should imagine many people would recommend the bestowal of a similar palm upon Mr. Joaquin Miller, the poet, who has just sent me a letter, in the deciphering of which I and another spent some three-quarters of an hour.

Joaquin Miller (whose Christian names by actual christening were, by the way, Cincinnatus Heine, surely wisely changed to "Joaquin") is one of America's best known poets. According to the English Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, he with Bret Harte has produced the most striking pieces of literature the country has given the world in the last half-century. Mr. Miller's distinction and the extensiveness of his following (or perhaps rather the same imp that is responsible for starting all the absurd rumours which hourly tickle the ears of a credulous world) led to the news being printed that he planned to establish a "colony of poets" and conduct "a school of poetry." The names of some of his pupils were even mentioned, and a story got about which represented Mr. Miller acting in a fashion that seemed—to me at any rate—distinctly silly, and even fatuous. A "school of poetry" in California with classes made up of retired school teachers, ex-journalists, and what-not, sitting at the feet of a distinguished poet who stole time from his own work to explain to his anxious disciples how to use a rhyming dictionary—surely no picture could be more ridiculous! It was an idea to make not only Mr. Miller, but all America laughable.

It is more than pleasant therefore to find Mr. Miller disowning the plan with vigour. His letter, sent from his lusciously named home, Fruitvale, in California, was to the effect that "although as tired as ten tramp dogs" his annoyance at the poets' colony rumour compelled him to write at a certain length.

"No! no colony for poets. In the first place no real poets could be found to make such a place possible; even were I idiot enough to attempt it or idle enough to desire it. Never the story of Brook Farm and its failure, notwithstanding they had more genius than could be gathered to-day from all the continent. You are at liberty, and in fact would oblige me by putting this in some sort of shape and say how sorry I am that any one should start such a story. Heaps of daily items on this subject show that the crop of fools, as Carlyle says, is with us still."

Apropos of Joaquin Miller, by the way, perusal of his biography in that fascinating volume, "Who's Who," reveals the fact that his career has included in turn such varied occupations as these: miner, lawyer, express-messenger, editor, judge and poet. The list is at first sight rather striking both as to length and variety, yet when one turns to the biographies of other well-known men one cannot fail to see how large a number of them have had careers of equal complexity.

Some of us over here are rather grieved that one of our most distinguished men of learning, the ex-President of Harvard and the man whom the United States wished to send as ambassador to England, Dr. Eliot, should have lent himself to that most banal of tasks, the preparing of a list of "best books." The words of an English author recur in this connection. They were to the effect that such a list of books is a pretty silly thing for any one to set before himself, for the reason that a man who really cares for books will read them

all, while the man who doesn't care for them is not likely to be helped by the list. With such good authority to serve as text (it is my impression that the remark quoted was made by Mr. Andrew Lang) I dare venture the opinion that an ignorant but ambitious person would be likely to get far more real good from the informal reading of the books that make a sincere appeal to him—even if the list ran from such extremes as Milton to Clifton Bingham—than from the uninspired and painstaking perusal of a set of "The World's so many Best Books."

Dr. Eliot's list has this much in its favour—it is original in having omitted from its numbers both the Bible and Shakespeare. The explanation of this, as given by the compiler of the list, is that every one has read these two works. This is an optimistic idea rather than a convincing one. Most of us must know one or two intelligent and not entirely uneducated people who cannot claim close acquaintance with either. Very likely these people keep their ignorance along biblical and Shakespearean lines to themselves. If, however, the question "Have you ever read the Bible and Shakespeare's plays through?" were to be embodied into the list of questions which the census-man asks his fellow-citizens, I fancy many a negative answer would come from unexpected sources. It is scarcely fair, therefore, to leave out these works on such a plea. The list is intended for those who have left unread those books which they ought to have read, and its compiler should surely not take for granted the slightest literary virtue on the part of any literary sinner he intends to help.

The books in the list are, by the way, to be issued, I understand, in a uniform set to be called probably the Harvard Library.

I recently mentioned, speaking in one of these letters about American magazines and the seriousness with which we over here take serial publication made in their pages, a novel called "The Inner Shrine" as having appeared anonymously in *Harper's* and having been the cause of much speculation. We do things generously in America, even when it comes to a question of mere guessing, and I understand we have already determined definitely that at least thirty-four people wrote the book. Various papers and individuals have their candidates, whom they support vigorously. The most telling attitude, however, is that of the many persons who say "Yes, of course, I happen to be in the secret, but naturally can't say anything definite at present."

Miss Mildred Howells, as it happens, is thirty-fourth in the list. She is a daughter of William Dean Howells, our venerable and still active novelist. Mr. Howells wrote me lately from his country home at Kittery Point, Maine, where he has now gone for the summer, that the latest project in connection with his work is for the publication of his books in "a library edition, as complete as may be." Were this edition to be absolutely complete it would make a small library in itself, for Mr. Howells has written a huge number of books and has, I believe, at least sixty-seven titles to his credit, not including the new volume of verse, "The Mother and the Father," out this year.

Hawthorne is one of the few American writers who seem to have a real reputation in England, and those English travellers in the States who spend more than the usual week in America should make a point of visiting Salem in Massachusetts, which, beyond being probably

the most picturesque little town in the States, is full of relics of Hawthorne. These relics consist both of buildings and objects connected with Hawthorne's material life, and of things and places which figured in his imaginary life and come into his stories. Of these latter the original House of the Seven Gables is an example. This house was built in early colonial times, and till forty years or so ago bore the seven gables immortalised by Hawthorne. Then it was modernised and the gables shaved ruthlessly away. I am reminded of this house at which, in contemplative childhood, I often stared while sucking the toffy of the district, called either "Salem Rock" or "Gibralters," by the fact of its recently reported sale for use as a place for Settlement work.

The book reviewer's lot is not usually a very exciting one. Once in a dozen lifetimes, to be sure, a critic stumbles, unprepared, on a Meredith or a Browning and has the sense to realise the encounter. Usually he opens

with bored hands a parcel containing two average novels, telling the oft-told story in the oft-repeated way, a volume of medium dull reminiscences with such customary variegated anecdotes as suit the subject, and a dull serious book or two.

The other day, however, New York reviewers had a mild critical adventure. A book by Captain Mahan, the naval expert of international repute, came to hand. "One of those sea-books," said the reviewers as they took it up, and hoped they had not forgotten the difference between a mizzen-mast and a bowsprit.

It needs little imagination to picture their astonishment when the work on examination turned out to be, not a naval treatise, but a work on religion called "The Harvest Within." As one of the critics remarked—conversationally, not editorially—"There is, of course, no reason why a naval expert should not write a book about religion, but it is upsetting!"

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1 to September 1, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

QUILLER-ROUCH, A. T. —True Tilda. 6s.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

CLAY, BERTHA M. —The Ironmaster's Daughter. 6d.
DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY —The Shoulder Knot. Frontispiece in colours. 6s.
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WEYMAN, STANLEY. —From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. 1s.

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WORKMAN, W. P., M.A., B.Sc., and A. G. CRACKNELL, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.P. —The School Geometry, Parts I. and II. Adapted from Geometry, Theoretical and Practical, Parts I. and II., by the same authors.
Ovid's "Metamorphoses" III., lines 1-250, 511-713, for University of Wales Matriculation, 1910. Edited by W. P. Steen, M.A., and A. J. F. Collins, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Edited by A. R. Weekes, B.A. 2s.

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HILL, G. F. —Historic Roman Coins. 10s. 6d. net.
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The Gaffer's Calendar (1910). 14 coloured illustrations. 1s. net.
Ouseley's Magazine, No. 1.

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"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE. We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best expression of patriotism from English literature—in verse of not more than twelve lines, or in prose of not more than a hundred words.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to MISS ROBINSON, of Glengall, Romford, for the following:

THE POWERS OF MISCHIEF. BY SIR W. MAGNAY.

"Small boys
In long duffle jackets, and short corduroys."
Ingoldsby Legends (Languedoc).

We also select for printing:

THE COMING OF THE CHILD. By J. C. TODD.
(A. H. Stockwell.)

Mine cracious! mine cracious! shust look here and see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can be!
Der beoples all dunk dot no brains I had got!
Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vash't pecause I trinks lager und vme."
Id vas all on agcount of dot baby off mine."

C. F. ADAMS, *Dot Baby off Mine*.

(Isabelle Swinscow, 2, Culverden Gardens,
Tunbridge Wells.)

EMPIRE BUILDING (p. 180).

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!"
THOMAS HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray*.

(Sybil Murray, Norton, Walton, Yorkshire.)

CUPID AND COMMONSENSE. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.
Doant thou mavin for munny, but goa wheer munny is!"
TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer*.

(Miss M. E. Bramley, Stocksbridge, nr. Sheffield.)

THE WOODEN HORSE. BY GEORGE WALPOLE.
"And thereby hangs a tale."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. I. sc. iv.

(Maud Horton, Redcliffe, Blenheim Road, Moseley,
Birmingham.)

ATTAINMENT. BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

"Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man."
KIPLING, *Troopin' (Barrack-Room Ballads)*.

(Richard O'Neill, 92, Berners Street, Ipswich.)

II.—It has been difficult to make this award. Several competitors have sent only one passage instead of three, and perhaps none have sent passages that are quite so obscure as are discoverable, but much the best examples submitted are those from MISS EVELYN M. ABBOTT, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire, and the prize of THREE NEW NOVELS is awarded to her for the following :

- (1) "If June be retulgent
With flowers in completeness,
All petals, no prickles,
Delicious as trickles
Of wine poured at mass-time,
And choose One indulgent
To redness and sweetness :
Or if with experience of man and of spider,
She use my June lightning, the strong insect-ridder
To stop the fresh spinning—why, June will consider."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Another Way of Love*.
- (2) "Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this Curse,
Ill deeds,—then be thou damned, beholding good :
Both infinite as is the universe,
And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude."
SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*.
- (3) "If to search deep the universe
Must pierce the searcher with the curse,
Because that bolt (in man's reverse),
"Was shot to the heart of the wood, and lies
Wedged deepest in the best!—if eyes
That look for visions and surprise
"From marshalled angels, must shut down
Their lids, first upon sun and moon,
The head asleep upon a stone, —
"What say ye unto this?"
E. B. BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets*.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to F. G. HARDEMAN, Newcastle, Staffordshire, for the following :

NAPOLÉON'S MARSHALS. BY R. P. DUNN-PATTISON.
(Methuen.)

Of "Napoleon" literature we can never weary—the spell of "the little Corporal" still endures. We have here, written with just discrimination, twenty-six miniature biographies of those remarkable men who were the instruments and sharers of Napoleon's triumphs. Alexander's generals, Charlemagne's paladins, pale before this brilliant band. Enthralled, we read once more of brave unfortunate Ney; of Murat, vain, picturesque, adored of women; of wily, corrupt Masséna, "spoilt child of victory"; of double-dealing Bernadotte; of Lannes, honest Republican to the last. But their mighty leader dominates their story, as he dominated them and the world a hundred years ago.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are :

BROTHERS ALL. BY MAARTEN MAARTENS. (Methuen.)

There are very few masters of the short story in England, and Mr. Maarten Maartens may lay claim to a place among these few. It is true that these short sketches have little plot, but they have the almost rarer attribute of lifelike character-painting combined with bright and natural dialogue. Though the stories are full of humour, they are never frivolous, and, even in the slightest of them, the seriousness which must come to every true observer of life is never absent. They are true pictures of real people and never degenerate into caricature.

(Jean Aitken, 59, Morningside Road, Edinburgh.)

BARBARY SHEEP. BY ROBERT HICHENS. (Methuen.)

"Barbary Sheep" is remarkable for its representation of the influence of scenery upon certain temperaments. The fascination of the Arab over the Western woman could only be realised when she was influenced by the desert weirdness. The Arab is the living embodiment of the fascinating scenery; yet he creates two contrasting emotions. Only those who feel a part of Kitty's longing towards the mystery of the unknown can realise the spell of the Arab. Others only feel extreme

repugnance towards him throughout. Whatever resentment is felt towards the other characters, Crumpey, the typical solid Englishman, cannot fail to attract.

(Bertha Silkstone, 73, Berw Road, Pontypridd.)

MR. OPP. BY ALICE HEGAN RICE. (Hodder.)

"Nothing succeeds like success." Particularly does this apply to the hero of a favourite novel or play—success is demanded as a *sine qua non* of the reader's admiration and respect. Yet Mr. Opp has succeeded in capturing both, albeit he is one of the world's Failures. Alice Hegan Rice, with the delicate tenderness of insight, reveals this man to us, his ideals, his great heart, his child-like honesty, the beauty of his love for his imbecile sister; and triumphantly sweeps the reader into the uncomfortable reflection that worldly wisdom is perhaps, after all, the fly in the ointment.

(Miss D. G. Morse, All Saints' Green, Norwich.)

CRIMINAL TYPES IN SHAKESPEARE. BY AUGUST GOLL.
Translated from the Danish by Mrs. WEEKES. (Methuen.)

Our Danish author is a magistrate, and doubtless has experience of criminal types. His style is vigorous and interesting. But one thing strikes us as curious, the placing amongst these Shakespearean criminals Brutus, who, says Mr. Goll, "is, in spite of all, a murderer." Yet he allows him to be an idealist; and the common criminal type is surely not the idealist! Did Shakespeare intend to represent Brutus as a criminal? He has no more beautiful character in his plays; and it would still appear that the killing of Caesar was solely in accordance with what he deemed his duty.

(Emily Shore, Roslyn, Park Road, Worthing.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews of M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), John Hood (Ayr), Chas. Smith (Bootle), Constance Ursula Kerr (Darleton), Mrs. A. R. Rose-Soley (London, S.W.), Mrs. Harvie Anderson (Glasgow), Isaac Jackson (Manchester), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Muriel Gibbs (Penzance), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), H. W. Lee (Cambridge), Miss M. M. Edgar (Edinburgh), Alice M. Page (Sleights, Yorks), Miss J. Pearson (Halifax), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss M. A. Pressly-Smith (Oban, N.B.), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), Martin K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood), E. A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), and L. Welby (Shanklin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to JOHN HARDY, Casilla, 151, Valparaiso, Chile.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,

"Bookman" Office,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE
AUGUST, 1909.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. OLIVER ONIONS.

MR. OLIVER ONIONS, who dislikes pseudonyms, and whose name was his father's before him, was born in the North Country some thirty-six years ago. Why exactly he became a writer it would be difficult to decide, and it was the purest chance that started him actually upon the road. In the beginning, and by inclination, he sought to become an artist in black and white. He could never, by instinct, be otherwise than an artist, but without having seen his drawings one can feel sure that his second choice of a means of expression was the right choice. "Art's a rum job," Turner once declared, a remark that Mr. Onions himself is fond of quoting. It is curious that such very remarkable talents for authorship should have lain fallow and unsuspected for years, their possessor striving the while after the fugitive and rather limited immortality awaiting the "gleever fellows," as Mr. Schulda would call them, who manage to hit upon a method of decorating bristol board to the public taste. Writing books, even not very good ones, is better fun than illustrating them, and Mr. Onions's books are very good indeed.

At seventeen or so Mr. Onions shut up his school books and left Bradford Grammar School with the avowed intention of embracing Art. It was at the National Art Training Schools of South Kensington, afterwards the Royal School of Art, that he set about doing this. Even as his Bradford school-days had afforded him the material for his description of the "Burlborough" of "Little Devil Doubt," with its variously graded board and secondary schools, and other educational phenomena of the provincial 'eighties, so do his pictures of the Royal School of Art bring vividly before us again the grotesque pageant of the Movements: Beardsley, Japanese Prints, the Birmingham Movement, "which shared the advantage of the Monet method of painting—it made it Awfully Easy"; and the cults of *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus*. Beholding all these, George Mildmay, who was, if nothing else,

a person of intelligence, found comfort in the words, above quoted, of our greatest modern painter.

There is much that is autobiographical in the story of Mr. George Mildmay. It fell to Mr. Onions's own lot, at twenty-two, to shake off the dust of the Royal School of Art from his feet, and straightway, portfolio-armed, to set about the invasion of Fleet Street. Three years of a rather up and down life landed him in the

illustration department of a popular pictorial weekly, now defunct. He received the official rank of war artist, for those were the days when London cars ached under the perpetual tyranny of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and when Mrs. Binks of Borneo was patriotic "*jusqu'à la mode des dessus*." Mr. Onions then, at his desk in Fleet Street, depicted realistic encounters on veldt and kopje; indeed the "smoke-rings" with which he has credited Wriottesley, George Mildmay's ingenious assistant in the illustration department at Battye & Battye's, may have procured encomiums for himself from the authorities. Mr. Onions will have his joke.

It was about this time that Mr. Onions sat down and wrote, with no particular intention and certainly

without any firm conviction of a call to Literature, a series of short sketches. He showed them to a friend, an American journalist, to whom his first book is dedicated. "I can sell these for you," said the friend, and did so. "The Compleat Bachelor," No. 1, came out in the *Sketch*, and was followed by the rest of that series of light and witty little papers, wherein Rollo Butterfield, the confirmed bachelor, his gentle and unsophisticated sister Caroline, Arthur Bassishaw, the good-looking, rather empty-headed but very straightforward young lieutenant, the fascinating Mrs. Loring, whose weakness was match-making, Millicent Dixon, the ideal spinster, and other minor characters, move, chatter, and make love with a vividness, animation, and grace infinitely refreshing to the reader wearied to tedium by the usual romances and *causeries* of our

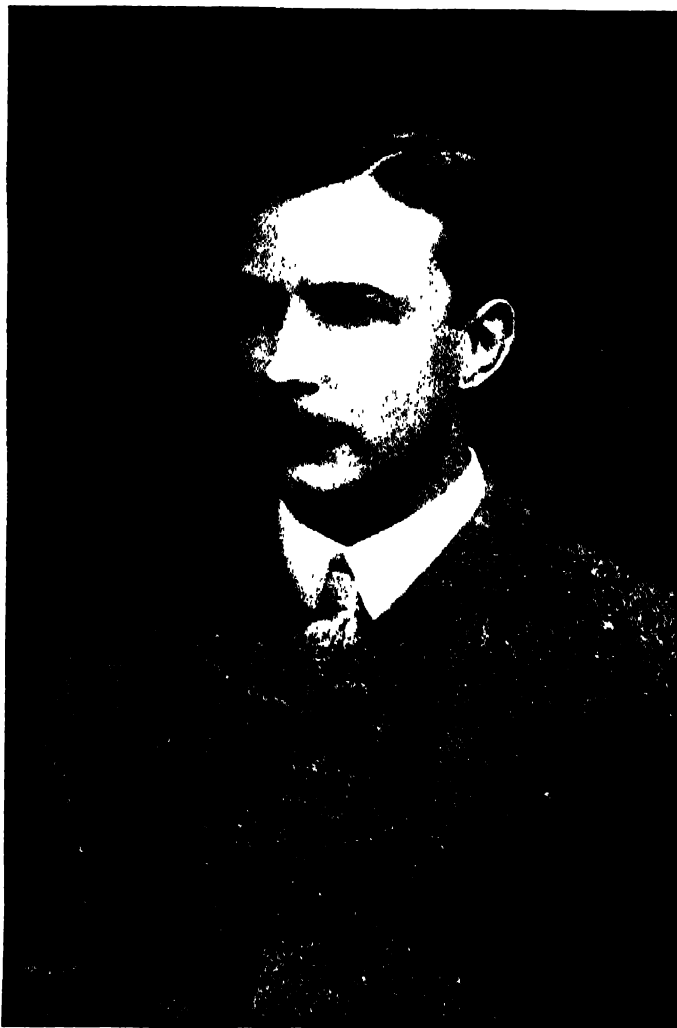


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Oliver Onions.

lighter magazines. "The Compleat Bachelor" papers were a complete success, repeated when Mr. Murray published them as a book. That was Mr. Onions's first book, and it came out nine years ago, to be followed in 1902 by "Tales from a Far Riding." As can be gathered, it was to his native county that Mr. Onions went for inspiration in this case, as he has done in further books, "The Back o' the Moon," "The Drakestone," and the earlier part of "Little Devil Doubt." There is a power, a grip, and a finish about these Yorkshire stories that stamp them with a quality all their own. Rustic life and manners of the North Country, from Georgian times to our own, have had other interpreters, but none better equipped or more effective. There is a touch of grimness in all of them, or nearly all, of horror in some, but all are works of art. It is unusual, too, to meet with an English author who can produce a satisfactory story of twenty thousand words or so. The thing is done often enough, and well enough, in France, but qualified exponents of the *conte* are all too few among our own writers. One reads "The Last Gate," "The Mavstang," and "The Hunting-towers," and registers a mental note to read them again. These "Tales from a Far Riding," published in 1902, were followed the year after by a departure. Still with Murray, there appeared "The Odd Job Man," a clever and unusual study of literary and artistic life in London, of Bohemia with the tragedy left in. One might note that it is generally cut out in novels. Percival Oddy, an artist of possible but not proved merit, has gone to the dogs. He meets a woman who takes an interest in him, and he works out his redemption. It means a battle of years for him, but he does it, and the sequel is not the obvious one. One can trace resemblances between certain scenes and characters of this novel and others in "Little Devil Doubt." Reggie Pardoe is Dick Keppel again, there are the same newspaper-men, Mr. Schulda is reminiscent of the old restaurant-keeper, and Hetty Bostock is very nearly Joe Tyers. The same spirit of cynicism upholds Cayley that maintained George Mildmay; both are in the employ of a power whose works are evil. Both

help to forward the downfall of their masters by rendering their productions even more rotten and corrupt, till evil shall destroy itself. Cayley, for instance, comes upon a single truth in an article composed mostly of lies, and perverts it; if he finds an infinitive that is not split, he splits it, and puts the blame, in both cases, on the proof-reader. George punctures the pupils of the villain on the card bearing a design for "The Living Eyes," and achieves an effect that has never been equalled, for sensation, in the office. Also he suggests to the editors of "The Nonsuch Novels" ever wilder and wilder schemes of advertising, culminating in the "Hundred Pounds and a Husband" offer, all of which suggestions are acted on with delight. But such resemblances are nothing to cavil at. Any man is at liberty to improve one of his own ideas at any time, if it occurs to him to do so, and he so thinks fit.

The second and third volumes of Yorkshire stories, "The Back o' the Moon" and "The Drakestone," were issued by Hurst & Blackett in 1906, and there follows "Little Devil Doubt," published this year by Mr. John Murray, which was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, and has already been drawn upon in this article. A children's book, "Admiral Eddy," found an immediate public, and voices of reviewers were heard warning Mr. Barrie to look to his laurels as arch-fabricator of charming make-believe.

Personal preference and the inducements of his publishers incline Mr. Onions to a continuance of novel-writing, though his shorter stories, familiar to readers of *Country Life* and other of the magazines, have brought him many admirers. A little reviewing he has done, but he was never a journalist. To any reader of his last book it will be obvious that Mr. Onions should admire the writings of such a one as H. G. Wells, and the fact, for he has declared it, that he does not care much for Mr. W. B. Yeats, is almost atoned for by his very whole-hearted devotion to the work of Turguenev and Conrad. Also, though he has many bugbears cheap education is the biggest of them.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY WALTER JERROLD.

"This time, three geniuses, At! to grace her favourite city:
The first, a bard; the second, wise; the third, supremely witty.
So said, so done; the three in one she wrapped, and stuck the label:
Poet, Professor, Autocrat of Wit's own Breakfast-Table"

ONE of Oliver Wendell Holmes's compatriots, addressing him in compliment-wise just thirty years ago, imagined Nature in her workshop receiving from Miss Columbia the order indicated in the first of the above couplets; in the second he showed how the order was met. In the three volumes of his prandial talks I use the word as the nearest equivalent, for we have it on De Quincey's authority that the Romans knew not breakfast—we have Holmes but in one aspect, that of the versatile writer gifted with poetic fancy, rich humour, and an optimistic philosophy. It is as such that he lives and will live. It has to be remembered, however, that he was firstly a medical practitioner and then for thirty-five years a University professor, during part of which time, as he put it, he "paid some attention" to literature. Narrow is the fame of the doctor or professor compared with that of the man of letters, and four years after resigning his professorship, Holmes wrote that he was "no longer known chiefly as a teacher or practitioner"; now—except to those who sat under him at Harvard—he may be said to be known not at all in these capacities. It is nearly sixteen years since he died, and if his work has fallen a little into the background, it is that which almost inevitably happens in the case of the most popular of writers. When it is a matter of mere popularity, brought about by more or less adventitious circumstances, the neglect into which an author's work falls after his death meets with no reaction; but where popularity has been accorded to true literary excellence the neglect or comparative neglect—for it is rarely more than that—is as a rule followed by a reaction, and the work becomes classic. The best work of Oliver Wendell Holmes may be said to be following that rule.

As to what is the best part of Holmes's work, there is little likely to be much disagreement. For the

majority of readers he is the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" (using that title as comprehending the three books associated with the matutinal meal) and writer of humorous verse; for a smaller circle he is also a tender and delicate poet and a novelist; and for a still smaller circle he is the man of medicine. Of the eleven volumes of his collected writings the medical essays form one a volume which is probably but little read. Yet it may be recalled that as "doctor Holmes has been credited with having established

beyond doubt the infectiousness of puerperal fever, and it may be said that anti-homœopathists will find in his essay on "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions" a serviceable battery of arguments and illustrations. It is of Holmes the poet, the "Autocrat," the novelist, that we think chiefly now in this hundredth year since his birth.

It was on August 29, 1809, that Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in the then village of Cambridge in Massachusetts—a village that within a decade became the birthplace of another poet, James Russell Lowell. From several local schools he proceeded to Harvard and from Harvard to Paris, where he studied medicine, returning to Harvard to take his degree in 1836, in which year he published

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

His still the keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth, and tenderness
To heal the slightest wound from it."
Whittier's "Our Autocrat"

the first collection of his poems. His father was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, "a clergyman who taught the old-fashioned Calvinism, with all its horrors, and yet apart from his religious creed was a gentleman of humanity and cultivation." In the poet's biography is given the facsimile of a page from an almanac for 1809, in which the Rev. Abiel Holmes has written "son b." It is a curious fact which has escaped comment that the almanac-maker had put weather forecasts against various dates, for instance running from August 1 to 5 we have "Flying clouds with signs of rain," then against the 29th is the one word "Pleasant," surely the most



significant word which could have been put against the natal day of a man who, as it was happily summed up :

"Lived to show that wit may be
Divinely kind, divinely wise ;
That looking on earth's misery,
The clearest are the kindest eyes."

Those lines by the late H. C. Bunner—an American writer who died all too early—sum up the "pleasantness" of Holmes, a man informed with kindness even when he took in hand the pen of the satirist. It has, indeed, been suggested that the writer carried into his work over-much of that suavity which is no unimportant part of a doctor's equipment, but the objection must be that of one who has little idea of all the strength that may lie behind the gentleness.

"I was just going to say when I was interrupted"—such is the abrupt beginning of the series of monthly articles which became that volume brimful of wit and humour, philosophy and fancy, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"; the first of a series of works which may be regarded as starting a new genre in literature. It is something of the essayist, something of the raconteur, something of the table-talker, that we get in this wonderful "breakfast-table" trio, and the whole is informed with that pleasant egotism which delights, but never bores the listener. It is difficult to sum up in a few words the sunny graciousness of the whole, the effect which it leaves on the reader, at once of culture and catholicity, of sweetness and light. We may like one of the three volumes more than the others, may affect to prefer the greater spon-

HEVERLY FARMS, MASS.

1893.

Dear

Yours of the is received. I can do little more than acknowledge the reception of the very numerous communications which come to me from unknown friends, near and distant, many of them containing requests to which I cannot conveniently pay the desired attention.

Regretting that I find my time, my eyes, and my hand overtaxed by an ever increasing correspondence, I am
Yours very truly,

Form of acknowledgment used by Oliver Wendell Holmes in replying to applicants for his autograph.

Kindly lent by Mr. Walter Jerrold.

taneity of the "Autocrat" to the deeper thought of the "Professor" or the "Poet," yet essentially the three are one. In each part of this whole we find the same kindly wisdom, now playing about the foibles of men, now touching the highest and deepest themes, but always expressed with a clearness that makes its appeal even to those who like to run (not skip) as they read. The method in which he elected to express himself was that of the talker, a method which, as he recognised, lent itself so well to playing round a subject, illuminating it by hints and flashes. As he put it :

"Spoken language is so plastic— you can pat the wax, and spread, and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modelling— Out of it come the shapes



Oliver Wendell Holmes's House at Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind or miss it;—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."

There is a world of humour in that "if it is within reach." In the talk of these three volumes—four if we include the "Over the Teacups" of 1890—while affecting to speak to the circle about the table he was consciously addressing a far wider audience, but he never forgot the self-imposed character of the talker. He might be the "autocrat," but, as talk about a dinner-table (to mention the meal usually associated with conversation since Time put a period to the breakfast-parties of Rogers and of Milnes) should be general and on a variety of subjects, so he passes lightly from theme to theme and from time to time indicates the fact that his table-fellows have had something to say; never allowing his talk to become a Coleridgean monologue or giving the impression of a Macaulay-like monopoly.

A poet, a doctor, and man of culture, Holmes was also a sample of the best of New England humanity at a peculiarly interesting period of America's intellectual life. His best work was achieved at a time when English literature was being enriched in America by the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, Longfellow, Whittier,



Photo by W. Notman, Montreal.
Kindly lent by Mr. Walter Jerrold.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Hawthorne, and Lowell, when indeed the American branch of English literature had almost at once as it were passed from the amateur to the classic—Contemporary of that distinguished band,

Boston, Sept. 18th 1893.

My dear Mr. Jerrold,

Your grandfather's
giganda would have read
no introduction & no...

Most the pleasure of a visit from
you.

As to your suggestions about making
use of some of my poems I shall
have to refer you to my Publishers
Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of
No 4 Park St. Whom they want
to I always agree with.

The best photograph of me

is one taken less than two years
ago by the Stollman Company. If you
have occasion for it stay with me until
they do not I will.

I write in haste; not being yet
returned to Boston, though I am coming
in a few days. I will try to obtain
you in any way I can and my Publishers
will doubtless they can feel sure to
help you in any, tractate any

Very truly yours

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I send you of my kindest regards
to show you how kind I find my correspondence

**The Poor Relation.**

"The economically organised female in black bombazine."

**The Old Gentleman Opposite.**

"The old gentleman who sits opposite . . . snifled audibly, and said I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him."

**The Landlady's Daughter.**

"77 to 4. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Camen pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says 'Yes' when you tell her anything."

Holmes outlived them all, and now there are perhaps ways in which it may be said, as it was said by Mary Russell Mitford nearly sixty years ago, that he is the most distinctively national of them all. The test of reprinting indicates indeed that of the nine authors named he remains in point of popularity, after Longfellow, the one most read in England. Taking them as represented each by his best-known work, we find that while there are nineteen current editions of Longfellow's "Poems," there are eighteen of Holmes's "Autocrat," while Emerson ("Essays") and Hawthorne ("The Scarlet Letter") are bracketed together in the third place with sixteen each. Holmes,

then, it may be taken for granted, is still read, his happy philosophy, his irradiating humour, retain their power of pleasing. His essays—to use a term which does not exactly fit, but is perhaps the most convenient label—and some of his poems are little likely to fall into neglect, for it was given to him in a peculiar degree to combine the entertaining with the didactic though surely didacticism was never delivered by autocrat more urbane. If he carried into his essays and his verses something of the professor's habit of inculcating useful knowledge, he did not (to employ the time-honoured illustration) make us take the powder by hiding it in jam, but he made the powder

**The Deacon.**

"It was on the terrible earthquake-day, That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay."

**The Young Fellow called John.**

"He can wink and laugh with either half of his face without the other half's knowing it."

**The Port-Chuck.**

"Hullo, you-sir, joo know th' wuz gôn'to be a race to-morra?"
 "No. Who's gôn'to run, 'n' wher's't gôn'to be?"
 "Squire Mycall 'n' Doctor Williams, round the brim o' your hat."



Benjamin Franklin.

'Our landlady's youngest is called Benjamin Franklin.'

Illustration from the First Edition of
"The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"

Such is the illustration given simply in the "Autocrat" of the three distinct personalities subtly imagined as being in each of the two persons taking part in dialogue. The "three Johns" have come to be a familiar allusion. Holmes was, it has been said, a teacher, a writer who had nearly always a "purpose" in his writing, but he was such ever in a friendly fashion, never in a pedantic. To read him as dispenser of wit and wisdom over the breakfast-table is to be at once entertained and elevated, to get a freshened and wholesome outlook on life and its problems.

If, however, it is as matutinal mentor with a keen sense of humour and a lively desire to amuse that Oliver Wendell Holmes is likely to be longest remembered, he is also a poet, at his best, of rare gifts. And even in his lighter pieces and his *vers d'occasion*, he showed a readiness of fancy and a felicity of phrasing by no means common. "The Chambered Nautilus" may be regarded as having taken its place among that handful of dainty delights, our choicest lyrics. Again and again he so moves us that "when the reader's eyes are brimming with tears, he knows not whether they have their source in sorrow or in laughter." But though, as he recognised, a large proportion of his readers—"two fifths at least, if not the total half"—were ever on the *qui vive* for laughter, and though he was ready enough to respond with giving them occasion for that healthful exercise, he is not to be classed as a "funny man." He was a great humorist, and the great humorist is always one of deep and sincere feeling. "Still waters run deep" is a favourite saying with those who would excuse their want of animation by hinting at their depth. Of the fact that deep waters do not always advertise their depth by their stillness every famous humorist is an illustration. But if much of Holmes's poetry is marked by the play of light upon the surface, if some of it is mere fun, there is also much of deep feeling, of keen insight, and

of that which may have been "oft thought before but ne'er so well expressed." How admirably, to allow myself the pleasure of a single quotation where many might be given, has he summed up "Our Limitations":

"We trust and fear, we question and believe,
From life's dark threads a trembling faith to weave,
Frail as the web that misty night has spun,
Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the sun.
While the calm centuries spell their lessons out,
Each truth we conquer spreads the realm of doubt;
When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's throne,
The chosen Prophet knew His voice alone;
When Pilate's hall that awful question heard,
The Heavenly Captive answered not a word.

"Eternal Truth! beyond our hopes and fears
Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres!
From age to age, while History carves sublime
On her waste rock the flaming curves of time,
How the wild swayings of our planet show
That worlds unseen surround the world we know."

Each of the manifestations of the genius of Holmes would provide ample materials for a separate essay, and though as novelist he cannot be said to have touched high success, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" are interesting stories, full of humour and of character-observation, their chief attraction lying, however, in the presentation of physiological and psychological problems concerning ante-natal influences on living people.

As "autocrat," poet, or novelist, there is in Holmes a sanity and a vigour inspired by imagination and, in its rendering on the printed page, often sparkling with humour, such as make him always a companionable and cheering writer. He has tonic qualities, and it is impossible to read much of his work, prose or poetry, without feeling the brighter and the better for it—brighter in spirit and therefore better able to go on with the day's work.



The Schoolmistress.

"Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly . . . I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love."

Illustration from the First Edition of
"The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

PATHOLOGY AND POETRY.

BY STEPHEN PAGET.

IT is an old fact, that the sciences have a bad effect on literature ; and the medical sciences, here, are the worst offenders. If the doctor would write memorable poetry, he must forget, and make us forget, that he is a doctor. He must pretend that he knows nothing of the workings of the body. To him, a blush and a tear and a disease must appear as inexplicable surprises, wholly strange and past finding out. Till he is free and quit of his medical self, he cannot say the right thing about the blush of innocence, for he knows how it is done ; neither can he describe the starting tear, for he knows where it starts ; neither can he put in poetry a disease, if his mind still runs on germs and temperature-charts. Homer, in two words and no more, described Penelope laughing through her tears, and crying for sheer happiness : Virgil, in two words, *lacrymæ rerum*, raised the act of crying to the dignity of a cosmic process. They neither knew, nor cared, how it was done : and, to be able to write poetry about a woman crying, a man must forget her lacrymal glands. Above all, he must get right away from that mass of observations which is called Psychology ; must understand his fellow-men as Horace and Shakespeare understood them, as types, not as specimens.

It is waste of time, therefore, and worse, to be looking in Holmes's poems for evidence that he was a doctor : it is looking for what ought not to be there : it is less criticism than gossip. We take his poetry for its own sake, as the work in play hours of a busy man who was exceptionally lovable, sociable, and equable. He went through a long happy, quiet, healthy life, giving and taking sunshine. His poetry is affectionate, not passionate ; clear, not profound. He would have written a good comedy, a bad tragedy. He is hardly to be called a major poet : his religious poetry is far below Newman, his social poetry below Pope, his romantic poetry below Stevenson. It is easy, for a man sitting here at one end of a pen, to write in this way of Holmes's poems ; it is better, and no less easy,

to be thankful for a goodly store of pure, clean-cut, honourable thoughts, put in graceful and harmonious verse. Only, from time to time, comes the wish that he had gone up a little higher, down a little deeper ; had ventured to say more of the sunless aspect of life. Hood, for example, who played with poetry as a baby plays with a rattle, and punned incessantly, yet wrote "I remember, I remember" and "The Song of the Shirt," and the "One more unfortunate." Kingsley, whose poetry was often third-rate, yet gave us a handful of poems that will not soon die. For these two men had this elemental advantage, that they felt, keenly and furiously, hardship. "Poor Tom Hood" learned to strike finer poetry out of trouble than Holmes ever got out of happiness. Kingsley was obsessed by the vision of poverty, sweated labour, filthy slums ; and out of this obsession he wrote "The Poacher's Widow," one of the finest ballads in our language. Holmes would have been a better poet for a touch of the scourge. He is too content. Put his gaiety side by side with Stevenson : we delight in the gaiety of Stevenson, and of Lamb, because it comes off trouble, like spray off a wave against a rock. Holmes's gaiety is like the froth off a glass of champagne ; but very good champagne. He was one of those well-behaved children of Nature who go through the school of life without a flogging.

Nature was quietly fond of him, and he of her : and there they stopped. She never told him what was at the back of her mind ; and he never asked. He is Mendelssohn among poets, not Beethoven : one of the many Mendelssohns (Heaven be praised for each of them) who bring, for our discords, melody, and for our restlessness, peace.

So gentle and so pleasant are his poetical writings, so wide in their sympathy, so free from all professionalism, save for occasional dear little jokes about flies in stethoscopes and the like, that the world never associates his name with pathology. Yet he who wrote, in later years, that beautiful poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," wrote also, in 1842, and



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

published in 1843, a memorable essay on the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever. A full history of this essay was published, three years ago, by the late Dr. Cullingworth, a man eminent in his profession, and dear to a legion of friends. ("Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." By Charles J. Cullingworth, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Glazier, 1906.) Holmes was not the first doctor who called attention to the dreadful manner in which the disease was transmitted from case to case. Alike in this country and in the United States, the truth had been told, again and again, by this or that doctor, at this or that meeting of a Medical Society, enforced by lists and instances which one reads with horror, and with dread that seventy years hence people will be looking with equal horror at what we now call modern medicine and modern surgery. This dread may be put aside; the work of the last thirty years will not be forgotten in the work of the next seventy; but the man of science and the man of practice have still a way of saying to themselves

"It makes me mad, to see what men shall do
And we in our graves"

Anyhow, in 1842, though the truth about puerperal fever was in the air, there it remained, and had not come down to earth. Semmelweis, in 1842, had not yet taken his degree; and his first observations on the cause of the disease were not published till 1847-8. When he did publish them, a storm began to rise of prejudice and of opposition, which drove him out of his professorship, and at last out of his mind. He could not make himself heard, in Vienna, for the violence of the storm. In the United States, it does not appear that Holmes came near sharing the fate of Semmelweis.

The medical journal, says Dr. Cullingworth, in which the essay was published, "had only a very restricted circulation, and died a natural death when it was but a year old. Thus the essay was practically buried; and, until its reissue with additions in 1855, cannot, as the author himself says, be held to have been brought fully before the profession."

It was reissued because, ten or more years after its first appearance, two professors, having authority in two of the chief medical schools in America, declared, *urbi et orbi*, the old pernicious false doctrine of the "non contagiousness of puerperal fever." One of them, indeed, went out of his way to be not only dangerous as a false teacher, but offensive to Holmes. It is enough, to judge his teaching by one phrase: "I prefer to attribute them (the outbreaks of the disease) to accident, or Providence, of which I can form a conception, rather than to a contagion of which I cannot form any clear idea, at least as to this particular malady." The good rule, that pathological facts and instances are not suitable for "general reading," forbids here any long quotations from this essay of Holmes; but every page of Dr. Cullingworth's book is worthy of study. It reveals Holmes at a great height of passion, denouncing judgment, calling God and man to witness: Holmes, as Dr. Cullingworth says, in the spirit of one of the Hebrew prophets, with more exalted anger, with profounder pity, than we find either in his poems or in his familiar prose. "No man makes a quarrel with me over the counterpane that covers a mother, with her new born infant at her breast. There is no epithet in the vocabulary of slight and sarcasm that can reach my personal sensibilities in such a controversy. . . . There is no quarrel here between men,



Mr. Clement Shorter

With the pleasant remembrance

and best wishes of

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston, May 16th 1893.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

*And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.*
1891. 1893

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston May 12th 1893

Written for Mr. Clement Shorter

Inscribed in one of Holmes's books. From the library of Mr. Clement Shorter.

but there is deadly incompatibility and exterminating warfare between doctrines. . . . Let the men who mould opinions look to it. . . ." But, where he rises highest in the intensity and vehemence of his wrath, the general reader had better not go with him, for fear of particulars.

Still, there it is, waiting to be read, this old page torn out of the book of Holmes's life, this record of his furious indignation against the Scribes and Pharisees of his profession. Imagine that it had not been lost, buried in a little medical magazine which carried it to the grave of all unread medical books. Imagine it received with that welcome which was given to "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table": sold, edition after edition, hundreds of thousands of copies: read by every doctor, known to every household, quoted, translated, universally accepted and read and laid to heart. What a legion of lives it would have saved; what a heavy burden of fear and of mourning it would have lifted. Are we not within the mark if we guess that a hundred thousand copies would have saved not less than a thousand lives? And they might profitably have been sold, in that quantity, for two-pence a copy: and the truth, once proved, would never have been lost.

But he handed on this torch to other runners, and in time it came to Pasteur. Nature had other uses for Holmes: he was to be a great teacher of anatomy, and a great man of letters. He gave, year in, year out, admirable and authoritative lectures in one of the greatest of the world's medical schools. Of these thirty-five years of steady academic teaching, there are two good accounts, from men who knew him well, in the *Practitioner*, January, 1901:

"He always makes people attentive, and I have been told that there is no professor whom the students so much like to listen to. In one of his books he says that every one of us is three persons, and I think that if the statement is true in regard to ordinary men and women, Dr. Holmes is at least half a dozen persons. He lectures so well on anatomy that his students never suspect him to be a poet, and he writes verses so well that most people

do not suspect him of being an authority among scientific men. Though he illustrates his lectures by quotations of the most appropriate and interesting sort from a wonderful variety of authors, he has never been known to refer to his own writings in that way."

"His knowledge of anatomy was that of the scholar, rather than that of the practitioner. He delighted in the old anatomists and cared little for the new. He maintained that human anatomy is much the same study that it was in the days of Vesalius and Fallopius. He actually buttonholed book agents, little accustomed to be pressed to stay, in order to put them to shame by the superiority of the illustrations in his old anatomies. It pleased him to discuss whether we should say the Gasserian or the Casserian ganglion. He said more than once that a twig from one of his nerves ran to every one of his books."

It is worse than idle to wish that Holmes had given himself not to anatomy but to pathology, that he had prepared the way, by incessant study of other infective diseases, for Pasteur. It took a thousand men, and a hundred thousand inductions, to prepare that way; and Pasteur, even so, came less as a natural result of other men's work than as a sudden gift from Heaven, to be described in those words alone which Pope wrote of Newton. To prophesy, in 1842, the coming of Pasteur, was no more possible than to prophesy, thirty years ago, the coming of wireless telegraphy

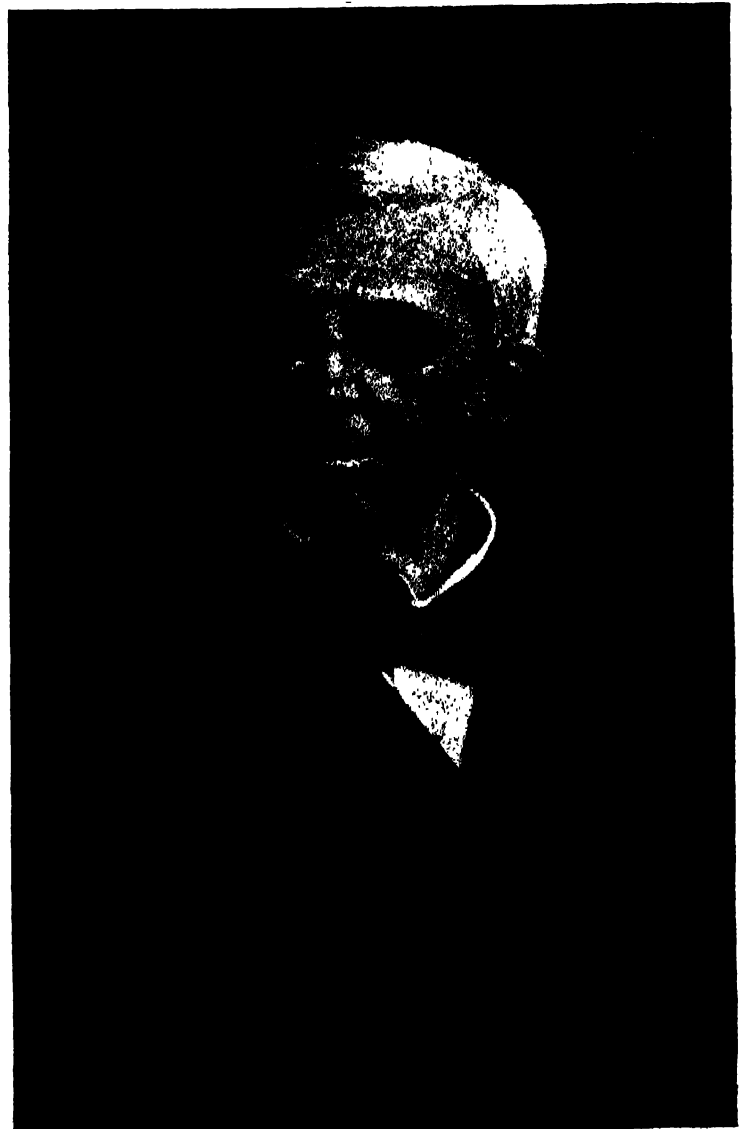


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From "Oliver Wendell Holmes: Centenary Biography." (Headley Bros.)



Hawthorne.



Whittier.

"Simultaneous with the appearance of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and perhaps arising out of it, there sprang up the Saturday Club. . . . Nothing else in Dr. Holmes' life gave him so much pleasure as did this club. . . . There is something a little tender about his disproportionate view of this



Longfellow.

gathering, but it certainly claimed among its members the most notable literary men of America — Emerson, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow — these are but a few of those who met together." From "Oliver Wendell Holmes, Centenary Biography." (Healdy Bros.)



From a drawing by Samuel W. Rowse.
Emerson.



Lowell.

SOME FRIENDS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

and of aëroplanes : and they who run about the streets of Science, crying "Lo here" and "Lo there," are most of them not to be believed. Holmes, wisely and rightly, gave his life to those works for which it was designed. There was a time, in the early years, when he seemed to be looking for that martyrdom which came to Semmelweis, but not to him. Nothing happened. He turned his mind to anatomy, and became a famous teacher, who lectured at Harvard, not in the grim Dutch fashion of Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson," but

with the air of the Renaissance, an American Vesalius. It is no wonder that he was popular with his students, he who was popular with all the world. Had he a single enemy, once the palaeolithic Dr. Meigs had been unable to fasten a quarrel on him? Was there ever a man with more friends and admirers? From every page of his books comes music; and though it be none of the deep and solemn music of tragedy, it is good wholesome times, that go pleasantly in a man's head, whatever may be his walk in life.

ST. PAUL'S CHIMES.

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

IN London's heart, the home of toil and love,
Where, round the cross, the silver-breasted dove
Is circling to the music of your chime—
Or brooding in the golden mist above
The docks and shipping and unresting river,
A little height beyond the smoke and grime
That veil the haunts of love and grief and crime—
Still, day and night, your message you deliver,
To point the record of unpausing time :
Reflecting on your dial,
For watchful man's espial,
Earth's tale of hourly movement on through space :
On, round her axis turning,
About a splendour burning,
With punctual inexorable pace :
While, daily, like some bird on slanting wing,
She holds incessantly the wondrous poise
That will secure recurrent vernal joys :
The perfume, colour, music of the Spring !—
Still drawn to him she never will embrace,
Who warms her winter into summer grace,
As if reluctant, yet persistent, goes—
Repelled and drawn—enriched with human freight,
Made glad with winged and footed fellowship
Of beast and bird, and limny ocean-deep,
And fair wild things, from holly berry to rose—
Nor out of her ellipse with random slip
Has ever fallen, nor flown with random leap
To swift destruction and abyssal fate !
Still dost thou mark unerring, how she moves
In that vast cosmic order where she proves
One influence, small and incommensurate, —
In that wide universe whereof man knows
No certain boundary, where the mystery glows
Magnetic with unseen, unknown vibrations
Of ancient stars and ever-new creations,
The infinite of endless constellations,
Which human thought can never violate.

For what are days and hours and months and years,
While seasons come and go
And lives move to and fro,
But rhythmic interwheeling of the spheres
Whose balanced flight in everlasting chase,
Which man recalls upon your homely face,
Are no true measure of his hopes and fears,
His joys divine, his agonies and tears ;

Though you, two-handed, made to measure time,
Through day and night the mystic numbers chime !
Yet man, while onward faring
Through many an age and chime
From light to darkness, back through dark to light,
With dawn forever following after night—
Will note your solemn chime
And set his clocks to rhyme
With our small earthly wheel
In that most wondrous, universal Clock,
Whereon the Source of Law has set His seal—
Through darkness, light preparing,
For life, through death, still caring,—
That timepiece none may alter or unlock
Save One Who made it.

Men may gaze and mock—
Its pendulum will rock
Through all æonian change and temporal shock,
'Mid cycling evolution,
Or sequent devolution
And starry revolution,
On to the end of time !

And when the Master shall the heavens roll
At last together, like a finished scroll,
To give us welcome at the " Marriage-feast " —
Which will the dual riddle perchance resolve
That man has ever vainly yearned to solve —
Beyond the caravanserai of earth,
With all its dream of human death and birth,
Love having slain the dragon and the beast !—
Then, if we see no more the Clock august
That shall have vanished with the starry dust
And all the bodies breathing mortal breath,
We shall not much remember it, nor care,
When hope's fruition faltering memory shrives !

Oh, then at last, when all division's over
And joy has come to every faithful lover,
While those " twice-born," beyond the reach of death,
Gaze on the Face they longed for all their lives,
All earthly love—immortal, bright or dim—
Fulfilled and found again in finding Him ;
Unless their heaven be hell because they read,
In one long answering look that will not spare,
Of strength they wasted whereof love had need,—
They will be thankful Life of time is bare !

New Books.

GRANDFATHER BULL, BY UNCLE JONATHAN.*

It is a disconcerting thing, ordinarily, to see yourself suddenly in the mirror. If your perfect double were to walk into a roomful of people in which you were present, you would probably exclaim, "Who is this bounder?" and it is possible that you might get a glimpse of one or two of those faults which are secret only to yourself. In a similar way, it is a little puzzling to be called upon suddenly to recognise and to express a verdict upon a composite portrait of "an Englishman" by an American. The three ways of taking the likeness are amusingly illustrated by the three typical weeklies. After softening down a few asperities, due to ignorance, the *Spectator* concludes that an author who can appreciate England so well must be essentially praiseworthy. The *Nation*, in the true spirit of Charles James Fox, always likes to see an Englishman chastened, and could only have wished that the author had added a little more tartare sauce to the dressing. The *Saturday* is almost bewildered at the spectacle of a Yankee writing like a gentleman and in decent English, and is half inclined to take a more sanguine view than ever before of colonial promise. That the book is entertaining no one can deny. It belongs to a rather specious type of literary exercise. But there are reasons why it has a value, peculiar to itself, beyond most of its species.

The chief reason is that but for the accident of his nationality the author is such an uncompromising Englishman. His feeling on the proper subjection of women is, it might be thought, almost Turkish; but in his keen appreciation of the disciplinary value of sport, in his old-fashioned prejudice against French shallowness and frivolity, in his scorn of education, newspaper men, and socialists, and in his stern disapproval of coddling the weak and worthless, he is a regular top-booted John Bull of the finest flower of the Jingo era. Let us summarise a few typical impressions as they come. No lightness about meals in England! What you want is not refused you, but what they have and like is gradually forced upon you. So they govern their Colonies. No raising of voices. No useless and prolonged discussion, no heat generated, no ridicule of your habits, or eulogy of their own, none of these, but just slow moving and unchanging, confident bulk. . . . The servants appear very servile, but this is a mere delusion. They have their professional pride, their precedence, their code. They are not interim servants, but servants for life, and although they have no union or organisation, their wages have risen out of all proportion during the last twenty years. . . . The English women are meanly and wretchedly dressed. (To this I find the feminine retort in Albion is "short skirts, blouses that don't match, and meat safe hats.") . . . Meat, meat, meat and no alleviation! Thus England has become the great empire she is because she is a man's country. He asserts boldly that an Englishman is master in his own house, and he adds that he is never seen to so much advantage as at home, in the country.

Mr. Price Collier apologises rather too often about hurting our feelings. His solicitude is quite unnecessary. He ought to know, he ought at any rate to have read in Meredith, that nothing can rouse John Bull adequately short of a terribly severe kick in the lower part of the back. After talking about English crowds he goes on rather flamboyantly as follows: "They do not need the training of other peoples. They are already trained. When I see this quality of the race I smile to think what would become of

a hundred or two hundred thousand Germans landed on these shores, with their machine-like methods, their lack of initiative, and their dependence upon a bureaucracy. They would be swallowed up or dispersed like chaff." Mr. Price's sublime contempt for the European nations is only equalled by his sublime contempt for English history. For he goes on here to say that "these Saxons would dispose of them as they disposed of the Daves." Is this a sinister reference to the massacre of St. Brice's Day, or what is it? And why will he call us Saxons and insist upon the homogeneity of our race? What does he mean by calling Queen Anne's grandmother a barmaid, or stating that it was by Lord Burleigh's advice that James I created the order of baronets? Let us hope that his predictions are equally wide of the mark when he says: "It would be a sad day for the Lion if he lost his teeth and claws. The real attitude of other nations towards him would surprise him." I doubt, however, if they would kill John Bull to set up Jonathan in his stead. Goethe said that England was the envy and denision of the whole world. But that was a hundred years ago. He had not met the lion-tamer. The second chapter inquires, "Who are the English?" and contains memorable phrases scattered among a heap of shocking bad history. "Any socialistic sneering, or republican ribaldry on the subject of the British system of government, must necessarily react upon the foolish one who indulges in them. The ready answer is: We are taking charge of one in every five square miles, and one in every five inhabitants of the globe; if you can do it better, why don't you do it?"

"In an hundred years England has grown great, while, since the Revolution, France has diminished to the stature of an epicure amongst nations, trafficking in her ideals and in her honours, and advertising the virtue of her capital for sale to all comers as her principal stock in trade. She is like a pretty woman who will sell anything for security and comfort. This lesson has not been lost upon the Englishman, dull though he is." Why the radicals should want to, or say they want to, abolish such a favourite inlet as the House of Lords, Mr. Collier cannot understand. He is a great admirer of Pitt's Peerage. It is predominantly a democratic body: the most democratic in the land: it is an assembly of picked brains, and is the culmination of the essential philosophy of Saxondom (again that word) — a minimum of government by the best proved men. What alarms him, and he admits that America's task would be made harder should English civilisation prove a failure — is the increasing spirit of compromise all round. Somebody must be paid some day. And now the Devil is presenting his accounts all round. "Disestablishment" is handed to bishops, "no more barmaids" is handed to barmaids, "reduction of forces and pay" to the army, "unemployment" to the workmen, "increased taxes" to everybody. England in the meantime is still boasting of a commercial supremacy which has already passed to America and Germany.

As to the Church, he says that Jowett's prophecy has been fulfilled, and that half the clergy are given up to a flesh-worship of the Sacrament. The bishops are appointed by a premier who may be a Jew, a Unitarian, or an Agnostic, the parish priests by lay patrons. Yet, somehow, the machinery works. These clergy are the dullest men in the pulpit and the most companionable men out of it. They work hard and are popular. The general average of home life is more comfortable here than in America. But in England, the home is not a play-house for the women and their friends; nor a grown-up nursery for the mother and the children, but a place of rest and

* "England and the English, from an American Point of View." By Price Collier. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

comfort in which the men may renew their strength. Only a giant can be miserable at home and successful abroad. Men suffer a far more severe strain of competition here than in America. Only the best equipped and the strongest can hold their own in the little island. The successful here are rewarded as in no other country in the world, and the strong train and fight for the prizes grimly, and the weak hang on to the shreds of prosperity in a painful and humiliating way. Men here go in for hobbies and games, they lark and smile more than in America. The young and old are much more together in England, above all they play together, so that here men and not boys give games their status and character. They play for the game's sake, and yet do not regard a game, as boys do, as an end in itself. "England is not only a man's country, but the English man is pre-eminently a man's man." Where the æsthetic is more cherished than the athletic, women may thrive, but men decay. Those who *do anything*, and especially do anything for England, are the kind most in request. Rank, title, money are little worth without this capacity. In England the great men of letters have had things to say instead of trying to write things. People think it strange that England's reputation in the world rests so largely upon her aptitude for poetry and politics. It is not far from the truth to say that every poet of the small first-class is an Englishman, save one, Dante. But it is not strange. The nation of great deeds must of necessity be the nation of great words.

"Are the English dull?" is a very long chapter. It seems that we are rather—Boottian, but we are also the Romans of the modern world. The Englishman's favourite adjuration is "Steady, boy, steady!" And readers are warned against believing too implicitly in our impenetrable dullness. We are not quick. We do not trace tendencies and dodge examiners so cleverly as they do in Boston or Berlin, but . . . the English public-school boy is governing all the world, while the German boy serves as his clerk. A great German manufacturer who has a number of Englishmen as heads of departments said naively, "Somehow these Englishmen seem to get on better with the workpeople." If this be dullness, make the most of it. Britain's watchword is "Lean on nothing, neither on Logic, nor on Learning, nor on the State. But things are changing. Englishmen seem to be getting flabbier than they were. They have begun to hamper their strong men. There is an alarming hæmorrhage of red-gold and virile blood from the body politic. What would happen to the "two-power standard" should America and Germany both start to build ships against her? "England would be bankrupt in ten years, her population would emigrate to Canada, South Africa, Australia, and the United States, and the lonely island would become a fourth-rate power used principally as a playground by Americans."

From the mere outline of Mr. Collier's intentions towards us it will be manifest to the reader that the kindness of the author will oftener leave us mourning than his asperity. The days of the periodical paper-sparring match between the old country and the new have quite passed away. The Americans have learned the art of self-depreciation, and the Trollope treatment has become a superfluity in the land. Mr. Collier is as urbane as the most polite of our European critics could be, and it is the more credit to him inasmuch as he candidly admits that, while the English do not take to foreigners of any kind, the Americans do not like the English. It slips from him unawares that an Englishman (like Katisha in the play) is an acquired taste; yet as a rule he leaves us blushing. The faults here depicted, we admit, are ours; but the virtues are largely imaginary or those of our forefathers. You cannot draw up an eulogy of a whole nation. Which reminds us that the most eloquent advocate English virtue has ever had was an Irishman writing in denunciation of the French grasshoppers, that after him comes an American, Emerson, and then Voltaire, Taine, and Pierre Coulevain. The best in

this kind are but shadows. But they make diverting figures on the wall, and they require very special gifts to animate them and keep them in motion. Few Americans since Ticknor have had greater advantages than Mr. Collier, and I do not think any one could have made better use of them.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"NOTES AND QUERIES" BY THE WAY.*

Mr. John Collins Francis, the busy publisher of *Notes and Queries*, is known to a wide circle of readers who are interested in those byways of learning to which that remarkable and useful periodical is devoted. It will be sixty years in November since Mr. W. J. Thoms launched the little ship of learning that has sailed so well. It has had no adverse winds to brave, and the only battles have been those of its contributors warring with humorous fierceness over some doubtful date or disputed comma. The croakers shook their heads over the very first number and prophesied disaster. Yet there stand on library shelves more than a century of volumes which are the resource of the learned and the unlearned alike. The investigator of obscure points in history or literature turns—almost as it were by instinct—to the indexes of *Notes and Queries*. Very often he finds that of which he is in search, and even when he does not, he finds something else that is interesting and profitable. The writer of these lines has been known to each of its editors and has even kindly remembrances of Mr. W. G. Smith, a former publisher. There is probably not a page of these one hundred and twenty-one volumes which he has not read, with profit he hopes, and certainly with pleasure.

Mr. Francis has collected his own contributions and has printed them in a volume that will range on the shelf with the chatty journal from which they are extracted.

A book of this kind is not easy to classify. It is a gathering of odds and ends, which are of interest and value, but are devoid of any connecting link. The biographical notices of Knight and Elsworth stand apart

* "Notes by the Way. With Memoirs of Joseph Knight, F.S.A., Dramatic Critic and Editor of *Notes and Queries*, 1883-1907; and the Rev. Joseph Woodhall Elsworth, F.S.A., Editor of the *Ballad Society's Publications*." By John Collins Francis. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



Bookplate of Joseph Knight, Editor of "Notes and Queries," 1883-1907.

From "Notes by the Way," by John Collins Francis. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

and are very welcome. Both were notable men and much more entitled to remembrance than some of whom there are "official" memorials—of wearying length and weight. Their several characteristics are clearly indicated and the natural sympathy of close friendship has not betrayed the biographer into a strain of forced eulogy. His hearty appreciation is kept within the limits befitting their unostentatious natures. Mr. Francis states that De Quincey was a fellow contributor with Ebsworth to *Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal*. As the Opium Eater's sympathies were all with the Established Kirk in the Great Disruption this is not improbable, but it has escaped his biographers. If somewhere there is a marked copy of that periodical it might reveal unknown essays of that prince of magazine writers. There is, indeed, little doubt that much of his work is still buried in unknown serials.

Wherever the volume is opened there is something curious or noteworthy, and as becomes the publisher of two important literary journals, Mr. Francis is interested in literature, and is specially interested in periodical literature. When the history of that form of intellectual activity comes to be written, the annalist will have reason for gratitude to Mr. Francis, and will certainly profit by his labours.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE "DECAMERON" OF BOCCACCIO.*

Three illustrious names—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—stand at the head of modern as distinguished from mediæval literature. All were Florentines by origin, and their lives are all included within the period of hardly more than a hundred years (A.D. 1265–1373), but of this great triumvirate, who are thus the perpetual glory of a single city and a single age, it is the youngest and in many respects the least gifted who has had the largest influence, for Boccaccio is the originator of the "Novel." Distinguished though he was as a poet, and though scholarship owes a lasting debt to the man who revived the study of Greek in Europe and discovered the manuscripts of Martial, Ausonius, and perhaps Tacitus, yet it is to the "Decameron" and its "Hundred Tales" that he owes his most enduring fame. "More than ten editions of it were printed in the fifteenth century and some seventy-seven in the sixteenth"; Molière, La Fontaine, Lope de Vega, Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson have all borrowed from it; Ascham laments that already in his day "a tale of Boccaccio was made more account of than a story in the Bible"; and Mr. Hutton in his learned and admirable Introduction to the present volumes does not hesitate to speak of his author as "the greatest story-teller in the world." Such praise, however, is excessive, for in the vast and ever varying realm of fiction there can be no permanent and complete supremacy, but it may justly be said that his work exhibits a perfection of skill and finish which, in the inventor of a new form of literary composition, must remain the marvel and admiration of all time. The "Induction to the Discourses," which describes the Great Plague of Florence, is not only a masterpiece of narrative style, unsurpassed even by the immortal chapters in which Thucydides wrote the history of the Plague at Athens, but also a masterpiece of artistic effect. Only a great writer dare have set, as Boccaccio does, the gay pageant of his fancy against such a strange background of gloomy realism. But the startling contrast which he thus presents to us comes, perhaps, less from the invention of the artist than from the nature of the man. Boccaccio is human to the core. He delights not in darkness but in the sunshine, and turns from contempla-

tion of the tomb only to find a new sweetness in laughter, a brighter radiance about life and about love. If Dante, brooding over the mystery of another world, has written a "Divine Comedy," he prefers to show us a "Human Comedy" that shall make our hearts lighter. Death may shake his dart grimly, but there is true wisdom, he holds, in the "seven discrete young Gentlewomen of Noble descent, faire forme, adorned with exquisite behaviour, and gracious modesty" who go forth from Florence along with their three squires, "in whom neyther malice of the time, losse of friends or kindred, nor any fearefull conceit in themselves, had the power to quench affection, but (perhaps) might a little coole it, in respect of the queazie season." We can still see with our eyes that "jocund company" as they ride on "with a mild, majesticke, and gentle pace"; and all the world is sunlit as we watch them enter the "goodly Palace" wherein they "sate down in a faire Gallery . . . and then came the discrete Master of the Household, with divers servants attending on him, presenting them with Comfits and other Banqueting, as also very singular wines, to serve instead of breakfast." And, later on, when "they have sung six Canzonets, paced two or three dances" and dined "with all kinde of costly and delicate viands," and then, "after the dayes warmth was more mildly qualified, and every one had made benefit of their best content," begin to discourse on "the mutabilities of fortune" and the haps that befall "such people, that trace the dangerous pathes of amorous desires," how their tales still tickle our ears! They are tales of a world that has long passed away, but they have the freshness of eternal youth. Borrowing his material from a hundred sources, Boccaccio makes it his own, and quickens it with his own vivacity. He writes as one who believes, feels, and relishes every word he pens. Improbable or impossible as many of the stories are, those who doubt them as they read would dispute the veracity of Homer and discredit the enchantments of Circe or the devices of Penelope. The style has a natural ease, liveliness, and simplicity which seems to set on them the seal of truth. "A most humble stile, so low and gentle as possibly I could," is the writer's own description of it, but in fact it is always in just harmony with the subject, grave or gay, sober or racy, sententious or quizzical, as the occasion demands, and continually enriched with fine poetic touches that appeal to the imagination.

Unhappily, however, for his fame we have placed Boccaccio upon the *Index*. Most people know little about the "Decameron" except that it is "immoral," and beyond question the adjective applies. But it applies only in a partial sense. Compared with some classical writings or with the innuendoes of some modern literature the outspokenness of the "Decameron" is decency. It will certainly appal the prudish, but it will hardly attract the prurient and the distinction is immense. Love to Boccaccio is the crown of life, the supreme gift of Nature to mortal man, to win which he may count all else well lost. When Fiammetta smiles and her star-like eyes sparkle, then, he tells us, "Heaven seems to open and the whole world laughs"; and as love illumines earth, so the memory of it will be a glory beyond the grave. "As for you, choice beauty," says a dying man in one of the tales, "I humbly entreate, that after death you would not forget me, to the end, I may make my vaunt in another world that I was affected here by the fairest Lady that ever Nature framed," and though such language is not the language of Dante, though it is pagan, irreligious, or what you will, yet it is assuredly human and assuredly it is not base. Mere vice, indeed, does not attract Boccaccio; his lovers, like Lancelot, are not "wanderingly lewd"; but for the gallant "endued with heroycall valour, compleate in all perfection of his person, and his mind every way answerable to his outward behaviour," for the youth whom "love over-awed in such sort, as he fell into a violent

* Boccaccio's "Decameron." As Translated into English A.D. 1620, with an Introduction by Edward Hutton. 4 vols. 43 net. "The Tudor Translations." (David Nutt.)

sickness, and store of Physicians were sent for, to save him from death, if possibly it might be," and still more for ladies in whom he found "commendable conditions, admired beauties, noble adornments by nature, and (above all the rest) womanly and honest conversation" —for these he had a living sympathy. He does not philosophise about love like Plato, or, like Goethe, talk mysteriously about *das ewig-weibliche*, but he illustrates a theme, the interest of which is as old as humanity, in a series of tales so varied, so picturesque, so full of wit and wisdom, of irony and laughter, that the reader may, perhaps, put it down to his own discredit if he does not forget all that disfigures them in delight and wonder at their beauty.

But the critic may well desire to quit so dangerous a path of argument in which—to use the words of Horace—"he walks over concealed fires," and to tread with assured step upon solid ground. Nor in these noble volumes can he fail to find it, for to all who love our English speech they are, assuredly, a treasure of great price. "The Model of Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Conversation" of which they are a reprint appeared in 1620, "translated," says Mr. Hutton, "maccurately but very splendidly, apparently from the French version of Antoine de Macon," but bearing no translator's name, although the edition of 1625 is described as printed by "Isaac Jaggard for M. Lownes." But whoever the author—and Mr. Hutton unfortunately says nothing on this point—his work stands side by side with Florio's "Montaigne," North's "Plutarch" and the various volumes of Philemon Holland, among the wonders of an age which gave to all time the Authorised Version of the Bible. The prose of later writers may be more clear, pointed, accurate, and practically effective, but the period which begins with the Reformation and closes with Milton's "Areopagitica" is beyond all others the period in which our language most displays its native and masculine vigour. The English prose of that day is to other English prose as port wine is to all other wines. It has body in it, generosity and a power to bear age. It still carries in its heart the sun of those "spacious times" which ripened it; it at once delights and invigorates, and other writing, however graceful or refined, seems in comparison thin, feeble, and of indifferent relish. Take this single sample from our translator's Preface, which shows indeed nothing of his richer and more racy manner, but is selected because it both illustrates his strength and expresses his verdict on Boccaccio:

"I know (most worthy Lord) that many of these Histories have long since been published before, as stolne from the first originall Authour, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications. For as it was his full scope and aime by discovering all vices in their ugly deformities, to make their mortall enemies (the sacred Vertues) to shine the clearer, being set down by them and compared with them; so every true and upright judgement, in observing the course of these well-arrned Novels, shall plainly perceyve, that there is no spare made of reproote in any degree whatsoever, where sinne is embraced and grace neglected; but the just deserving shame and punishment thereon inflicted, that others may be warned by their example."

Such a fragment may, it is true, hardly seem to be of surpassing excellence, and indeed a true narrative style, which should please continuously rather than by intermittent splendour, can only be judged, as it were, in bulk. But the marvel is that this unknown translator never sinks below himself. His sentences follow one another, kaleidoscopic in variety, but each equally admirable in shape and colouring, with an ease that is inexhaustible and astounding, so that he overawes criticism. In the presence of power so exuberant, the reviewer, as he laboriously fashions some weary phrase, feels nothing but his own impotence. He scorns himself, flings away a feeble pen, and turns in silence to those great Elizabethans who seem to have plucked their mighty quills from the very eagle of Jove.

T. E. PAGE.

A BUNDLE OF EIGHT.

This delicately vivid dramatic study of Lancelot and Elaine,¹ which should make a very pretty "acting play" and contains lines of haunting beauty, is nevertheless a disappointing achievement. It can scarcely be said to "exalt" or "purify," or rise above the level of melodrama; for the Queen is touched with a moral commonness that makes her but a selfish and jealous incarnation of feelings far below the level of love, and even the presentment of "the Lily Maid" herself, though meant to be passionate in the extreme, nevertheless through lack of restraint just misses the purest heights of tragic feeling. Yet it is impossible to read the play without a conviction that the author only needs a nobler ideal in order to do finer things.

Such an ideal uplifts the sometimes imperfect and contradictory measures of a slender booklet named "The Philanthropists,"² which, in the poem entitled "Pilate's Wife," reaches a very high level. To seek to be original by merely being irregular is a modern trick, and at first this attractive slip of a book seems to come under suspicion, not through irregularity of morals but whimsical irregularity of verse. But there are lyrics in it which, although, rightly or wrongly, they give an impression of extreme youth and an occasionally defective ear, yet, on a second reading, entirely justify their charm, and that is a sure sign of vitality. As for their content, the author would perhaps maintain—and quite truly—that the soul has many differing and contradictory moods and truth includes much paradox; for her blasphemy against love on page 38 is cancelled by the lyric on page 47. The delicately biting satire which gives its name to the tiny venture would alone be enough to justify the sailing of this modest brown walnut-shell of a boat. May it reach the culprits and reform their methods!

It seems a pity that the pious lover of flowers and formulator of platitudes, whose book entitled "Twilight Music,"³ save for its gilt-edged leaves and trim binding, might better be compared to a barge than a cockle shell, could not have shared some of its weighty moral luggage with Mr. Titterton,⁴ who, unlike himself, can on occasion write a very good song, notwithstanding that he seems to have uncommonly little to sing about. The one man has an ear and the other a soul, though the ear has in this particular volume but little body to it, and the soul of the other, despite its virtue, seldom rises above mediocrity and cannot make poetry out of a volume of well-intentioned verse, even though the feeling that prompted it may have been deep and sincere.

Mr. Douglas Carswell stands in a very different category. Since he can create so powerful a dramatic fragment as "The Dawn,"⁵ and so bewitching a lyric as "Phryne,"⁶ he ought not, for the sake of a rhyme, to write such bad grammar as on page 27.

Even more outrageous—save that sorrow shrives a man of manifold shortcomings—is the too-frequent carelessness, we had almost said "cheapness," of Mr. Maurice Taylor;⁷ outrageous in *him*, because unworthy of the true lyric gift whereby, in such poems as "Widowed" and "Orpheus," in which the music is the very "soul of love," his poignancy of lonely grief pierces to the inmost heart. He can give us such lovely lines as those beginning "Look thou in mine eyes" (p. 36), yet can elsewhere descend to

¹ "Lancelot and Elaine." A Play in Five Acts by Morley Steynor. 2s. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

² "The Philanthropists." By Ruth Young. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

³ "Twilight Music." By Marcus S. C. Rickards. 3s. 6d. net. (J. Baker & Son.)

⁴ "River Music, and Other Poems." By W. R. Titterton. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

⁵ "The Dawn, and Other Poems." By Douglas Carswell. 1s. net. (A. H. Stockwell.)

⁶ "Songs of Solitude." A Collection of Verse by Maurice Taylor. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

thoughts and rhythms so essentially commonplace that in "The Thief" and "The Sovereign Star" we suspect him of having written them to increase the pages of his book.

There is much less inequality in Mr. W. J. Cameron's collection.⁷ Though he does not grip the heart as does Mr. Maurice Taylor, at his best he has a very taking and musical touch, and in such poems as "The Fiddler" and "L'Entracte," reminds us of greater people than himself.

But we have reserved for the last in our bundle of eight what is perhaps, on the whole, the most noteworthy volume of the entire handful. The present reviewer must confess ignorance of Mr. A. B. Thaw's personality and previous achievement, except in so far as this volume ("Pastum, and Other Poems")⁸ may reveal somewhat of both, but there are two or three poems here which are not unworthy of immortal company. Except for the weak closing line, "Lincoln's Birthday" would take a splendid fighting place among noble lyrics, and very striking also are the memorable lines to Stevenson, "The Lighthouse Builder's Son." Nowhere is there any mark of slovenly work, though there are excruciating changes of rhythm in the odes, such as suggest an extraordinary lack of rhythmic perception or a faulty theory of versification. Where thought and feeling are blent in a white heat of intensity, as in the first of the Sonnets to Poetry and those on pages 50 and 85, the poems will even bear comparison with some of the sonnets of Mrs. Browning and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A. M.

THAIS.*

"Thais" is the most brilliant and also the most unpleasant of all M. France's books. It sparkles with a hard cold steel brilliance very different from the urbane humour of "Sylvestre Bonnard" or the wit of "The Red Lily." In no other book does M. France seem so unsympathetic with the faith which he elsewhere respects from instinct if not from understanding. The book is audacious, and there is a characteristic Anatolian irony in the idea of the monk who sets out to convert the famous courtesan and succeeds only to fall into a deadlier sin himself. But the irony of the scheme need not have been enforced by the gratuitous horrors of the monk's death. From a historical point of view the reconstruction of Alexandrian life challenges comparison with anything which M. France has ever done. The dialogue at the banquet, though it completely interrupts the course of the story, is a *tour de force* of ironical exultation. The description of the gradual growth of the holy city round the pillar of Paphnutius is etched in with a mordant satire worthy of Swift in his most sardonic vein, but more probably inspired, like the dialogue at the banquet, by the work of Lucian. But the satire is too bitter, it leaves a bad taste like wine of a fine vintage not yet mellowed. There is an intentional, almost ferocious cruelty in the satire which is strangely out of harmony with the sympathetic pity with which this master of disillusion elsewhere regards mankind. Nowhere else is M. France so aggressive, and even the fierce indignation which drove him to champion the cause of Dreyfus and inspired the biting irony of "Monsieur Bergeret" never kindled in him the same remorseless cruelty as is manifest in almost every line of "Thais." There is no pity, no redeeming character except the slave Ahmes, and even Thais only makes a good end for the sake of heightening the gloom of Paphnutius' downfall. "Thais" is so brilliant that it must be read, and so bitter that one regrets having read it.

⁷ "Poems." By W. J. Cameron. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

⁸ "Pastum, and Other Poems." By Alexander Blair Thaw. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

* "Thais." By Anatole France. Translated by R. B. Douglas. 6s. (Lane.)

BELLOC ON THE PYRENEES.*

"These eight valleys (see plan G over page), going from West to East, are first that of the Nive (the bifurcations of which gives [*sic*] St. Jean and the Baigorri), next that of the Gave-de-Mauleon (Larreau and Ste. Engrace), and both of these are Basque. Next comes the valley of the Gave d'Aspe (with the bifurcation of Lourdes and Urdos), up which went the main Roman road into Spain, and which is the first of the Bearnese valleys."

The foregoing is not Mr. Belloc at his best on the subject of the Pyrenees; but it is typical of much—far too much, many readers may agree—that finds place in the entertaining and engaging volume which he has compiled concerning these mountains. It is a book distressingly free from Belloc, by which we mean that far too seldom does he obtrude the intimate and breezy personality which has figured so largely in the heterogeneous assortment of books that has come from his pen or factory within recent years. Still, he has set himself a task, and he has fulfilled it thoroughly, giving us erudite chapters on the physical nature of the range, on the political character of the Pyrenees, on the road system of the Pyrenees, on the inns of the Pyrenees, on the approaches to the Pyrenees, and on maps. He is particularly strong on maps, of which the book has many, all of them comprehensible and some of them seemingly drawn by himself. Now and again he allows himself a welcome digression, and, warming to the topic of maps, he says there are but three of the greater countries in the whole world (to his knowledge, at least) which have sufficient and numerous maps. These are England, France, and Germany. He adds that "to tell the truth" there is but one large country that possesses perfect ones and that is our own. Mr. Belloc's volume makes a stylish attempt to remove what map deficiency exists as to the Pyrenees.

The author protests that he has not pretended to write anything in the nature of a Guide, but he has succeeded in producing a most valuable Guide, which is at the same time a piece of literature. His main object has been to provide, for those who desire to do as he has done in the Pyrenees, a general knowledge of the mountains in which they propose to travel, and he has paid particular attention to making clear those things which he himself only learned slowly during several journeys and after much reading, and which he would like to have been told before he first set out. He says, in explanation of his scheme ("scheme" Mr. L. wishing would have called it, undoubtedly), "if I have admitted such petty details as the names of trains, and the cost of a journey from London, it is because I have found those petty details to be of the first importance to myself, as indeed they must be to all who have but little leisure." Concluding his explanations and apologies, the busy author says his chief regret is that the book will necessarily be too bulky to carry in the pocket, "for it is meant to be not so much a lively as an accurate companion to the general exploration of those high hills which have given me so much delight."

Excellent wash drawings, by Mr. Belloc himself, of those high hills, add to the attractiveness of the book.

DAVID HODGE.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE.†

This is a fourth edition of the late Mr. Anderson's very estimable work, and one which has done good service beyond that of mere description. It was the purpose of the author to rehabilitate the best labours of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century architects in Italy, and to rescue them from that charge of insincerity and imitation which the too partisan sentiment of Ruskin had cast at

* "The Pyrenees." By H. Belloc. With 46 Sketches by the Author and 22 Maps. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

† "The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy." By William J. Anderson. 12s. 6d. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

them. And no reader of this volume, or careful examiner of its admirable plates, can fail to acknowledge in some measure his success. He has shown that the work of such men as Brunelleschi and Bramante was as creative as any that the world has seen, and that its classicism was indeed imbibed only as an inspiration, not accepted merely as a model. These builders were as much the spokesmen in stone of a sincere and passionate new faith as their fore-runners had been the spokesmen of an older one. Indeed, in some sense they were more truthful to the spirit of their time and nation, for the Gothic and Byzantine influences that had so much marked Italian architecture in medieval days were for the most part foreign to the inmost, antique feeling of the people—that is, save in Venice and that north-eastern seaboard where those influences had been overpowering—whereas the sense of its classic past was a very bedrock of the true Italian nature, although obscured and buried. Yet these first masters of Renaissance architecture showed an admirable restraint in that when they had rediscovered this great inborn fact they did not attempt to ignore the vast sediment that ages of another and holier emotion had deposited upon that ancient base. They saw that the classic forms which they revived must be made to clothe themselves in Christian tenderness and Christian grace; or, rather, that the Christian forms of the day might well be calmed and corrected by old classic admonitions. The Pazzi Chapel at Florence, by Brunelleschi; the South Doorway of Como Cathedral, by Bramante, of which charming plates are to be found in this volume, are works which only sincere and creative minds could have evolved out of spiritual conceptions so opposed as Paganism and Christianity.

But the weak side of the Renaissance architectural effort was, in its beginning, not insincerity nor its accompaniment, imitation. Its weakness was its purely cultured parentage. And no great and permanent system of architecture has ever arisen which had its origin in ideas which only the few could master. Architecture, of all the arts, has ever been that one which was the expression of a widespread national faith and national desire; and from Brunelleschi and Bramante, through Peruzzi, Sanmicheli, to Jacopo Sansovino, Palladio, and Bernini, was one continual loosening hold of those great national truths of which architecture is the visible mould. Nevertheless, in the course of that decline rare things were done. No more exquisite piece of revived Roman work can be imagined than the doorway of the Palazzo Prosperi at Ferrara, by Peruzzi; or the Pompei and Bevilacqua palaces, by Sanmicheli, at Verona. But of course in these purely secular constructions the painful contradictions of the age were in abeyance. The grandiose attempts of later days to clothe Christianity in forms of classic symmetry culminated in that most pompously clever of all churches, the Santa Maria della Salute at Venice, which, by reason of its site, has figured on more painters' canvases than probably any other. A marvellous piece of thought and execution; yet, when all is said, merely a colossal toy. To such rhetorical disaster in the end came that first noble impulse of the Brunelleschis and Bramantes to restore to Italian architecture its ancient and imperial forms. This collapse of a great conception is perhaps the most interesting the history of architectural art reveals, being one related only too painfully to our present distressful state. No better-written or better-illustrated account of it than is in this volume could be given. A large number of plates and drawings are added to this edition.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

EARTH TO EARTH.*

It is doubtless for his plays rather than for his poetry that John Synge will be remembered. Their prose is one

* "Poems and Translations." By John M. Synge. 10s. 6d. net. (Cuala Press.)

of the most haunting notes of our generation, and he has used it again here, with perfect success to translate Villon, less successfully to translate Petrarch. Yet in one sense the poems are more significant than the plays. Although vital drama, and none more so than Synge's, is ultimately subjective, it has also its objective reality. But in lyric nothing need hide the singer's heart from us. Synge, with a passionate sincerity, always put the whole of himself into his work. So while in "Riders to the Sea" and "The Play-boy of the Western World" we look outward through his clear eyes, here we are shown the naked soul within. And the most important thing in the world is a man's soul.

"He was a solitary, undemonstrative man, never asking pity, nor complaining, nor seeking sympathy but in this book's momentary cries," says Mr. Yeats, and the poems themselves tell us as much. Their very fewness is significant. Synge was not one of those who have a ready rhyme for every mood. He had little of what the world calls poet in him. We think of him among the men of the Irish movement, yet he was a scorner of dreams. And his scorn was all the more bitter because he, too, was a dreamer. For however much a man may busy himself with the common words and deeds of life, it is only after dreaming of them a little that he can fashion them into poetry. Synge was a Celt, too, with a Celt's ageless memory. Now and again the other world would inevitably claim him. Then came the awakening, the angry cry, the poem. His verses are often like insults flung at the gods. He used ugly, violent words to show his resentment of their intrusion. If he wrote of old queens, it was to revile them. He loved the vivid energy of Villon, but it was the fair armouress rather than the ladies of old time whom he chose to deck in Irish garb. He craved for life with all its squalor and brutality, and a picture by A. E., the mystic painter and poet, brought forth these lines:

"Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
Ye plumed yet skinny Shée,
That poets played with hand in hand
To learn their ecstasy.

"We'll stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch,
And drink in Tubber fair,
Or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch
The badger and the hare."

They are at once repellent and attractive, these poems, and always of the earth. A few of them are just a transcript of joyful peasant life, but most were made in a more desolate mood. They remind us that Synge once wrote of how he used sometimes to feel as one of the fishermen with whom he dwelt, sometimes as a waif among them.

It is a brave thing to grasp at life, as he did, with hand ungloved, without philosophy. Other poets have gone as unflinchingly to earth—Meredith, for instance, and Henley. But Meredith was an optimistic philosopher, and Henley had his heroic pose: he was always Ajax defying the lightning. Synge was nearer to the Shropshire Lad than to either of these. He had the same hardness as he and the same loneliness. Like him, he was resolute to accept the fact that Earth is our mother and that her breast is of flint. Like him also, he was much preoccupied with death. His battle, it seems, was long a lost one.

Some months before he died he wrote a preface for this book, in which he theorises a little about poetry, but with a theory which was fruit rather than root of his practice. "It might almost be said," he writes, "that before verse can be human again, it must learn to be brutal." His verse is always human, not seldom brutal, and truer poetry than is often written nowadays.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

LOVE AFFAIRS OF NAPOLEON AND OF JOSEPHINE.*

A great man's character cannot be estimated truly without a knowledge of his weaknesses, his passions, his impulses, and his indiscretions, and for those who have made a study of Napoleon from the military and political standpoints, M. Turquan's book is of historical value, though the information contained in it cannot be regarded as particularly edifying. And because it is difficult to judge of a man's weaknesses without taking his domestic relations and the character of his wife into account, it is interesting to turn to Mr. Endell's "Love Story of Empress Josephine," which, although it is written with a different purpose, happens in a sense to be complementary to the other, and serves to throw a clearer light on the causes which made Napoleon's relations to women such as M. Turquan describes them.

The early love affairs were innocent enough. Napoleon gathered cornflowers with Mlle. de Chastenay, picked cherries with Mlle. du Colombier at six o'clock on a June morning, and had his portrait specially painted for his sister-in-law, Desirée Clary, whom he would have gladly made his wife. But when he met Mme. de Beauharnais in Mme. Tallien's salon, a more passionate and less happy note crept into his flirtations. Presently he married her, and why?

"For her gifts? She had none. For her virtue and principles? Poor soul! she did not even know what the words meant. Because of the love she bore him? Ave, there you have it! He wanted some one to love him, and merely because she murmured fond words in his ear, he believed that the woman who gave herself to him loved him truly and for himself alone. Because she threw herself into his arms, he thought her love sincere—as if, forsooth, she had not played the same comedy with other men before him. In his simplicity he had placed the utmost faith in her protestations and had been witless enough to marry her. And after the marriage, Josephine, that treasure of treasures, that eighth wonder of the world, has made him see as clear as daylight what a fool he was where love and women were concerned."

In this passage M. Turquan sums up the woman who had the greatest influence in the Emperor's life, the woman to whom Mr. Endell devotes his book and of whom he

* "The Love Affairs of Napoleon." By Joseph Turquan. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.) "The Love Story of Empress Josephine." By James Endell. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)



Stephanie de Beauharnais.

From "The Love Affairs of Napoleon," by Joseph Turquan. (John Lane.)



Josephine. (By Prud'hon.)

From "The Love Story of Empress Josephine," by James Endell. (Werner Laurie.)

says she was a capricious creature, a woman of moods, who seemed incapable of being consistent, and whose conduct at times calls for nothing but condemnation. Having shorn a wide subject of all non-essentials, the author has drawn an excellent character-study of Josephine, the woman who by accident became an Empress. Her personality was little modified by her high estate, her predominating qualities were emotional, and Mr. Endell has cleverly brought forward the truth. It was Josephine who made the first breach in the marriage bond, and thereby became responsible for much that followed. Napoleon, once aware of her infidelity, concluded that feminine virtue was a negligible quantity. Up to this point he had been hers only, the love letters from Italy had been written with his heart's blood—they were wasted. Maddened by the shame and torture of her backsliding, he hastened from Egypt in 1799. The news of his arrival reached Josephine as she was dining with President Golier, who also knew of her infatuation for Hippolyte Charles. She ordered a post-chaise and sped forth to meet her husband, "like a dutiful wife, long expectant." It was a desperate card to play. Unfortunately she chose the wrong road, and Napoleon arrived in the Rue de la Victoire first. He shut himself up in his study. "Hark! she comes. His heart almost stops beating. She knocks at his door, but he will not answer. She beseeches; there are tears in her voice; if he sees her now, dishevelled and wretched, he will relent." For a whole day the door remains barred to her, then when her children plead to him he relents. "But love has fled. Henceforth it must be a tender regard only." Mr. Endell has realised perfectly the drama of passion and despair which moved on to the final tragedy of divorce. M. Turquan fills in the picture from the man's point of view. "Henceforth

he felt free to act as though he had made no pledge to any woman. He gave a free rein to his desires, which hitherto had drawn him to Paris and to one woman." Therein lay Napoleon's weakness, his mistake. Past master in the art of war, he was a hopeless tyro in the art of love. His eager, boyish trust having given way to bitterness and rancour, he turned from distraction to distraction, being as easily led as any man where women were concerned.

And what of the women who fascinated him? M. Turquan tells of them all. His material is not altogether new, but he uses it in a new way, giving a terse, a pointed and at the same time a just and unprejudiced view of them. From the little *oumière* of Carcassonne, Mme. Fourès, to the unattainable but perfect-featured Mme. Récamier, many who were bright and coquettish, with pretensions to beauty and the gift of conversation, played a part in his life. The fair-haired, blue-eyed Madame Walewska, wife of an old Polish count, was perhaps the woman he loved best next to Josephine and Marie-Louise. His friendship for Mme. de Rémusat and for Mme. d'Abrantès is familiar to every one who has read their respective memoirs, and chief among the actresses whom he favoured were Mlles. Georges Weimar, Grassini, Bourgoin, and Mars, "whose name played no small part in the conquest of the man who proved himself such a brilliant rival to its original bearer."

Married to Marie-Louise, Napoleon became once more the "fireside and shippers" kind of husband. His first thought was for her happiness, his greatest enjoyment in her society and that of her son. For a space he even forgot in her the majesty and cares of empire. The keynote, then, of his relations to women was that he asked of them relief from the anxieties involved in his duties as a leader of men, and it must be said in his favour that in his life there were no Mmes. de Pompadours, de Montespan or Du Barrys, for he never allowed a mistress to dominate his policy or ruin the country with her foibles and caprices. Side by side with his prodigious genius he exhibited some very commonplace failings. Both authors have proved, however, that it is possible to write entertaining books mainly about the failings of famous people.

FRANK HAMEL.

WAGNER AND HIS FIRST WIFE.*

When the dust and clamour of the passing era are laid and stilled, and all the arts of the age are seen in clear perspective, its literary productions will, I think, fall into a position of secondary importance. Music was the supreme art of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as poetry was the supreme art of the sixteenth and seventeenth. Goethe is commonly reckoned the greatest of modern poets, but it cannot be claimed for him that he opened up a new world of art. This, however, is what Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner did. They created a novel and marvellous instrument of expression, and with this they explored that strange, dim sea of feeling in the mystic depths of the human soul which language and thought cannot illuminate or plumb.

In the music of Bach is expressed the spirit of the eighteenth century: in the music of Beethoven, the spirit of the Napoleonic era. In the music of Wagner, on the other hand, all the diverse forces of the romantic movement are gathered up and splendidly displayed. Like most men of the romantic school, Wagner began by regarding art as an anodyne, and a means of escape from the realities of life. As he remarks in a very interesting fragment of autobiography cited by Mr. Ashton Ellis:

* "Richard to Minna Wagner: Letters to his First Wife." Translated by William Ashton Ellis. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Grevel & Co.)

"Married in circumstances in which I and my wife were tortured by the sordid experiences of a life of utter poverty, I fell into that state of misery in which thousands upon thousands of men are overwhelmed. My consuming desire was to find a means of escape from the squalor and pettiness of my lot; and in Bulwer Lytton's 'Rienzi' I at last obtained an inspiration which lifted me far above the cares and distractions of my home-life."

One does not find, therefore, in the works of his first period, that broad view of life on which the works of his later period are based. The sincerest of his earlier operas, "The Flying Dutchman," is a wild, passionate cry for the love and the inspiring companionship of some tender, trustful, faithful woman. Seeing that he was already married to an attractive actress, his attitude may appear rather strange. It is now fully explained, however, in one of the saddest books ever published, "Richard to Minna Wagner: Letters to his First Wife."

Few great men of any age ever worked in so fierce and prolonged a storm of obloquy as that in which Wagner composed his masterpieces. He laboured under the double disadvantage of being a revolutionary in the world of politics as well as an innovator in the world of music. He lost his position at Court through taking part in the struggle for constitutional government in 1848, and he was compelled to flee to Switzerland. There can be little doubt that the campaign of defamation which was then engineered against him in the German Press was political in origin. A few of his detainers may, like Davidson of the *Times*, who practically drove him out of England in 1855, have acted in the interests of Mendelssohn, but it was the victorious bureaucracy that checked his career and darkened his fame.

And bad as things were outside, they were still worse at home. His wife never loved him and never took any interest in his art. Soon after they were married, she forsook him for a wealthy admirer, and when Wagner, with extraordinary forbearance, received her back, she made his life utterly miserable.

"When I came home profoundly vexed and disturbed by some new annoyance, some fresh mortification, another failure, what did my wife bestow on me instead of comfort and sympathy? Reproaches, fresh reproaches, nothing except reproaches! Home-keeping by nature, I stayed at home and endured it all, dumbly. I let my trouble eat into my heart, in order to live my life alone. . . . All my sentiments and my views were a horror to you, and my writings you abominated."

So Wagner wrote to his wife in one of the rare outbursts of anger which occur in a correspondence extending over twenty-one years. He generally treated her, with wonderful kindness and patience, as a sick child. But the letters in which he does this are really the saddest of all to read. For when one remembers the great difficulties he was struggling against, and the glorious works he was composing with no hope of seeing them performed, the forced smiles with which he greets the woman whose life was spent in trying to drag him down to the position of a Meyerbeer seem more tragic than his rare outbursts of anger.

Yet, painful though the letters are to read, Mr. Ashton Ellis deserves high thanks for his labour in translating them. It has been, one can see, a labour of love, and it enables us to measure the heroic strength of Wagner's soul, by revealing fully the adverse circumstances against which he made his way along the high path he had chosen.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

A FRIEND OF BYRON.*

Lord Rosebery has written a brief felicitous preface to these volumes, in which he describes Hobhouse—it is im-

* "Recollections of a Long Life." By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse), with Additional Extracts from his Private Diaries. Edited by his Daughter, Lady Dorchester. With Portraits. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Murray.)

possible to name him by the title of the peerage which "in the order of congruity" he received—as "the high priest of the Byron mystery." He knew all and could tell all if he chose. "But he did not choose to tell. Much of Byron, of the secrets of that brilliant, unhappy life, died with him. Perhaps it is as well." The reader turns naturally first of all to Hobhouse's long statement, composed at the time and written with the fullest knowledge of events, on the Byron separation. There is nothing absolutely new in the facts given, but we are inclined to think the statement will be regarded as the nearest approach to a judicial account of the estrangement that any contemporary has given. A careful comparison with Lady Byron's own remarks, and with the letters given to Abraham Hayward for his articles in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1869, and January, 1870, does not indeed elucidate the mystery of Lady Byron's action, but does incline one to the view that Byron was treated with scant justice. The action of Lady Byron's family was the conspiracy of virtue against vice; mediocrity manoeuvred for safety against the dangers of erratic genius. Byron was twenty-eight when he married. He confessed to Hobhouse on the way to his wedding "that he was not in love with his intended bride; but at the same time he said that he felt for her that regard which he believed was the surest guarantee of continued affection and matrimonial felicity." He did not marry for money and wished to postpone the marriage until his own affairs had been regulated. The one year of his married life was made wretched enough by the pertinacity of his creditors and the constant executions in his house, but his undoubted misery after the separation, the sorrow of his farewell, the affection of his references to his wife, marred only by one or two ebullitions of satire, are evidence that his regard had grown into love. It is true that he was unfaithful, but he had an incurable habit of exaggerating his own vices, and Hobhouse is probably correct in his estimate when he says that Byron's free communication to his wife of all his passing notions gave rise to apprehensions which were really unfounded. "He had a singular love of the marvellous in morals" and "the more she expressed her surprise, the more highly did he colour his sentiments, and to clench his doctrine sometimes represented his principles as being deduced from his own practice."

Lady Byron came to the conclusion that her husband was mad, she ransacked his books and papers and desks for any evidence of perversity, and actually consulted a doctor on the evidence she had drawn up. The doctor, however, declined to interfere, and that Lady Byron had no fear of personal violence is clear from her statement to Byron's solicitor that "her eye could always put down his." She left home ostensibly for a visit, taking Byron's carriage and some of his receipts, and on the journey wrote him a letter—beginning "Dearest Duck" and saying that her father and mother longed to have the family party completed. "If I were not always looking about for B—I should be a great deal better already for country air." The letter ended "Ever thy most loving Pippin." This was dated January 16, 1816, and Byron did not reply. On February 2 Lady Byron's father wrote demanding a separation, and referring to "her dismissal from your house and the treatment she experienced whilst in it." This letter was a complete surprise to Byron, as he had not dismissed his wife, but had on the contrary arranged to join her. He declined to consider any separation until Lady Byron had herself stated that she wished it, and this statement was made by his wife very emphatically in letters to himself and to his sister. The mystery of the case lies in the extraordinary difference between Lady Byron's letters—the playful, affectionate, intimate tone of the first, and the formal complaint and indictment of the second, which followed in less than three weeks. Her own explanation was that the earlier letter was intended

to allay the malady or madness which she suspected, and that she decided on separation when she learned that Byron was not mad but only desperately wicked. The evidence seems to show that she had no idea of separation when she left her home, but that she was persuaded, much against her inclination, to adopt that harsh measure by the influence of her mother and of the promoted maid, Mrs. Clermont, whom Byron pilloried in "A Sketch." The decision, once taken, she maintained with the pertinacity of a wronged woman.

"Serenely purest of her sex that live
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive."

It is important to notice Hobhouse's statement that "Lady Byron distinctly disavowed for herself and those most nearly connected with her, having spread any rumours injurious to Lord Byron's character, and especially as far as regarded the two rumours specified to her by Mr. Wilmot" (*i.e.* the vilest of all charges and the hideous rumour about his sister). All that Hobhouse tells us sets the devotion and courage of Augusta Leigh in the brightest light, and one sentence of hers shows how well she understood her brother: "His *mind* makes him the most unhappy of human beings."

Hobhouse's statement is of course an important document in literary history, but there is much else in these volumes of the greatest interest. He was a man of the Boswell temperament, and loved above all things to know the scenes of great events and the personalities of great men. Napoleon fascinated him, and there are enough stories of Napoleon to make the fortune of the book. Nothing could be more vivid than the impressions of France during the hundred days, and the picture of English society, literary and political, in the years that followed Waterloo. We hope that Lady Dorchester will give us the later diaries, as her father's memoirs are not only fascinating to read, but of real value to the historical student.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

COURT AND SOCIETY.*

There has long been wanted an authoritative work on the Hanoverian Queens of England, and every historical student must be grateful to Miss Greenwood, who has endeavoured to fill the niche, and whose first volume (or two), treating of Sophia Dorothea of Celle and Caroline of Ansbach, is now before us. Miss Strickland did not include these Queens in her history, wisely concluding that the time was not yet ripe for an impartial survey; and Dr. Doran's biographies are of little value because at the time they were written the necessary material was lacking. More recently Mr. W. H. Wilkins wrote of the wives of the first two Georges, but he was so whole-hearted a partisan that his books, while interesting enough to read, cannot be accepted as a sure guide either to characters or incidents. He constituted himself the champion of those ladies of the Georgian era about whom he wrote; and, but for his sad, untimely death, we might have had an agreeable Queen Charlotte and who knows?—a discreet and sensible Charlotte of Brunswick, even as we have "Caroline the Illustrious" and "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen." The primary English authority for George I. and his wife, is, of course, Dr. A. W. Ward, whose Goupil monograph on the Electress Sophia—soon, we hear, to be republished in a more accessible form—first introduced the vast majority of English students to the German authorities. It is to Dr. Ward and to the German writers, of course, that Miss Greenwood has gone—to

* "The Hanoverian Queens of England," By Alice Greenwood. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Sophia Dorothea of Celle, Caroline of Ansbach. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell.)— "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era." By John Fyvie. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Schaumann, Schulenburg-Klosterode, Köcher, Kramer, Malortie and the rest, and to the invaluable correspondence of the Electress Sophia and the Duchess of Orleans.

Of the queens of the four Georges, the least interesting to write of, because of the regularity of their lives, are Caroline of Ansbach and Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The consort of George IV. attracts more attention, because of the persecution she suffered at the hands of her husband, the "Delicate Investigation," and the trial fifteen years later. She may have been innocent, or she may have been guilty: probably a singularly foolish series of indiscretions is the worst that can be laid to her charge—but, people asked, who was "The First Gentleman of Europe" that he, of all persons in the world, should throw the first stone? Though it never happened, the story will always be told how those present in the Abbey at the coronation of George IV. were startled by the loud knocking at the door by England's Queen, who was refused admittance; and so, undoubtedly, will go down to posterity the legend of Sophia Dorothea of Celle as the martyred wife of George I. Historians may protest, but the public closes its ears: it has a keen eye for romance, and a queen who has a lover may rest assured of the sympathy of unborn millions, if only her husband will resent her infidelity.

George I. was not the best of men, but he was certainly not as bad as posterity makes him out: he has to suffer the penalty of having had a wife who has come down through the generations as a persecuted heroine of romance. Romance there was in plenty in the story of herself and Königsmark, which is practically the history of her life, and, to preserve this unimpaired, everybody connected with it except the two principals has been besmirched. George himself, his parents, Ernest Augustus and Sophia, and Sophia Dorothea's parents too, George William and Eleanora d'Olbreuse, and, notably, *die böse* Platen. There has been talk of conspiracies, of awful villainies, to bring about Sophia Dorothea's ruin: whereas the fact of the matter is that she ruined herself by her intrigue with Königsmark. Numerous persons about the Court, even her husband's brother, warned her and Königsmark; but the infatuated couple turned a deaf ear to kindly

advice: indeed, they behaved more senselessly than most lovers, for a long time after their intrigue was the talk of the country they would not believe that any one had heard of it; when at least they were brought to realise it was known, they talked of flying together, talked and wrote of it until the day came that Königsmark disappeared and the Princess was imprisoned. Of the question of actual guilt, as in the case of Caroline of Brunswick, none can say definitely. In any case excuses are to be found for her in the marriage with such a dour man as George I., and the atmosphere of hostility in which she was placed. The whole story is impartially related by Miss Greenwood, who need have made no apology for inserting an account of Sophia Dorothea because the latter was never Queen of England. She takes her place in this history as the ancestress of the succeeding sovereigns of the new royal house.

Miss Greenwood's biography of Caroline of Ansbach is an important contribution to history, the life of this royal lady being so intertwined with the affairs of this country as to be inseparable from them. In addition, however, we get, of course, the account of her court at Leicester House and St. James's, as well as an excellent picture of the Hanoverian days when Anne was on the throne of England. With this account may well be read Mr. Fyvie's "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era," for of the eight persons dealt with herein, no less than six flourished during the reign of George II.—Samuel Foote, Elizabeth Chudleigh, George Augustus Selwyn, Henrietta Howard, "Gilly" Williams, and Catherine Hyde, all of whom are fairly well known, but of all of whom most people are glad to read. Mr. Fyvie writes with knowledge born of considerable study, and if he has not much new light to throw on his heroes and heroines, he has often something to relate with which most people are unacquainted. We see something of the glamour that surrounded people in society in the Georgian days, when society was a close borough, and every one in it knew every one else, and when, perhaps, wits, beaux, and beauties were more appreciated than they are to-day. Some wits we still have—as many as ever, which is to say as few; and numerous beauties, as much lauded and far more paragraphed; but the beaux are no longer with us, which is something to be grateful for. It is not good for man that he shall spend his days in tailors' shops and his nights gaming and drinking heavily. The growth of sport has happily eradicated dandyism: to quote from one of Mr. George Francis Wilson's "Cricket Poems":

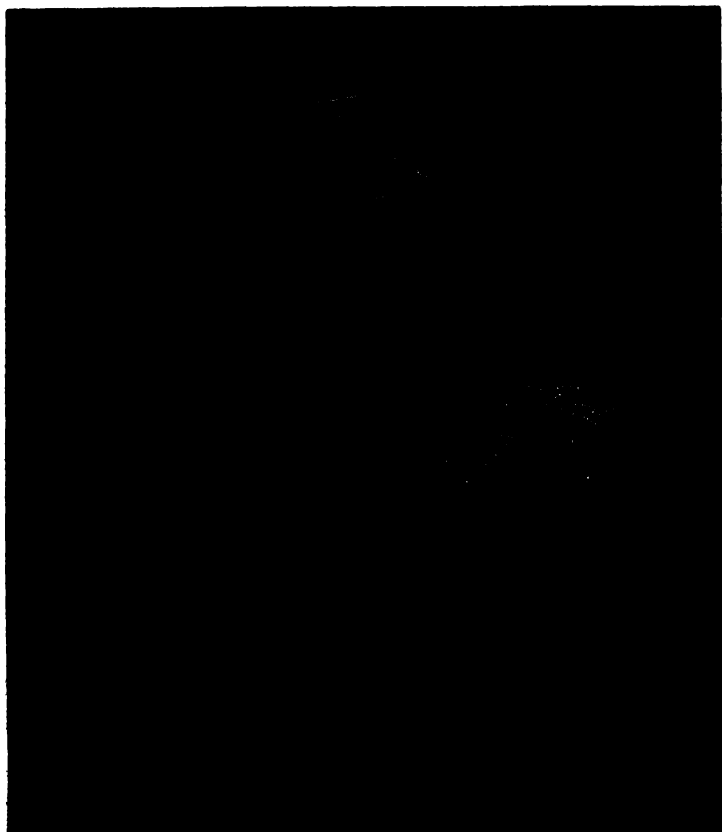
"How oft the Semblance is beyond the Thing,
The gaudy Blazer a foreshadowing
Of Nought. Ah, me! How oft, with native ease,
The DINGY-TROUSERED make the Welkin ring."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI.*

It is not quite easy to decide whether to class this book of Mr. Anderson's as biography or fiction; the whole thing is built upon strong bases of authentic history, but so are many historical novels; the difference seems to be that whereas these latter introduce purely imaginary characters and purely imaginary events among their realities, Mr. Anderson has kept as close as possible to facts, so far as his events and his people are concerned, but has heightened the effect and added to the life and movement of it all by supplying imaginary conversations. This, when you think of it, seems a fairly legitimate thing to do, so long as it is done well; and Mr. Anderson does it very well indeed. We know that these persons really did talk to each other; we know pretty much what they must have said in certain circumstances; and a biography with little

* "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi. By A. J. Anderson. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)



After a painting by Romney.

Mrs. Trench.

From "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era," by John Fyvie. (John Lane.)



Anderson Photo.

Uffizi, Florence.

"Unfortunately Lucrezia's health would not permit her to sit for the Madonna and although Our Lady's face has something of Lucrezia in it, it has more of the model's expression—that is to say, it is more like Spinetta."

From "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," by A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul.)

or no dialogue in it is at least as far from actuality as the biography in which the mere dialogue is conjectural.

On the whole, we incline to think that Mr. Anderson's method is justified by the results. Instead of giving the truth in close and formal words, he has embodied the truth in a tale and made of the old love story of the Friar-Artist and the nun Lucrezia at once a sufficient biography and a live and vivid romance. He has had all the known facts before him, and has coloured them with motives and details "through much reading of contemporary writings, some experience of human life, an intimate knowledge of Catholics, and a close study of Fra Filippo's paintings." He puts a summary of the plain facts into his appendices. The Fra Filippo of Mr. Anderson is not quite so gay and breezy and dashing a figure as he appears in Browning's monologue, but it is probable that he is nearer to the man as on the whole he was—Browning took him in a moment of excitement and exaltation. Anyhow, Mr. Anderson fashions a very natural and subtly attractive personality, and takes the tale of his love for the exquisite little nun, of their elopement, and subsequent repentance and separation, and the kindly intervention of the Pope that brought them together again, and legalised their marriage, and retells it with a narrative skill and picturesqueness of style that make it as good reading as any novel, and more absorbingly interesting because of its biographical truth. The volume is handsomely produced, and illustrated with seventeen excellently reproduced examples of Fra Filippo's art.

ANATOLE FRANCE AND OTHERS.*

Is it possible for a man to be at the same time an egoist and a master in disillusion? Those amongst us who deplore a tendency to egoism might suggest that when

the stricken master gazes on the world and finds it vain, he is impelled, alas! to turn his eye upon himself. When he has gone abroad, prepared to have enjoyment in the meadows and the men, but finding both of these obscured by mist, he then resolves to travel no more; he locks himself into the little house. Thus, one might argue, is an egoist created out of one who turns away from the illusions of the world. And to the layman's mind it would appear as if your egoist inside the little house need not expect a fate more fortunate than that of Maupassant's old priest whose little house was in the field of olives. We are more disposed to sympathise with persons who are disillusioned—not only on account of the biblical precedents, but because we must ourselves be subject to this process—we have much more sympathy with disillusioned people than with egoists. Yes, we all of us are disillusioned, since we cannot for a long time trail the clouds of glory; but it is another thing to be a master in disillusion. Such a one will find the misty meadow and will find a loveliness in that. For him the mist will take a form, even as the genii of Eastern tales; he will converse with it and will not seek a fearful refuge in the little house. So much for a master in disillusion. And an egoist will tell you that your sympathy, in the common acceptance of the word, is beside the mark. He will have your higher sympathy, your noble understanding of his aim. Max Stirner does not think of asking for your pity. If one tells him of the proverb current in Bulgaria which deprecates a residence provided with a solitary window and, one may suppose, would frown more darkly on a house which has no window, then Max Stirner would reply, with John Stuart Mill, that "Society has now got the better of the individual." He would demonstrate that no salvation is to be discovered in the meadows, however attractive, but in the house, however hazardous the entrance—as he found it—and however impossible the exit—as his pupil Nietzsche found it. So then we shall not expect to see a man who wanders gravely with wide-open eyes and also stays at home, to feed the flame. But in the case of genius it is not well to sally forth with expectations. Mr. Thorold tells us that amongst his company is France, and Mr. Huneker observes him also in the house.

What kind of house, precisely, is this of Mr. Huneker? It may be that if Mr. Thorold had constructed it we should not only have been given quite another building—of this there is no doubt—but there would very probably have been another set of inmates. Well, Mr. Huneker is perfectly familiar with them. Does he not call one "the old white-haired mastiff of Norway"? And perhaps we may acquire a true familiarity with Ibsen after seeing him in such a way, and perhaps on the other hand we may not. No label is sufficient: Ibsen is to be regarded frequently and closely—even as it was the great man's custom, while he walked the streets of Christiania, to regard the inside of his radiant hat, wherein a mirror had been fastened.

[We began by saying that as laymen we preferred the disillusioned persons to the egoists, and we prefer the fashion in which Mr. Thorold rather than the fashion in which Mr. Huneker has treated of Anatole France. Not that Mr. Huneker is dull; on the contrary. His whole book sparkles, whereas that of Mr. Thorold is endowed with qualities more permanent. We cannot dwell upon his Maeterlinck, his fascinating Huysmans, his delicious Mérimée, his Fontenelle. But in the essay on Anatole France we find that we are hand in hand with some one who is worthy of depicting France. A time will come when all the essayists will break their pens on Anatole. Brandes has already tried to paint the lily, but his paint is tenuous and far from worthy of a critic so discerning. Mr. Thorold has been more successful, and his essay brings a glow of pleasure to the people who have been enthralled—and who has not?—by France's glowing canvas. Even

* "Six Masters in Disillusion." By Algar Thorold. 6s. net. (Constable).—"Egoists." By James Huneker. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

as you are advised by France to walk with Epicurus and St. Francis of Assisi, so would it appear advisable for you to walk a little way, a charming way, with Mr. Thorold.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

At the end of "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" there is an epilogue in which the author foresees a casual customer hovering about an old bookstall in the year 1972:

"A crazy bookcase placed before
A low-priced dealer's open door;
Therein arrayed in broken rows
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
The homeless vagrants, waifs and strays
Whose low estate this line betrays
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime):
YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS, 1 DIME!"

Among these outcasts the customer lights on the Breakfast-Table series.

"Three starveling volumes bound in one,
Its covers warping in the sun,"

and buys it, wondering what he has rescued, and speculating about the forgotten author. We are still a long way from 1972, and it is never safe to prophesy, but in this Centenary Biography of his Mr. Lewis Townsend would seem to share Holmes's own misgivings. He thinks Holmes will occupy a considerable place in the history of American literature, "because he developed a new vein; but it is likely that most of his works will cease to be read before long, because they are not sufficiently the work of an artist to endure after the lessons they were mainly written to teach have been accepted, and it is everywhere evident that much that Oliver Wendell Holmes sought to enforce has by his efforts, as well as by the inevitable trend of the times, gained acceptance."

He is half inclined, however, to make an exception in favour of the "Autocrat," and in the meantime the one thing certain is that Holmes's books are very much alive, and the Breakfast-Table series, at all events, still enjoy a large measure of popularity both in America and in England. Holmes was not a precocious genius; he was for some time doubtful whether to choose Law, Literature, or Medicine as his profession, and finally, as every one knows, decided in favour of the latter, and wrote much good poetry, mainly of the lighter kind, in his leisure. Down to 1848 he was known, in literature, only as a poet, and Lowell sketched his character in "A Fable for Critics," and neatly hit off the fancy, fun, and gentleness of his satire as

"so kindly, you doubt if the toes
That are trodden upon are your own or your fog's."

It was not until he was nearing fifty that he found his true métier, and, in 1857, began to contribute the "Autocrat" to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The immediate success of these essays assured him of his powers, and, as Mr. Townsend has it, "was sufficient stimulus to determine the direction of his whole subsequent career." Moreover, they carried his fame well across the Atlantic, and a few years later you find Alexander Smith happily describing him as occupying much the same position in Boston that Dr. John Brown occupied then in Edinburgh: "He is a physician, and a skilful one; he is beloved of all men; he is fond of society; he is a humorist, and rejoices over a joke or a characteristic anecdote as over found treasure; and he excels all his countrymen as a writer of verses of society."

* "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Centenary Biography. By Lewis W. Townsend. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

Mr. Townsend has written an interesting and entirely satisfactory record of Holmes's career as physician, poet, essayist, and novelist; he is no easy and unlimited eulogist, but his criticisms are always thoughtful, temperate, sympathetic. When he says that though Lamb had humour and often wrote in a manner that brings him very close to us while we are reading, he does not come so close as does the "Autocrat," you may suspect that it is a long while since Mr. Townsend read "Elia," and yet recognise that he says the right thing about the delightfully familiar style that is half the charm of the "Autocrat"—that all the while we are reading it the abounding personality of Holmes so dominates us that we are conscious, as it were, of his nearness, and could almost persuade ourselves that he is speaking beside us: "We see his face pucker in anticipation of a humorous sentence he means to bring out, or grow grave as he offers us some truth that has cost him dearly to learn; or wistful as his imagination haunts the past and he talks on in the vein of tender reminiscence, forgetful of our presence for the moment. Then he endears himself to us because he is never condescending." But no man with a sense of humour ever is.

There are some good anecdotes in the book—though not so many as one would expect; some little sketches of Holmes's famous contemporaries and friends; and extracts from his letters that make us wish there were more of them. "At seventy we are objects of veneration," he wrote to Whittier, on the celebration of his eightieth birthday, "at eighty of curiosity." A year before his death he is writing: "My birthday found me very well in body, and I think in mind . . . I am only reasonably deaf; my two promising cataracts are so slow about their work that I begin to laugh at them . . . and I can see with both my eyes and read with one; and my writer's cramp is very considerate, and is letting me write without interference, as you can see." And again, just after his last birthday: "I am scattering thanks right and left— from hands as full as they can hold. Your kind expressions are very grateful to me. They do me good—old age at best is lonely, and the process of changing one's whole suit of friends and acquaintances has its moments when one feels naked and shivers. . . . I have been contemplating the leafless boughs and the brown turf in the garden of my memory."

The courageous, cheery, altogether gracious and lovable personality of the man is faithfully enshrined in this admirable little monograph; when you have read the details of his quiet, uneventful life, the things he said and did, and the things that were said about him, the resultant portrait in your mind squares exactly with the one you had formed of him from a reading of his books, and if you have not yet read these it will be strange if Mr. Townsend's pleasant and stimulating pages do not move you to do so.

A. ST. J. A.

Novel Notes.

A CHANGE IN THE CABINET. By H. Belloc. 6s. (Methuen.)

The ordinary Englishman takes his politics very seriously. Is it his French blood that makes Mr. Belloc find them a huge and somewhat ignoble farce? We fear that he has no reverence for our party system, and is capable of speaking disrespectfully of institutions somewhat nearer than the Equator. In his last book he has set himself to treat our political complacency and smugness as he scarified our Imperialism in "Emanuel Burden." Sir Charles Repton, decorous head of a dignified Department, in consequence of a slight accident to a set of nerves situated behind the ear, and named Caryl's Ganglia, is seized with

a disgusting mania for truth-telling. There are very obvious possibilities in such a situation, but we do not think Mr. Belloc has made the most of them. In the main, Sir Charles's vagaries are confined to such innocent expansions as fighting a 'bus-conductor and slapping his head-footman on the back. Whether Mr. Belloc intended his book to be taken as serious satire or insuperable farce, it is hard to say. Its irony is too farcical to strike home, and its farce too laboured to amuse. It is illustrative of Mr. Belloc's manner that the Premier, who is in his fifty-fifth year, is introduced to us as "Dolly, the young and popular Prime Minister, who suffered slightly with his left lung." It is an excellent introduction, and a palpable hit. But repeated, as Mr. Belloc repeats it, on every second page, it begins to irritate. The "Change in the Cabinet" is an amusing book, with many very felicitous touches of irony and wit, but it is hardly worthy of the author of "Emanuel Burden."

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

It is impossible to give any adequate notion of this story by merely summarising the plot, and it is impossible to summarise the plot intelligibly within the compass of a Novel Note. For the plot's the thing in "An Eye for an Eye," and a richly sensational and very ingenious thing it is. It is packed with surprises and telling situations; from the moment when you find Raymond Barr in prison, scheming to assume the identity of another prisoner for the purpose of escaping, to that happier close where, having assumed that identity and been involved in difficulty and disgrace and danger by reason of the crimes that had been committed by the man whose place he has taken, he has succeeded in vindicating himself and returns to the woman he loves, bringing his sheaves of riches and honour with him, there is not a page on which something is not happening to hold the reader's interest and urge him forward to discover how it all ends. You may find fault with the book for not being what it was

obviously never intended to be, but you cannot deny that it is written with a good deal of vigour and a good deal of imagination, and is always eminently readable.

MARCIA. By Marguerite Curtis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The authoress informs us in a foreword that "Marcia" is a transcript from life. Such statements are, to the reader, suspect. They savour of apology, as though the writer were demanding grace of him in advance for artistic improbabilities, on the grounds that they are literal facts. In this case, his suspicions will be baseless. For life, in this transcription, displays a docile and artistic conformity to the canons of the novel. In a word, the book has intrinsic literary value. The first part deals minutely, and with a sometimes wearisome wealth of detail, with Marcia's childhood, with the feuds and friendships of the nursery, the little triumphs and humiliations of the schoolroom. Not till Marcia is almost seventeen does she, or any one else, realise that she is not as other girls. Then the responsibility of a peculiarly cruel hoax, carried out by means of fictitious letters, is traced to Marcia, who can neither deny nor comprehend. Henceforward her life is overshadowed by dread of the recurrence of this strange malady of inconscient malice. Once and again, at different crises of her life, these manifestations of dual personality recur, till Marcia feels that she is accursed of Heaven, banned from the kindly commerce of her fellows. The story is one of heart-gripping pathos, a pathos only heightened by the feeling that had Marcia but realised that she was ill, not evil, the tragedy of her life might have been averted.

THE RED ROSE OF A SUMMER. By Louise Mack. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

An ably written book, though in parts it is slightly disappointing. The story begins well, but, as the plot develops, it is not so fresh and unhackneyed as the opening led one to hope it was going to be. A young widow staying in Venice becomes acquainted with a youth (she nicknames him the Boy) who is staying in the same hotel as herself. They are strangely attracted to each other, and, both being lonely, they strike up a friendship, which gradually ripens into love. Decidedly good is the character study of Anna Von Norme, "seventeen, and not yet out," who is visiting Venice with her governess. "In the descent of dreary women, yeleft the World, Anna was an oasis. She could talk about herself till the Greek Kalends, yet she was never dull. One's brain might reel; one's ear grow deaf with the sound of her voice; one's imagination, worn out with going so long a gallop beside hers, might jib and refuse the journey; but never could any one be bored with Anna Von Norme." The conversation throughout is entertaining, and sometimes smart. "There are things that are stronger than Fate. Money is one of them." "To talk to a lady in German at dinner is like treading on her toes." Miss Mack's style, uncommonly easy and natural, would make almost any plot at least readable and interesting.

SIXPENNY PIECES. By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. (Lane.)

When you have said that the forty-two stories in "Sixpenny Pieces" are clever, you have not said everything, or the best about them. They are very much more than clever. Mr. Lyons has taken for the world of his book the consulting-room, the private life and professional practice of a sixpenny doctor in the East End of London, and he brings you into close acquaintance with a remarkably motley and remarkably interesting circle of poor men and women. Is the doctor himself or his precocious, innocent and astonishingly outspoken daughter "James" the most interesting and most entertaining character in the book? You may settle that for yourself; it is enough that both are vividly and well drawn and refreshingly



Photo by Lallie Charles.

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton.



Photo by E. Le Mesurier
and W. Marshall.

Miss Frances Forbes-
Robertson (Mrs. Harrod).

Taken at the age of eighteen, when she wrote her first book.

original. The stories move through an atmosphere of reality; they are told with grim little touches of irony, with an elusive restrained pathos, and above all with the quaintest and kindest gift of humour. It is this abounding humour that saves even the grimmest of them from being squalid, the saddest from being depressing, and makes the reading of them all entirely enjoyable.

THE WANTON. By Frances Forbes-Robertson. 6s. (Greening.)

Perhaps the rather long introduction is superfluous, and the style is afflicted with certain irritating affectations; that smack of Meredith, but when you have said this you leave yourself with nothing to say of "The Wanton" that is not in praise of it. The story is of the Middle Ages, but Miss Forbes-Robertson does not attempt to recapture the spirit and manner of her period by the laborious use of old words or anything of archaic language. "that quaint mongrel method is not mine," she remarks in the Preface; but she does succeed in recapturing that spirit nevertheless, and fills her pages with it. Her plot is simplicity itself; she has nothing to tell you but a glowing romance of love with a brilliant warrior for its hero, a background of good fighting, and for heroine the most charming, most innocent of "wantons" who loves and is loved by the man who marries her cold, ambitious cousin, but it is all woven into a tale that is vividly picturesque and wholly fascinating, and comes over rough and perilous ways, through treacheries and failures and misunderstandings to an end that the reader had given up hoping for.

'NEATH AUSTRAL SKIES. By Louis Becke. 6s. (John Milne.)

Mr. Becke's latest book consists of some twenty odd sketches, grave and gay, humorous or grim, of which some are autobiographical, others cast in fictional form, and a large section descriptive. The author writes of what he

has seen and known, and with the insight which knowledge gives. He brings home to us, with a singular vividness, the fascination and the terror of these islands of the Southern Seas, where men seem to sit the more lightly to life, that mere physical life which is so easy and so exuberant under smiling skies. He makes us free of his wide knowledge of the unpleasant habits of the shark and has many gruesome stories to tell of the dangers that await the inexperienced fisherman in southern waters. Herodotus might have envied him his story—for whose truth he vouches—of the vast spiders'-webs, resistant as fine-meshed steel, with which the natives of certain islands net the rivers. A chapter on the "Palolo Worm" and another on "Submarine Deserts" have a value perhaps more distinctly scientific than literary, but Mr. Jacobs could not have bettered the humorous justice of "Dennison Gets Even," and "Clarkson's Last Chance" has an arresting grimness. Mr. Becke, like Mr. Conrad, has read deeply in the mystery of the sea and in the hearts of those who go down to it in ships.

THE STAIRWAY OF HONOUR. By Maud Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In one of these short stories Mrs. Rawson describes "a picture crowded with figures, a motley crew, both splendid and sordid, of which the personages knelt in a circle at the feet of the three Fates on thrones, each swinging scales. One Fate pitted beauty against gold, another swung youth—a laughing child in a golden net—against renown, a third balanced the orb of power against secret content, symbolised by a heart lying among rose-leaves." These words sum up the chief motives of the tales in this attractive and clever volume. The first four are mediæval, the next five are set in the eighteenth century, while the rest are modern. Mrs. Rawson has been successful in managing the difficult art of the short story, and her pages offer ample variety of tragedy, romance, and comedy. Perhaps the best of the tales are "Samson makes Sport," "Chloe finds a Conscience," and "The Adventurers," but all are readable, and the authoress knows how to catch the heart of an episode in such a way as to arrest the attention. This is as fine a book of short stories as has been published for some time.

THE FLYING MONTHS. By Frances M. Peard. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The pivot of this story is the contrast between a clever, heartless Anglo-Indian widow and a sensible young girl who goes out to Florence, and eventually to India, to be her companion. John Elliott, the hero of the tale, accompanies them in order to discover the secret of his birth; falls in love with Nesta; is eventually awakened to the shallowness of her nature; and finally turns to the genuine Cordelia, who has been in love with him all along. The authoress only hints at the latter consummation, but her reticence is more skilful than any deliberate love-scene would have been. There are some amusing minor characters in the shape of clerical figures, and the authoress has scored in her delineation of a retired Anglo-Indian officer who revisits the scenes of his triumphs. These subordinate characters help to lend variety to the main plot of an extremely fresh and well-constructed novel. The title is the least relevant thing about it; the Indian episodes are perhaps the best.

A LITTLE GREEN WORLD. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Mr. Bell failed for twenty thousand pounds, and then went away to the only country where money does not matter. After that Mrs. Bell and Lydia came to the little green world." So the story begins, and it goes on to tell of their life in the green world—the quiet little country village of Sowthorpe. Lydia is a charming, high-spirited girl. On several occasions she is presented in very un-



Photo by Arthur Ulyett.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop.

heroinelike situations, such as dripping wet with rain or in a shabby hat and dress on an intensely hot summer day. In one of the biggest scenes in the book she appears dripping wet, her hair hanging in "tails," whilst her steaming shoes stand drying in front of the fire. Nevertheless, she is very attractive and very natural. It is much to be regretted that the latter cannot be said of all the characters in the book. One or two others are quite well drawn. Mr. Bonning, for instance, is excellent—a splendid character he is, or ought to be, the hero of the story. But, sometimes, there is a tendency to caricature and exaggeration; the humour now and then is decidedly forced. One feels that certain passages have been written to gain an effect—which is lost, because the effort to gain it is obvious. Only here and there, though, one is thus disappointed in the book. On the whole, brightly written, in a light, brisk style, it is uncommonly good, and makes very delightful reading.

EVERYBODY'S SECRET. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Calthrop is not a novelist of the first rank; strictly speaking, he is not a novelist at all, but there is a quality of brightness in his writing that makes up for a good many faults of technique. There is something jolly in his conception of the hero of "Everybody's Secret," the big, blundering, simple Toby Quarrenden, who at thirty has never discovered that the game of life differs in any essential measure from the game of football. For an author of such romping high spirits it is difficult to make convincing the fact that so sweet a woman as Christine Macaire, the actress who is in love with Toby, ever had a past of the peculiarly sordid character that is more than half suggested. As for the secret, a secret that everybody in the story has to keep from Toby, because he would never understand, it is briefly this: Toby's bosom friend, Welby, a little cynical, always of immaculate appearance, and almost a millionaire upon the profits of a proprietary soap, has an affair in his poverty-stricken youth with the pretty, but rather shallow, Iris Feringay, a governess

in his aunt's house. There is a child, provided for by Welby, but Iris disappears, and Welby, very much in love, loses all traces of her. Six years afterwards, Toby, alone, has a romantic meeting with Iris, is swept off his feet by her grace and prettiness, proposes and is accepted, and brings her to town to introduce to his friends. Phyllis, her daughter, has been "adopted" by Welby. There is a difficult time for everybody, and then the secret is out. But Iris dies and Toby gets over it all, and realises, a new man, that it is Christine he has been wanting for all these years. The only tragic figure in the last chapter is Welby, and that he still has Phyllis is his consolation.

HENRY IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. By Alphonse Courlander. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Courlander has turned from the sombre realism of "The Sacrifice" and "The Taskmaster" to give us in "Henry in Search of a Wife" one of the gayest and most charming of sentimental comedies. Henry is middle-aged, a little bald, satisfied with himself, and to all appearance a confirmed bachelor, when his friend the widow, Isabel Jardine, decides that he ought to marry, and that moreover he ought to marry her niece, Phœbe. Henry is determined that he will do nothing of the kind; Phœbe laughs at his fear of her, and shows a decided preference for a younger admirer, and the reader is cunningly led into a belief that Henry will end in marrying Mrs. Jardine herself. The widow insists that her niece shall accept him, and objects to the other suitor, and at length in order to free the girl from this unsatisfactory position, Henry chivalrously resolves that he will go away abroad and look for the woman he may be inclined to marry. His adventures on this delicate quest are written with a sly and sparkling humour, and the end of it all is precisely what it ought to be. "Henry" is an ideal book for holiday reading; the dialogue is clever, the story abounds in piquant situations, and the whole thing is matter for healthful and pleasant laughter.

JOHN SAINT. By Arthur Brebner. 6s. (Warne.)

Mr. Arthur Brebner is a new writer of some promise. In "John Saint" he shows that he can invent a good story and that he can tell it plausibly, while he also has an eye for effective characterisation. Unfortunately, however, his manner is rather against him, he does not make enough of his legitimate dramatic effects, and his dialogue is often stilted and unnatural. Besides these faults he is inclined to strike a forced note when he makes his hero the prey of devils. One would have thought that the ravages of John Saint's conscience—the compelling powers of which that gentleman grossly underrated—could have been indicated in some more ordinary and more effective manner. But when all is said, "John Saint" is quite a good story, and gives abundant promise of better work to come. It concerns the sea, and its main incidents comprise an ingenious act of piracy, robbery, a duel, a suicide, and one escape from death from exposure in an open boat without food or water, a falling into hopeless love, and, finally, a restitution of the stolen article and thus a change for the better on the part of the hero. On the whole, this is an enjoyable sensational story if one skips judiciously.

**Mr. Arthur Brebner.**

THE ROMANCE OF A PLAIN MAN. By Ellen Glasgow. 6s. (John Murray.)

Miss Glasgow has once more laid the scene of her story in Virginia, but in the Virginia of post-bellum days. Side by side with the old aristocracy, clinging with pathetic pertinacity to ancestral tradition, is growing up a new industrial democracy. Ben Starr, the son of a shiftless stonemason, who raises himself from errand-boy to railway magnate, is of the new era; the heroine's aunts, Miss Mitty and Miss Maticoca, frail and fine as thin porcelain, of the old. In their niece, Sally Micklenborough, inherited prejudice is at war with the dictates of the heart. The heart is victor, and Sally, the descendant of the Blands and the Fairfaxes, marries Ben Starr in the face of her world. But the plain man, though he never doubts his wife's love, feels that there are certain barriers to full comprehension between them, certain things in which he fails and must fail to satisfy her ideals. In despair he turns to money-making, in a fury of haste to be rich. A life of luxury, at the least, he can and will give her. And so they go their separate ways, he to the office, and she to the ball-room. He is lavish of his gifts, but chary of his company and kisses, and gradually estrangement creeps in. But before the breach be widened beyond all healing, stark ruin throws husband and wife into each other's arms. And there, we cannot but think, the authoress would have been wise to leave them. For when she shows us Ben Starr once more swept into the swirl of speculation, blind to his wife's lonely lassitude, deaf to the lessons of the past, our sense of verisimilitude is strained to the breaking point. These last fifty pages may strengthen the authoress's indictment of the mania for money-making, but they certainly weaken the artistic value of the book. In the matter of style, Miss Glasgow is often felicitous and never slipshod.

MORAN OF KILDALLY. By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If Ian Maclaren and the author of "The House with the Green Shutters" had ever written in collaboration, this is very much the sort of book we should have expected of them. It has the pawky humour, the tender pathos, the deep religious strain of the one, and mingles with them no little of the grim realism of the other. The pictures of life and character in the little Scottish town of Kildally are faithfully and sympathetically presented; you are made acquainted with the sadness and squalor of the place and people, as well as with their happier ways and exquisite humanity; and the story of drunken Moran's sinking into the abyss and long struggle to rise out of it is a poignant and very impressive piece of work. "There's no chance for that man ever rising," said the Session Clerk. "You'll never lift a man till he acknowledges he's down." "No," said the lawyer, "I fancy you could have no resurrection without deid folk. He'll give himself, perhaps, no chance——" "But he may get God's chance," replied the Session Clerk. And it is God's chance that he gets at last. This is no everyday novel, though it is all of everyday lives.

ENVIOUS ELIZA. By E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The titular heroine of this novel hardly deserves her adjective; her envy is the mild envy of a childless woman for the mother of children, and of a successful novelette-writer for the genuine artist in literature. Otherwise Lady Eliza is a good fairy to Patricia Etchingham, who is the real heroine of the book. Her brother marries a girl who suddenly develops into a heartless flirt, and the plot of the novel rests on the difference which this marriage

made in the position of Patricia. The latter comes into her kingdom of love at the end, but not until she has suffered in more ways than one. Like all the stories of the authoress, this one has the merits of ease and insight. Dorothy's hardening of heart against her mother is the weakest psychological link in the plot, but the other characters are incisively drawn, particularly the women. There is plenty of interest in the book, and the reader is carried on to the end with unabated pleasure and zest. So good a tale deserved a better title.

A YOUNG MAN MARRIED. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

Captain Cinnamond is by no means "a young man marred" after his sudden marriage to Rosita de Lara. The latter is thrown on the protection of Wellington's army after the siege of Badajoz, and the captain becomes her husband in an impulse of love. The impulse does not pass away. But his wife's relatives disapprove of her marriage to a heretic, and show their disapproval in the unpleasant form of intrigue and violence. Rosita is kidnapped; Cinnamond is attacked; but love triumphs over obstacles, and the loyal pair eventually succeed in outwitting the Spanish plot. Cinnamond in fact is redeemed by his love for Rosita. It involves him in awkward mishaps, but it steadies him in his profession and brings out the core of loyalty and goodness which hitherto had not been conspicuous in his character. The military episodes are lavishly told, and form a stirring background to this clever, vigorous romance.

A REAPING. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"A Reaping" is a book of quite unusual charm, a book that will be enjoyed no less for its story than for its ripe philosophy, its sparkling wit, and its humour. The few characters introduced are so skilfully portrayed that it is difficult to think of them as mere "characters" in a novel. Written in the first person, the book chiefly concerns the writer, his wife Helen, and his cousin, "Legs," a youth of twenty. "Legs is the only name he is ever known by, since he is one of those people who are almost unknown by their real name (which in this case is Francis Horace Allenby), and are alluded to only by some nickname which is far more suitable. If, for instance, I said to somebody who knew him quite well, 'Have you seen Francis lately?' I should probably be favoured with an inquiring stare, and then, 'Oh, Legs you mean!' . . . The name, I need scarcely add, is a personal and descriptive nickname, for Legs chiefly consists of them." Mr. Holmes, a neighbour from whom they derive much amusement, is "generally known as the Bun-handler, because no tea-party has ever been known to take place for miles round at which Mr. Holmes was not handing refreshments to the ladies. . . . Personally, I can behave beautifully when Mr. Holmes finds Helen and me alone, but I am rather nervous if Legs happens to be in the room, for he is quite unable to take his eyes off Mr. Holmes, but stares at him in a sort of stupor of wonderment. Once (that is a year ago now) he left the room very suddenly. Choking and muffled sounds were heard from the hall and the stamping of feet. Helen and I talked very loud to overscore this, and I trust Mr. Holmes did not hear. But when Legs is there, I am afraid . . . that I shall be overtaken too, with helpless giggling. If I begin, Helen will go off, and I can imagine no way of satisfactorily terminating the interview." One feels a strong desire to know more of the people in "A Reaping"—to meet them again. Mr. Benson has never done anything lighter, brighter, cleverer, or more delightfully entertaining.

The Bookman's Table.

SCENES AND PORTRAITS. By Frederic Manning. 6s. (John Murray.)

Often in modern books we have encountered poets whose remarks and eke behaviour—were not palpably poetic; we have met Napoleons and Balzacs who can never have been nearer France than Wardour Street. It is a thing most perilous to put some words into the mouth of Socrates, to try to make him move and talk and have his being. Those who do not care for Socrates will not care overmuch for your performance, those who care for Socrates will have a thousand arrows waiting for you. Let us say that you succeed and that your sentences are as eternal as the singing birds. Then, as Mr. Manning says, "the birds go delightfully upon the ways of the wind, though the arrows which shall bring them to earth are stored in the quiver." But Mr. Manning is of those who can create, or rather he can project the Socrates who fortunately dwells inside him. And he has not only Socrates but Paul and Renan, Francis of Assisi, Thomas Cromwell, Machiavelli, Adam. In this book are portraits of a character so lifelike that we seem to share this life. The only adverse criticism one could make is that the personages talk too well, but we permit the slight convention which assumes that Socrates was never unsocratic. We are carried out of one delightful scene into another, passing slowly for the beauty is too great, the wisdom too profound for rapid reading. There is thought of a remarkable originality, such as the idea of the opening tale, wherein our first parents are discovered by the philosophic Bagoas, High-priest of the temple of Bel at Nippur, and are described with charming discursiveness to Merodach, the King of Uruk, to the Queen Parysatis and the little Princess Candace who threw her sugar-plums into a silver basin, seventy cubits in diameter, for naked little diving girls. Now we may get a thousand sugar-plums with far less trouble, if we read this book.

A SUMMER GARDEN. By Annette Furness. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

A man and his wife, a girl and her middle aged lover—these are the four persons who play out the pleasant little drama that is enacted in "A Summer Garden," and it is the wife who stage-manages it all and plays the part of chronicler. The charm of the book lies partly in this thin thread of story that runs through it; you are curiously interested in these four people and in the development of their fragrant romance; it lies partly in the hints you get of the old-world garden that is the scene of all, or almost all, that happens; but more than all it lies in the asides, the reflections, the gracious philosophy and happy fancies that flower out of the writer's narrative as the roses did in her garden. "I believe," she says, "the discoveries we make concerning our friends are fraught with as great possibilities as are our geographical explorations," and she proceeds to justify that faith. "I have gradually realised," she remarks elsewhere, "that there is an inner world of our own creation, which must be untrodden by our nearest and dearest; perhaps the secret may be that when we were ejected from Paradise as a material dwelling-place, there still lurked in our spirit the remembrance of it, and though the gates may be sternly barred against us, we are able to creep in secretly and wander about in a world of ideals." The book is admirably written and full of good things; the harvestings of a quiet eye, the wisdom of a thoughtful, sympathetic spirit.

AMERICANS. By Alexander Francis. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

In spite of its readableness and the great interest of its subject, this is not a book for everybody. Many

people, no doubt, would be supremely bored by it, should they chance to get it from their library. Obviously it addresses itself to that class in England and America that can think for itself. Mr. Francis resolutely refrains from word-painting, and has produced no mere record of travel, with a few superficial "personal impressions" thrown in; instead he has devoted himself, and with considerable success, to a study of the American nation through their institutions. The essays that the book contains have already appeared as a series of special articles in the *Times*, and we have no doubt that their more permanent form will be welcomed. To our manner of thinking, the book rather too evidently shows its source of origin, for it is a little inclined to be scrappy and ultra-condensed. This, however, is the only fault we can find with a work that in all other respects is excellent. Mr. Francis's point of



Photo by Russell & Sons

Mr. Frederic Manning.

view is both individual and suggestive. A keen observer, he is open and broad-minded and is as ready with praise as with blame. The chapters on Education—an education in America is very different from one in England—strike us as of especial interest, though in our opinion the author is inclined, if such a thing be possible, to overrate the influence of the Higher Education in particular and of culture in general. The book serves admirably to throw a much-needed light on the nature and the ideals of the general mass of the American people, and we strongly recommend it.

THE BRETONS AT HOME. By Mrs. Frances M. Gostling. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

M. Anatole Le Braz in his delightful preface to Mrs. F. M. Gostling's interesting book, "The Bretons at Home," speaks of the communion which has, by reason of many visits to Brittany, come to be established between the heart of the authoress and "the spirit, so profoundly

human, of this land and race." "To love Brittany," also writes M. Le Braz, "is one of the necessities of comprehension." After a careful reading of Mrs. Gostling's book we are convinced that she possesses this qualification for understanding the Breton nature to a large degree. She is very right in claiming for Brittany (notwithstanding that it lacks in a measure the softer beauties and finer ecclesiastical architecture of its sister Province, Normandy) the remarkable influence which the land exercises over those who know it and travel through it with the seeing eyes and understanding heart. The "call" of Brittany, indeed, is very much like that well-known call of the East to the mystical power of which writers and travellers are so constantly referring. In the volume now under notice we have not only delightful pen-pictures of quaint villages, where now-a-days even "the tide in the affairs of men" seems never to flow save so gently that the lives of the people are almost undisturbed thereby, but also pages of humour and observation which serve to bring clearly before the mental vision of the reader the distinctive qualities of the romantic and (to the casual tourist) the apparently dour-spirited, phlegmatic Breton. But in Mrs. Gostling's pages one gets a glimpse into the inner shrine of the hearts of this religious, superstitious, and "hard" race. There is much, too, in the volume of the beautiful and quaint churches, with their extraordinary fine carving, such as the south porches at Bulat and Landivisiad; the wonderful carved doorway (with a very unconventional rendering of Adam and Eve in Paradise) at Guimilliau; the architectural beauties and legends of Guingamp in the north and Quiberon in the south, and many other interesting places in between. The legends and stories woven around such spots as Carnac, the peninsula of Morbihan, the manor houses such as that of Goadélan, are lightly touched upon. "A charming and interesting book, not too learned, but just learned enough," is the twelve-word review we should feel inclined to write were we so limited as to space. A word for the pictures. Those reproduced from photographs are almost without exception excellent. Somehow or other

several of the coloured pictures, from drawings by M. Gaston Fanton Lescure, have failed to catch the "atmosphere," though two or three are quite good.

FRESH LEAVES AND GREEN PASTURE². By the Author of "Leaves from a Life." 10s. net. (Nash.)

We are afraid that this book may fall rather flat. After the same author's piquant and vivacious "Leaves from a Life," her second work comes as an anti-climax. It is, indeed, a work of very different calibre, in spite of the similarity in the titles. A sort of glorified common-place book, it is a pleasant personal record of life as it was lived fifty years ago. True, the author brings her record down to the present day, but these later portions of the period covered with the exception of a spirited defence of *The Trade* (of brewing)—are of far less interest than those which treat of times past. Here the author seems happier, and certainly she is very successful in her reproduction of "atmosphere." Of especial interest also is the comparison drawn between the Mid-Victorian manner of life and that of the present day. Truth compels us to state, however, that many of the reminiscences are very small beer indeed. What shall be said of the following? "It is easy enough now to entertain in the country, and besides that I bought my experience remarkably dearly, and am in consequence much more able to cope with the housekeeping than I was then. Indeed, I remember with pride that when some little time ago I was living for a while at least eight miles from a shop, Mr. Barry Pain, who was staying with me, remarked that he could not understand where the food came from. Nothing was ever forgotten, and we had always a sufficiently varied menu to please even his fastidious taste!" A great deal of "Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures" is in this vein, and it strikes us as book-making pure and simple. However, the book is well written, and in better taste than "Leaves from a Life," and we recommend parts of it without hesitation.



**At Port Blanc : Anatole Le Braz
collecting Folk-lore.**

From "The Bretons at Home," by Frances M. Gostling. (Methuen.)

TYROL AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Clive Holland. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

This is a model of what the guide-book ought to be—and so often is not. It is safe to say that a stranger visiting Tyrol would find here everything he wants to know about the history, the romance, and the many attractions of the country, in addition to a description of the many quaint and characteristic customs of its inhabitants. Mr. Holland has clearly set before himself the ambition of setting down as much about Tyrol as he can get into three-hundred-odd closely printed pages; and, as he knows a great deal about that country, the result is an excellent and informing volume. Beginning with a couple of chapters upon the history of his subject (chapters which are, perhaps, a trifle over-condensed) and one upon some characteristic legends, customs, and sports, the author devotes himself for the rest of the book to a description of particular towns. He leaves Tyrol for two chapters upon the beautiful Salzburg and its surroundings—a lapse which may be pardoned on account of the exceptional interest of the subject. Mr. Holland's notes upon the various places are exactly what the traveller requires. He supplies a great deal of information in a very small space, he tells one what to see in every place of importance in Tyrol, and he gives some chatty descriptions of Tyrolese customs, and some interesting versions of the folk-lore in which the country is exceptionally rich. We have nothing but praise for the many excellent photographs which help to illustrate the book, while many of the sixteen coloured illustrations by Mr. Adrian Stokes are beautiful, and all are excellently reproduced. A more complete map would be an advantage to a book which should both attract many visitors to Tyrol and many readers for itself.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

A healthy note is struck at the very beginning of Miss Isabel Macdonald's book on *Home Nursing* (2s. 6d. net), by the quotation which comes before her preface, viz.—

"It is very good for strength
To feel that some one needs you to be strong."

It implies that a goodly number of us could be much better in health if we would *want* to be well, and would renounce the megrims. At the same time, illness is a stern fact, and much nursing has to be done without a scientific training; and for those who find themselves called upon, without preparation or experience, to carry out doctors' orders or meet an emergency, this handy volume is invaluable. From hemorrhage to a bruise, from a steam tent to a poultice, from the giving of medicine to first aid in the case of a fractured leg, the little book is full of hints and counsel and direct teaching. Miss Macdonald, in addition to her practical information on the subject of nursing, gives many chapters on health in the home, and on the taking care of health and personal appearance, if we have them. With some good recipes for invalid cookery she completes an undeniably useful and altogether interesting book.



Mozart's House in the Makart Platz.

From "Tyrol and its People," by Clive Holland. (Methuen.)

MESSRS. MAUNSEL & CO.

Ballad lovers should not omit to read (to possess, too) the new volume by Frederick Langbridge, Canon of Limerick. Canon Langbridge has already proved his strength as a balladist, and in his latest collection, *The Power of Red Michael*, and *Other Ballads* (2s. 6d. net), he proves again his facile power, his gripping unconventionality, his picturesque roughness yet sureness of style. These ballads hold strength, gruesomeness, beauty; their author has wandered in imagination, he tells us, in "a region stark and sheer, dim, forbidden, peopled by evil ghosts. Almost I could wish I never had seen its dreadful gulleys, its glimmering, ghastly peaks." The ballads must have cost their writer some painful emotion, but we ourselves are thankful that he visited that awful land.

MESSRS. GIBBINGS & CO.

We shall not tire of volumes of short stories if Mr. Charles Lee continues to gossip about Porthjulyan as entertainingly as he has done in *Our Little Town* (4s. 6d.). "Physically and politically, all Porthjulyan is divided into two parts—the Town proper, and Gov'ment." And Porthjulyan is a fishing-village in "ornwall. With an affectionate honesty the author writes of the daily ups and downs as well as of the episodic happenings in the lives of the villagers of Porthjulyan. He takes them with a kindly laugh at times, at times with a fine mock seriousness. There is humour in plenty here—the humour that is better a thousand times than wit when describing a people the writer holds in affection. Get the book and spend an hour at "Pentecost's," is our advice to readers. "Pentecost's" might aptly be described as the brain of Porthjulyan. . . . In plain language, Pentecost's is our shoe-maker's shop, and the chief meeting-place of our menfolk." Pentecost's is indeed a spot where (Porthjulyan) history is made; and Mr. Lee is a worthy historian.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

A courageous handling of the story of the first murder is found in *Abel* (2s. 6d. net), a poem in blank verse by Dr. David Sandler. We remember the scholarly interest of Dr. Sandler's former work, and in the present poem we feel again that much thought has been given to the familiar episode. The title might well have been "Cain," instead of "Abel," for Cain stands out as the most prominent character, and it is his rebellious spirit, daringly uttering his blasphemies in the face of the repentance and resignation of his parents and the gentle obedience of Abel, which gives the force to the theme. "Abel" is a vivid piece of writing, and contains some haunting lines.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Lovers of "We Three and Troddles" will be glad to learn some of the earlier adventures of the attractive group, and Mr. R. Andom tells these in his new volume, *The Runaways* (6s.). Troddles & Co. begin by succumbing to the fascinations of a captive balloon at a fair, and secretly making their way over the side of its car. The trouble was that the balloon was *not*

captive, and then the adventures begin. It is a gay chronicle, proving how thoroughly a group of boys may play at desert islands and yet be within a stone's throw of law and justice.

Mr. A. G. Folliott Stokes is an admirer of Cornwall, and as a companion to his earlier volume, "From St. Ives to Land's End," he now gives us *From Land's End to the Lizard* (1s. net). This is a combination-book of beauty, information, appreciation, and delight. Its illustrations, too, are charming and unusual. We sincerely wish that Mr. Stokes would not use such an incongruous word as "hinterland" to describe a district of a most un-Teutonic country; but apart from this jar, we gain only pleasure from this book which proves him a true lover of his subject.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS.

When motorists find it necessary to cease from motoring for a while, they will find a feverishly vivid account of Antonio Scarfoglio's tour, *Round the World in a Motor Car* (15s. net), all ready for them to compensate somewhat for the misfortune of having to stay still. With a couple of well-matched companions and an unorthodox programme, the author went over desert and snow-field, over rocks and through rivers. "It is a strange, disordered, mad life that we are leading," he writes, "centred in one sole anxiety, that of always getting forward." The description of this "getting forward" is well told, and never dull. Mr. J. Parker Heyes has translated it into English, and seventy reproduced photographs show us the car and its drivers on their way.

MESSRS. J. BAKER & SON.

Most of us know something of the joys of debate, either as speakers or listeners, and realise the two sides of the shield of Truth. In *A Study of Opposites* (3s. 6d. net), Miss Mary A. Woods gives us something of the joy of debate, and something beyond it also. Taking such subjects as "Success and Failure," "Riches and Poverty," "Society and Solitude," "The Simple and the Complex," and others, she shows us, to some extent, not only both sides of the shield, but that in some lights the silver may become gold, the gold silver, or, to put it differently, that there is a failure which is actually success, a poverty which is actually riches, a society which is lonelier than a solitude, and so forth. The essays are thoughtfully written and are provocative of thought, they are wise, broad in view, and cheerful as well as keen, and they abound in such apt quotations as not only give point to the arguments, but provide a pleasure in themselves.

MR. JOHN LONG.

The man or woman who has memories has generally the power to write a book which shall contain something of value or interest. Such a book is *Eton Memories*, by an Old Etonian (10s. 6d. net). It is a volume of odds and ends, of recollections of days of play and of work. It is written discursively and without straining after any finished style, but it will remind Etonians pleasantly of their schooldays, and reveal to the general public many an odd rule and custom of the school. The illustrations are valuable also.

MR. A. C. FIFIELD.

Lady Constance Lytton in her witty and forcible pamphlet, *No Votes for Women* (3d. net), sees clearly just where the enemy's forces are strongest. To women who feel keenly the corporate degradation of womanhood involved in the condition of the downtrodden and the outcast, the most moving appeal in the entire pamphlet lies in the testimony of medical women, "whose very names are an argument," that the worst evils of our social life are bound up with the lack of effective representation for women.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Teachers are already indebted to Messrs. Macmillan for many well-edited selections of Tennyson's poems. These publishers have now added two admirable volumes, *The Lady of Shalott*, and *Other Poems*, and *English Idylls*, and *Other Poems* (1s. 6d. each), edited by Mr. J. H. Fowler, M.A. The name of the editor is sufficient guarantee of the workmanlike nature of their equipment. The Introduction and Notes are commendably brief, and useful hints are given as to metre. The Introductions are not mutually inclusive, and it might have been better had they contained a general section common to both, and another dealing with the particular contents of each volume. And—brief as the notes are—we scarcely see the necessity for explaining that "pard" means "leopard," and that "plumed" means "feathered." This kind of annotation seems rather to ignore the existence both of the teacher and the pupil's dictionary.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have issued yet another edition of Frederic W. H. Myers's poem, *St. Paul* (1s. net). The impressive "spaciousness" of style, the consolation, the Clough-like tenderness, and the forceful reasoning of the lines are as arresting now as when it was first published in 1867. This is a dainty yet sober-covered little "Gem Edition," handy for the pocket and appropriately designed.

From Messrs. Macmillan also comes the desirable complete edition of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* (3s. 6d. net). A truly fascinating volume, necessary for every library.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, who have joined the ranks of the "sevenpenny publishers," send us two attractive reprints—*Her Own People*, by the ever-popular Mrs. B. M. Croker; and *The Turnstile of Night*, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Excellent little volumes, firmly bound and well-chosen.

Not the least welcome of the Rev. David Macrae's works will be the latest volume which has reached us from Messrs. John Smith & Son, Glasgow, of the uniform edition of his varied writings. This is *A Feast of Fun*, a capital collection of anecdotes, puns, epitaphs, parodies, and blunders. As a volume to dip into it is irresistible.

It is now scarcely necessary to draw the attention of students and teachers of our literature to the excellence of Messrs. Chatto & Windus's "Shakespeare Library," undoubtedly one of the most valuable of all recent series of reprints. The "Shakespeare Classics" is the name given to that section of the larger series which gives us the original tales and plays to which Shakespeare was in some measure indebted. The latest volume is the old play of *King Lear* (2s. 6d. net), edited by Dr. Sidney Lee. The legend recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth was handled many times before Shakespeare made it his own, but the unknown playwright of 1590 who dramatised the legend holds a very special place among Shakespearean pioneers, for his play was published in 1605, a year before the first appearance of Shakespeare's "Lear" on the stage, and three years before the publication of the latter. Dr. Sidney Lee discusses the history of the old play with his wonted fulness of knowledge, and writes of its bearing on the Shakespearean masterpiece with his accustomed moderation and persuasive good sense. He indicates the value of the older play without under-estimating the possibilities of coincidence and common origins, and without over-valuing the importance due to temporal priority. With introductions such as Dr. Lee's, the text of Shakespeare derives fresh interest and illumination from the study of his unknown predecessors.

Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co. have published a translation into German of Meredith's "Tragic Comedians," by I. L. Benecke (5s. net). This was no light undertaking, but Mr. Benecke has accomplished it successfully; his translation is a careful, capable, and very satisfactory piece of work.

New Books of the Month.

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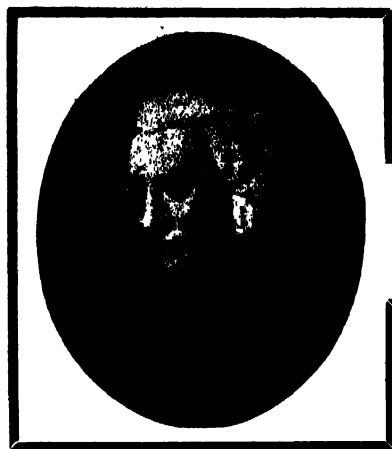
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 241

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 246

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 247

THE READER—

Johnson. By THOMAS SEC'COMBE 248

Dr. Johnson's Literary Work. By

H. SPENCER SCOTT 257

Dr. Johnson's Ancestry. By C. S.

SARGISSON 261

The White Prophet. By Dr.

WILLIAM BARRY 266

THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions 268

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Chesterton on Shaw. By A. ST.

JOHN ADCOCK 270

Three Country Books. By ED-

WARD THOMAS 271

The Times History. By Lt.-Col.

WALTER H. JAMES 273

A Spurious Hero 273

The Greatest of Bohemians. By

WALTER JERROLD 274

Spain and Portugal 275

Heine 276

The Way Things Happen ... 276

Wings of the Deep. By J. E.

PATTERSON 277

NOVEL NOTES—

The Score—Low Society—Mary

The Marriage of Hilary Garden

--Watchers by the Shore—The
Forbidden Theatre A House of
Lies—Above All Things—Shoes
of Gold—The Necromancers—
On Tour with Troddles ... 278-80

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Diversions in Sicily—The French
Revolution—The Riding to
Lithend Sword and Blossom
Poems—The English in China
280-81

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 281

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 282

NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

News Notes.

The October BOOKMAN will have an exceptional interest and importance, since it is to be a Tennyson Centenary Number and our usual Autumn Double Number in one. It will be splendidly illustrated, and will deal very fully with the books of the publishing season that is just commencing. Among its chief contents will be a special article on "Tennyson" by Dr. William Barry, a suggestive essay on the formative influences of Tennyson's earlier years by A. B. Cooper, and one on "Sir Willoughby Patterne," by M. Buxton Forman.

A Bicentenary Edition of Boswell's "Johnson," newly edited, with notes, by Roger Ingpen, is published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. With its five hundred and sixty-eight illustrations, and Mr. Ingpen's admirable annotations to them, this handsome re-issue of the greatest biography in the language is one that both the scholar and the general reader will find as invaluable as it is attractive. It will be issued in weekly parts at sixpence, and the first part is to be ready this week.

Mr. John Lane is publishing immediately a book on "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," by A. M. Broadley, with an introductory essay by Thomas Seccombe. Practically the whole of the material of this volume is new; in addition to numerous hitherto unpublished letters, elaborate biographical and other notes by Mrs. Piozzi, it contains the unpublished journal of the Welsh tour made by Dr. Johnson and the Thrales in 1774. The work has twenty-four illustrations from rare originals. Mr. Lane is also publishing a new edition of Johnson's poems edited by Mrs. William Watson.

Mr. T. N. Foulis announces a re-edited and much improved edition of the Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Piozzi; it will contain a considerable amount of new material, a number of portraits in colour, and other illustrations.

The Clarendon Press has published as a shilling pamphlet the brilliant and scholarly lecture on the Centenary of Tennyson that was given by Dr. T. Herbert Warren in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford on August 6 last. The criticisms in the lecture are admirably balanced and deliberate, despite the fact that Dr. Warren says: "I ought to warn you that I myself am the most 'thick-and-thin' admirer of Tennyson," and that he agrees with Rossetti in thinking "one can never open Tennyson at the wrong page." Dr. Warren saw a



*Photo by Graham,
Leamington Spa.*

**"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. Mary
St. Leger Harrison).**

A hitherto unpublished portrait, taken in 1883.

good deal of the poet in his later years, and his personal recollections of him are particularly interesting. He found Tennyson most genial and cordial, once his first shyness had worn off, but was struck more than all by his "transparent candour."

"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison) is at work on a new novel which will run to about a hundred thousand words. It will be published either late this autumn or early next year, in this country by Mr. John Murray and in America by Harpers. The scene of the story is laid partly in Paris and partly in England, on the South Coast; it is a novel of character rather than of incident, but it touches on one or two important modern questions that should give it a special interest for readers who still regard the novel as a matter of something more than mere amusement.

For twenty-five years Mr. Festing Jones, whose book on Sicily we review elsewhere, was the intimate friend of Samuel Butler (the author of "Erewhon"), and first went to Sicily with him when he was making researches for his book, "The Authoress of the Odyssey." Our photograph of Mr. Jones (on page 280) was taken by Butler some years ago.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon is publishing a volume of short stories with Messrs. Methuen this autumn, and a new novel in the spring.

According to Baedeker's "Northern Germany," one of the latest theories with regard to the "Rat Catcher of Hamelin" is that the story is based on the alleged fact that some of the youth of Hamelin were seized in 1284 with the "dancing mania," and left the town and never returned; but it is now thought that this is possibly a distorted recollection of the Crusade of Children. Under the title of "On the Forgotten Road," Mr. Henry Baerlein has written a chronicle of this Crusade, which Mr. Murray will publish. Mr. Baerlein has confined himself to the French side of the Crusade, which began in France early in the thirteenth century and was probably the most pathetic and absurd adventure in the history of any country. When the fifth Crusade had failed, a notion got abroad that children, being innocent, could win for Christendom that Holy Land which more sophisticated warriors fought for in vain. Two emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountain went to France to secure the children, who were led by a boy named Stephen. They set sail in seven ships, two of which were wrecked on the island of San Pietro, off Sardinia, whilst the other five reached either Egypt or Syria, where the children were sold into slavery. Mr. Baerlein's story, which is put into the mouth of Stephen's father, is based on all the available evidence—monkish chronicles and so forth—and is the first book to appear in England on this remarkable and picturesque episode.

Mr. Teignmouth Shore's "Charles Dickens and his Friends" will be issued by the house of Cassell this autumn, and he is writing a book on Count D'Orsay that will probably see the light next spring.

The novels of Mr. James Baker, author of "John Westacott," are to be issued at two shillings by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in the autumn. First will come that striking historical romance, "The Gleaming Dawn," and then "The Cardinal's Page"; this will be followed by the well-known "John Westacott," "The Inseparables," and others. Mr. Baker is engaged upon a new work, to which he is giving the name of "Reminiscent Gossip from Old Notebooks."

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing this autumn a new book by Jerome K. Jerome to which he has given the title of "They and I."

At a time when the libraries overflow with very perishable fiction, when the novel itself appears to be in a state of transition and the way of the novelist is made harder by the wholesale issuing of cheap reprints, it was perhaps risky for a new writer to go to actual life for his characters, plot, and atmosphere and to offer no startling, sensational sops to the many-headed one. This is what Mr. J. E. Patterson did and did not do in his "Fishers of the Sea"; he has done it again in "Watchers by the Shore" and impenitently declares that he will continue to do it so long as he can find in contemporary life that which interests him and is worth writing about. By the way, some Church of England clergymen have written to the publishers testifying to the fidelity with which "Watchers by the Shore" portrays longshore life on the Suffolk coast, and the vicars of Aldeburgh and Gorleston have been preaching on the lessons of the book.

Mr. J. E. Patterson ran away to sea as a youngster, became in due course a chief mate, and after spending ten years afloat and some in foreign lands, was thrown ashore at Cardiff twelve years ago, apparently a cripple for life. While tallying cargo on the dock side there he wrote a long poem that on its publication met with considerable attention in the critical journals. He then took to journalism and did his share of reviewing for *Literature*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Daily Chronicle*, etc., and was for some time on the staff of the *Westminster Gazette*. Being descended partially from farming stock, his interests are



Mr. J. E. Patterson and
Lieut. John O. Williams.



**"Colliding vigorously in their effort
to perform this act of gallantry."**

From "The Nest of the Sparrowhawk," by the Baroness Orczy.
(Greening.)

pretty equally divided between land cultivation, seafaring matters, and human nature in general. Hence, he is now busy upon a farming novel and has chosen a part of the Essex coast as a locale. But his next book is to be a sort of life of Lieutenant John O. Williams, R.N., who has many medals and probably holds the record for saving life by the rocket apparatus; it will really be the story of Lieutenant Williams's life-saving from wrecks, an impression of the man himself, and an account of the development of the rocket apparatus from a crude idea to its present condition, with a chapter on possible further improvements.

The Baroness Orczy has written a new romance, "The Nest of the Sparrowhawk," which is to run serially through that interesting little magazine the *Imp*, before Messrs. Greening publish it in book form. It is a story of the days of Cromwell, and the scene is laid in the Isle of Thanet.

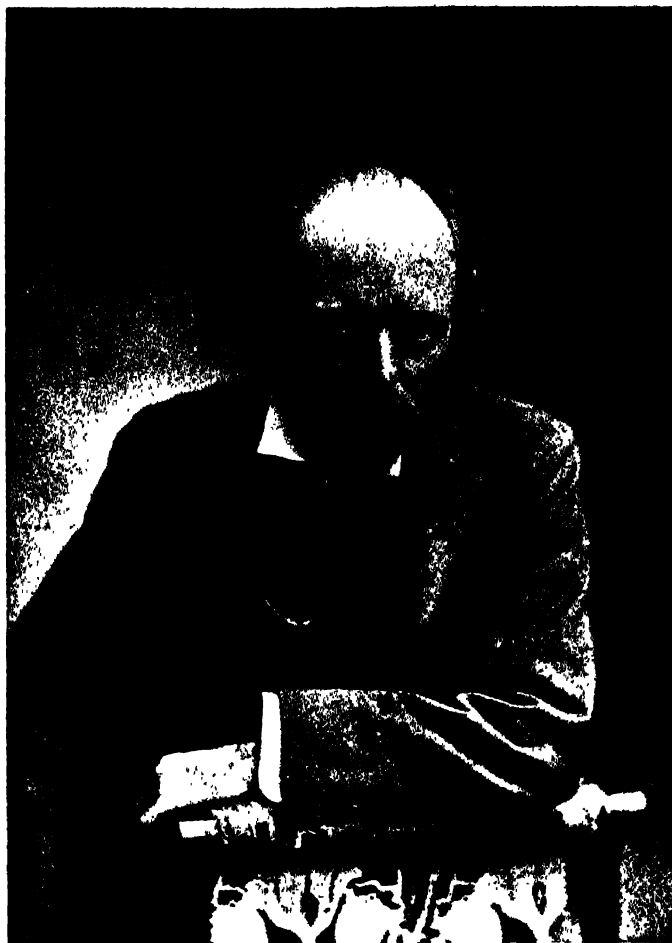
"Shadow Shapes" is the title given to a volume of short stories and nature sketches by Miss Ella Erskine that Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing. Miss Erskine, who is descended from the famous

judge, is a cousin of Aubrey Beardsley, and is distantly related to George MacDonald. Her father, General Erskine, saw thirty-two years' service in India, and she is much interested in the literature, philosophy, and art of the East. At the age of eleven she earned her first money from literary work—it was the large sum of seven-and-sixpence for a short poem called "Sunset Dreams"; she has now for some time past been a frequent contributor to the magazines and newspapers. An accomplished musician, a dramatist, and an actress (she studied for the stage with Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Rosina Filippi), Miss Erskine has been engaged to play the leading part in "The White Hair," a one-act play of hers that the Scottish Repertory Theatre is producing in Edinburgh and Glasgow during September. Incidentally, Miss Erskine is now at work upon a novel which deals in a somewhat original way with the subject of hereditary insanity.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing immediately "The Smiths of Valley View," by Keble Howard. It almost goes without saying that the story is a sequel to the delightful and deservedly popular "Smiths of Surbiton."

The Letters of Shelley, compiled and edited by Roger Ingpen, will be published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons on the 7th inst.

Few of our younger novelists have done such excellent work or won a readier recognition than has Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt. He is still only thirty-one, and, giving up a business career, took to writing as a profession no more than six years ago. He has since then done a good deal of literary and dramatic criticism and published four novels. This summer Mr. Harcourt Williams has produced a three-act comedy of his called "Loyalty," and he is now engaged on his second play, also a comedy. At Oxford Mr. de Sélincourt took the school of English Language and Literature, for which he read under his brother Ernest de Sélincourt, who recently succeeded Churton Collins as Professor of English Literature at Birmingham University; to his brother he owes very largely his enthusiasm for literature, "and he helped me," Mr. de Sélincourt warmly acknowledges, "more than I can say with his own learning and judgment." He is particularly attracted by the Elizabethans in history and literature and has written a book on Sir Walter Raleigh, and a chapter on the successors of Spenser for the Cambridge History. He has almost completed a monograph on Shelley which will be published shortly.



Mr. Hall Caine.

A new portrait.

(Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The White Prophet," is reviewed by Dr. Barry on page 266.)

"The Holy Mountain," by Stephen Reynolds, which has been appearing serially in the *English Review*, will be published next month by Mr. John Lane. It is a satirical novel, in which Mr. Reynolds has followed the Swiftian method and combined the satire with a story—in this case a love-story. Alexander Trotman, son of a country grocer, whilst out on the downs with his young lady, a draper's assistant, in an ecstasy of faith and love miraculously removes one of the hills from Wiltshire to London. The effect of the miracle locally and in London, the scramble to gain possession of the "Holy Mountain," the efforts of the more sensational newspapers, the music-halls, and other organisations to exploit the grocer's son and his miracle—these provide much of the story.

"The Search Party" is the title of a novel by George A. Birmingham that Messrs. Methuen are publishing immediately. "Birmingham" is the pen name of the Rev. James O. Hannay, who is rector of the remote parish of Westport, on the sea-board of Connacht. Mr. Hannay's first attempt at literary work was a short story which appeared in *Temple Bar* seventeen years ago. After that, he gave up writing fiction for a long while. In 1897 he published a Life of his father-in-law, F. R. Wynne,

Bishop of Killaloe; and followed this, in 1903, with "The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism" (these being Donellan lectures delivered before the University of Dublin during the previous year), "The Wisdom of the Desert" (1904), an account of the Egyptian hermits of the fourth century, and contributed some articles to Hastings' Dictionaries; then he turned to fiction again and wrote six novels. The first five, though they had a considerable vogue in Ireland, were only read in England by the somewhat limited class of Englishmen who take a serious interest in Irish affairs. Nevertheless they won for the author many friendships that he values and many enemies that he is not sorry to have acquired. His sixth novel, "Spanish Gold," obtained an immediate and general popularity, and "The Search Party" is another story of the same kind. Mr. Hannay is now working on a series of short stories for the new magazine that Messrs. Methuen are to bring out next year.

Mr. Werner Laurie, who publishes "Hilary Carden" by Stanley Portal Hyatt, has in hand another novel by the same author—a London story which is to be called "Black Sheep." Mr. Hyatt is at present writing for Mr. Melrose "The Northward Trek," a history of the struggle between British and Boers for Bechuanaland and Lobengula's territory, a book that will throw new light on much that happened between 1880 and 1891 in Africa.

Mr. Hyatt is an old Dulwich College boy, and has had a very varied and interesting career. Originally an engineer, he went to Australia and worked on a sheep-station; came home round Cape Horn in a sailing ship; then went out to Matabeleland and helped to erect the first mining machinery in the Chartered territory. Abandoning engineering, he became a successful trader, then a transport rider for three years, and afterwards lost all his cattle and his cash through a new cattle disease, the African Coast Fever. He and his brother were the first men to go right through the rubber jungles of Mozambique for the Portuguese Government, and were paid in land, which, he says, "was promptly taken away again, Portuguese fashion" Meanwhile, the Allahabad *Pioneer* had discovered him by chance and started him writing; he began writing also for some of the London financial papers. Leaving Rhodesia in 1904, "disgusted and broke," he wandered round the East with his brother Amyas; saw much of the underside of life in Eastern cities, came round by the Philippines and gathered material for "The Little Brown Brother." His adventures in the Philippines during the Ameri-

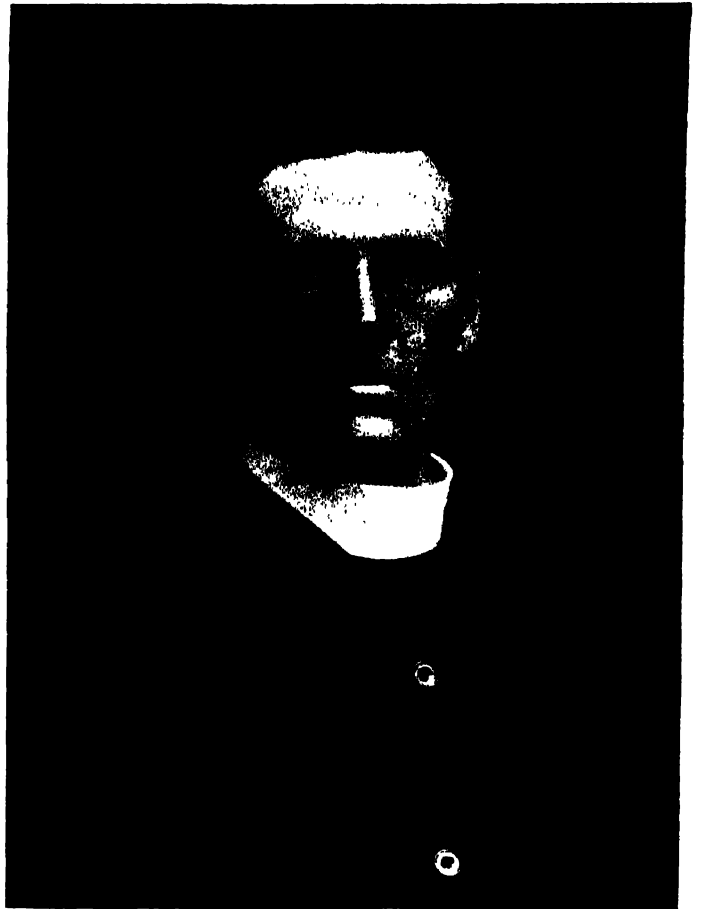


Photo by Russell.

"George A. Birmingham"
(Rev. James O. Hannay).

can war included a trip on a Japanese blockade runner, but when on the sudden death of his brother he turned his face homewards he was, as he puts it, "broke, as usual." At home, doing press work at night and working as an electric light wireman by day, he found time to write "Marcus Hay," and had the somewhat unusual experience of signing the contract for his first novel within six days of finishing it.

"Love the Thiet," which has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., is to be Helen Mathers' (Mrs. Reeves') last novel. Ever since the appearance of "Comin' thro' the Rye" the name of Helen Mathers has been a household word with all lovers of good fiction. A resentment against the undue cheapening of new fiction, and a desire to lay down her pen while her popularity is still at its highest, have had much to do with Mrs. Reeves' decision, but whatever her reasons for it may be, her retirement will be sincerely regretted by many thousands of readers.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are indebted to Messrs. Pitman, Mr. John Lane, Mr. J. Leonard Rees of Derby, Mr. C. S. Sargisson, Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Greening, and Messrs. Constable.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *August 20, 1909.*

AMERICAN trade is, in America's phrase, "booming," and the book trade, always among the first of all the trades to feel depression and the last to feel prosperity, is sharing in the general improvement.

A book traveller who had just returned from a business trip in the West, this week, spoke in glowing terms of the conditions he found there. "Not one of the travellers who went to Chicago this summer left there anything but content with the result of his trip," said he, "and you know we book travellers are hard fellows to satisfy."

Whether all this means that English authors may now count on a double revenue from their American rights is doubtful, but it certainly should mean something of an increase in that part of their incomes that is expressed in dollars. The effect of the financial panic of two years ago continued in American publishing circles throughout the following winter, and by the course of the next summer worked its way over to England, where for six months or so the sale of books was, according to all accounts, worse than it had been for half a generation.

Literary conditions in America have, according to some reminiscences I have recently run across, changed to a phenomenal extent in the last hundred years. In those days, a century ago, it seems that Americans had self-confidence enough to frame a constitution and to establish a nation, but not sufficient belief in themselves either to back their own literary judgment or to put faith in the literary work of one of their fellow-countrymen. It is said that it was almost certain to ensure the condemnation of a book at the hand of native critics were it known that the work was the production of native pen and native brains.

This curious state of things resulted in many strange incidents. For example, when a Philadelphia author named Barker had written a book that gained the sympathy of an American publisher, the publisher did not dare bring it out as the work of an American writer, foreseeing that, if he did so, it would be a flat failure. He therefore conceived the idea of pretending the book had come from England, and even went to the length of having the manuscript packed in a parcel with English postmarks and so delivered at his office. It was issued as the work of an Englishman and had a considerable success. Then the heinous fact leaked out that the book was the work of an author who was not an Englishman but an American, and "the public very soon ceased to find in it the merits that before had been so clearly visible."

Such then was the attitude of the baby nation toward its own authors. To-day we stand in an exactly opposite position. Every average reader, most editors and many book publishers protest that they want American stories in preference to all others. Piccadilly and Devonshire, the House of Commons and Cockney dialect, are all pronounced "too English" by the American man-in-the-street, and his pronouncement carries weight.

It is a fact, in consequence, that the English novel of to-day must be exceedingly appealing, by way of plot interest, by way of literary merit, or because of the name of its author, if it is to secure a hearing in the States; and the same is true, only to a far greater extent, with regard to books originally published in foreign countries other than England.

"Translations," said the head of one of the oldest publishing houses to me, "we take up only in the rarest cases. In the last ten years we have published very few indeed, and, even so, we find that more than half of them have been failures."

This prejudice is due, I fancy, to the childish antipathy most folks feel to reading about conditions of life in which the minor details are unlike those to which they are accustomed. Bazarov in "Fathers and Children," says: "A man's capable of understanding anything—how the æther vibrates and what's going on in the sun—but how any other man can blow his nose differently from him, that he's incapable of understanding."

Thus the American child will accept unblinkingly between book covers the goblin and the genii, but declines to interest himself in the fates of a fictional youngster who is represented as playing football according to different rules from those to which he himself has to submit, while his father will put faith in stories of human nature that is only a little more human than that of "Consul," the famous trained monkey, but declines, as a general thing, to interest himself in a set of characters who don't care for ice-water.

I do not think that this characteristic is essentially American. Doubtless it is common to human nature, but, in so far as it affects literary judgment, Americans seem to show it more strongly than English people, probably because, being so far away from the Continent of Europe, the little details of its daily life (French breakfast, separate compartments in railway trains, and a thousand unimportant things quite familiar to the English reader) are to us absolute stumbling-blocks to understanding. The life stories that Paul Bourget or Maxim Gorki tells us are so different from our own lives in all the little things that we cannot give them perfect sympathy, despite the fact that in the bigger things Bourget's or Gorki's people and ourselves are quite in accord. And so, naturally enough, Bourget and Gorki and the other distinguished continental writers have an American public which is practically negligible.

Translated classics we read, to be sure, but that indicates nothing by way of national literary taste, since, as a naive young person said to me the other day, "of course, nobody ever really *wants* to read the classics."

Another type of translation has been popular—that is, French stories of detection. Gaboriau must have really tremendous sales here, and the newer French writers who have followed in his footsteps—such as Gaston Leroux—are gaining similar successes.

It is interesting to see how really widespread in America has been the notice aroused by the Tennyson Centenary and also to follow the tone of the critical

remarks called forth in the newspapers and magazines. It has, of course, been the fashion for some time back to sniff at Tennyson, and the loftier type of critic seems to regard him as a family poet, rather beneath the attention of the really intellectual reader, or unworthy of being classed with the poets of subtler sort. American

comment in the last fortnight or so has not, however, been along these lines, but has been rather to the effect that Tennyson was really a great poet and that his work will outlive that of many of the intellectuals to whom lofty critics have been accustomed to compare him to his disadvantage.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1 to October 1, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

ALLAN, REV. W. A. G.—*Suse Bushy. A Somerset Tale.* 6s.
PIERCE, E. F.—*Woodhays. A new "Nature" book by the author of "The Traveller's Joy."* 6s.
QUILLER COUCH, A. T.—*True Tilda.* 6s.
QUILLER COUCH, A. T.—*Two Sides of the Face. New Edition.* 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BEALBY, J. T., B.A.—*Fruit Ranching in British Columbia.* 32 page Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—*London in the Nineteenth Century.* 123 Illustrations and a Reproduction of Cruchley's Map of London. 30s. net.
CONWAY, MISS A. E., and SIR MARTIN CONWAY.—*The Children's Book of Art.* 16 full-page Illustrations in Colour from pictures in British Public Galleries. 6s.
FARRAR, FREDERIC W.—*Eric; or, Little by Little. St. Wimbred's; or, The World of School. Julian Home; or, A Tale of College Life.* 1s. and 1s. 6d. each. *Eric and St. Wimbred's*, Illustrated by Gordon Brown, R.I., and Julian Home, by Stanley Berkeley, 2s. 6d. each. With all the Illustrations of the 2s. 6d. editions, and each containing 8 additional full-page Illustrations in Colour, 3s. 6d. each.
FINNEMORE, JOHN.—*The Story of Robin Hood and His Merry Men.* 8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Allan Stewart. 3s. 6d.
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—*The Lake of Geneva.* Painted by J. Hardwicke Lewis and Miss May Hardwicke Lewis. 60 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 20s. net.
GRIERSON, ELIZABETH.—*Children's Tales of English Minsters.* 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by various artists. 6s.
HOME, GORDON.—*The Motor Routes of England. Southern Section (South of the Thames).* 24 Pictures in Colour and 45 Sketch Maps. 5s. net, leather, 7s. 6d. net.
HOPE, ASCOTT R.—*Adventures in North America.* 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Henry Sandham. 6s.
HOPE, ASCOTT R.—*Reasts of Business.* 8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by G. Vernon Stokes and Alan Wright. 3s. 6d.
LOCKHART, J. G.—*The Life of Sir Walter Scott.* Abridged. New Edition. 8 full-page Illustrations in Colour and 4 in Black and White.
MITTON, G. E.—*The Book of the Railway.* 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour from drawings by Allan Stewart. 6s.
ROBERTSON, JOHN M., M.P.—*Montaigne and Shakespeare.* 7s. 6d. net.
SIDGWICK, MRS. ALFRED, and MRS. PAYNTER.—*The Children's Book of Gardening.* 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Mrs. Cayley-Robinson. 6s.
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—*Mike. A Public School Story.* 8 full-page Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
YOUNGHUSBAND, SIR FRANCIS EDWARD, K.C.I.E.—*Kashmir.* Painted by Major E. Molyneux, D.S.O. 73 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 20s. net.

Messrs. Blackie & Sons, Ltd.

CAIN, WM.—*A Brief Course in the Calculus.* 6s. net.
CAVEN, R. M.—*Systematic Qualitative Analysis for Students of Inorganic Chemistry.* 3s. 6d. net.
FRICERS, KATE J.—*Little French People.* 24 Pictures in Colour. 3s. 6d.
HOBBSON, RUTH A.—*Great-Grandmother's Book.* 10 Coloured Plates. 4s. 6d.
SCHMALL, CHAS. N.—*A First Course in Analytical Geometry.* 6s. net.
Blackie's Children's Annual, 6th year of issue. 4s. and 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BALL, SIR ROBERT.—*Earth's Beginning.* New Edition. 7s. 6d.
CRANE, WALTER.—*A Flower Wedding.* Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d.
CRANE, WALTER.—*Flowers from Shakespeare's Garden.* Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d.
DUDENEY, MRS.—*The Shoulder Knot.* 6s.
HAINES, S. H.—*Diseases of the Stomach.* 9s. net.
HALL, E. CALVERT.—*Aunt Jane of Kentucky.* 6s.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—*The Romance of Michael Trevail.* 3s. 6d.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—*The Smiths of Valley View.* 6s.
HYNE, CUTCLIFFE.—*Kate Meredith.* 6d.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—*Under the Iron Flail.* 1s. net.
People's Library. 10 New Vols. Cloth, 8d. net; leather, 1s. 6d. net.
London Town. 2 Vols. 10s. net each.
25 Little Classics. A New Series. Pocketable Size. 7d. net per Vol.
The World's Great Pictures. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—*French Vignettes. A Series of Dramatic Episodes, 1787-1871.* With Portraits. 10s. 6d. net.
BROWN, VINCENT.—*The Screen.* 6s.
CANA, FRANK R.—*South Africa from the Great Trek to Union.* 10s. 6d. net.
CULLUM, RIDGWEIL.—*The Sheriff of Dyke Hole.* 6s.
DICKENS, CHARLES.—*Christmas Books. Illustrated. A Special Edition for Christmas and New Year's gifts.* 3s. net.
PICKERING, SIDNEY.—*Pathos Perilous.* 6s.
SCHEVILL, FERDINAND.—*Siena: the Story of a Mediæval Commune.* Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON.—*Memorial of St. Paul's Cathedral.* Illustrated by Louis Weir. 16s. net.
STATHAM, H. H.—*The Organ and its Position in Musical Art.* 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BARKER, ELSA.—*The Son of Mary Bethel.* 6s.
BARRINGTON, MICHAEL.—*The Knight of the Golden Sword.* 6s.
CLAYTON, MARGARET.—*Camping in the Forest.* Coloured Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
HAMILTON, COSMO.—*Plain Brown.* 6s.
McCarthy, JUSTIN.—*A History of Our Own Times.* Vols. VI. and VII. Cheaper Edition. 6s. each.
METHVEN, PAUL.—*Influences.* 6s.

PENNY, MRS.—*The Unlucky Mark.* 6s.
READE, CHARLES.—*The Cloister and the Hearth.* Illustrated by Byam Shaw. 12s. 6d.
SPIELMANN, MRS.—*The Rainbow Bowl: Stories.* Illustrated by Arthur Rackham and Others. 5s. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—*Wear of Hermiton.* Cheaper Edition. 2s. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—*Valma Prayers.* Miniature Edition. 1s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—*A Lowden Sabbath Morn.* Illustrated by A. S. Boyd. New Edition. 6s.
THACKERAY, W. M.—*The Rose and the Ring.* Illustrated by Gordon Browne. 3s. 6d. net.
Confessions of St. Augustine. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

WEEKES, A. R., B.A.—*Shakespeare's "As You Like It."* (For University Examinations and Higher Forms in Schools) 2s.
WORKMAN, W. P., M.A., B.Sc., and A. G. CRACKNELL, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.P.—*The School Geometry.* (An Edition of "Geometry, Theoretical and Practical," by the same Authors, specially adapted for ordinary school use. In its preparation special consideration has been given to the recommendations of the Board of Education as contained in Circular 711.) In one vol., 3s. 6d. Part I., 2s. Part II., 2s. *Introduction to The School Geometry.* (Specially written to meet the requirements of the First and Second Stages of Geometry as outlined in the Board of Education Circular) 1s.

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JOHNSON.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

EVERY known fact about Johnson will probably have been recorded at one time or another in the pages of *THE BOOKMAN*, so that for those whose thirst for Johnsoniana is still unslaked, it ought to be enough for us to refer them to the file. It is not our intention here, at any rate, to recapitulate the well-known facts of that most conspicuous career. No new facts of any great relevance have been discovered about Johnson's earthly pilgrimage. It is true that his pedigree has been elucidated with a precision almost, if not quite, as conscientious as if he had been an English Prime Minister or an American President. But when we come to the essential data, it is a fact surely that they were all well within the reach of Macaulay when he wrote his famous appreciation for the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." (The creation and preservation of Johnson seems to have fallen by a special providence into the hands of Scotsmen and dissenters.) Johnson, indeed, has moved very little. But we have been moving away from him all the time, and it may be opportune, now that he has lived nearly two hundred years in the world, to take another sight of this great literary phenomenon, with all the alterations of contour which changes of time and taste may have brought about.

Johnson is not to us what he was to the generation of Miss Pinkerton and her Academy, nor what he was to our grandfathers, or even to our fathers. Those of my readers who have inherited books from any of their ascendants will be well aware what a value they attached to a complete set of Johnson's works bound in half-calf, in twelve or fourteen handsome octavo volumes. A set of Johnson in a modern library is represented by an equally voluminous, but quite different series. The "*Complete Works*" are relegated to the topmost shelf, and the Johnsoniana which the bookman of to-day will keep at his elbow and point to with pride are the thirteen volumes which we owe to the unflinching piety of the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill.

These comprise first of all Boswell's *Life and Appendices*, then the two volumes of *Letters*, the two volumes of *Miscellanies*, and the three volumes of the copiously annotated *Lives of the Poets*. It might almost appear, in brief, that the interest in Johnson's life has definitely superseded the interest in his works. Yet the conclusion stated thus baldly can hardly be said to satisfy the situation: as to Macaulay's theory that the man

alone mattered, and that a portrait painted by the hand of an inspired idiot was a true measure of the man, this has not worn much better in the main than the common run of literary propositions. The narratives contained in the two volumes of *Miscellanies* aforesaid supplement Boswell's *Life* in a hundred most important particulars, and Johnson's *Life* is a bigger, more massive thing than all the *Lives* put together. Supreme as Boswell has proved himself in the portraiture of Johnson, his supremacy is strictly confined to this one theme. Indifferent writers on other themes surpass themselves and attain to absolute excellence when they write about Johnson. All are seen alike, in the clearer perspective, to be integral parts of one stupendous monument

the monument of a man who is greater than his work.

Let us not be too hasty, however, in depreciating that work. Foxed though they are by the rusts of age and the damps of neglect, Johnson's ample pages are very far as yet from being consigned to wholesale oblivion. His moral writings are destined, in all probability, to a ponderous tomb; but this neglect is fairly compensated by a steady revival of interest in his *Meditations* and *Letters*. Johnson's eminence as a letter-writer has hardly perhaps been fully realised. Yet of letters that count, we can hardly have fewer than six hundred from his pen. Three hundred admirable specimens were indited to Mrs. Thrale alone. He was too lazy a correspondent, it may be thought, to be a letter-writer of the very first order. The care that



From a portrait by Ozias Humphrey.

Dr. Johnson.

Cowper and Walpole took to collect and polish material was a total stranger to his composition. But out of the material at hand he wrought wonders—not a sentence but betrays that complete mastery of our language to which only a mental athlete who is also a philologist can ever hope to attain. As a scholar there are some who think that he is seen to best advantage in his Shakespeare. He was not an Elizabethan specialist, of course, but he was a master of the English language,

and he never cringed to Shakespeare. He charges him bluntly with circumlocution. The dramatist often, says Johnson, gets entangled in his proper meaning, which he cannot express and will not reject. He struggles with it for a while, but, if it continues stubborn, leaves it for those who have more leisure to bestow to disentangle and evolve. No one has helped more to disentangle this meaning than Johnson himself. "Johnson's strong grasp of the main thread of the discourse, his sound sense, and his wide knowledge of humanity enable him in a hundred passages to go straight to Shakespeare's meaning. . . . Macaulay's statement that it would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic [than Johnson's of Shakespeare], has nothing but emphasis to recommend it. . . . A wiser man than Macaulay—James Boswell—has already answered Macaulay's condemnation." * As scholar and wit—his most distinctive combination—*plus* a man of the world who had grown in familiarity with life as a problem of

* "Johnson on Shakespeare." By Walter Raleigh. (Frowde, 1908.)



From an old print (by permission).
Photo by C. S. Sargison.

Lichfield Market-Place as it was in 1709.

which literature after all is only a fraction, his great achievement was "The Lives of the Poets," written in a happy hour, when Streatham gave him its best, when he had receded most from the pomposity of his verbose or periodical phase, and before his health or mental powers had begun to show any signs of abatement. As critic he supplies a bridge between life and literature such as few men could supply. Biography was his favourite study. It had its irksome side, but he did not intend to allow this to bother him. The booksellers (he knew the dogs so well) were not going to have so much the best of the bargain. If the details were handy, well and good. If not, he was quite prepared to supply their place with his own shrewd reflections and sombre philosophy of living and dying. George III. suggested that Spenser might be included in the bead-roll of English master-poets. But Johnson himself could be brought to recommend for insertion only Blackmore, Pomfret, Yalden, and Watts! To such poetasters he was ever indulgent. He kept his thunders for Milton and Gray. Johnson's horizon as a literary historian was the limited horizon of the *grand siècle*.

His blind side as a literary critic was thus estimated by a contemporary:

"Johnson's mind is fettered with prejudices civil, poetical, political, religious, and even superstitious. As a reasoner he is nothing. He has not the least tincture of the *esprit philosophique* upon any subject. He is not a poet, nor has any taste for what is properly called poetry; for imagination, enthusiasm, etc. His poetry—I mean what he esteems such—is only good sense put into good metre. He sees no promise of Milton's genius in his juvenile poems. He feels no beauties in Mr. Gray's odes. Did you ever see a more school-boyish criticism than his upon Gray? . . . In general I find my palate in matters



Photo (by permission)
by C. S. Sargison.

The Room in which Dr. Johnson was born.

of poetry continually at variance with Dr. Johnson's. I don't mean this alone as any proof that he is wrong. But the general taste of the most poetical people, of the best poets, are against him. I will not allow that a man who slights Akenside, abuses Gray, and mentions with complacency such versifiers as Pomfret, Yalden, Watts, etc., in the list of poets, can have any true poetical taste. He is a man of sense, and has an ear; that is all. . . . With all this, Dr. Johnson is always entertaining, never trite or dull. His style is just what you say: sometimes admirable, sometimes laughable, but he never lets you gape. Without being philosophical or deep, like Hume, etc., he has his originalities of thought and his own way of seeing things, and making you see them. 'This is great excellence. There is in him no echo.' *

From its own point of view—that of a premature Matthew Arnold, shall we call it?—this could hardly be better expressed. Johnson was certainly not a man greatly addicted to general ideas. He had not "an idea in his noddle," as a great propagandist of such ideas once observed to the present writer. He was no systematic thinker. Foreigners have never credited him with a mind at all. What Voltaire thought of him (*before* he heard that Johnson had said that Frederick the Great's poetry was such as might have been written by Voltaire's foot-boy) is well known. When his massive intellect could be brought to bear upon the problems of history, law, metaphysics, physical science, or even mathematics, however rugged they might be, it could hardly fail to make an impression. But he addressed himself to such problems with the utmost reluctance. Nay, when they were so much as debated in his presence his instinct was to twiddle his fingers and think about Tom Thumb. In Church and State matters he was a hoary protester against change, who found nothing to praise in politics since the Treaty of Utrecht, and who was in conflict with every new idea of the age. In language, as in thought, religion, and politics, he was a man cast in an antique

* "Twining Correspondence." A letter from Thomas Twining to his brother, dated May 3, 1784.



From a sketch by George Dance.

James Boswell.

mould. Is not this one of the chief reasons of his greatness? As in his austere view of human life as a gloomy cavern he connects with the primitive Christianity of the early reformers, so in his linguistic notions he approximates to the almost superhuman ideals of the great scholars of the Renaissance. He thought and prayed in Latin, prescribed for himself in Greek, translated difficult passages into French, diverted himself in Italian. Abroad he talked Latin, and he may in fact almost be termed a man of two languages; and as such lacks the ease of a man who can express himself at all times with perfect ease in one. As compared with a real master of the rare art of pouring out the mind on paper such as Thackeray, for example, Johnson, for all his powers as an improvisatore, can only be classed as a writer ponderous, sullen, laboured, inexperienced. He is commonly overconscious of the majesty and solemnity of the written word. His lightest pencil is afflicted with the emphasis of a Latin inscription. To-day the ideal is at all hazards to express vividly. Johnson belonged to the old school, who put style above expression.

Thus far I am rather inclined to agree with T. T.'s limitations. But



Photo by R. Keene, Ltd., Derby.

St. Werburgh's Church, Derby, where Johnson was married.



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

**Lichfield Market-Place,
and Dr. Johnson's
Birthplace (the
corner house).**

**Only remaining
portion of the old
Grammar School,
Lichfield.**

"After learning to read at a dame-school, and from a certain Tom Brown, of whom it is only recorded that he published a spelling-book and dedicated it to the Universe, young Samuel was sent to the Lichfield Grammar School."—Leslie Stephen's "Johnson" (English Men of Letters: Macmillan).



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.



Photo by R. & R. Bull, Ashbourne.

**Church Street, Ashbourne,
the house where Johnson
stayed as the guest of
Dr. Taylor.**

"Dr. Taylor's large, roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout, plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postillions . . . conveyed us to Ashbourne, where I found my friend's schoolfellow living upon an establishment perfectly corresponding with his substantial, creditable equipage."—Boswell's "Johnson."

when he proceeds to deny the Doctor imagination, and to refuse him the title of poet, I must part company with him. Johnson's imagination was a commanding one, and was of that noblest kind which manifests itself in practical human sympathy with the real woes of mankind. He was, I now think, a true poet—formal and restricted, no doubt, within the boundaries of the narrow metrical tradition to which he had subscribed in his youth, but powerful, solemn, and absolutely sincere. The feeling vibrates right through that iron frame. All that Johnson positively lacked to make a great poet was labour. But he was an incorrigibly idle "little dog" (as he loved to call himself) and preferred to amuse himself with "Jack the Giant Killer."

Johnson as a writer, then, is a man whom no one can afford not to taste, but on whom very few (increasingly few) can ever be induced to make a full meal. His literary influence persists and is profoundly felt (in the same way as that of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Tennyson) by thousands who have never read a line of his works. His moral influence is felt even more profoundly by a world which has turned its back with one accord upon his moral writings. Yet his moral grandeur may from certain points of view have been greatly enhanced, - uncritically exaggerated. I am inclined to think that it has. Johnson, I take it, was a greater, and a better, but a far more imperfect man than is generally conceived. What do we know of his stormy youth? Jack Hawkesworth and Dr. James might have told us much; but where have they done so? The wolf, to which Sam once compared himself, has been "gentled" over, as with Lamb, edited for babes and sucklings, depicted as illustrating Hugo's *l'art d'être grand-père*—grandpapa in this case to the pretty dears of "Thralia dulcis," the "papilionaceous" lady whom he waved to and fro on his trunk. More needs, I believe, to be said about Johnson's contradictory qualities, his egotism, his unfairness (to Mrs. Thrale, for example), before we can freely take him to our hearts and value him as we should. He was not really such an open book, as some would have us think, to that adhesive cur, or rather bur—you know whom I mean. Away from Boswell he gave freer run to his amateness, to his appropriateness, to his desire to annex the lives of others. The finer texture of his spirit is familiar.

His sense of eternity, his profound pity for human



From the portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for Beauchamp in 1773.

Dr. Johnson.

suffering, his genius for conduct and influencing conduct, his Christian charity—these things are well known. "He loved the poor as I never yet saw any one else do, with an earnest desire to make them happy"—a desire in consequence of which he nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them. Such pensioners he treated with the same "or perhaps more ceremonious civility than he would have done by as many people of fashion—making the Holy Scriptures thus his rule of conduct, and only expecting salvation as he was able to obey its precepts." He gave away all he had, and "all he ever had gotten, except the two thousand pounds he left behind; and the very small portion of his income which he spent upon himself, with all our calculations we never could make more than seventy or at most fourscore pounds a year." As with his nobler qualities, so with his sheer eccentricities. The voracity which filled his familiar letters with made dishes and incited him to pour the lobster-sauce over the plum-pudding and to say that the man who disregards his belly will regard little else; his obstreperous uncouthness, which wedded the laugh of a rhinoceros to the habits of a war-elephant, prone to trample friends as well as foes; the untidy appearance, the worn-out wig singed by candles, the rusty coat

smeared with candle grease; the convulsive twitchings and geometrical-pattern walkings ("dancing the devil's jig")—these traits are known to all of us. But there are other traits less well known.

Johnson dining with Mrs. Abington, Johnson nursing the little Methodist, Johnson praying with "Francis Barber, Esquire" (his black servant), in thanksgiving for the fall of the Rockingham Administration, Johnson assisting poor Bet Flint the demi-rep poetess, Johnson inkhorn in hand, signing drafts for malt and hogsheads, Johnson hunting on the downs, proud of his performance, yet despising the sport (it is melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them), Johnson escaping loneliness by figuring at a Brighton ball! The rudest of men prided himself on his ceremonious politeness; the enemy of patronage loved to choose his own patrons, to absorb them, and persuade them that his liberties were a con-



After J. Opie, R.A.

Samuel Johnson.

descension and his inroads a favour. Because asthma and indigestion made his nights a waking nightmare he would force Mrs. Thrale in her own house to sit up with him till dawn, pouring out cups of tea whose number he disputed, quenching his insatiable thirst for a listener, and commanding her to attend him at breakfast, when he lectured her on costume. In large things unselfish and always preaching unselfishness, in the small daily things which make up life ("Life is made up of little things") he could be exacting and inconsiderate. A chartered libertine himself, he claimed the strictest accuracy, the most military punctuality in others.

With physical privations or losses as with spiritual conflicts he could sympathise, for he had suffered them himself. With sentimental afflictions and heart aches he had no patience. "Sympathy" in such cases was assessed by him at the value of a horse's grief at the miscarriage of the cow. "Have done with canting. How would the world be worse if all your relations were spitted at once and roasted for Presto's supper?" His imperative need to prevail in argument made him an outrageous sophist, and he banged the door on argument, which was often only the vent for ill-temper resenting defeat. Because he was shocked by "Tom Jones" he denied genius to Fielding. Disliking the man Sterne, he damned the "Sentimental Journey" at a venture. Of Hume, Rousseau, or Prior, he refused to hear a good word. For six months he refused to believe in the Lisbon earthquake. He gave the lie direct to a Quaker

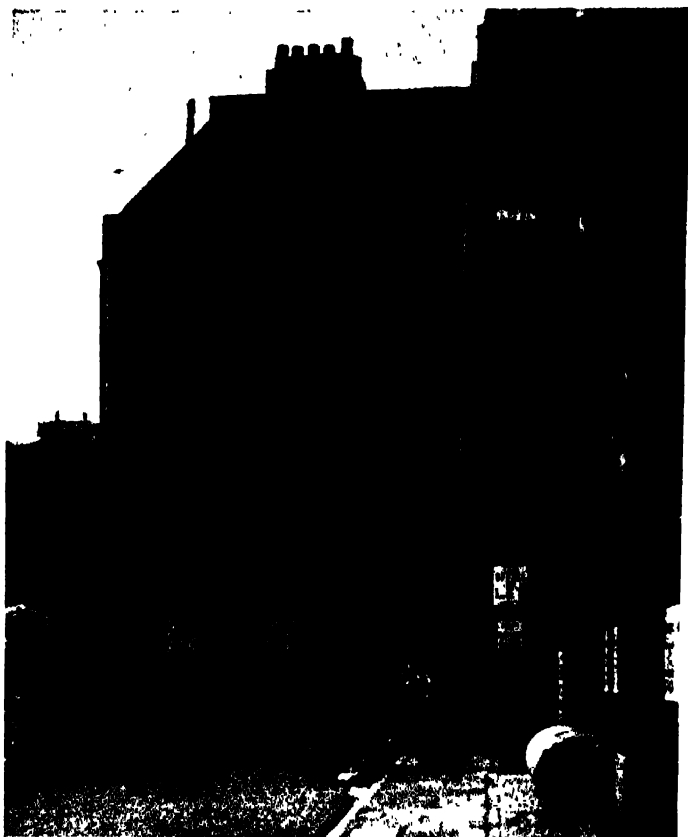


From a drawing by Fredk. Adcock.

**No. 8, Russell Street,
Covent Garden.**

Where Boswell first met Johnson, one of the most interesting and least known of London's historic houses.

"Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house. . . . At last, on Monday, the 16th of May [1763], when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop."—Boswell's "Johnson."



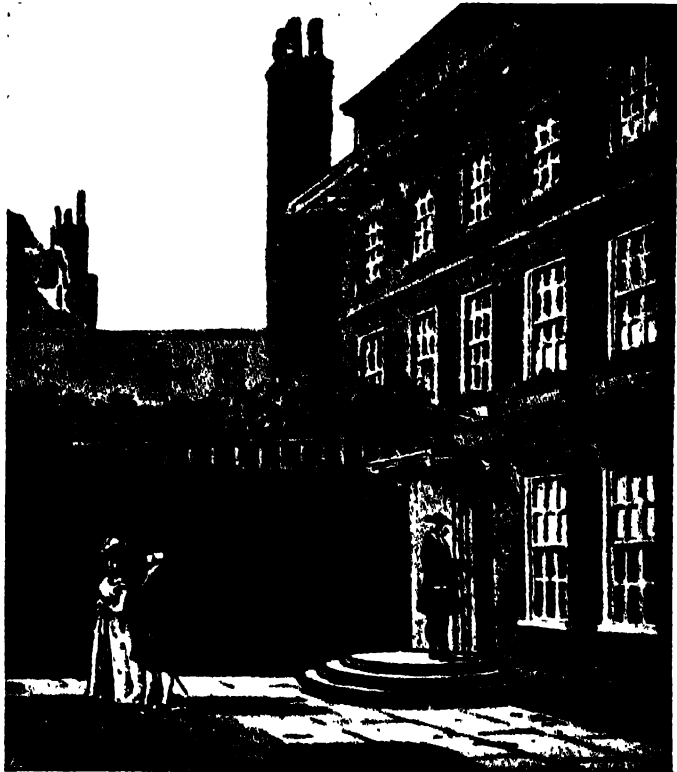
Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.
Showing the house in which Dr. Johnson lived from 1767 to 1776.



From an old wood engraving.

The Mitre Tavern.

17, Gough Square, E.C.
Dr. Johnson's residence from 1748 to 1758. Here his wife died, and here he wrote the greater part of his Dictionary and of the *Rambler* and the *Jobber*. His own study and the garret with its sloping roof in which his six amanuenses worked are still to be seen.



8, Bolt Court.
Here Johnson lived from 1776 till his death in 1784



Temple Bar.
As it was in Johnson's time



After the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mr. Thrale.

"This year [1765] was distinguished by his being introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, one of the most eminent brewers in England, and Member of Parliament for the borough of Southwark."—Boswell's "Johnson."

about the red-hot shells at Gibraltar. When a gentleman once gesticulated with his hands he took hold of them and held them down. He drove people from him by sheer terror. The neglected scholar who had come so fearlessly to London to "drive the world about a little," who had suffered such straits of poverty, wandering homeless and unfed in the streets of London, who had wrestled with evil, disease, and starvation, had scribbled an essay on procrastination in the cellar while the printer's devil clamoured for copy in the doorway, who had eaten behind a screen to hide his tatters, and had known the stern solitude of a London garret, revenged himself at the end by gobbling like an alderman, shouting to titled ladies, "How much do you think we could earn if we worked as hard as we could for a week?" and monologising in full cry at table till Brewer Thrale was forced to interject "We have had enough lecture for the present, Doctor Johnson; let us dine now and resume our education afterwards." He loved women to pet and preach and domineer over. Feminine companionship was necessary to him, the more so after the death of that wife (whom he made jealous,



After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi).

though, "pretty dear, she had no cause") whose homely looks and tawdry garb he so touchingly loved and idealised. The silk stockings and white bosoms of Davy's actresses excited his amorous propensities, and he debarred himself from such allurements; but we hear of his plans for a seraglio, and of his idea of earthly happiness driving briskly in a postchaise with a pretty woman. His dear angel, the witty and pretty Hetty, gentle Thrale, afforded him the sympathy and scope for tender schooling that his age demanded from fifty-six to seventy-three. He treated her with a certain brutality, though it must in candour be allowed that, as in the case of Levett, the brutality was of the manners, not of the mind.

Such foibles, which might be multiplied, weigh not a pennyweight in our estimate of Johnson. They are dust on the balance. They show that he was a man of like passions with ourselves, who was not able, any more than the best of us, always to make precept square with practice. But he is still our counsellor and friend, whose strong sayings console us, whose brave words harden our souls against the flint. A great tenderness underlay that rugged exterior, impervious



After the drawing by C. Stanfield, R.A.

The Thrales' summer-house at Streatham, 1773.

alike to sentiment and to sham. In him, it is true, we shall contemplate no perfect warrior, no saintly hero, no demi-divinity. The foundation of his posthumous fame is not to be based (this is a point we have rather laboured) upon his pre-eminent goodness. The *intensity* of that posthumous life is the most interesting thing about Johnson. Of all Englishmen who commenced to live as much as two hundred years ago, he is indubitably at the present moment by far the most alive. For Johnson still lives and moves and has his being, and is alive with us to-day in this September, 1909. He has transmitted to us not merely his acts and deeds, his apt sayings and piercing thoughts, but the whole paraphernalia of personality, his private influence—himself. By what factors is this unique power of transmission conditioned? By what law did the little bird of immortality perch upon the crusted visage of that old lady of Amsterdam who still lives for us so completely in the canvas of Rembrandt in the National Gallery? What caprice of energy infused such enduring life into that wistful figure with the shears whose face haunts us as "Moroni's Tailor"? Will Johnson's immortality last as long as theirs? Will it, like theirs, extend to other nations, or will it be confined to the English tongue? The principle of Johnson's vitality has been explained, and again it has been explained away, and attributed to his biographers. But, however much we may explain, the larger part still remains incommunicable. Lord Rosebery lays down that the best part of Burns's life began with his death. Johnson's immortality began long before he died; it remains one of our most treasured possessions to-day,



**Philip Dormer Stanhope,
4th Earl of Chesterfield.**

"When the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author"—Boswell's "Johnson."

and there is every probability that it will outlast even Burns's. The persistence of a poet's fame has a large transcendental element. There is none of this about that sturdy positivist, Samuel Johnson. His "eternity" is based upon less ecstatic, more commonplace, and, dare we add, more durable elements. His is still the living celebrity of the man, rather than the lasting but paler influence of the mind. We feel it, not as an abstract influence, but as the direct impulse of a personality, just as we feel the inspiration of Chatham or Nelson. The tale of great men is soon told. Their number is limited in all ages. It is not indefinitely elastic. The commemorative instinct expands for a

time; then comes a reaction, and a great killing-off of struldbrugs and drones, of exhausted reputations and characters that no longer count. And as at Madame Tussaud's exhibition, so in the greater exhibition of the world, the old wax is used to manufacture the new celebrities. Johnson's vast bulk has already displaced hundreds of pale ghosts. Chance is ever seeking to trip up Truth, in the distortion of which Common Fame employs a thousand diverters, detractors, hagiologists, valets and hero worshippers, confidantes and common liars. Unalloyed truth, indeed, is by no means an indispensable ingredient in the confection of a great legend. The haloes of the greatest men are, as a rule, extremely shadowy in the inside. The extraordinary thing about Johnson is the extent and accuracy of our knowledge about him. Where in the whole orb of the world's history shall we find a character to stand the test as well?

DR. JOHNSON'S LITERARY WORK.

BY H. SPENCER SCOTT.

"THE Lives of the Poets" is a classic, and of all Johnson's works is the least indebted for the estimation in which it is held to the personal interest in the author created by the great biography; but his other writings, admirable though they are in many ways, would lose much if we were not acquainted through the pages of Boswell with Johnson's life and character.

But if Johnson the writer owes much to Johnson the talker, the converse also holds true. In his writings we approach Johnson with no Boswell standing between us, and a reference to them will often enable us to distinguish between "Johnson when he talked for victory and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate." Some of Johnson's most notorious pro-

nouncements, thrown off in the heat of argument, will appear in their true light if we contrast them with his written criticisms.

All Johnson's works bear the mark of his personal predilections. Have we not in the great Dictionary—"the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure," to quote Macaulay—his characteristic definition of "pension" and "pensioner"? With Immanuel in "Rasselas" Johnson would have said "human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed." When we read how Rasselas "passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves," we recognise that Johnson is describing himself. "Rasselas" has now few professed admirers—perhaps fewer readers. Yet it reached a fifth edition in less than three years and has been translated into at least ten languages. Boswell was not satisfied if a year passed without his having read it through, and his admiration was shared by the Master of Balliol of our time. "It is the Vanity of Human Wishes," Jowett said, "dedicated in a sort of prose poem or idyll: it is the Book of Ecclesiastes ringing the changes on the various conditions of human life, ending in a conclusion in which nothing is concluded. There is no verisimilitude in the characters, but there is verisimilitude in the thoughts: they are true to life and are always passing through our minds."

The *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler* are to most of us little more than names. Yet turning over the pages we light on many a noble passage, full of wisdom, drawn not from books but from life, while Johnson's insight



*Drawn by H. Corbould;
the room itself being
from a sketch by J. Smith.*

**Dr. Johnson in his
sitting-room at
Bolt Court.**

into the human mind will often startle us with words revealing insistently sentiments hidden deep within our hearts.

To those who know the story of Johnson's life the *Rambler* especially is full of pathos. We recall how it was undertaken when he was "tugging at the oar" in the preparation of his great dictionary, and written with a mind distracted by anxiety on account of the failing health of his wife, whose death followed close on the last number. Little wonder that his conviction

of the miseries of life is imprinted on its pages, and that his thoughts turned to his "one solid basis of happiness, the reasonable hope of a happy futurity."

The "essays professedly serious," he trusts, "will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity"; and in a Christmas Eve *Rambler* he wrote: "Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended: and to him that refuses to practise it the throne of mercy is inaccessible and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain."

Happily Johnson wrote the *Ramblers* according to no settled plan but in the strain which at the time came most naturally to his mind. His interest in the life around him was active and his common sense recognised "how much of human life passes in little incidents, cursory conversation, slight business and casual amusements." A paper "inculcating the more awful virtues" is succeeded by one discussing "those petty qualities which are every moment exerting their influence upon us and make the draught of life sweet or bitter by imperceptible installations."

The "harmless merri-ment" which at times breaks into "the sternness of the *Rambler's* philosophy" is somewhat artificial, though we may smile at the husband who "now and then after a supernumerary bottle broke a looking-glass or china dish to prove his sovereignty."



From a drawing by Dorothy Collins.

Johnson's Lodging at Hampstead, in 1748.

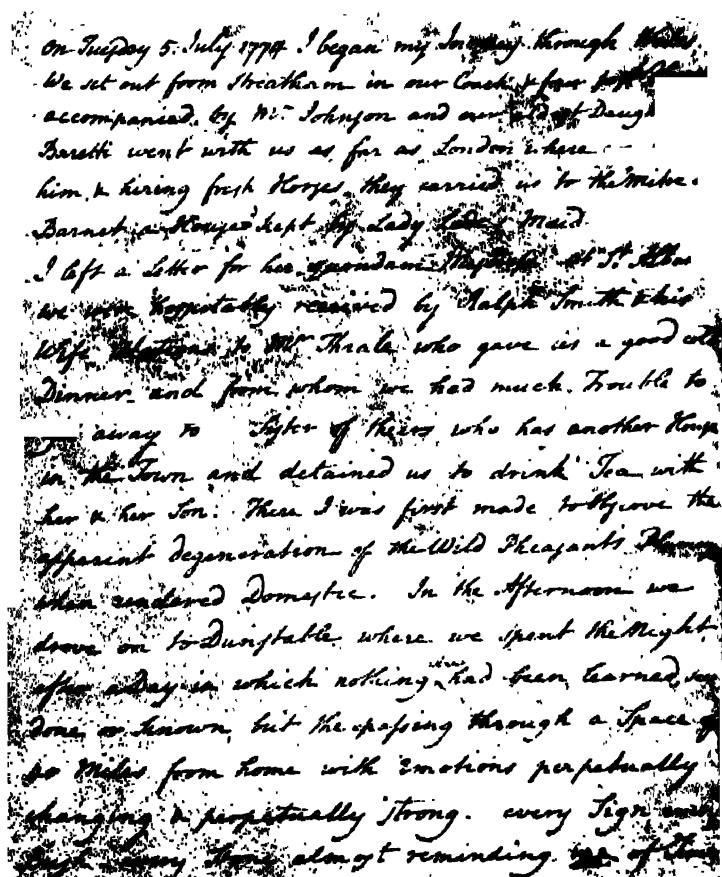
From Boswell's "Johnson." Bicentenary Edition. Edited by Roger Ingpen. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

For a realisation in his works of the Johnson described by Garrick "compared with whom Rabelais and all other wits are nothing," we must turn to the review in which Johnson shattered with relentless satire Soame Jenyns' fantastic explanation of the nature and origin of evil.

Johnson's "Shakespeare," neglected and depreciated by the romantic critics and commentators of the nineteenth century and pronounced by Macaulay to be one of the most slovenly and worthless editions of a great classic ever produced, is now estimated at its true worth.

The political pamphlets have found few admirers. They were written in defence of lost causes and in support of a ministry that has met with little mercy at the hands of historians. Yet Johnson wrote "his genuine opinions and imagined himself contending on the right side." The style is direct, the argument clear, and the sarcasm often keen. The charge of ingratitude brought against the Americans in "Taxation no Tyranny" has truth in it, and his counsel that such force should be employed as should take away not only the power but the hope of resistance had at least some advantage over the half measures of the Ministry, which were doomed to failure. Perhaps the most persuasive of his pamphlets is that on "The Falkland Islands," eloquent in its description of the miseries of war.

In the "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,"



On Tuesday 5. July 1774. I began my Journey through Wales. We set out from Brecknock in our Coach & four Post Horses accompanied by Mr. Johnson and our two Daughters. Barrett went with us as far as London & here - him & hiring fresh Horses they carried us to the Mithen. Barnett & Horses left us early before Mid. I left a Letter for her grandmother at St. Asaph we were hospitably received by Ralph Smith Esq. Wife Relations to Mr. Thrale who gave us a good Dinner and from whom we had much Trouble to get away to Sister of theirs who has another House in the Town and detained us to drink Tea with her & her Son. Then I was first made to observe the apparent Degeneration of the Wild Pheasants when rendered Domestic. In the Afternoon we drove on to Dunstable where we spent the Night after a day in which nothing had been learned as soon as known but the passing through a Space of 60 Miles from home with emotions perpetually changing & perpetually strong. every Sign of the English Country being almost reminding of the

Facsimile of the first page of Mrs. Thrale's Journal of the Welsh tour made by Dr. Johnson and the Thrales in 1774.

From "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," by A. M. Broadley. (John Lane.)

Johnson has left an entertaining description of a state of society which was rapidly passing away. The book, to quote a contemporary letter from Edinburgh, "put the country into a flame," but a "Scotsman who does not love Scotland better than truth" will agree with Lord Macaulay's remark that Johnson only mingled "a little unpalatable truth with much eulogy." In his indifference to barren scenery Johnson resembled many men of poetic temperament of his time. It was the new system of life, not the wild scenes of nature, which excited his interest. That he had pleasure in nature at peace and in sunshine is shown by more than one passage written in simple language which succeeds better in raising a distinct image than many a description by the word-painters of later days.

"The way was very pleasant," he tells us; "on the left were high and steep rocks shaded with birch and covered with fern or heath, on the right the limpid waters of Loch Ness were beating their bank and waving their surface by a gentle undulation."

Johnson's last and greatest work, "The Lives of the Poets," was undertaken when he was almost seventy years of age. The scheme was the booksellers', not his: nor did he select, save in four instances, the poets of whom he wrote.

From the very first he was led far beyond his purpose, which was to have allotted to each poet "an advertisement containing a few dates and a general character." Johnson knew that his literary strength lay in biography. In earlier days he had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* short lives, to which justice has hardly been done, and his Life of Savage, incorporated into "The Lives of the Poets," though written many years earlier, had marked a new era in English biography. That he had thought much on the requirements of biography is shown by his admirable *Rambler* on the subject.

His knowledge of the literary history of England since the Restoration was unrivalled, and his retentive memory was stored with anecdotes and Grub Street traditions picked up in taverns and coffee-houses or in talk with men like Cibber who had listened to Dryden at Will's, or Savage, who had been befriended by Steele and by Pope. How much of Johnson's information must have come to him in this way any one who attempts to trace to their source the anecdotes related in "The Lives" will quickly discover.

Much of the book's charm arises from the spontaneity of its composition. Johnson did not write from a store of notes, he refused to search registers, nor would he verify his quotations, which are not always verbally accurate. He trusted to his memory and wrote, as he himself tells us, in his "usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work and writing with vigour and haste." The poetical criticism is generally sound and always worthy of consideration, but, inheriting the traditions of Dryden and of Pope, who had in his judgment brought versification to perfection, he could not approach with an open mind poets like Collins and Gray, who struck into new paths. The book is less a criticism on poetry than on life. Some of the "poets" were, like Addison,



From an original painting taken in childhood.

Miss Lucy Porter (b. 1716, d. 1786).

From Boswell's "Johnson." Bicentenary Edition. Edited by Roger Ingpen.
(Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons)

"Next morning he introduced me to Miss Lucy Porter, his step-daughter. She is now an old maid, with much simplicity of manner. . . . Johnson, when here by himself, used to live at her house. She revered him, and he had a paternal tenderness for her."—Boswell's "Johnson."

greater in prose than in verse, and a poet's character interested Johnson more than his versification.

From no book of his can we learn more of Johnson himself. In "The Lives," as in all his writings, he treats literature not as an end in itself, but as a means to teach "the art of living." His convictions and predilections influence his literary judgments, and in drawing a poet's character he often gives us touches of his own. The "colloquial ease" of its style, which has been contrasted with the balanced sentences of the *Rambler*, was probably as much due to the nature of the subject treated as to any change wrought in Johnson by a life of "pensioned leisure."

The hopes of his friends, that he would turn out "a fine tragedy-writer," were shattered by the failure of "Irene"; and Johnson's poetical reputation rests almost entirely on his two imitations of Juvenal. "London," praised by Gray as "one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of an original," was written when Johnson was still inspired by "that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world and always suffers to cool as he passes forward." We recall the night when Savage and Johnson "walked round St. James's Square for want of a lodging, inveighed against the minister and resolved they would stand by their country."

It has seemed to some conventional affectation that Johnson, the lover of Fleet Street, should denounce the corruption of towns and sing the praises of an innocent rural life, or that he who inserted in "The Traveller" the well-known lines :

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure,"

should join "the patriots" in attacking Walpole's excise bill or lament "the silenced stage." But as he wrote in the *Rambler*, "the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance if we were to enter the world with the same opinions as we carry from it." In so long a poem as "The Vanity of Human Wishes" it is not difficult to detect false rhymes and unpleasing assonance. Goldsmith once "mended" the first stanza of Gray's "Elegy" by leaving out an idle word in every line. In the same way the first couplet of the "Vanity" has been ridiculed. Yet several generations of readers have been troubled and comforted by these powerful lines full of "divine truisms," made living to Johnson through bitter experience: and they can fortify themselves against minute criticism by recalling the admiration in which Byron and Scott held the poem.

One poem is above all criticism. The lines on the death of his old friend Robert Levett go straight to the heart and "recall a whole history of Johnson's goodness, tenderness, and charity."

DR. JOHNSON'S ANCESTRY.

HIS INHERITANCE THROUGH HIS MOTHER.

BY C. S. SARGISSON.

IT is probably owing to Dr. Johnson's own disinclination to speak of his descent, as well as to his somewhat misleading utterances on the subject, that so little is generally known concerning his ancestry. He told his wife that he was "of mean extraction"—at least so Miss Seward says, though her sympathy with the Doctor was so little that it is advisable to discount her remarks concerning him. It is clear, however, that he was in the habit of speaking somewhat disparagingly of his family: he "took no delight in talking of them," and said, to Mrs. Piozzi, "there is little pleasure in relating anecdotes of beggary," and according to Boswell, he declared, "I have great merit in being zealous for subordination and the honours of birth; for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather." All this was distinctly misleading in some important particulars, and there is small wonder that even Boswell was so little informed that, while giving a fairly correct account of his hero's father, he merely said concerning his mother that she was "a descendant of an ancient race of yeomanry in Warwick"—which, though true, is far from being the whole truth. Mrs. Piozzi, also, scarcely reached true understanding of the position of Johnson's grandfather. The most recent, and the best informed, writer on the subject justly says, "There is probably no great English man of letters whose ancestry has received such scant attention as Dr. Johnson's." The present writer quotes that remark, partly with a view to acknowledging his own great indebtedness to the author of it, but more in order to call attention to a work which is of the utmost value in this connection—but which, unfortunately, is not yet generally available. It is stated on the title-page that it was "Privately printed for the author," and it is not in circulation. It bears the title, "The Reades of Blackwood Hill," and, as the name implies, is a record of the genealogy and history of that family; but, in searching into the connections by marriage, etc., of the Reades the compiler found that the Fords, of Aston and other places, were connected with the family, through the Hickmans, and in following out his researches amassed a wealth of information concerning

the maternal ancestry of Dr. Johnson which it is to be hoped will one day be given to the world in a separate volume. Some idea of the research involved and the enormous value of the material collected may be gained from the fact that the compilation of the genealogical tables of the Fords alone necessitated search into nearly fifteen hundred wills, conveyances, and other documents in registration courts, etc. Such a mass of reliable material is not to be lightly regarded; and the writer of this paper feels that it is not only a matter of just acknowledgment, but a duty which he owes to his readers to call attention to an invaluable contribution

to the full clearing up of what has been obscure in relation to Dr. Johnson. An earlier acquaintance with this summary of all that is to be known on the subject would have saved one person, at any rate, a good deal of rather aimless digging in "Annals," "Anecdotes," etc. ground which did not prove to be very rich in what was sought for. Once set on the right track, it was not difficult to find material for camera and pen which will be new to most, and, it is trusted, of some interest to all admirers of "the mountainous Doctor," as Nathaniel Hawthorne termed him.*

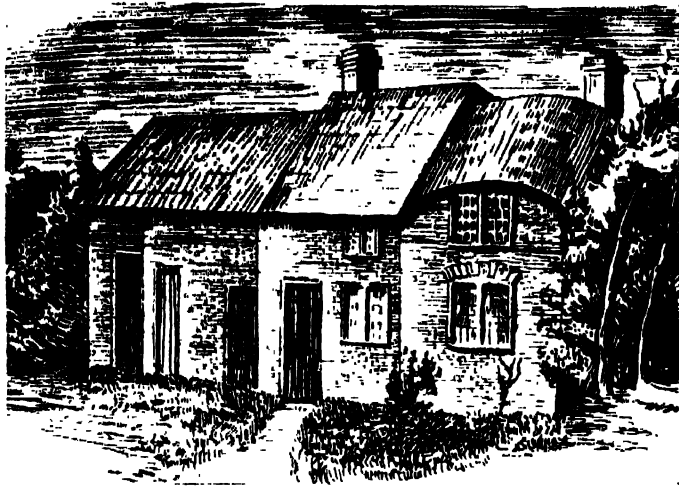


After the portrait by James Barry, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Dr. Samuel Johnson

As this paper deals with Dr. Johnson's inheritance through his mother, it is only necessary to say enough about the other side of the house to prevent the discussion from being altogether one-sided. When Samuel Johnson said that he scarcely knew who his grandfather was, and spoke of "mean extraction," he was most likely thinking of his father's side—though a visit to Cubley and some little research there would have revealed to him facts concerning his father's forbears of which there was no need to be ashamed. It was a humble family—and may have had "day-labourers" in it, as has been asserted; but it was industrious and honest, and the men were big and lusty, and (if Samuel Johnson's stories of his two uncles, the boxer and the leaper, are to be believed) of high athletic ability. From Michael

* Since the above was written Mr. Reade has announced for early publication a limited edition of Part I. of "Johnsonian Gleanings"—consisting principally of a reprint of articles from *Notes and Queries*. This will be invaluable to Johnson students.



*From an old sketch.
Photo by C. S. Sargisson.*

**Cottage at Cubley in which
Michael Johnson was born.**

Johnson the illustrious son inherited his frame and physique—and it is to be feared, his bodily disqualification, as well as the “vile melancholy” which he laments. From his father, too, came certain mental qualities and tendencies. It is not easy, indeed it is impossible, to strictly differentiate his inherited tendencies; but it is true, in a general sense, to say that Samuel Johnson's Toryism, his reverence for rank, his deference to authority, his ecclesiastical bias and political sentiments, came to him through his father, the high-churchman and almost Jacobite royalist. Perhaps, too, from him came the inaptitude for “affairs” which caused the Doctor to be in low water almost all his life; for his father, though industrious, and somewhat enterprising, in a couple of businesses (bookselling and “tanning” — parchment-making), was not successful in worldly affairs — as Samuel's patrimony, £20, will indicate. The sturdy common-sense which is so markedly manifest in the Doctor (albeit counteracted by unreasonable prejudice and passionate disturbance of judgment) was also an inheritance from the Johnsons. As to his mental qualities, it is doubtful if his indebtedness to his father



Michael Johnson.

The father of Samuel Johnson.

for these was excessive; for, though Michael Johnson may have been a fair Latinist, as Boswell declares, he was not of great education, and his English was decidedly shaky. If he really wrote the notorious lines on “Good master duck” which he attributed to his precocious son, either his literary taste was not of a high order or he was exceedingly clever in disguising it, to simulate the style of a four-year-old; and the only other sample of his composition extant, “The Defendant's Case,” written when legal proceedings were instituted by the Excise authorities in connection with his parchment-making business, warrants the criticism passed upon it by Mr. Reade (who gives it in full): “It is difficult to believe, after reading this draft of his defence, that he possessed very much culture or scholarship. The document suggests that Michael Johnson was ready with his pen, even if he were not over zealous as to the niceties of grammar and orthography.”

It may, indeed, be said that Samuel Johnson's mother was less educated than her husband; and it is to be feared that her interests were not wide nor her general intelligence of a high order. Her son has testified that she was no reader. There are indications, too, that she was neither broad-minded nor patient in regard to her husband's business affairs, and that she was inclined to complain and bicker; also that she shared the narrow tastes and views of a circumscribed provincial society. The small economies forced on her irritated her, and she scarcely appears to advantage. Perhaps she is not seen at her best in the records; certainly the



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

“The Haunch,” King's Norton.

The house in which Sarah Ford, Dr. Johnson's mother, was born.



From an original drawing by T. Trotter, formerly in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Farmer.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

high estimation in which she was held by her son (due allowance being made for sentiment of which Samuel had a full share) seems to indicate qualities in excess of those to which prominence is given in the various references to her by Boswell and others. At any rate, she was of kindly disposition; and there are few stories more touching than that of the oppressive neighbour who desired to take from widow Johnson a piece of ground, and who sought in vain for an attorney who would undertake to conduct a case against a woman so highly esteemed for her kindness, and held in such affection by her neighbours. Touching, also, if a little diverting, is the tale of her visits to her infant when he was "out at nurse" and her transparent subterfuges for the making of "surprise" visits, to assure herself that he was being properly attended to. Her moral qualities were excellent, and her religion—though her views were tinged with gloominess—was undoubtedly sincere.

It is, however, with the inheritance of Samuel Johnson through his mother rather than from her direct and alone, that this article is concerned. If not broad or deep herself, she came of an intellectually strong race. There is neither room nor need now to enter into the history, socially and otherwise, of her

family. Any reader who desires to do that, even to the uttermost item, will find light in abundance in Mr. Reade's exhaustive quarto volume. For the present it must be regarded as enough to say that Boswell's "ancient race of yeomanry"—while indicating as honourable a descent as can be imagined—is an understatement. That is to say, Sarah Ford's father was a yeoman, as were many others of the family, but of a substantial type. The various wills, deeds of gift, and other documents show that many of the Fords were of considerable substance. It is true that Cornelius Ford, father of Sarah, and grandfather of Samuel Johnson, seems to have had only one section of his former estate left to will at the time of his death, but he must have been of considerable importance (and is known to have possessed at one time considerable landed estate) to have been styled "gentleman" in his will and elsewhere. But it is not so much of "inheritance" in the debased and material sense of the word that one is thinking now as of nobler inheritance and, in truth, little of anything else came Samuel Johnson's way. Probably the Fords had grown poorer when Johnson declared that only one of his relatives had ever attained to a sufficiency. Sarah Ford's marriage settlement shows that they were fairly well-to-do at the time of her wedding; and it is certain that, in position, her father had been something more than the "little Warwickshire gent" which Dr. Brocklesby implied Johnson said he was.

Intellectually, the Fords had a good record. Proof of that is to be found in the career of the rather famous member of Clifford's Inn, Henry Ford, who was a lawyer of high repute in Birmingham: and even more markedly in the reputation of Dr. Joseph Ford, another brother of Cornelius, "a physician of great eminence," as Sir John Hawkins declared of him, who practised at Stourbridge. A curious epitaph on Dr. Ford was written by his son, and when all allowance is made for filial bias and the charitable licence of epitaphs, it was high praise to declare that "Under this stone, beside the



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Packwood Church, where Michael Johnson and Sarah Ford were married in 1706.

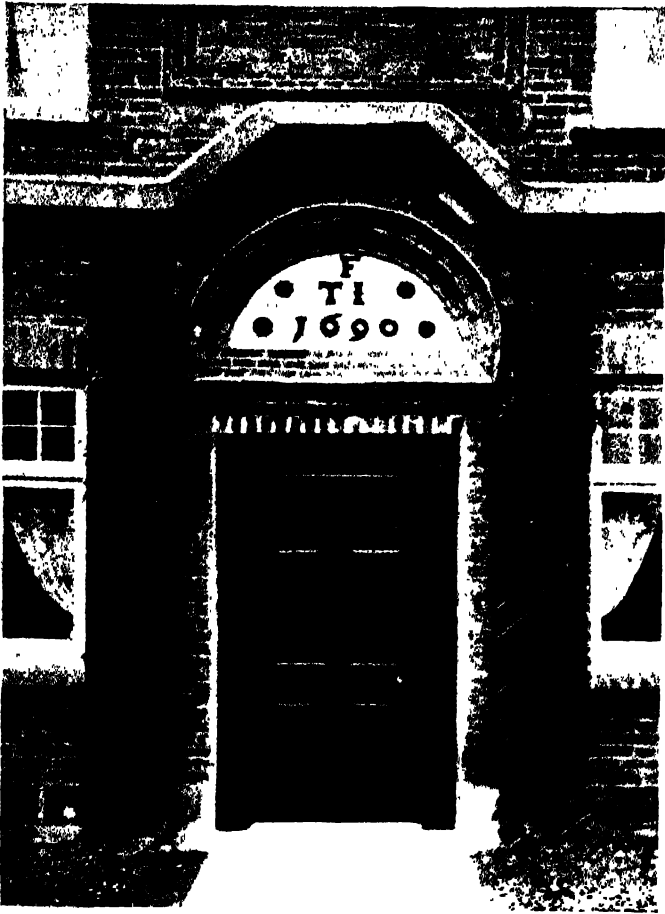


Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Door of Light Farm.

The house in which Sarah Ford resided.

body of the illustrious physician, are buried the hopes, the prayers, the delights, the weal of the countryside." It was with this uncle of his mother that Samuel Johnson probably resided part of the time that he was at school at Stourbridge where he "learned much from the master, but little in the school." It was at his great-uncle's also that he afterwards "dropped into poetry," not exactly "as a friend," but rather more, writing one of his earlier poems, in the shape of a sonnet, to

"Bright Stella, form'd for universal reign":

but then, Samuel Johnson in his young days was uncommonly susceptible.

The most brilliant relative of Samuel Johnson on his mother's side was Cornelius, the son of the above Dr. Joseph Ford. There is reason to believe that, during his school life and at other times, Samuel spent a good deal of his leisure at the house of his mother's cousin at Pedmore. This cousin-german of Johnson was afterwards known as the notorious "Parson Ford." In his University days Cornelius Ford was brilliant, and afterwards attained great reputa-

tion as a scholar and wit. He became chaplain to the noted Earl of Chesterfield—and received from him on one occasion a caustic, and too well deserved, snub concerning his vices—for, unhappily, he was as profligate as he was talented. The Earl, however, got it back, with interest, from a member of the family when Johnson wrote to him the famous letter on the publication of his Dictionary. There is no doubt that the youthful pupil was much interested in his brilliant cousin, and that he much admired his intellectual powers. It is more than a little amusing, in view of the Doctor's reputation as a somewhat overbearing conversationalist, to note a piece of advice given to him by the observant Cornelius in his young days: "You will make your way more easily in the world if you are content to dispute no man's claim to conversational excellence." One wonders if there were even then foreshadowings of that thunderous and defiant prefatory "Sir" with which the readers of Boswell are so familiar. It is said that "Parson Ford" died in a pot-house: but there is no doubt that he exercised considerable influence over his afterwards famous relative. He is mentioned here mainly with a view to showing the intellectual quality of some of the Fords.

There is not space in which to even hint at the positions, characters, and dispositions of other members of the family; but the discerning searcher into the records will not fail to notice family qualities which come out more or less markedly in Samuel Johnson. The double inheritance from father and mother, or rather, through them, explains much that otherwise would be inexplicable in Dr. Johnson's sayings and doings. Every one is more or less of a "mixture," and no doubt hereditary outcroppings and throwings-back really account for a



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The spot in Uttoxeter Market-Place where Dr. Johnson "did penance."

"Once, indeed," said he, "I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father in Uttoxeter Market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."—Boswell's "Johnson."



From the bust by Nollekens.

Johnson in 1777.

great deal that is mysterious in a man, even to his most intimate friends. He who reads between the lines of his "Boswell" and other records which show what Johnson was—or seemed to be—will be struck with the frequent outcome of this semi-contradictory double inheritance. An almost overweening regard for authority appears side by side with disregard of the same (not in his wilder doings at Oxford only). His high ecclesiastical views coupled with his plain evangelical leanings, again, startle one who does not know his ancestry. Every one will remember how his mother taught him of hell in bed, and how she took herself to task for not having impressed the terrible doctrine on his mind earlier. All know, too, his crude and terrifying ideas of death, of which he went in fear all his days. How are these and other things to be accounted for? There is surely light on one side of this in the will of his grandfather, if the writer is not much mistaken. In that will Cornelius Ford leaves his books to various relatives, and the list of volumes is a revelation of the man. The "Latine Bible" speaks of some amount of scholarship at least; the "Great Bible" in addition (which he had aforetime given to his wife) indicates regard for the "Word"; while "Baxter's Rest," "Allen's Treatise on Conversion" (probably Joseph Alleine's "Alarm"), "Pool's Annotations," Hall's Works and Commentary and the rest, unmistakably show the bent of the testator's mind and the colour of his theology. It is impossible not to call to mind Dr. Johnson's remarks concerning some of these very books long afterwards (as to Baxter's books, "Read any of them; they are all good," for

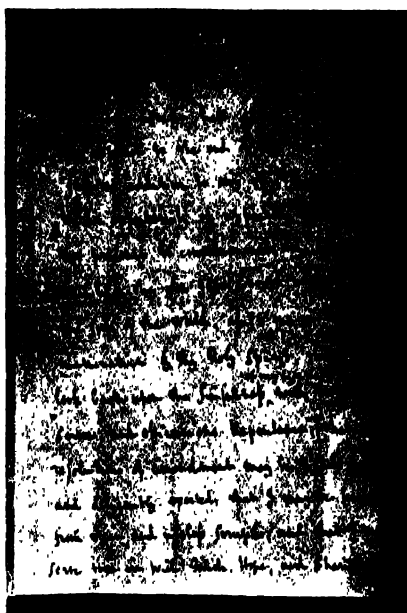
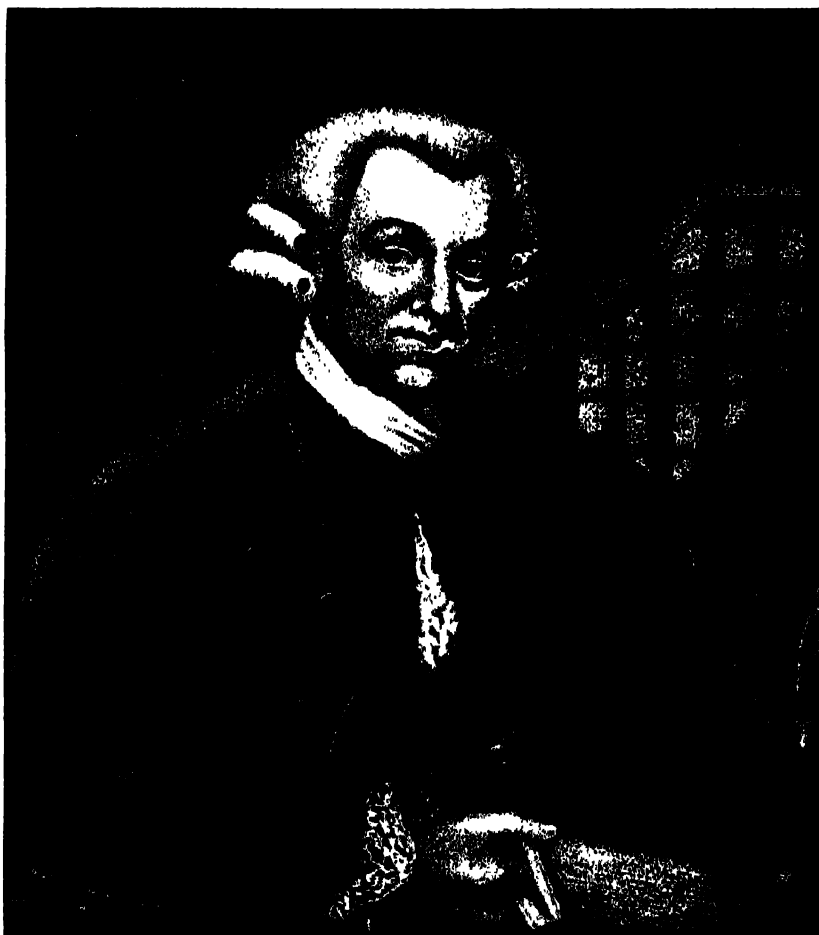


Photo from the original (by permission) by C. S. Sargisson.

Dr. Johnson's last birthday prayer and resolution.

instance). One remembers, also, the influence on him religiously of Law and others at Oxford and in following years. All this "tendency" was not inherited from his high-church father, but from the other side of the family. What came to him from both sides of the house went to make up the composite Dr. Johnson, of diverse and apparently contradictory convictions and sentiments.



From an engraving by R. Clapp, after a picture by J. Roberts.

Sir John Hawkins.

From Boswell's "Johnson," Bicentenary Edition. Edited by Roger Ingpen. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Hawkins (b. 1719, d. 1780), one of the executors of Johnson, whose will he drew up, was one of Johnson's old friends—a member of the Club at the King's Head, Ivy Lane, and one of the original members of the Literary Club. He wrote Johnson's life (1787) before Boswell could issue his.

One of the most instructive pilgrimages ever undertaken by the writer was made recently to Sarah Ford's old home. At King's Norton the present "Haunch" can scarcely be the very house in which she was born (though one comes to be very careful in estimating the possible age of a red-brick structure), but the farm buildings seem to be old enough to date back to the year of her birth, 1669. She was married at Packwood church in 1706, and resided for some time in the parish before marriage. There are reasons to believe that she and her father lived at the "Light Farm" with Samuel Ford, her brother. A deed of sale shows that the "Light Farm" was in the occupation of Samuel Ford in 1717. Mr. Reade says that a gentleman who was much interested in Johnson's ancestry told him that he had seen the house at Packwood, but that it appeared to be not more than eighty years or so old. That was the writer's opinion also when he first glimpsed it, but (bearing in mind the aforesaid deceptive appearance of brick structures) a closer investigation was made, leading to the exciting and delightful discovery that the house bears the date 1690, and the initial of the "Featherstone" (with, probably, those of himself and wife below) who was then owner of the estate, and who sold it in 1717. The present owner of the house, by whose courtesy the photographs were taken, told the photographer that, when altering the house by the addition of bay windows, etc., some fifteen



Dr. Johnson.

As painted by Reynolds before 1770.

years ago, the walls and roof were so sound that they needed little or no repair. Considerable experience has shown, not in this case only, the superior lastingness of brick.

Samuel Johnson could not have been as ignorant of his ancestry as some of his utterances might lead one to suppose; at any rate his assumed ignorance scarcely accords with "the ancient family of Ford" in the epitaph which he wrote on his mother. For his mother herself he had a great affection; though it is rather difficult to reconcile this with his seeming neglect in failing to visit her in her last days—and one is led into musings as to how far a man may confound a real love with the love of the sentiment thereof. His letters to her are beautiful—"You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world," he said. His alarm on receipt of a black-sealed letter from Lucy Porter, lest it should bear tidings of his mother's death, speaks well for the genuineness of his regard. Possibly there is some little consciousness of neglect in his writing, "If she were to live again surely I should behave better to her." It is gratifying and touching to know that he wrote "Rasselas" to defray the cost of her funeral—and that he never read it afterwards may possibly be tenderly suggestive. To every true mother a son owes much. That was true of Samuel Johnson; and, in the matters of intellectual force, moral qualities, and counterbalancing breadth and freedom, he owed even more to the stock from which she sprang.

THE WHITE PROPHET.*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

I READ these two handsome pocket volumes as I was coming along the right bank of the Rhine, through a country of old romance; and the castles, hills, villages by which the great river flowed might have furnished a glorious background to any novel, however aspiring. Mr. Caine is sure of an audience, sure of admirers; his book will sell by the hundred thousand; what need is there to review or even to advertise it? The many who find in his violent style and "crude melodrama" that excitement they long after will certainly not be deterred from "a pleasure such as "The White Prophet" gives by criticism, though it should appeal to every classic reposing on its shelves. For this kind does not want repose, or restraint, or measure, but to be carried at a headlong pace from incident to incident, to enjoy a thrill, and to have its vague ideals preached to it while seated in an easy chair. Mr. Caine yields of his abundance to a company like-minded with himself. "The White Prophet" in repeated editions, and perhaps in a dramatised version on the stage, may laugh at critics. But the question is, for how long?

My pleasant Rhenish prospect had one advantage: it was foreign both to England, the market of fame, and to Egypt, the chosen ground of Mr. Caine's enterprise. Therefore it gave me a distance. Before opening

the story I had heard of its plan, which promised well. The meeting of East and West in a struggle for perfection, the contrast between unchanging Islam and our militant "progress," with golden Cairo as a theatre for all this, what could be grander? No doubt for description the brush of Flaubert, of Théophile Gautier, would be desirable; and who, since Richard Burton died, was capable of laying bare to us Westerns the soul of Islam? But an Englishman would at least know the motives and be deep in the character of his own countrymen, who were repeating on the banks of the Nile that astonishing miracle of drawing law, order, and prosperity out of chaos, which was the justification of their Indian Empire. Throw in as much crude melodrama as he pleased, the author could surely not fail to paint us a Round Table of heroic figures, instinct with Christian chivalry, fit successors in Egypt and the Soudan of the Lawrences, Havelocks, Ripons, nourished on the principles by which *they* lived and wrought. An English writer of genius could not fail in his Englishmen, whatever might happen to his Mohammedans.

Could he not? I opened the book, and read with amazement about the inflexible Lord Nuncham—a painted tyrant, loud as Herod of Jewry, all foam and rage, so hysterical that he must needs talk thunderbolts before he has launched them. Is he a reminiscence of Lord Ellenborough, whose proclamations were justly

* "The White Prophet." By Hall Caine. 2 vo's. 4s. net. (Heinemann.)

satirised by Macaulay as "carmagnoles"? But why translate that eccentric Governor-General to the land of the Pyramids? In fact he was an exception; and in the story he becomes glaringly improbable. Lord Cromer may perhaps glance at "The White Prophet"; one would like to hear his comments on the mouthing and gesticulating successor whom Mr. Hall Caine has bestowed on him. It is the duty of a caricature (I think the French would say) to resemble the original whose features it exaggerates. Now this Consul-General would make an excellent Russian, or even a good colonial German, but of the British ruler over Easterns he has scarcely a trait. His first principle is to take no account whatever of the religious temperament which he admits to be among Orientals the source of their enthusiasm and the only philosophy they have learnt. He is never strong, but always in a frenzy. Some years ago, in remarking on Mr. Caine's earlier novels (so far beyond anything he has done since he became the fashion), I observed that his characters have much about them of the vast and shadowy which were dear to Victor Hugo. Well, Lord Nuneham is exactly the sort of Englishman in high place that Hugo would have drawn. He is grandiose, weak, and impossible.

But what of his son? What of Gordon Lord, the soldier-lover, the Cairene-born half Mussulman, who unites in himself all the splendid qualities, according to Mr. Caine, that a ruler of the East should possess? You know the outline of his adventures, good reader. I take nothing from your interest in the book by reminding you that he was charged by his father and the passionate old General Graves to commit an outrage upon the native religion and forcibly to shut up the mosque of El Azhar. That he refused to do so; whereupon the General tore his decorations off the young Colonel's coat and broke the Colonel's sword across his knee. These things are not done in the British Army; but they cast over the hero a melancholy gleam *à la Dreyfus*, and if we cannot believe them, what then? Victor Hugo would have applauded and believed. The story being made on a symmetrical design, it is obvious that General Graves had a daughter who was previously engaged to Gordon; it would also be advisable that Gordon should seem to have killed General Graves, although he merely shook him in self-defence; and no proper entanglement could be effected unless Ishmael Ameer, the White Prophet, had sought an interview with the General under such circumstances as would direct the young lady's suspicions on him, already detested by her as the occasion of Gordon's misfortunes. Thus the whole situation, or gambit as we say at chess, becomes clear at a glance. Our Prophet is to be the incarnation of the soul of a people and to lift his religion out of the depths into which institutions like polygamy and slavery have brought it. Our Gordon is to meet him more than half way, "with love and kindness," according to the gracious Oriental formula. And our heroine, the partly Jewish Helena—did this too mean something symbolical? was to unite them after the perplexities, misunderstandings, and all but deadly catastrophes demanded by a novel whose ulterior purpose was the stage. How great is the goddess Convention! how few are the varieties of plot! But so the pieces were made to fit together, resulting in one central theme—the condemnation to death of his only son by a Brutus-like Consul-General. Only the groundlings will insist on a happy ending, for they cannot abide real tragedy in a work of amusement.

Had the author's achievement equalled his courage, what a book would this have turned out to be! The test I offer is that final, unfinished, but most moving of Stevenson's great things, "Weir of Hermiston." There we see a father and son at death-grips—to use Carlyle's word—but real with an intensity of life, of feeling; most tragic, in the mingled pathos of love and death. Here? I declare it would be cruel to follow up the comparison. Gordon is very well in his boyish, lively fashion; he is actually amusing; but do not tell us that he saw into the mind of the Sphinx, or the nature of Islam, or could solve the Eastern enigma. He, too, lives in an all-pervading atmosphere of sentiment and hysteria. Yet when he writes, at a lover's length, to Miss Helena Graves we detect a vein of simple pleasant humour which leads us to fancy that if Mr. Caine chose he could depict a natural man, without affectation or biblical texts, or the heroics of Drury Lane.

Concerning Miss Helena herself, we have said all when we refer to Glory Quayle, whose avatar she is, or second birth in Red Sea latitudes. Her Jewish descent may be supposed to qualify the lady for acting towards poor Ishmael Ameer as a Judith, who betrays the Prophet calmly, but runs the risk of being strangled when she is found out. Passion quite unrestrained drives her down to Khartoum and back to Cairo; it is her gadfly to which she willingly submits. When the time arrives for pointing a moral, of course she does that also, with the amiable facility of heroines in fiction. If Balzac had invented Helena, he would have plunged her into real crime but left out the moral. Our conventions require that she should merely play at being wicked; and though married to one man, in love with another, and divorced by the first that she may wed the second, she becomes a British matron all in good time, presumably without a stain on her character. She did not even kill Holofernes, who behaved towards both young people with entire consideration.

Holofernes was the black, or not so black, Ishmael Ameer who gives its title to the story. With a singular want of good taste, to call it by no worse a name, comparisons are drawn in pointed terms between this pale shadow of the Mahdi and the Founder of the Christian religion. There is no great daring in such talk at this time, but as a *truc* or machinery to create sensation it is unworthy of the artist whom Mr. Caine would like us to admire in him. Ishmael, as a Mohammedan prophet, I fear must be pronounced a failure. He quotes the Bible ten times for once that he quotes the Koran. He has no characteristics of a dervish except those which any tourist may see, and stands for nothing that has ever counted among orthodox Moslems. If he knew what he was aiming at he would be a Sufi; but how little does he dream of the truly spiritual world which men like Jelal el Rumi beheld in vision! The whole manufactured being is but a phantom cast upon the turbid waters of the Nile by what some have called their New Theology. Arab reformers or impostors are moulded on another type. Ishmael says much that we have all heard and does less than the Mahdi, for he neither fights nor gets killed. He is not a martyr for Islam, but only an accommodating hollow figure from whose lips Mr. Caine preaches, with British eloquence, about the millennium.

So it is. When, however, "The White Prophet" is translated into Arabic and purchasable in Cairo, the consequences may be serious. Why any lover of England should endeavour to spread among cultivated



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Boawell's Statue, Lichfield.

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Dr. Johnson's Statue at Lichfield.

Outside the church in which he was baptized.

Egyptians a hatred of the English name and character by descriptions which we must accurately term fiction, it is hard to understand. Is the general tenor of our government in the land so hostile to its religion, so unlike our Indian policy, as Mr. Caine affirms? He has written a violent party-pamphlet; a novel of sensation; with

vigour indeed but without distinction; a special correspondent's account of imaginary and impossible events; but, alas, not the great reconciling romance of East and West, in which the civilised ruler should establish righteousness between man and man, while the true Prophet showed them their Father in Heaven.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the most humorous passage from English literature characterising our English weather.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS for AUGUST.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS FLORENCE GRAHAM STIRLING, of Camp Cottage, Comrie, Perthshire, for the following:

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. BY MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine."—BEN JONSON.

Among the best of the many others sent in are:

THE FORBIDDEN THEATRE. BY KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

"Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, 'Oh naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!
And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may!
Mamma said, 'No, she shan't!'"

The Baby's Debut: Rejected Addresses.

(Miss L. Collett, Hospital Road, Bury St. Edmunds, and Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.)



From a painting by James E. Doyle.

Boswell

Johnson

Reynolds

Garriek

Burke

General Paoli

Chas. Burney

T. Warton

Goldsmith

Dr. Johnson dining at Sir Joshua Reynolds's.



After the painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.

Dr. Johnson rescuing Goldsmith from his landlady.

CONCERNING HIMSELF. BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

"The loud, loquacious, vulgar egotist,
Whose I's and Me's are scattered in his talk
Thick as the pebbles on a gravel walk."—JANE TAYLOR.

(Mildred Emerson, The Bank, Barnard Castle.)

HOME NURSING. BY ISABEL MACDONALD.

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*.

(Miss Bennett, Thurston, Hadley Common, New Barnet.)

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH CIVIL. BY REV. E. J. HARDY.

"'Tis as easy as lying.—*Hamlet*."

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best expression of patriotism from English literature is awarded to Miss M. PORTER, The Diamond, Raphoe, Ireland:

"With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death."

SHAKESPEARE, Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to D. L. MURRAY, Eastcote, Pinner, Middlesex, for the following:

THE NECROMANCERS. BY R. H. BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

In "The Necromancers" Father Benson has written a novel around the practices of modern spiritualism, his attitude towards them being naturally the hostile one prescribed by Church tradition. The book tells how a highly-strung young man, Laurie Baxter, seeking reunion with a dead girl he had loved, emerged from a séance in a condition suggesting diabolical possession, and how the Catholic Maggie Devonnais, his adopted sister, restored him by her powerful will and her faith. The ghostly mysteries of the medium's cabinet are weirdly related, and the characters, especially Mr. Vincent the high priest of occultism, are clever sketches.

Among the best of the other reviews sent in are:

THE SCORE. BY LUCAS MALET. (Murray.)

Two powerful character-sketches by a masterly hand form the sum and substance of the above work. Intimate knowledge of human nature and consummate skill in the handling of the same are displayed in these stories, which will undoubtedly meet with a varied reception from their readers. It is not given to all to "touch the depths" or "reach the heights," but to all

is it given to feel for and sympathise with human beings in their soul's agony, and to be the better for witnessing that Gethsemane the outcome of which is a mighty triumph.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. BY JOHN MASEFIELD.
(Grant Richards.)

"Multitude and Solitude" triumphs over the fact that it is a novel with a purpose. The first half of the book is interesting, although somewhat crowded with incident, while the remainder is a rather monotonous dissertation concerning sleeping sickness. It requires an imaginative effort to suppose that a purely artistic temperament, such as that of the hero, Roger Naldrett, a writer of plays of the "advanced" school, could suddenly, owing to the death of the shadowy Ottalie, abandon its natural interests for those of science, "the real religion," but although unequal, the book is well worth reading.

(Miss G. C. Westbrook, 1, Thornsett Road, Anerley, S.E.)

IS SHAKESPEARE DEAD? BY MARK TWAIN. (Harpers.)

This book is a very able treatise on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The writer of it contends that the author of "Shakespeare's" works must have been a lawyer, and proceeds to prove that the Stratford Shakespeare was not. He builds up a strong case in favour of the Baconian authorship, drawing some forcible arguments from his personal experience. A careful perusal of Mark Twain's latest effort will tend to shake the faith of the rabid Shakespearean (who comes in for a great deal of satirically humorous criticism) and considerably strengthen that of the Baconian.

(John Hood, 14, Northfield Avenue, Ayr.)

We select for special commendation the reviews received from Halbert McGowan (Blairgowrie), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), M. H. A. Jewell (New Malden), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Emily Hunt (Llanfairfechan), Miss A. Cameron (Blackheath), Mrs. Florence Byng (Ryde, I.W.), Chas. Smith (Bootle), Bertha Silkstone (Pontypridd), Miss M. Church (Bowdon), Mrs. Rose Soley (London, S.W.), M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Kathleen Klingender (Iver, Bucks), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), Mattie K. A. Nesbit (Upper Norwood), Emily Shore (Worthing), A. M. Sinclair (Lisburn), and B. O. Anderson (Scarborough.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to ISAAC JACKSON, 37, Cavendish Road, Stretford, Manchester.

New Books.

CHESTERTON ON SHAW.*

In an interesting monograph that has recently achieved the distinction of a cheap reissue, Mr. Holbrook Jackson says that Bernard Shaw is "nothing if not explanatory." He has explained mankind in his plays, and his plays in his prefaces; he has frequently, in speech and in print, explained himself—and his explanations. But of late he would seem to have retired from that business; he has climbed into his shrine and left his disciples to go on explaining him and his works to their own satisfaction. And now comes Mr. Chesterton, who is by no means one of his disciples, and places Mr. Shaw under his microscope

and exhibits, dissects, and explains him more minutely, more subtly, more brilliantly than he has ever been explained before, even by himself.

"Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him," writes Mr. Chesterton. "I am the only person who understands him, and I disagree with him." That is all right, but Mr. Chesterton does not stop there; he goes on to disagree with himself. He undoubtedly illuminates much that is dark in Mr. Shaw's composition, and does it with an incisiveness, a dashing ingenuity, and epigrammatic humour that lay bare, as by vivid lightning-flashes, the inner and unsuspected significance of many of Shaw's most baffling idiosyncrasies. But Mr. Shaw's is an elusive personality; he is made up of such contradictory

* "George Bernard Shaw." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

elements that Mr. Chesterton frequently contradicts himself in trying to portray him. As thus :

On page 19 he repeats and seems emphatically to endorse Mr. Shaw's assertion, 'I am a typical Irishman; my family came from Yorkshire.' But on page 34 he declares that "Bernard Shaw is not merely an Irishman; he is not even a typical one." Further :

Page 19 [referring to Mr. Shaw's "I am a typical Irishman" remark] : "It is in fact a bull, a conscious bull. A bull is only a paradox which people are too stupid to understand." (On page 20 he says each of Shaw's paradoxes is a truth—"an argument impatiently shortened into an epigram.") Page 125 : "A paradoxical writer like Bernard Shaw is perpetually and tiresomely told that he stands on his head."

Page 179 : "Now if by paradox we mean truth inherent in a contradiction, it is a very curious fact that Bernard Shaw is almost entirely without paradox. Moreover, he cannot even understand paradox."

Page 30 : "The Irish mind distinguishes between life and literature. Mr. Bernard Shaw himself summed this up as he sums up so many things in a compact sentence which he uttered in conversation with the present writer, 'An Irishman has two eyes.' He meant that with one eye an Irishman saw that a dream was inspiring, bewitching, or sublime, and with the other eye that after all it was a dream." [He clearly suggests that to this extent also you see the Irishman in Bernard Shaw.]

Page 95 : "He had his own kind of affectations, no doubt, and his own kind of tricks of debate; but he broke, and, thank God, for ever, the spell of the little man with the single eyeglass who had frozen both faith and fun at so many tea-tables. Shaw's humane voice and hearty manner were so obviously more the things of a great man than the hard, gem-like brilliancy of Wilde or the careful ill-temper of Whistler. He brought in a breezier sort of insolence; the single eyeglass fled before the single eye."

Page 90 : "It appears a point of some mystery to the present writer that Bernard Shaw should have been so long unrecognised and almost in beggary. I should have thought his talent was of the ringing and arresting sort; such as even editors and publishers would have sense enough to seize."

Page 96 : "He began by writing novels. They are not much read, and indeed not imperatively worth reading."

Doubtless, by a little expert conjuring, such opposed opinions could be brought together harmoniously under the same hat, but they do rather suggest, meanwhile, that perhaps Mr. Chesterton is not quite so lonely as he feels. Nevertheless, if he is *not* the only man who understands Mr. Shaw, no one has come nearer to understanding him. His three chapters on influences that went to the moulding of Shaw spiritually and mentally are masterly in their analytical cunning and insight. He traces first the effect of the Irish strain in him, then of the even more potent Puritan strain, then of the yeasty democratic, socialistic movement into which he flung himself whole-heartedly during the 'eighties and 'nineties. He lays stress upon Shaw's cold intellectuality, his lack of sentiment, the severely and shatteringly logical cast of his mind, but more than all else, on that fierce, inherent Puritanism. Shaw draws from his nationality, he says, "a kind of intellectual chastity, and the fighting spirit. He is so much of an idealist about his ideals that he can be a ruthless realist in his methods." He combines Swift's "extravagant fancy with a curious sort of coldness," but he is most like Swift in his tendency to "benevolent bullying, a pity touched with contempt, and a habit of knocking men down for their own good." He is never frivolous, never "gives his opinions a holiday." He is "not a humorist, but a great wit, almost as great as Voltaire. Humour is akin to agnosticism, which is only the negative side of mysticism. But pure wit is akin to Puritanism, to the perfect and painful consciousness of the final fact of the universe. Bernard Shaw exhibits all that is purest in the Puritan; the desire to see truth face to face even if it slay us; the high impatience with irrelevant sentiment or obstructive symbol; the constant effort to keep the soul at its highest pressure and speed. His instincts upon all social customs and questions are Puritan. His favourite author is Bunyan." Touching on the doings of the Censor, Mr. Chesterton says: "To represent Shaw as profane or provocatively indecent is not matter for discussion at all; it is a disgusting criminal libel upon a particularly respectable gentleman

of the middle classes, of refined tastes and somewhat Puritanical views."

You may think this is overdoing it, but you will find that Mr. Chesterton brings argument enough from Mr. Shaw's life and habits, writings and philosophy, to justify his view of him at least as the essential Puritan. He gives him particular praise because he is intelligent as well as intelligible; he has, he says, "popularised philosophy . . . he has improved philosophic discussions by making them more popular. But he has also improved popular amusements by making them more philosophic." Lastly, "he has obliterated the mere cynic. He has been so much more cynical than any one else for the public good that no one else has dared since to be really cynical for anything smaller. . . . The years from 1885 to 1898 were like the hours of afternoon in a rich house with large rooms; the hours before tea-time. They believed in nothing except good manners; and the essence of good manners is to conceal a yawn. A yawn may be defined as a silent yell. The power which the young pessimist of that time showed in this direction would have astonished any one but him. He yawned so wide as to swallow the world. He swallowed the world like an unpleasant pill before retiring to an eternal rest. Now the last and best glory of Shaw is that in the circles where this creature was found, he is not. He has not been killed (I don't know exactly why), but he has actually turned into a Shaw idealist. This is no exaggeration. I meet men who, when I knew them in 1898, were just a little too lazy to destroy the universe. They are now conscious of not being quite worthy to abolish some prison regulations."

But surely young men naturally outgrew similar complacencies and developed on similar lines before Mr. Shaw was ever born to transform them. Again and again you find Mr. Chesterton thus begging the question. ("The Puritan is only strong enough to stiffen; the Catholic is strong enough to relax." But most of us, even Weary Willie and the heathen Chinee, are that strong.) Again and again he leaps joyously into some glistening, amusingly daring epigrammatic extravagance, and you wonder whether he is in earnest, or whether he is simply saying a smart thing because it is smart. You can sometimes hear him chuckling between the lines, and have a suspicion that he is genially pulling your leg, or your nose, but it is all done with such an amazing cleverness that you go on reading, immensely interested and immensely entertained; the book is crammed with good things, and contains much that is finely suggestive, and far-seeing and true. There have been few other books this year that you could read with such complete enjoyment, and when you come to the end, if you are not confident that you now thoroughly understand Shaw, you are so far from being dissatisfied that you only hope it may pique Shaw into writing a companion volume for the purpose of helping us to understand Chesterton.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THREE COUNTRY BOOKS.*

Mr. J. H. Crawford has already written more than one good country book. He is chiefly an observer, but he has also feeling and character which he is able to interpret to some extent in words, that is to say he has some sense of style. Not every one will find it a pleasant style. It is made up of short, breathless sentences, sometimes without a verb; and the form would occasionally be better suited to invective than description. It is consistent and unavoidable, we dare say, and therefore right, and there may be thousands of temperaments which will not

* "Nature." By J. H. Crawford. Illustrated. 5s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)—"In Wind and Wild." By Eric Parker. 5s. net. (Pitman.)—"The Scaly-winged. A Book on Butterflies and Moths for Beginners." By R. B. Henderson, M.A. 1s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)



Nature in the Old Library.

From "Nature," by J. H. Crawford. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

be disturbed by it, but it disturbs us. It is more marked than ever in this new book, but it is almost always overpowered by the freshness of the material and the feeling which he gets, as it seems to us, in spite of that style. He begins with three chapters on "The Renaissance of Nature" during the last thirty years in books, the Press, and schools, of which he takes a cheerful view, as becomes one who took part in it. He goes on to a score of descriptions and reflections, some mainly informing, though never without a sense of form, others richer in feeling and of the kind which Kingsley and Mr. F. A. Knight called idylls of the field, though they contain no dialogue or tale. His field is a wide one, and embraces sea and seashore and moorland, hill and cultivated land, and the streets of town, but he is chiefly concerned with birds. He is interesting in a variety of ways which cannot even be indicated here, but one of the most deeply effective chapters is certainly that called "Matin and Vesper," and dealing with the spirit of birds' songs. We will risk quoting a short passage about the birds in a shadowy winter lane :

"I sometimes wonder how much these lane-haunters know. It were hasty to say that they are of appetite all compact. There is some margin which makes winter life a little more complex and delightful. In their dim way they may care for the dim lane; otherwise they would not spend the winter there, rather than in some other place. The dark opening which the falling stone has revealed may have few suggestions of mystery. Neither has it any to the passing clown. Between the two the vanishing wren may feel the most. In the interlaced shade of the brake, the dusky warbler has a sense of security: perhaps also of the ghostliness of the galleries, in which it meets other dusky birds."

This is the work of a critical rather than a purely poetic mind, but it is nevertheless on the way to being magical and suggests the magic of nature effectively.

Mr. Eric Parker is a writer of the same class, a little more conscious of his audience, a little more sophisticated and less individual. But he is an observer, he is well informed, he has a variety of interests and a neat and well-managed if not inspired pen. Most of his thirty-three papers have appeared in the *Spectator*, two in the *Field*, and one is new. He gives most attention to trees, flowers, and birds, and his attitude is now that of a naturalist, now of a sportsman, and again of a lover of the picturesque. He is more the man of letters than the countryman, but he preserves a balance between the two which is always agreeable and is probably exactly

the thing for its purpose. It is genuine work, and there can be little doubt that it springs from a nature in whose philosophy an outdoor life, though not perhaps essential, is important. As we have already hinted, he writes in direct answer to a demand. As all his papers are of the same length it follows that their form is arbitrary, yet there is no strong or unpleasant flavour of the note-books from which they were extracted. He has the knack of wandering gossip, of description, and argument knit together by a harmony of tone. Like Mr. Crawford, he has a feeling for landscape and for emotional effect, and his colour

sense is good. The following isolated passage is typical enough but cannot do justice to a book of which quantity and variety are important factors :

"There are many flowers which belong to the morning, and the evening, and a few which belong to the afternoon. Gorse in full blossom belongs to continuous afternoon: the yellow is the deep yellow of sunlight and heat. The primrose sits among the hazel shrubs and in the hedgerow a pure, pale yellow touched with the cold of morning rain, as faint and cool as light shining through its own crinkled leaves. The cowslip jewels twenty cups on a stem with a yellow glowing from emerald to fire: but she freshens her cups in shadows and windy grass. But the yellow of the gorse is the spread splendour of flowers thrusting into hot sunshine, massed and bunched and crowding in the heat; myriads of blossoms opening from buds wide-mouthed into the sun. The gorse wants no shadow, no leaf between its swelling petals and the heat; it can spare no green to set round its bloom but spikes and spines; its task is to push its buds into the hot air, a hundred in half-a dozen inches of stem. . . ."

Mr. R. B. Henderson's book is dedicated to the Natural History Society of Rugby School, and its aim is to give outlines of instruction to beginners, and after that to guide and justify the collecting of butterflies and moths. At the end is a note on the vision of insects and a list of useful books, among which we should like to have seen one at least that was not purely scientific or matter of fact, that might have enforced—what is probably the writer's view—the idea that science is not omniscience. The information and for the most part the tone is excellent, though we have been brought up once or twice by such an expression as—

"A creature which eats as much as a caterpillar could not produce so many eggs as a butterfly does, and this is perhaps *Nature's reason for the different states of existence of the same creature.*"

We are also inclined to dissent from his view that collecting is not a sport. That is its first attractiveness and probably its mainstay for a long time if not to the end, since there is otherwise little need for the net when good specimens are always available for close inspection and the best work still remains to be done upon insects that have been neither killed nor caught, but are left in their natural conditions.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE "TIMES" HISTORY.*

"The *Times* History of the War in South Africa" is now brought to a close by the publication of the sixth and seventh volumes. Of these, the latter contains an excellent and ample index, a good bibliography, a diary of the war, and several tables. Among the latter is one which gives the casualties of each regiment during the war. This has been arranged in a most unsatisfactory manner. Instead of following the natural sequence of the Army List, it has been put together in what, it is presumed, the compiler would describe as an alphabetical order. But even this excuse for the jumble which has been produced does not hold good, for while the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders begin the list, the Artillery and Engineers are not to be found under the A's or E's, but under the heading Royal. Yet the Royal Lancaster is placed under the other Lancashire regiments!

The sixth volume is divided into two parts, the first deals with the formation of the new governing power in the annexed republics, and the measures taken to restore the damage which the Boers had brought on themselves by their attempt to establish a Dutch hegemony in South Africa. During the war there was some talk of the "methods of barbarism" which were employed to crush the resistance of those who had wilfully brought on the conflict to shake off the British hold on the country. A perusal of "The *Times* History" should convince even the most sceptical of the unfounded nature of the accusations, and further confirmation of this view may be found in the history of the war published by the German General Staff. It may be confidently asserted that never were warlike operations carried on with so much thought for the inhabitants of the country in which they were waged, and never have conquerors done so much for the conquered as we have done for the Boers in South Africa.

Mr. Amery's contribution, in the shape of the first part of the sixth volume, comes at an opportune time. The four Colonies are now welded into one whole, henceforward to be administered by the Government of South Africa. The pages in which he has described the first measures by which the foundation of the present constitutional edifice was laid from the time the republics were annexed, the process of re-establishing the Boers in their homes, under the superintendence of the Repatriation Departments established in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, are of the highest interest. They show the gradual growth of the feeling of trust which the Boer leaders began gradually to feel in British administrators, and which led finally to the happy Union now established.

The key to the situation after the war was ended was to be found in the resuscitation of the gold industry, by far the most important of South Africa. Prosperity in the mines meant money spent in all the trades which supplied the many requirements of those engaged in it. This, Lord Milner, to whom Briton and Boer alike owe so much—for to him is due in great measure the present political state of the country—felt strongly. The sanguine views expressed by many of the mining magnates as to the rapid revival of prosperity in the Rand were doomed to disappointment, chiefly owing to the paucity of native labour; this was no new feature in South Africa, and had led to the introduction of Indian coolies in Natal as far back as 1860 and to the proposal to bring Chinese labourers into Rhodesia in 1901. Moreover, "the first year of peace, when everything depended on a good harvest, was marked by the worst drought which South Africa had known for forty years." These two unfortunate combinations produced the economic result which at the

beginning so retarded the progress of the Transvaal and with it of the rest of South Africa.

Points still remain to be settled, among which is education in the Orange Free Colony (the name given at Dr. Jameson's suggestion in substitution for the Orange River Colony), but it is not too much to hope that the spirit of give-and-take shown by the four members of the Union will serve in the long run to obliterate this and all other points of difference between the two white races in South Africa.

The second part of Vol. VI. contains an appreciation of various military points connected with our forces, and deals with the Army we employed, its numbers and origin; the transport to the seat of war and the work done on the railways there, the duties of the engineer services, of supply and transport, both on a scale which had been required in no previous campaign. The tasks performed by the Army Ordnance and Remount Departments, the medical department and martial law administration, are gone into, and the volume winds up with a chapter devoted to finance.

Many of the evils therein described are now avoided by a saner system of administration. But let no man think that war can be conducted in accordance with the views of "My Lords" of the Treasury, or to speak more accurately those of its clerks. This was tried in the Crimean War with disastrous result. The Commander-in-Chief must in future be the sole and only judge of what is needed, and must not be hampered at every turn by so-called Financial Advisers. There have been examples even in peace-time since they were established of their silly methods of interference, their determination to save pence even if doing so involves pounds of subsequent expenditure. Government by a finance committee is never conducted properly, because the latter is usually quite unable to grasp any other point in the questions which come before it but the one of keeping down expenditure.

Mr. Amery and his assistants have succeeded in the seven volumes they have given to the public in producing a well-written and carefully compiled work, which is likely to remain the best history of the South African War published in the English language.

WALTER H. JAMES.

A SPURIOUS HERO.*

One grows rather tired of reading novels in which men and women are treated as mere social or psychological problems and made to misbehave themselves throughout a morbid, abnormal story, only to prove at last that two and two make four. It is clever, perhaps, serious persons will talk to you seriously of such an author's message, of his teaching, of his insight into human nature, and it is curious how they more readily and reverently credit him with these attributes when the tale he tells is unpleasant or the character he dissects is immoral. But human nature is a good thing as well as a bad thing, and the fact is that the men who really know most about it are not those who sedulously depict its squalors and expose its sores. When you go into a strange country it is the bizarre, the offensive, the unusual characteristics of the inhabitants that first strike your notice; you have to live among them and become more than superficially acquainted with them before their homely, common, naturally human qualities are evident to you. If a traveller can tell you nothing more of a race of cannibals than that they eat each other, you may be quite sure that he knows very little about them. The vast majority of husbands and wives never see the inside of the divorce court; the vast majority of marriages are not unhappy; the vast majority of men and women do not spend most

* "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902." Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. VI. 21s. net. Vol. VII. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

* "Splendid Brother." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

of their time in talking subtly or smartly about nice points of morality—or nasty ones. We men are a little breed ; that can be ascertained without any insight, but your writer who has no insight imagines it is a discovery of his own and makes much of it accordingly.

Therefore we are always saying that popular as Pett Ridge now is, he is a bigger man than many of his critics realise. He is an infinitely truer realist and has a far deeper knowledge of humanity than is possessed by those complacent and coruscating dramatists and novelists who pose importantly as knowing all about it because they know a lot about one poor phase of it, who become cynical under the impression that they know the world because they are pretty thoroughly acquainted with one dark corner of it. Pett Ridge's men and women are neither passionless gods nor passionate beasts, but just made of the ordinary human stuff, and not put to face a problem that not one in a million of us ever has to meet, but put to face the hundred and one troublesome little problems that all of us are facing every day of our lives. Here, in "Splendid Brother," you have the story of Henry Drew told by himself—a story so natural and unexaggerated that it might easily be authentic autobiography. At the outset, Henry is a boy and wholly under the influence of his much older brother Leonard. He looks up to Len as to a glorious and superior creature who can make no mistakes and do nothing wrong. He adopts his brother's opinions, inherits his cast-off clothes, defends him against the impartial judgments of outsiders, devotes himself humbly and eagerly to his service. He is not disillusioned until Len has again and again proved himself a cad, selfish and dishonourable, and in spite of all, even to the last he is persuaded that whatever Len may have been to others, he has been always the best of brothers to him. The mother, too, idealises Len and believes in him, and very grudgingly comes to perceive that her younger son, though less showy, is much the abler and finer fellow of the two.

The family has come down in the world. They used to live at Blackheath and enjoyed something of social standing, but the death of the father had left them in poor circumstances, and the mother had to open a general shop to keep things going. Her hope is in Len, and Len is dazzlingly confident of himself ; he is to restore the family fortunes and renew the great days they had known at Blackheath. But—"Any fool can take the main road," as he says to Henry towards the finish ; "I like to get to my destination by short cuts" ; and the short cuts bring him to an end he had never had in view, where he has to own bitterly, "What a fool I have been to myself." Still himself, and no word of what that was worse he had been to others. This mother and her two sons are drawn with most intimate knowledge ; they live, and are lifelike. Admirable too are the good-hearted, dissipated Mr. Latham, the advertising agent, and his flighty, headstrong daughter Kitty, with her shameless and hopeless passion for Len ; the business-like widowed Aunt Mabel, who runs the undertaker's business with solid success ; and the charming, sensible Milly, who brings into Henry's busy career romance and chequered happiness.

It is an excellent story ; you are interested in it for the story's sake, but "Splendid Brother" is essentially a novel of character ; its pervading humour is heightened by occasional touches of pathos, and by glimpses of that darker side of life that is rightly kept in the background as it is in life itself, except when it breaks out in the police courts. Both in what he tells and in what he leaves untold Pett Ridge reveals his power and his artistic skill ; indeed, he leaves nothing untold, but he is not childish and does not treat his readers as if they were children—he is not so simple as to be continually pulling up his plants and exhibiting and explaining the roots of them in all their dirty details. In these times, when our most notorious literary cooks get glory and swelled heads by

serving us up the most startling crude gobbets of raw flesh, the gracious art and wise humour of Mr. Pett Ridge are things to be thankful for, and at least one of his critics is abundantly thankful for them.

THE GREATEST OF BOHEMIANS.*

To one who has visited Bohemia, who has lingered in the old Tyn Church, where the forerunners of Hus preached, has seen High Mass celebrated on the very spot where, long after the death of Hus, four-and-twenty Protestant "Bohemian Directors, Counts, Lords, Knights and men of the Estate of the citizens" were executed, it is particularly interesting to take up this new biography of John Hus. Though Hus was in a sense a follower of Wycliffe, a forerunner of Luther an apocryphal story makes him declare that if they burned a goose a swan would come afterwards whom they would not burn—and though the kingdom of Bohemia is a Roman Catholic country, the man who was burned as a heretic at Constance in 1415 is regarded in the light of a national hero. That this should be so will not be surprising to those who read Count Lützow's able study of the great reformer. Hus himself indignantly denied that he was a heretic—so far, that is, as he was permitted to defend himself at the mockery of a trial which led up to the tragedy of his execution or martyrdom. Though heresy was the convenient charge, we need not hesitate to attribute mainly to the jealousy and animosity of the parish priests of Prague the persecution from which Hus suffered from the beginning of his preaching to the moment when he perished at the stake. The jealousy was inspired by his remarkable eloquence as a preacher, the animosity by his heroic and unsparing attacks on the Bohemian clergy generally : "an intensely pious and rigidly virtuous priest, he viewed with what to worldly men may appear a puerile feeling of horror and indignation the unspeakable degradation of the Bohemian clergy." When to this jealousy and animosity was added the treachery of Sigismund, the fate of the great Bohemian can have been no longer in question after he voluntarily set out for the Council at Constance.

To-day in Bohemia everything concerning John Hus is a matter of keen interest ; new writings connected with him have been discovered in various archives during the past half-century, and others, it is confidently believed, have yet to be revealed. All aspects of his life and writings have been the subject of thoughtful research, the authenticity of the "beardless" or "bearded" portraits has been canvassed, and sides have been taken by those who regard him as a heretic justly done to death in accordance with the law of his time, and those who regard him as a martyr sacrificed because of his animadversions upon a licentious clergy and Church authorities who winked at that licentiousness. Count Lützow emphatically states that "it cannot be sufficiently often reaffirmed that the principal cause on which Hus staked his life was that of Church reform." But he was something more than a protestant against the evil life of all too many of the clergy and against Church abuses generally. He was a patriot who had realised the essential importance of language to nationality. Born near the Bavarian border, he was early impressed with the necessity of struggling against the Germanising of the people's speech. When he became a priest it was to preach to his fellow-countrymen in their own language as often as in Latin, and to start the fashion of singing hymns in Czech—strides on the path of reform in the fourteenth century the importance of which it is not easy for us to estimate. Hus was indeed, as Count Lützow points out, a man who "was entirely guided by religious and national

* "The Life and Times of Master John Hus." By Count Lützow. 12s. 6d. net, (Dent & Co.)



A Deserted Convent: Main Entrance.

From "Portugal: Its Land and People," by W. H. Koebel. (Constable.)

enthusiasm, while the minutiae of mediæval theological controversy did not greatly appeal to him": thus, perhaps, made it the easier for his enemies to reach him with the deadly accusation of heresy--an accusation which those who live by the letter can easily substantiate against one who lives by the spirit. It is as a patriot that Hus is remembered in Bohemia to-day, though as recently as half a century ago a Bohemian writer declared in a letter to a friend that the great reformer's name was taboo in Austrian circles. Nowadays there is something more of freedom. After the long silence following upon "the Catholic Reformation" of 1620, various writings by Hus have been published or republished--though they have sometimes had to undergo double censoring at the hands of State and Church revisers--and his name remains one to conjure with among the many Bohemians who are to-day fostering the feeling of nationality, and with grim determination indulging in "passive resistance" against the Germanising of their loved and beautiful land. There is something at once romantic and tragic in the position of this people, more or less hemmed in by peoples with whom they have--to use Charles Lamb's euphemistic phrase--imperfect sympathies. Yet any one visiting the country to-day finds that the spirit which informed the greatest of Bohemians is now abroad informing a whole people, that along with material prosperity and commercial and artistic activity is a strong devotion to the sense of nationality. May the terrible words Count Lützow feels impelled to write about the fate of Hus never have to be repeated: "It is the fact that in all the most important moments the task of great Bohemians has been frustrated by the envy and malice of their own countrymen that renders the history of Bohemia one of the saddest in the annals of the world."

Count Lützow is a remarkable instance of a foreigner who has obtained such full command of the English language that he writes it as a cultured Englishman. This careful study of John Hus is a valuable contribution to the history of an extraordinary man and a remarkable period

of European history, for Count Lützow begins by giving a summary of the intellectual conditions in which Hus began his career, and concludes by indicating the sequence of events which may be said to have been started by the martyrdom of the reformer--the Hussite wars and other struggles which culminated in the triumph of reaction at the great battle of the White Mountain in 1620.

WALTER JERROLD.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.*

To have read these two books and to have studied their illustrations is to have acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of the life, scenery, customs, and monuments of the Spanish Peninsula. Both volumes are written by men who know their subject thoroughly, and both may not unfairly be reckoned as amongst the best of their kind which have appeared as yet. It must, however, be explained at the outset that the aims of the authors are almost diametrically opposite. Mr. Tyler has undertaken (in his own words) to "give some account of the various schools of art which are represented by existing monuments in Spain, and of the manner of their adoption. In order to do this, I have attempted to discover the nationality of the artists themselves, or, failing that, of their employers, and also to suggest some of the other agencies which brought about the importation of foreign styles." It is, in other words, with the art of Spain that Mr. Tyler is primarily concerned, though Spanish "life" and history necessarily enter into the book in no small degree. Mr. Koebel, on the other hand, disclaims the idea of having aimed at anything beyond a sketch of some of the more salient features of Portugal, and suggests that his picture of the life and landscape of the country has been achieved "perhaps a little too much at the expense of such subjects as its history and architecture."

Between two books written with such dissimilar aims, it is obvious that no comparison is possible. We take Mr. Tyler's book first. It is indeed refreshing to find so unconventional and outspoken a critic, and a man, too, who can always give the most excellent reasons for his arguments and statements. On many an occasion Mr. Tyler is to be found tilting against commonly accepted dicta with what seems to us irresistible effect, and he has, too, the gift of humour, which keeps him, even in his most technical passages, from ever becoming dull. The most conspicuous example, perhaps, of his unconventionality is to be found in Mr. Tyler's stubborn refusal to devote much of his space to Andalusia. From the point of view, as he rightly observes, of a book dealing mainly with existing monuments, the proportionate value of the South is very small, and he is probably no less correct when he remarks that:

"The boasted later Moorish style which created the Alhambra is also scantily represented, and the enthusiasm it awakens is probably caused quite as much by associated ideas as by its own merits."

Mr. Tyler must not be taken too much *au pied de la lettre* when he asserts that Earl's Court contains examples of architecture quite equal in beauty to a great part of the Alcazar and the Alhambra, but his statement has, we think, more truth in it than many people would care or dare to admit. Comprehensive as his book is, Mr. Tyler has not visited every building of importance in Spain. We hope that he will make good this deficiency in a subsequent volume.

Mr. Koebel's own words, quoted above, will probably have given a fair idea of the type of book which he has written. With an eye for the beautiful and the humorous

* "Spain: A Study of her Life and Arts." By Royall Tyler. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Portugal: Its Land and People." By W. H. Koebel. 16s. net. (Constable.)

and a power of setting his impressions down upon paper naturally and gracefully, Mr. Koebel makes an admirable cicerone. A considerable amount of space is devoted by him to Lisbon, and, in a lesser degree, to Oporto. With some of his remarks on Lisbon we could, perhaps, dispense, but we are glad to find that he has paid so much attention to the ancient quarter of the metropolis, which is far from having received all the attention which it deserves.

A propos of the electric tramcars which are such a feature of Lisbon, Mr. Koebel tells an amusing story of the horse-cars which one sees also plying upon the lines. These cars, it appears, are frank pirates upon the high rails, and when the company owning the lines brought the matter into Court, it was held that if the company chose to leave its rails lying about in the streets it could not object to the wheels of other vehicles passing over them. Of stories no less humorous Mr. Koebel has a plentiful supply, while he finds space also to discuss the industries, politics, and future of the country.

HEINE.*

The regularity with which new English versions of Heine are presented to the public is scarcely matter for surprise. The unassailable position which the poet has always occupied, not only in the temple of his native literature, but in the world of poetic achievement outside it, has received more than due acknowledgment from translators, if mainly by reason of those very qualities in his work which make him at once the most engaging and the most difficult to render. Unfortunately the task of presenting him in English dress has too often been undertaken in a spirit more creditable to the enthusiasm than to the special qualification of his interpreters. If the sense has been captured, too much of the soul has been allowed to evaporate in the process of conversion.

It was Bayard Taylor who said that the translator with all the resources of his own language at command should represent by *the one best word or phrase* the meaning and intention of the original, and by surrendering himself to the full possession of the spirit which it is his endeavour to interpret, and through which he feels called upon to speak, should receive also a portion of the same creative power. The successful exercise of the two-fold function involved in this pronouncement—a keen sense for lingual equivalents combined with a modified state of ecstasy—could scarcely fail to furnish the ideal translation; and Mr. Robert Levy, the latest disciple of the "Voltaire of Germany," has, in the translation before us, gone far to justify his title to consideration when judged by this standard of excellence. Not only has he done his work with a jealous regard for the idiosyncrasies of an alien tongue, and a quite surprising knowledge of its inflections, but he has managed to preserve something of the melody which is so distinguishing a feature of Heine's lyrical genius. At the same time, he has kept to the original metres with scrupulous fidelity, save only when in his hands—as he tells us "double-ending rhymes" so natural in German . . . would have made a verse appear ungainly." Mr. Levy has further exercised a discretion amounting almost to instinct in the matter of exclusion. Whilst he has admitted, and rightly admitted, many of the poems which most fully illustrate the poet's fierce revolt against conventional standards, and the intensity of what has been called his sense of discordance between the real and ideal, little of the coarse profanity which so frequently disfigured his most characteristic work has found its way here. True, we miss many gems we should have liked to see included—notably in the "North Sea" series—but as Mr. Levy has promised to complete this section at a future date, we must be grateful for what he has already given us.

* "Heinrich Heine. Poems and Ballads." Done into English by Robert Levy. 5s. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

Here is a sample of Mr. Levy's work taken from the "Lyrical Intermezzo." Every student of Heine will remember his beautiful "Es liegt der heisse Sommer":

"To-day warm summer lieth
Upon thy little face;
The little heart within thee
Giveth cold winter place!

"But this will alter with thee,
Beloved that thou art!
Upon thy face the winter,
The summer in thy heart!"

Here is another, taken from the "Songs":—

"All within me sings of loving—
Thought and feeling, soul and wit—
Ah! 'tis he, the little roving
Love God, has a hand in it!

"Into my heart's playhouse stealing,
Little impresario, he
Takes my every thought and feeling,
Setting them to melody."

We are tempted to quote other examples of Mr. Levy's delicate skill, but as space forbids, we must content ourselves by saying that those given are entirely representative, and that this translation of Heine, so far as Mr. Levy has carried it, takes its place quite easily among the best, and may even be ranked as the first. F. E. K.

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN.*

"Love makes us feel in harmony with life. to give is the first law of life. Selfishness is the most insidious form of death." And again: "Life is worth living, if you live for others—always; if for yourself—never." So far as Mr. Hugh de Selincourt's latest novel can be said to boast a moral tag at all, these are the moral tags it boasts. They are old-fashioned, but like many other old-fashioned things, they are none the worse for that. We find them as

* "The Way Things Happen." By Hugh de Selincourt. 6s. (John Lane.)

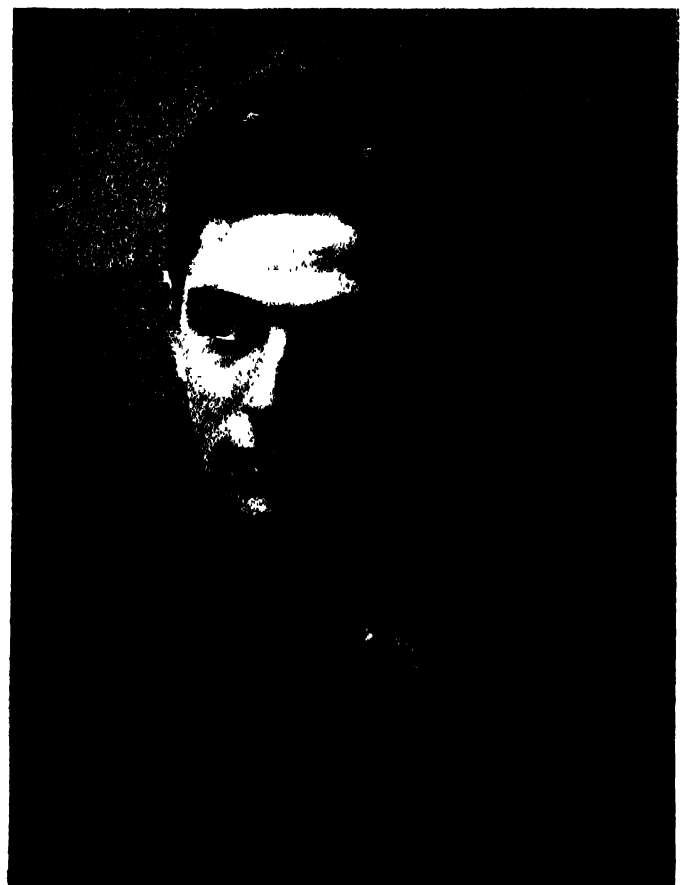
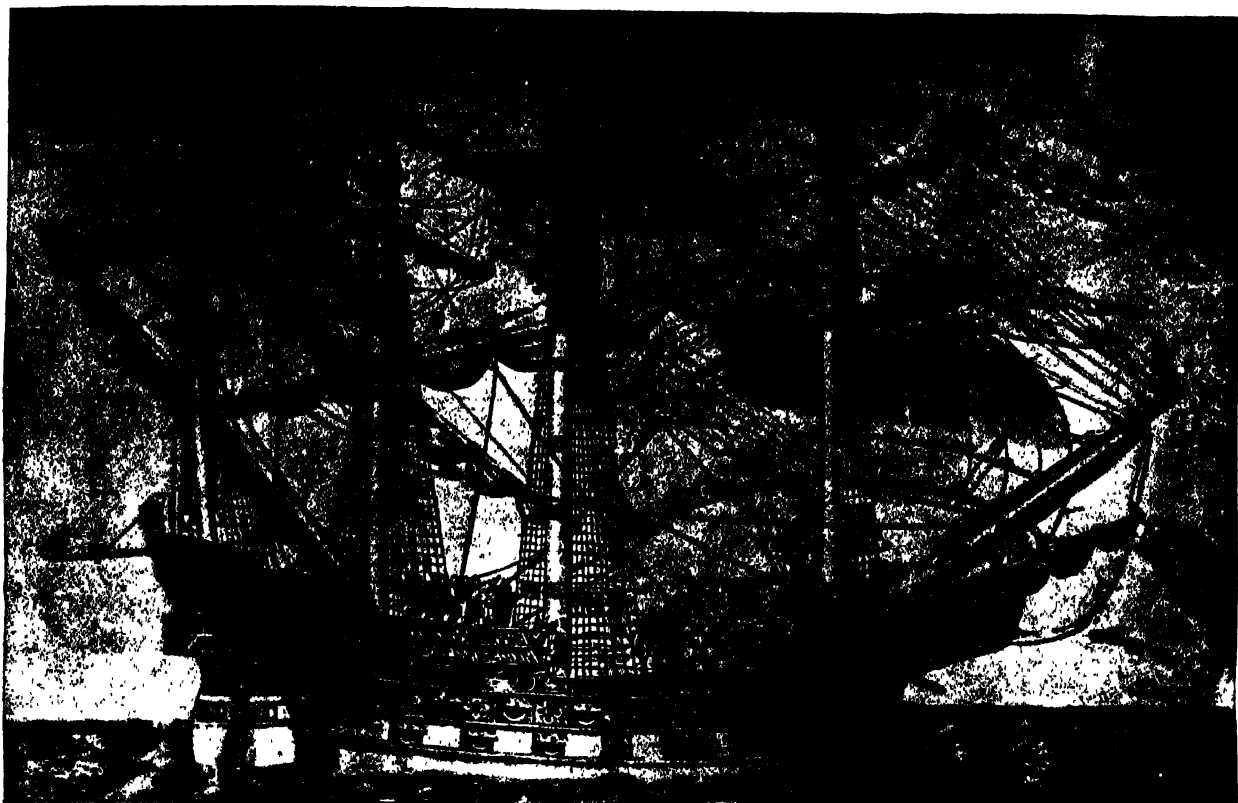


Photo by C. P. Small,
Chelsea.

Mr. Hugh de Selincourt.



The Ark Royal—Elizabeth's Flagship. Built in 1587.

From "Sailing Ships and their Story," by E. Keble Chatterton. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

presented to us by "The Way Things Happen" more than a little refreshing; for this tone is not too plentiful in much of our recent fiction, with its eulogies of something termed vaguely "self-realisation" as opposed to "self-sacrifice." Mr. de Sélincourt's reputation may or may not be advanced by "The Way Things Happen"; it is a wholesome, breezy, natural, and simply ingenious story, which the great public should read with pleasure and profit. The heroine, Miss Paul, is an entirely delightful character: a daughter of the remote suburbs who loses her brother in her thirty-third year and comes to live quietly in the Marylebone Road on her little fortune of £100 per annum. "It would have taken her five minutes to tell the story of her life, and she spoke slowly." Through the good offices of a mouse which she had caught and released again, Miss Paul makes the acquaintance of "the gentleman below," one Dr. Paveley, duldest of modern historical authorities, who in a moment of unaccustomed humanity proposes to make her his wife (and amanuensis)—and is refused. Almost simultaneously a casual acquaintance (who turns out to be a rich American) is fascinated by "her wonderful face" and her most ostentatious kindness to a starving man; he weds her, and is killed within a few weeks in a street accident. She had made life worth living for him by showing him the beauty of the earth and of love; and as he dies he asks her to become his "apostle of joy" in the world. This she does in many gentle useful ways, helping poor people individually and assisting young and as yet unrecognised artists. Although not without its tragedy, "The Way Things Happen" is for the most part a happy tale, most happily told. And Mrs. Martin, the cheery charwoman, whose genial philosophy of life first interests the heroine in the lives of others, is almost as memorable a figure as the heroine herself.

WINGS OF THE DEEP.*

Says Mr. Chatterton, in his preface to this book, which is quite excellent enough to do without one: "This history

* "Sailing Ships: the Story of their Development from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By E. Keble Chatterton. With 130 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

of sailing ships has been written primarily for the general reader, in the hope that the sons and daughters of a naval nation, and of an Empire that stretches beyond the seas, may find therein a record of some interest and assistance in enlarging and systematising their ideas on the subject." And if it does not both interest them and systematise their scrappy knowledge of ships past and present, then the fault is not his. At the expense of a large amount of most diligent research—labour for which he will not be too highly commended, such is the perversity of these things—he has produced a volume that taken with Mr. Warrington Smyth's "Mast and Sail in Europe and Asia" make the beginning and the end of the matter to all historical intents and purposes. He is quite right when he points out how often, and grossly too, poster-artists outrage the subject when they use old-time craft; but poster-designers are not the only sinners in this respect; the walls of Burlington House are not always guiltless of such anachronisms. Every artist who does, or thinks of doing, marine work should have a copy of this book, and it ought to be in every library in the land.

Mr. Chatterton is surprised that the lines on which the early Egyptian galleys were built have, with certain head and stern modifications from time to time, been so considerably followed all down the ages, particularly by the Greek, Roman, old Norse and even modern builders. Yet surely the fact that those peoples, not to mention later sea-going nations, saw the wisdom of such imitation, is enough to prove to all whom it may concern that the worshippers of Isis had discovered the natural lines on which to build their vessels. And this is strikingly true in the matter of the Greek and the Viking; because, although the Romans were a people of the Mediterranean littoral, the other two were much more by nature seafarers. However, in spite of such errors and of some that are merely typographical, Mr. Chatterton's volume is certainly an acquisition to the literature of the sea.

J. E. P.

Novel Notes.

THE SCORE. By Lucas Malet. (John Murray.)

There are two long stories in "The Score," and the second, "The Courage of Her Convictions," is much the better of them. There are three characters in it—Poppy St. John, the popular actress, Antony Hammond, the successful dramatist who has written the plays that have made her famous, and Lucius Denier, a rising politician. Poppy is staying on a holiday at Compton Regis, Hammond comes down to see her about his new play: she has been reading it and he has accommodately adopted all her suggestions and altered it to suit her; meanwhile an election is progressing at the manufacturing town of Westchurch, where Denier is standing in the Unionist interest, and she is anxiously waiting for news of the result. Denier is elected, and motors over fresh from one victory and eager for another. But Poppy is well over thirty; she has a good deal of self-respect, plenty of common-sense and no illusions; she is fond of her career, and sees that marriage with a leading actress of flippant drama will not be a good thing for an ambitious aristocrat, the younger brother of a peer, and she loves Denier sufficiently to wish him happy and not to let him mar his own prospects. The theme is handled cleverly, with a subtle sense of humour, and with admirable restraint. "Miserere Nobis," the other of the two stories, is frankly melodramatic; there is passion in it, and tragedy; but it is all put into the mouth of a dying man, and is inevitably painful. Withal, it is picturesque, and has certain qualities of vigour and grip that make it thoroughly readable.

LOW SOCIETY. By Robert Halifax. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Halifax's last book, "The Borderland," was a good story, but "Low Life" is that and something more; it is a true one. There is very little of the extravagant melodrama, the too thick laying on of glaring colours that somewhat marred the effect of the former—indeed, apart from the behaviour of the hero's aristocratic mother, there is none at all. "Low Life" is sheer actuality; the tale is told and the characters drawn with a simplicity and directness that make the whole thing as bitingly and convincingly realistic as any novel of Defoe's. Mr. Casswade, the rascally, prosperous jerry-builder, who would have been on the Council, "most likely Mayor—if he could read and write," is a little masterpiece of characterisation. Selina Shadd, her father the grocer, and her contemptible lover, George Baversham, are almost equally well drawn. It is not a flattering picture that Mr. Halifax paints of the neighbourhood of Barking and certain types of its inhabitants, but it is a vivid and a grimly amusing one. A tale of everyday life in lower London, written with humour and sympathy and a real knowledge of men and women, this novel not only fulfils the promise of its author's earlier work, but suggests reserves of power that justify us in looking to his future with great expectations.

MARY. By Winifred Graham. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Graham has essayed a very delicate and difficult task. She has written a book in which the central character represents, beyond doubt, the figure of the Virgin Mary, walking once more the earth's sublunary ways. She handles her subject with a sort of intuitive tact and tenderness that are beyond praise. In such a book there is no room for false notes, and she strikes none. Mary Aquila, the lady-gardener, carries with her an aura of luminous mystery, which clutches at the heart of the

most careless, and in her eyes the shadow of an eternal pain, which strikes the sufferer with the sense of an immediate kinship. The lilies in the garden flower as never before, and the village children nestle at her knee. Even the great painter, who knew no other law in art and life than his own, defers to her opinion. She inspires him with the conception of a Madonna who shall be but a woman, weary with the weight of unsought worship, claiming no more than the rights of womanhood and sorrow. Alike in conception and in treatment, this is no ordinary book. Even though dwarfed by the singular pathos and beauty of the central figure, the minor characters are drawn with insight and sympathy.

THE MARRIAGE OF HILARY CARDEN. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Jack Allingham, the hero of this story, is a successful transport-rider on the Road when Rhodesia was being opened up by the daring of the early pioneers. The advent of the mines threatens to destroy his profession. Railways eventually supersede the waggon-traffic, but before this takes place Allingham, who has become rich by economy and judicious investments, goes home to marry an English girl. She is conventional, and he has too much of the open-air life to settle down in rural England. Friction inevitably arises. But when the pair revisit South Africa, after the war, the girl's heart softens to her husband; she begins to understand his grit and achievements, and they draw together. Mr. Hyatt has made an excellent story out of this clash of temperaments. He also is able to give his readers an inside view of Rhodesian life, which forms an instructive background to the plot. He loathes the foreign crowd, especially the Germans and the Jews, who have swarmed into South Africa. "South Africa has been in the melting-pot, and it hasn't come out refined." He gives a fair estimate of the mining industry and of the



Photo by Chas. E. Dixon, Gravesend.

Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt.

men who engage in it. But the absorbing interest of his story lies in Allingham, the pioneer, in the deflection of his life by love, and in its recovery. Hilary herself is a thin heroine, thin, that is, in importance. Her character never becomes very significant, except when she slaps a minor poet in the face for making love to her. It is the Rhodesians who live, both men and women, good and bad, whites and natives. What Mr. Hyatt has done is to write a capital Rhodesian novel, and the more Rhodesian it is, the stronger it is.

WATCHERS BY THE SHORE. By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Patterson's first novel, "Fishers by the Sea," earned much well-deserved praise, and there is sound workmanship in his new book that must ensure for it a like reception. He has gifts which are considerably out of the common. He is very unusually successful with his "atmosphere," and paints the background to his picture with much convincing and charming detail and with an obvious knowledge of the characters whom he introduces. He has a sense of the dramatic, too, and, when he chooses, can write in a manner to stir the blood. In addition he possesses the gift of making his characters alive; his men and women are intensely human in their failings and in their virtues. "Watchers by the Shore" is somewhat sombre in tone—its story of the betrayed girl and the betrayer, Caleb Thicknesse, who is wrought at length to repentance—must needs be touched with tragedy, though it moves to a happy ending. It is a poignant and impressive story, well contrived and imaginatively told; for its admirable descriptions of the daily life of the fishermen of the Suffolk coast, we have nothing but praise.

THE FORBIDDEN THEATRE. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

As Mr. Keighley Snowden says near the end of "The Forbidden Theatre," his story here, "after all, in its private aspect, is only another instance of the way love has of settling human differences." In its larger aspect it is the story of how Gerald Unwin, the kindly, delicate squire of Kingley in Yorkshire, wanted to perpetuate the memory of his dead wife, who had been an actress, by building a theatre and presenting it to the town. He makes his offer to the Town Council, but the strong Puritan sentiment of the majority is up in arms against it at once and there is trouble and dissension, and the whole district is split into opposing camps. The fiercest, most uncompromising enemy of the theatre is sturdy old Samuel Priestly, the Mayor, and the difficulties of the position are complicated by the fact that Unwin's son and Priestly's daughter are in love with each other and engaged to be married; they too are presently drawn into the heat and anger of the dispute, and come near to having their life's happiness wrecked upon it. It is an admirable tale, and the naturalness and sheer reality of it all give it a surer grip upon the reader's interest than any mere ingenuity of plot could have done. The life of the hard-working Yorkshire community, the dogged independence of its people, the sincere narrowness of the majority, the passionate earnestness with which they stand and fight for what they believe to be the right, and the sterling good-heartedness that underlies so much of their aggressive harshness—these things are depicted with intimate knowledge and with the sympathy that comes of understanding. The love romance that runs through it is charming, but this is primarily a novel of character: Samuel Priestly, Pey Letch, "the ratepayers' candidate," the self-taught, tough Sam Fort, the aristocratic Unwins, the spirited Isabel Priestly—they are all drawn from the life, and in their widely different kinds are wonderfully human. Mr. Snowden is to be congratulated

on a conscientious and very capable piece of work, and we emphatically recommend those who are looking out for what is best in the fiction of the day to put "The Forbidden Theatre" on their list at once.

A HOUSE OF LIES. By Sidney Warwick. (Cassell.)

Mr. Warwick has a trick of enlisting the sympathy of his readers for every one of his characters, and the surprising way in which he gains admiration for even the villain of this story—who ruins the lives of a number of people, and seems unforgivable in the first few chapters—goes far towards making the book the real success that it is. "A House of Lies" has an intensely dramatic plot, the threads of which are cleverly woven together, and illustrates, as the title intimates, how one lie leads on to another—and the ghastly results. The situations are strong, and handled with skill; particularly the scene near the end between David Muir and Marion Cross, showing how a woman who has only lived for vengeance declines to take it when it is within her grasp because of the splendid striving of the man to repair the past. A book that has been well thought out and is well worth reading.

ABOVE ALL THINGS. By W. Teignmouth Shore. 6s. (John Long.)

In his latest book Mr. Teignmouth Shore reminds us of that extremely able writer, Mr. Leonard Merrick. He introduces us to the same sort of society, a society which is not of the West End nor the East, but rather of a mild-mannered Bohemia. Like Mr. Merrick, too, he is a sincere literary craftsman, eschewing the sensational, the obvious and the slipshod. His characters are convincingly life-like, and have the quality of compelling our sympathy. The main interest of the story centres round a quartette of figures—two sisters, May and Kate Briggate, Arthur Church, the journalist, and John Wood, his friend. Unconsciously the four are playing at cross-purposes, and, for a time, the threads seem hopelessly tangled. The sinister presence in the background of Kate's scoundrelly husband further complicates the knot. The method by which the author brings about the happy dénouement which the whole atmosphere of the story demands is, it must be confessed, somewhat violent and unconvincing. But in a novel whose interest is of character rather than plot, the flaw is not vital. The book is written with a delicate and unobtrusive art which lifts it far above the ruck of ordinary fiction.

SHOES OF GOLD. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Too often the characters in historical or semi-historical novels are absurd puppets, performing improbable actions and talking a grotesque and impossible jargon. This is not the case with the creatures, drawn partly from national archives and partly from Mr. Drummond's imagination, who figure in "Shoes of Gold." They live and move as real people, romantic and yet rational in conduct, direct and natural of speech. The plot opens in France in "the worst days of Louis the Fifteenth" and develops in the barbaric Russia of that notorious Peter who was succeeded by the famous or infamous Empress Catherine. We see that wonderful woman, whom some called the new Messalina and some a second Semiramis, in her finer aspects through the medium of Mr. Drummond's story. Peter, as all the world knows, was obsessed by a maniacal weakness for everything Prussian. Hercin lay serious danger for France. Against this menace the ordinary forces of French diplomacy were arrayed in vain. De Choiseul, minister of Louis (and the Pompadour), determined that only by a conquest of Catherine could the future of France be secured



R. Andom.

against Russo-Prussian aggression. Therefore he despatched Paul de Saintonge to Petersburg, in the guise of a gentleman of pleasure, to win the heart and so control the head of the Empress. But Paul fell in love with another by the way; and so was imperilled not only the safety of his country but the pride of his personal ambition and the disposal of the rich fortune of the Lavals willed to him should he succeed, but open to diversion if he failed. After many adventures and much searching of conscience, Paul approached the Empress with

an affection which he did not completely feel. Catherine assumed the rôle of fairy godmother; and detecting his insincerity and knowing his love for her maid-in-waiting, Ulrica Khitrovin, she brought together the young people, promised Paul her friendship for France, and so achieved a happy curtain at the end. The story is most admirably told: vividly and with picturesqueness and a keen historic sense, yet with restraint and a fine economy of words. We congratulate Mr. Drummond on a really notable novel.

THE NECROMANCERS. By R. H. Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Father Benson has written a graphic little novel against the practices of modern spiritualism, which he seems to regard as offering an opportunity to the devil. Mr. Cathcart, a Roman Catholic solicitor who has given sances up, believes that evil spirits "are at us all the time, trying to get in at any crack they can find—that in one person they produce lunacy and in another just shattered nerves, and so on. They take advantage of any weak spot anywhere." This quaint superstition seems to be the source of the author's chief objection to spiritualism. But, apart from the sectarian bias which appears in his pages, he has constructed a thoroughly interesting story of a lad who was nearly driven insane by a succession of trances in which he thought he saw the ghost of a pretty village girl who had died before he and she could be married. The supernatural horror is not drawn so vividly as in "Jimbo." Father Benson's religious views prevent him from handling the terrors of the unseen with Mr. Blackwood's freedom, and he has not the latter's genius for analysing spiritual illusions. But the characters of the story are living people. The medium is not a mere rogue, and the sensible girl, Maggie, who rescues Laurie from his insanity, is an attractive foil to the other and weaker women. Had the story embraced more of the love-interest, it would have possessed a reality which the reader misses in Father Benson's clever dialogue and discussions.

ON TOUR WITH TRODDLES. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The "Troddles" books have had, we believe, a very wide sale, and the newest of them, "On Tour with Troddles," is probably destined to the same happy fortune. The book is descriptive of a tour from London to the West of England taken by four young men of the lively, quite irresponsible description. The author makes capital play with minor mishaps and miscellaneous anecdotes (which are none the less diverting for having nothing to do with the plot); the tour seems to have been one long wrangle from start to finish, and the adventures are of the sort it is funnier to read about than to go through. To all who are looking for a book to make them laugh we commend Mr. Andom's latest effort. Mr. Whitwell's numerous illustrations are good.

The Bookman's Table.

DIVERSIONS IN SICILY. By Henry Festing Jones. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

These diversions are mostly marionette shows, and very entertaining, too, according to Mr. Festing Jones. The puppets are almost life size, and the interminable story of Carlo Magno and his paladins and the wars against the Saracens is performed night after night in the teatrino. "It is as though in England the cab-drivers, railway porters, and shop-boys were to spend evening after evening, month after month, looking on at a dramatised version of the 'Arcadia' or 'The Faerie Queene.'" Besides the marionettes there are the State lotteries, the church pageants, and a company of living Sicilian actors—all included in the diversions. It is a great business, the choosing of your number for the lottery, and the true gambler is always on the look-out for signs and omens to guide him in his choice. On Mount Eryx (now called Monte San Giuliano) and at the town of Calatafimi Mr. Festing Jones witnessed some remarkable ecclesiastical processions, and these are described at length. On the mountain the return of a sacred picture of the Madonna to its shrine at Custonaci was the chief event of the festival, and this followed after a great procession of cars "presenting the somewhat intractable subject of Noah's Ark and the Universal Deluge." At Calatafimi there were two processions of cars; first the various trades were represented, and then came the story of the Prodigal Son. It was at Castellinaria that the company of Sicilian actors were found. The author waxes enthusiastic over Giovanni, the leading actor and manager of the company, and convinces us that the appreciation is deserved. Not only is Giovanni great on the stage, he turns out to be a capital fellow in private life. Altogether Mr. Jones's Sicilian friends are a delightful set of people at holiday times.



Photo by Samuel Butler.

Mr. Henry Festing Jones.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By R. M. Johnston. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Johnston has no new facts about the French Revolution and no new light to throw upon it, but he tells the wonderful story over again concisely, vividly, restrainedly, and with an excellent skill in narrative. He gives in this short history of his a general view of the Revolution from the days immediately preceding its outbreak down to the year 1799, when Napoleon adroitly harnessed it and took the reins into his own hands. It is a scholarly and very adequate piece of work, and not the least of its merits is that it is eminently readable. There is a good chapter on the Art and Literature of the period, and everywhere Mr. Johnston's views on the significance of the great upheaval are well-considered and suggestive.

THE RIDING TO LITHEND. By Gordon Bottomley. With Drawings by James Guthrie. (Pear Tree Press.)

"The Riding to Lithend" is a drama of atmosphere rather than of personality. Whether the author's intention was deliberately to symbolise a mood or not, this is what he has done. Some lines spoken quite at the beginning of the play give the note:

"I like not this forsaken quiet house.
The house-men out at harvest in the Isles
Never return. Perhaps they went but now,
Yet I am sore with fearing and expecting
Because they do not come. They will not come.
I like not this forsaken quiet house,
Thus late last harvest, and night creeping in."

This atmosphere of doom is over the whole play as a cloud. The characters flit in it somewhat unrealy. Gunnar, the heroic outlaw, Rannveig, his mother, and Hallgerd, his beautiful treacherous wife, do not move us as human beings. They are marionettes dancing behind a curtain of grey gauze, shown up by flickering candle-light. And as such we may enjoy them until the climax, the fight at the end. There, since it is obvious that violent reality has been aimed at and missed, we lose our illusion. The essential realism which belongs to even the most imaginative great art is lacking. Still, Mr. Bottomley is a poet. He writes blank verse which is vivid and supple and has a fine sense of the colour of words. Now and again he gets an absolutely Greek effect, as—

"Fire is a hurrying thing, and fire by night
Can see its way better than men see theirs."

But there is little of the golden light of Greece about the play. It is a thing of gloom and fantastic shadows. Mr. Guthrie's drawings illustrate it well. To look at them is like looking into darkness from which dim shapes gradually emerge. Poem and pictures alike show signs of growing on you.

SWORD AND BLOSSOM POEMS. From the Japanese. Vol. II. (Done into English Verse by Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake. Illustrated by Japanese artists. Published by Hasegawa, Tokyo. To be had from Simpkin & Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)

We had occasion certain months ago to place on record our appreciation of a most delightful volume which had come here from Japan. Encouraged by success—for we are told that all the copies of that volume are disposed of—there is now a second volume at our doors. Another book of verse as delicate as cherry-blossom. Here is one:

"Passionate music of the Nightingale,
Not Joy you bring me, but a strange Regret,
A memory of nothingness, the pale
Face of a Lover I have never met."

And if we can transcribe the music of the nightingale we cannot do the slightest justice to the pictures that are on the pages of this book. It is impossible to make the least

description of the painting that is on the same page as the lines which follow:

"Summer and Autumn met, I think, to-day,
For as I sit and rest I call to mind
How all the grass to northward of the way
Sighed in the sudden coolness of the wind."

How far the English poetess has translated and how far she has supplied the poetry we do not know, but there has never been an illustration (done by the three-colour process) more convincing than that upon this page. It has the very flavour of the poem, so that it would seem as if our poetess has been no traitor, as in Italy they say that all translators are.

THE ENGLISH IN CHINA. By James Bromley Eames, M.A., B.C.L. 20s. net. (Pitman.)

Now when China is at length awakened and quietly putting her house in order, Mr. Eames's story of "The English in China" has an especial timeliness. He has set himself to describe and explain the origin, growth, and development of British interests in the Celestial Empire, from the beginnings of our trade there in the early years of the seventeenth century down to the present day. The book is carefully and ably written, and is a distinctly valuable contribution to our knowledge of the intercourse and relations that have existed and exist between this country and China, and of the urgent problems with which Europe is confronted in the Far East. Mr. Eames has some interesting things to say on the Chinese temperament and character; on the missionary question; the working of the British Law Courts in China; he denounces the opium traffic as an evil that must be eradicated, and is convinced that "the access of prestige that would come to us as a nation" if we used our influence to secure its suppression "could not fail in the long run to bring a material reward"; but his main purpose has been to give an account of our traffic with China in the way of trade, and all that has resulted from it. There are several illustrations and two useful maps.

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Press Cuttings (1s. net), Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest dramatic production, is described as "a topical sketch compiled from the editorial and Correspondence columns of the daily papers," and is the wildest possible knock-about farce based on the suffragette movement. It is clever, contains some sly political hits, and makes delightfully amusing reading.

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We welcome a new edition of M. Leon Delbos's **Student's Graduated French Reader** (1s. 6d.) which Messrs. Williams & Norgate send us. This is its fifteenth reappearance, and it is now thoroughly remodelled and revised. It contains anecdotes and stories, exercises and vocabulary, and is admirably suited for use in public schools.

Relaxation and inspiration, as well as information, may be gained from the Homeland Association's useful and suggestive volume on **Where to Stay in the West Country** (6d. net). Messrs. F. Wayne & Co. publish it, and in it may be found many a score of reasons for a tour or a holiday in the West Country. Here is help for those in search of rest and those in search of beauty, for those who need health and those who need amusement. Here, too, is an alphabetically arranged description of towns and districts, giving distance, size, fares, and much detailed practical information. In addition to all this are interesting illustrations and a list of books to read.

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ...

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ...

THE READER—

Tennyson—A Fragment. By Dr.
WILLIAM BARRY 13

Tennyson: The Formative In-
fluences of his First Twenty
Years. By ALFRED B. COOPER

Shelley's Letters. By PROF.
SAINSBURY 29

THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions

The Poetry of Dr. William Words-
worth. By MICHAEL MAC-
MILLAN, D.Litt. 33

Sir Willoughby Patterne. By
MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN ...

NEW BOOKS—

Carlyle's "Blumine." By ARTHUR
WAUGH 37

The New Italy. By F. E. PHILLIPS

The Better Land. By THOMAS
SECCOMBE 38

Minor History. By HOLBROOK
JACKSON 39

Cale Rice's Poems 40

The Search Party 40

Town Planning. By M. H. H.

MACARTNEY 41

Poet and Patriot 42

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Father ... 42

The Pageant of London 43

To the Gentle Reader. By FRANCIS

BICKLEY 44

The Consolidation of the French

Republic. By A. W. EVANS ... 44

White of Selborne 45

Cameos. By ASHLEY GIBSON ... 46

The Elder Service. By J. E.

PATTERSON 46

Beggars 47

A Romance of Journalism 48

A Rose of Savoy 48

Romanticism and After. By

ARTHUR RANSOME 49

The Holy Mountain. By PERCEVAL

GIBSON 49

Swinburne on Shakespeare. By

F. G. BETTANY 50

Wolfe 51

Napoleon and his Brothers. By

WALFORD D. GREEN 52

NOVEL NOTES—

True Tilda—The Squire's Daughter

—Draw in Your Stool—Black

Mark—The Ghost Pirates—The
Third Circle—Aunt Jane of
Kentucky—The Adventures of
Captain Jack—A Roman Tragedy
—The Castle by the Sea—The
Love Brokers—The Weight of
the Name—The Prodigal Father
—The Scholar Vagabond—
Ashes of Passion—The Tragedy
of the Pyramids—Shadow-
Shapes—Love, the Thief—Lady
Rodway's Ordeal—The Wood-
Carver of 'Lympos—Multitude
and Solitude—Fiona—The
Screen Cut Off from the
World 53-9

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Seven Short Plays—Francis Atter-
bury—A New History of Painting
in Italy—The Last King of
Poland—Aerial Navigation of
To-Day—The Adventures of
a Civil Engineer—The Real
Francis-Joseph—Wind o' the
West—Through Persia ... 59-62

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 62

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 66

NOTICES.

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No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
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News Notes.

For permission to re-
produce several of our
Tennyson illustrations we
are indebted to the kind-
ness and courtesy of the
present Lord Tennyson, of
Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs.
Cassell, Messrs. Bradbury,
Agnew & Co., Messrs.
Seeley, Mr. John Murray,
the proprietors of *Vanity
Fair*, Messrs. Hurst &
Blackett, Mr. A. R. Corns,
of Lincoln, and Mr.
William Michael Rossetti.

Mr. Thornycroft, R.A.,
is at work on a new
statue of Tennyson that
is to be erected in Trinity
College, Cambridge.



Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

From a portrait in the possession of Hallam, Lord Tennyson,
drawn by G. F. Watts, R.A., August, 1891.
From "The Works of Tennyson," annotated edition, edited
by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan.)

Dr. G. H. Dabbs, who was Tennyson's physician
and knew him intimately for many years, has
favoured us with a few notes of his personal recol-
lections of the poet. "As is pretty well known,"
says Dr. Dabbs, "I was his doctor for about twenty-

five years, and it is a
satisfaction to me to re-
member his kind con-
fidence in me down to
his last hours. He was
in many ways the most
remarkable patient I ever
had, and to me (as to
others, in my experience
of him) the most cour-
teous. I have read a
great deal and heard a
great deal of the difficult
man he was to get on
with. Such testimony is
strange to one who often
saw him in considerable
suffering, and yet always
found him tolerant, full
of equanimity, and patient
to a wonderful degree. I
have sometimes thought
it must be another Tenny-



Tennyson.

Bust by Woolner, a copy of which it is proposed to place in Somersby Church.

son I was reading about. I can only speak of him as I found him. I have had a not inconsiderable experience as to the effects of disease (and its humiliations) upon character. I have seen the most placid become *difficile*, the most excitable become morose, depressed, and dangerous to themselves; no antagonism of the 'natural' but is fairly familiar to me in the 'unnatural' conditions of prolonged and painful illness; but I can truly say that the late Lord Tennyson's breadth of view was never narrowed down to any personal littleness of outlook by any suffering it was his lot to have to undergo. In fact, with the shadow of Death upon him he appeared to me to become more and more bravely gentle and considerate. That is my memory of him.

"As you and your readers are probably aware," Dr. Dabbs continues, "the late Poet Laureate was a quite unusual conversationalist and raconteur. During the sleepless night-watches of his penultimate illness—which was exceptionally long and painful—I was privileged to listen to him while he talked the implacable hours away. I will not say he discussed grave matters with me, but I can say that he allowed me to hear and know

many of his views on men and things. Naturally, I cannot say more than this, as I was not listening to repeat. His last illness was terribly sharp and brief; in my view he contracted influenza when too weak in body to throw off the poison or survive its time-table duration. I fear he was doomed from the first: he never seemed really to rally.

"The few final hours are stamped indelibly on my memory: the open windows, the revealing moonlight, the 'suspense,' as it were, of Nature. There did not seem a single moving thing in that vast external silence. After all was over I went outside to think and—I dare say—to smoke. Hardly had I faced the south when a ripple of breeze shook the nearest shrub, and in ten minutes the wind was blowing a gale. It had been scorchingly hot all day with that perfervid autumnal heat that sometimes follows fine October weather. And here was the natural result. I sat there till I was chilled to the bone, and then sought the sleep I sorely needed. But none came to me that night, and not for a long time after could I find the benison of sustained rest. You ask if I have any mementoes of my great patient. Yes: I have the pen with which he signed the stage version of 'Becket,' and I have the pipe he tried last to smoke—the tobacco still in it." Dr. Dabbs has also a portrait of Tennyson (the one we reproduce on page 33). "one of the two last taken of him, I believe, and I recall that it was given to me shortly before his last and fatal illness."

The Tennyson Centenary Commemoration Committee, whose Chairman is the Mayor of Lincoln, has issued an appeal to lovers of Tennyson's poetry for a sum of money which will enable them to place in Somersby Church, with Mrs. Woolner's permission, a copy of Woolner's bust of the poet, and incidentally to put the church itself into substantial repair, the parishioners and neighbours having their hands full, at present, with the larger task of restoring the church of Bag Enderby, a parish ecclesiastically united to Somersby. Any one interested in this commemoration may have full particulars on sending a card to one of the secretaries to the Committee, the Rev. Alfred Hunt, Vicar of Welton, or Mr. A. R. Corns, City Librarian, Lincoln.

Mr. Archibald Marshall is at present in Australia, as special correspondent for the *Daily Mail*. On his return he purposes writing a novel dealing largely with the sea and with life aboard ship.

The address on Dr. Johnson that was delivered by Lord Rosebery at the Johnson Bicentenary Celebration at Lichfield, last month has been issued in pamphlet form by Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys.

We gave a brief account in our March Number of the Milton Tercentenary celebration at Bangalore; and an Indian correspondent now sends us a note on the celebration of the Tennyson Centenary in the same city on August 6. "The very wide popularity that Tennyson enjoys in India," he writes, "brought together a large and distinguished gathering of Indian and European ladies and gentlemen, under the auspices of the 'Friends' Union,' the leading literary society of the place. The seven lectures delivered on the occasion were on the Biography of Tennyson, by Principal A. R. Fuller; Minor Poems of Tennyson, by C. S. D. Dyer; Love Poems of Tennyson, by M. G. Varadachar; 'In Memoriam,' by Principal Stanley Cox; 'Idylls of the King,' by Professor F. R. Sell; 'Dramatic Works of Tennyson,' by Miss M. L. Butler, and 'The Humour of Tennyson,' by Arthur Mayhew. A small troupe of Indian boys performed recitations during the intervals. The lectures have since been published

in book form by the *Daily Post*, Bangalore." The persons in the portrait below, which our correspondent is good enough to send us, reading from left to right are Professor F. R. Sell, Miss M. L. Butler, Principal Stanley Cox, Arthur Mayhew, Principal A. R. Fuller, M. G. Varadachar, and L. Swami Rao.

Mr. Frederick Nivens, author of that admirable novel, "Lost Cabin Mine," has written a romance of buccaneering that Mr. John Lane will publish next spring.

An important book that Messrs. Rebman announce for this autumn is "Progressive Redemption," by the Rev. Holden E. Sampson. It is a sequel to the same author's "Progressive Creation," and reviews the Catholic Church, its functions and offices in the world, in the light of the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Science.

Hitherto the middle classes, the great novel-readers, seem to have shown little appreciation for such satire as Anatole France provides in France,



Photo by E. F. H. Wiele, Bangalore.

The Friends' Union Celebration of the Tennyson Centenary at Bangalore.

and few writers attempt on this side of the Channel, but of late there are signs that the English taste for irony is ripening. Few of our novelists write so well in this vein as Mr. Percy White, whose "Love and the Wise Men" bids fair to prove one of the successes of the season. Mr. White is engaged on another novel that Messrs. Methuen will publish next year, and is preparing a collection of his short stories for Messrs. Mills & Boon; in the meantime, he is working in collaboration on a dramatic version of his "House of Intrigue."

Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson is writing a Memoir of the Elizabethan period, and as soon as it is completed will get to work on a novel, probably a study of French life, which she has undertaken to write for Messrs. Methuen for next summer. Mrs. Rawson lives and works in an old English cottage by a little Thames village just under the Berkshire Downs; she is a hard worker and a quick one, and reckons to write one romantic novel each year and as many short stories as she can find time for. She believes that, so far as one can judge one's own books, her last novel, "Happiness," is the ripest bit of work she has done. When engaged on a story Mrs. Rawson never allows other interests to disturb her, and does her utmost to keep always within the atmosphere of the work in hand, whatever it may be. "I believe," she says, "and my belief is the sheer result of experience, that without atmosphere the creator of any work cannot work. It is the atmosphere which begets the characters and the story, so far as I am concerned."

Mr. Walter Jerrold's book on Middlesex, in the Highways and Byways Series, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan early this month. He is now making progress with his long-projected work on "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*," which is to contain some stories and jests of Douglas Jerrold's that have not hitherto been republished or identified.

Mr. Arthur Rackham has been illustrating in colour and in black and white new editions of "Gulliver's Travels" and "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," which Messrs. Dent are publishing this autumn.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month new editions of Kate Douglas Wiggin's (Mrs. Riggs) popular novels, "Rose o' the River" and "The Old Peabody Pew." They are issuing also this month a new book by Mrs. Riggs, "Susanna



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.)

and Sue"—a tender and delightfully humorous story that will appeal to all the numerous admirers of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Striking testimony was borne to the personal popularity of Mrs. Riggs in her own country when she recently held an annual Dorcas fair at Quillcote, her summer home in Hollis. She entertained some twelve hundred guests, who had come from every part of the compass within twenty miles of Salmon Falls, and the *Portland Daily Press*, concluding a long illustrated report of the remarkably successful gathering, says: "Surely her charm must be great to draw year after year, a decade nearly, these visitors to her side who come just to do her homage. She, with her sister and mother, all so alike, are, without doubt, the most widely known and beloved hostesses in Maine, and the beautiful old house, called Quillcote, is a fitting shrine."

The general public know Mr. Allen Upward chiefly as the author of fiction which he has written, as it were, under protest, and has frequently signed with reluctance; his literary ambitions drawing him in a quite other direction. Messrs. Alston



*Photo by Dighton's Art Studio,
Cheltenham.*

Mrs. Penny.

Rivers are just issuing a new novel of his, "Lord Alstair's Rebellion," and a new edition of his successful "Secrets of the Past." Invalided out of the Nigerian Service in 1902, after receiving the thanks and congratulations of his chief, Sir. F. D. Lugard, Mr. Upward was obliged to relinquish the prospect of further employment by Mr. Chamberlain's Department, and his friends are now hopeful that his exceptional qualifications, which include the highest honours of the English and Irish Bars, may be acknowledged by a judicial or other appointment that would give him opportunity to do further work on the lines of "The New Word," a vindication of spiritual truth which many of its admirers have been recommending for the Nobel Prize.

"The Unlucky Mark," the new novel by Mrs. F. E. Penny that Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published, is founded on a widely spread superstition in India that animals have lucky and unlucky marks which bring fortune or misfortune to their owners. The scene is laid at Bangalore and the Government Remount Depot hard by, and one of the principal characters is a Hindu agitator who, through a mistake, purchases a horse with an unlucky mark. An Anglo-Indian love-story runs through the book, which, incidentally, illustrates the racial hatred between Mohammedans and Hindus.

Mrs. Penny is the eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Farr, Rector of Gillingham, Norfolk; her mother was the daughter of Robert Knipe

Cobbold, of Bredfield Hall, Suffolk; and, through her mother, she is the great-niece of the Rev. Richard Cobbold, the author of "Margaret Catchpole." Within a mile of Gillingham Rectory, where she passed her girlhood, stands Goldstone Hall, where Edward FitzGerald was a frequent guest, and in the "Wilderness," that delightful portion of the Hall gardens so often mentioned in his Life, she frequently met FitzGerald as he paced the long, sunny walk listening to the nightingales. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Penny became a student at Queen's College, Harley Street. She married her brother's college friend, the Rev. Frank Penny, an Indian chaplain on the Madras establishment, and spent nearly a quarter of a century in the south of India, and during that time paid several visits to Ceylon. Many strange stories in her books she learned directly from the natives themselves; she has reproduced the atmosphere of her Indian and Ceylon life in her novels and in that volume of her reminiscences, "On the Coromandel Coast," which was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

America is the happy hunting-ground for poets; they may get honour there, and even a little money. Many of our own have won an easier and warmer welcome on the other side of the Atlantic than they



Photo by Augustus Cooper, Harrow.

Mr. Arthur Lewis.

obtained in the country of their birth, and Mr. Arthur Lewis, whose new volume of poems, "Wind o' the West," has just been produced by Mr. Elkin Mathews, is one of these. Mr. Lewis has spent much of his time in France and Italy, and found inspiration in Italy for his two earliest poetic works: "Ginevra," a drama of fourteenth-century Florence, founded on a local legend of one who escaped from the tomb—a legend that was handled in a fine fragment by Shelley; and "Days of Old Rome," a series of verse pictures of the Imperial city. Since writing these poems abroad, Mr. Lewis has been living in England, and has published a sequence of small books: "Ways of Verse," "Thirty Rhymes," "A Pompeian Episode," "Enamels," and "The Pursuit of Beauty," a didactic poem which contains some of the best work he has yet accomplished. These last two volumes were printed by the author himself on a private press, and in limited editions only.

Messrs. Smith Elder are publishing a book on "The Small Garden Useful" by Mr. A. C. Curtis, who has set himself to show the owner of a small garden how to make the best use of it in raising

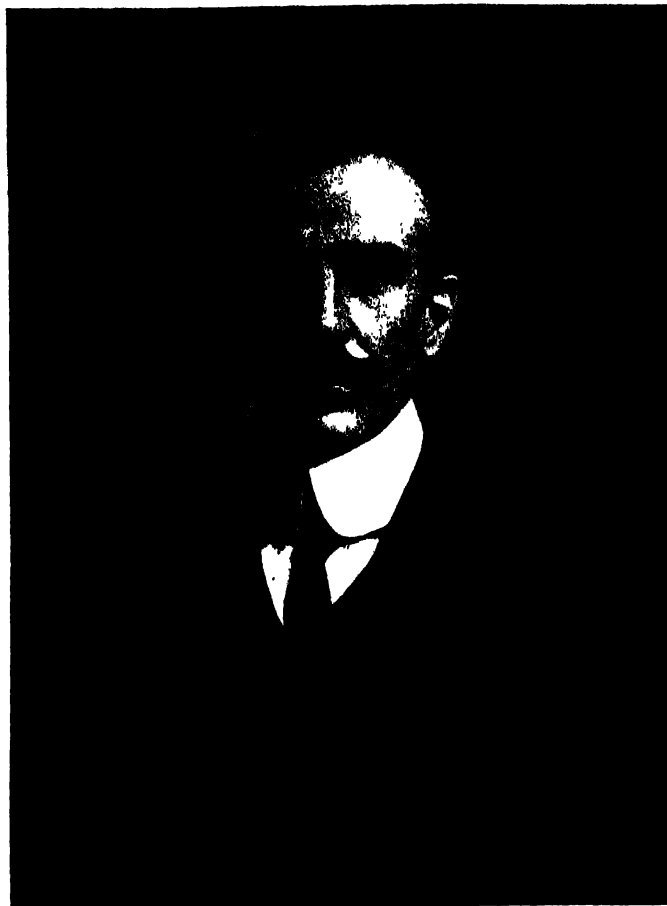


Photo by Russell & Sons.

Mr. Roger Ingpen.

Editor of "The Letters of Shelley," reviewed on page 29.

vegetables for his own table, and to help him with plans and precepts of practical suggestiveness, as in his "Small Garden Beautiful" he furnished a guide for the cultivation of the flower-garden.

Mrs. Fred Reynolds, author of "The Lady in Grey," "St. David of the Dust," and other well-known Welsh stories, has purchased a cottage at Llanbedr (the Llanurtyw of her successful novel, "The Man with the Wooden Face"), and intends to pass much of her time among the scenery she has made so pleasantly familiar to readers of her books.

Priestcraft and witchcraft play a large part in Mr. Rider Haggard's new romance, "The Lady of Blossholme." It is an historical novel of the days of Henry VIII., and will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The same firm are issuing Mr. Morice Gerard's new romance, "The King's Signet," in which Mr. Gerard returns again to those changeful, glamorous eras just before and just after Charles II. was king.



Successful Cropping—Celery, Broccoli, etc., following Green Peas—Early August.

From "The Small Garden Useful," by A. C. Curtis. (Smith, Elder.)

We congratulate our enterprising contemporary *Public Opinion* on arriving at its two

thousand five hundredth number. Under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Percy L. Parker it has become more than ever the busy man's indispensable summary of the week's news in literature, and the drama, science, art, politics, and the general affairs of the world. The 2,500th number is well worthy of the occasion and contains, in addition to the usual features, reprints from the first number, a summary of events that were happening in the early 'sixties, when the paper started, a brief history of *Public Opinion's* career, and notes about some of the famous men who have been connected with it.

A particularly interesting ceremony is to take place at Stratford-on-Avon on the 6th inst., when Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, will open Harvard House to the public. Harvard House was the home of Katherine Rogers, mother of John Harvard, the founder of the great American University. Some time ago Miss Marie Corelli felt that this ancient building, one of the finest sixteenth-century dwellings in England, ought to become the property of the Harvard University, and on her expressing this opinion, Mr. Edward Morris, of Chicago, purchased the house and presented it to the University. Under Miss Corelli's supervision it was repaired and carefully restored to its original condition, and is now, thanks to the famous novelist's taste and her intimate knowledge of the architecture of the period, a more perfect specimen of an Elizabethan building than is the patchwork birthplace of Shakespeare. A distinguished gathering of authors and journalists will be present at the opening ceremony and will afterwards be the guests of Miss Marie Corelli to luncheon at Mason Croft.

Ann Veronica, who gives her name to Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, is said to be such an uncompromisingly modern girl that she is in advance of her time. She lives in London and takes an active share in the social, ethical, and intellectual movements of the day, but with all her modernity she is old-fashioned enough to love and to be loved, and in the main her story is very much of a love story. Mr. Fisher Unwin announces the book for the 4th inst.

Dr. William Wordsworth, whose poems are the subject of an article in this number by Dr. M. Macmillan, is the grandson of the Lake Poet. He was born in 1835, entered the Indian Civil Service in 1861, and was for many years Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay. Since his retirement in 1890 he has been living in Capri. He was the

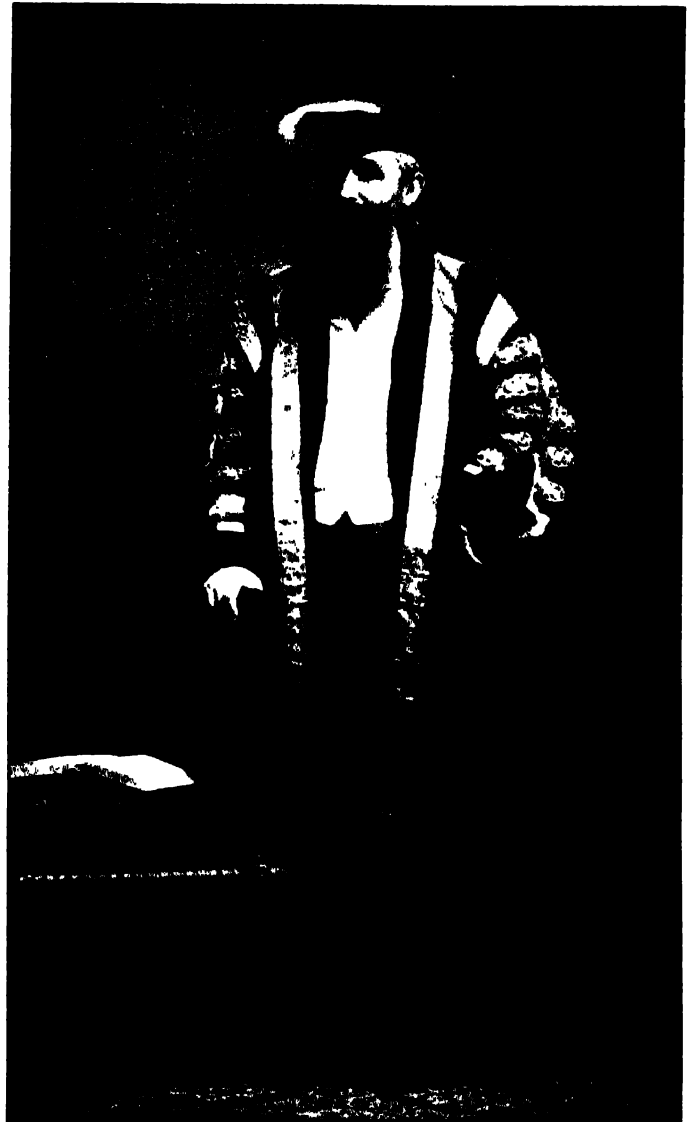


Photo by Fred. Ahle & Co., Bombay.

Dr. William Wordsworth.

second LL.D. of the Bombay University, the Marquis of Ripon being the first. Dr. Wordsworth is his own severest critic, and his poems have so far been printed only in a limited edition and for private circulation.

"Fred, and Maria, and Me," by Mrs. E. P. Prentiss, a charming little book that has long been a kind of homely classic in America, is to be published for the first time in this country by Messrs. Putnam, who also announce "The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage," a new novel by Miss Alice MacGowan. As in her earlier story, "Judith of the Cumberlands," the scene is laid among the mountains of Tennessee, where families of old English stock have for many generations past lived wholly cut off from the world at large.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Constable, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Pitman, Messrs. Duckworth, and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *September 14, 1909.*

THERE are in the world we live in quite a large number of ways of making oneself unpleasant. An eccentric young woman named, I think, Mary McLean, gained in America a short-lived but intense notoriety by writing a book of confessions, the most striking part of which consisted of a list of all the unpleasantnesses from which she wished to be delivered. She should have included in her list and marked with a star that particular unpleasantness which lies in the odious and banal type of criticism that insists on calling authors by such names as "The American Kipling" or "The French Shakespeare" or "The Finnish Guy Thorne" or "The Japanese George Eliot," as the case may be.

I have in the past week heard three people speak of three different authors as "The American Kipling," and I should be happy to join my inventiveness to that of these three authors and of Mr. Kipling to the end that we might conceive some equally obnoxious form of christening to apply to these people. To call any author "The American Kipling" is at once an insult to Mr. Kipling and to the author. It is an insult which is frequently applied to O. Henry.

O. Henry is, so far, an exclusively American personage. I am told that no book of his has ever been published in England, and that no story of his has ever been printed in an English magazine. In America, on the other hand, he is one of the prime, perhaps the prime short story teller. He is sought after by American editors with the same enthusiasm that animates the American heiress who seeks after a coronet; he is paid at about the same rate. Just what this rate comes to in dollars and cents I do not know, and the same extravagant stories are told about it as are told about the fees paid to prime-donne. I do not think there is any doubt, however, that he has been paid more than \$1,000 for a single tale, a price which runs out at something like tenpence for every word.

Just now, I hear O. Henry has in mind the writing of a long novel—his first venture in writing a continued story. A friend of his tells me he is going to call it "The Circle," and that it will be about a young man who lived on a farm and thought he couldn't be content till he could go to live in the city, and when he got to the city couldn't be happy till he had made enough money to retire and live again on the farm.

That "one man's meat is another man's poison" is not more true of physical food than of mental food—speaking internationally. That is to say, books are bad travellers; and a story which is thrilling in Brooklyn will put Clapham to sleep. The charm, curiously enough, of the very best of our American stories and of the very worst (even in books badness has sometimes a charm!) seems to survive exportation. Witness, for

example, Henry James and Nick Carter; the former is known to nearly every intellectual English person, and the latter is the literary pet of masses of French *gamins*. In between the best and the worst is a large class of tremendously popular writers whose names are on our tongues every day over here and who are, in many cases, little more than names—it as much—anywhere else.

There is, for example, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, whose main reputation in England is in connection with a play called "Brewster's Millions." However, here in his own country the creation of "Graustark," a mythical kingdom, about which Mr. McCutcheon has written several stories of the blithe type which American magazine editors describe as "optimistic," is his chief claim to note. He has another such book appearing this autumn with Dodd Mead called "Truxton King: A Story of Graustark." Meantime, according to a note which he sent to me from Chicago the other day, he is working on a novel the principal scenes and characters of which have to do, not with Graustark, but with circus life in the United States shortly after the Civil War.

Another of these writers who is immeasurably more popular in his own country than abroad is Robert W. Chambers. Figures in book sales are nearly as difficult of actual realisation as are those in the distances from the earth to the sun or the stars. Some one said once that the average human mind was incapable of forming any real idea of any number over one thousand, but this, like many other true statements, is doubtless an exaggeration. However, the total sales of Mr. Chambers's works in this country represent so huge a number as to be nearly meaningless, so far as the conveying of any concrete idea is concerned.

A report has somehow got about that his new story, "The Danger Mark," is a *roman à clef*, which rumour doubtless will yet further increase the bulk of his sales. It is not easy to understand why people are always so immensely tickled at the thought that a novelist, instead of going to the trouble to imagine his incidents and characters, has plagiarised from life. It is not unreasonable that readers should be interested in novels dealing with the lives of living persons in a free fashion, if these living persons are of sufficient note to be familiar to them, but why any one should become excited at a possible resemblance between the heroine of "The Danger Mark" and some Miss So-and-So, moderately well known in New York Society (and never even heard of by more than perhaps five hundred of the book's readers), it is difficult to imagine.

There is nothing which is more pleasing to a novelist and more irritating to the bulk of his readers than a frequent change in the type of story written. Mr. H. G. Wells is especially active in these rapid changes. No sooner has the public learned to appreciate him as



The Lady of Shalott
After Waterhouse

a writer of scientific romance than he takes to writing books like "Kipps." The public tries to keep up with him, ill at ease as an old lady chasing a motor omnibus, and no sooner catches up with him and begins to understand and like him in his new style, than he writes quite a new type of book like "Tono-Bungay," and the old lady has to clutch her skirts and get out of breath all over again. The novelist, naturally enough, likes to prove his mastery in different branches of story-telling, but it's all very upsetting to an ease-loving public.

The public takes the only revenge it can, and sometimes permits it to be supposed that it would have bought more copies of Mr. Blank's novels had not Mr. Blank that disturbing habit of popping out always so unexpectedly in fresh places. Amongst Americans, it would seem that Mr. Meredith Nicholson was likely throughout his career to be especially upsetting to the conventional public. He started, so far as his popularity was concerned, by writing a mystery story which appealed to the masses on both sides of the Atlantic under the title of "The House of the Thousand Candles." Presently he surprised us all by doing a delightful satire called "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," and now, according to a report which one of his friends gave me recently, he is writing a psychological story.

It is not my province to include in this Letter criticisms of American books—indeed, why should I waste any space and my readers' attention on such matter, when it is plain that the American book which is worth reviewing gets to London eventually, and is reviewed on the spot, while the American book that does not attain to an English publisher is not usually worthy of review? In mentioning, therefore, a novel called "A Certain Rich Man" I have no wish to lay aside the pen of the gossip in order to assume that of the critic, but am desirous only to call attention to a story which is,

of all that I have read for many seasons, the most characteristically American.

"A Certain Rich Man" is by William Allen White (who is editor of a provincial Western newspaper, the *Emporia Gazette*), and America has consumed six editions of it in about a month. It is as long and rambling as a book by William De Morgan. It is as oppressively moral as a nursery tale. It has not (except in so far as it follows the life of the "Rich Man") any particular plot. And yet it is an exceedingly memorable story. I confess to a sincere curiosity as to what reception English readers will give this book over Macmillan's imprint.

There are some books, according to Charles Lamb, which are not books at all. Amongst these *biblia-a-biblia*, he names such things as directories, almanacs, court calendars, scientific treatises, and the works of Gibbon and Hume. He says nothing, however, about cookery-books in this connection, and one is compelled to think he considered cookery-books as worthy of the latter hall of their name. The American literary papers, therefore, have eminent authority for doing something which at first glance seems unsuitable.

This is the devoting of considerable space in their pages to a resumé of the career of the late Miss Maria Parloa, a woman of national distinction as an author of works on cookery. The sound of Miss Parloa's name has been for years as familiar to American ears as the strains of "Yankee Doodle." Her books have sold by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, and have taken through life the place of Shakespeare and Mark Twain to many a worthy housewife. Her death is a bereavement to the American people, and on Charles Lamb's authority we can pronounce it a loss to literature as well.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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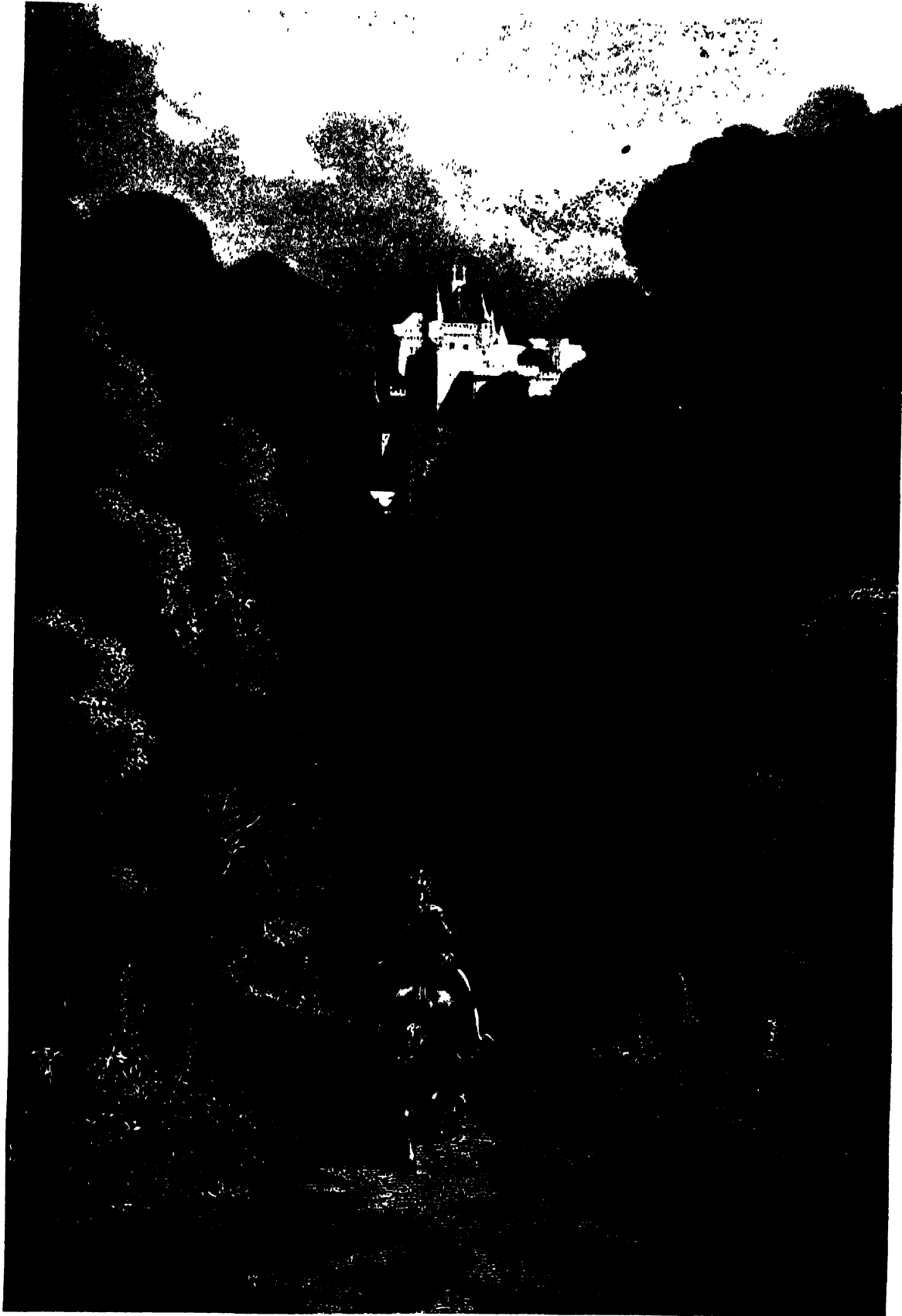
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(From a drawing by Gustave Doré)

'Till as he traced a faintly shadow'd track,
That all in loops and links among the dales
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw
Ere from the west, far on a hill, the Towers "—*Lancelot and Elaine.*

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THE READER.

TENNYSON—A FRAGMENT.

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

TO the young pilgrims who are now fronting with eager eyes a morrow that will surely be unlike yesterday, Tennyson cannot loom so large as he did upon us, his votaries of a generation ago. For he was our living poet, cunningly reminiscent of the great old bards, himself a classic; but in him, as we knew, were many songs waiting to be uttered in sounds most musical, to measures not less various than sweet. His charm took every ear; he was popular yet delicately refined, a celebrity and a recluse, a teacher and a friend and a lover; ardent but deliberate, modern and still archaic, reserved or elusive when he seemed to give the world all his confidence. We worshipped a shadow and went after an echo; and if by chance we met the man, our lips were dumb, for what could we say to him? I recall the one moment when that happened to me, down among his flowering lanes, in summer-time, not far from the sea that beats upon his island. He looked in those years like his own King Arthur, for height and nobleness, but was dark or grey in tone rather than the hero of the golden crest. It is always a strange experience when we see face to face a great man whose very heart we think is known to us, but who stands aloof in the courtesy that forbids a step nearer. How many such silent worshippers he had, the sensitive shy Tennyson, hidden at Farringford behind the screen of trees where we drove by and learned something of his earlier days from acquaintance who had watched the new star swim into the horizon of English poetry! That moment was thirty-three years back; and critics are asking "Will the Victorian Laureate keep his place, or another fashion discrown him?" Byron is a memory, and much of Wordsworth is dead, and the lyrical tales of Scott have lost their hold upon a time half-mystical, half-sensuous. What will be left of Tennyson?

Who is he that knows? Not I, assuredly. But during seventy years (reckoning from 1842)—almost as

long as Victor Hugo reigned in France—the poet of "In Memoriam" has wielded a magic sceptre, with ever-growing might, over the imaginations of English men and English women. It is said that no other instance of a sovereignty so undisputed can be found in our records. Tennyson's day may be closing; but he has had it—a day of pure delight, of romance and tenderness and piety, of a joy made pensive by regrets,

and an aspiration turning sometimes wistfully towards even the "mouldered lodges of the past." There was always this under-current, Homeric, Virgilian, Shakespearean, flowing beneath, as the stream bore us onwards. And only those who were then beginning to explore the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," or who felt for the first time that melancholy which haunts the "Æneid," or were caught in the enchantments of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will realise how Tennyson became an interpreter and herald of the grandest literature to his younger contemporaries. We learned his lines so well that we quoted them incessantly and needed not to open his pages any more. After Shakespeare, who never undergoes eclipse, he was our master of light and music.

With his remembrance youth returns, and who but will melt into pathos on calling up again that golden prime?

He gave us the exquisite best of an England now changing rapidly to something else, more complex, not so beautiful. The dewy daisied lawns, the stately colleges, the country mansions, the woods and waters, the fair waste places, the garden and the heath; no vast prospects, but a familiar landscape touched with loneliness; and a people neither passionate nor eloquent, in the lowest ranges rude or sentimental—"The Northern Farmer," "The May Queen"—but in those where he dwelt by preference proud, self-reliant, gravely good-mannered, hard to persuade, impossible to subdue. His college classics are themselves English; the Homer he translates or adapts, the Horace he could recite



From the painting by Samuel Laurence.

Tennyson.

"Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is nevertheless the best painted portrait I have seen, and certainly the only one of old days. 'Blubber-lip' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all, to my thinking"—Edward Fitzgerald.



Photo by H. Walker.

Tennyson's Birthplace.

He was born in the balcony room in August, 1809.

without book, the Virgil who whispers to him from a heart over-fraught, were those revealed to him at Cambridge. He is never in foreign lands at home; he meditates in the Valley of Caunteretz on vanished friends, and salutes the Lago di Garda, "Lari Maxime," with a cultivated scholar's enthusiasm, but still as a tourist. He exalted Victor Hugo as "Lord of human tears"; but that praise which truly belongs to another—to the Mantuan or the Florentine—is a courtly compliment. Tennyson could find little in the French character that did not provoke him to scorn; and, unless I mistake, he borrowed from none of their poets. Almost, if not quite, as strange in his eyes were the famous Italians. He spoke of "In Memoriam" with a desire that it should be compared to Dante's apocalypse; but the relation, as I will point out, is one of contrast, not of similarity. He chants "The Voyage of Maeldune" and clothes it with his peculiar grace; yet he is no Celt. And though he would fain have cast over the "Idylls of the King" a glamour such as we yield to unresistingly in the "Mabinogion," I think he uses a different spell; nay, if it be not too bold, let me define him as a mystic by hearsay, not by experience. At any rate, for all his

teenth century from Elizabethan ancestors, who recovered

a lost language and invoked *Madre Natura*, "Thou wonder, and thou beauty, and thou terror." If Tennyson does not throw round about us the translucent air which is Shelley's secret, never since deciphered, he can create an atmosphere of such infinite gradations in tone that we must apply to it Queen Guinevere's praise, "The low sun makes the colour." He runs through the whole gamut, indeed; but where Shelley is aerial Tennyson thickens his dyes and you feel as well as see the crimson and gold—of which a supreme instance flashes out upon us when Lancelot is described in "The Lady of Shalott." Again, set side by side "A Dream of Fair Women" and "The Witch of Atlas"; both are miracles of sensuous impression, but in Shelley the light shines more clearly, while the "Dream" has a solid visual weight, such as words produce in Théophile Gautier's poems, with dimensions ascertainable. This was the manner of Keats, and in his successor it might have continued much longer, had not the tragedy intervened of Arthur Hallam's death and of Tennyson's mental breakdown.

For seventeen years, from 1833 to 1850, as M. Faguet reckons, the poet moved with faltering steps along the Valley of the Shadow. He lost his friend, his home, his

**Tennyson's Mother.**

"Locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."
Isabel.



Photo by H. Walker.

The Font in Somerby Church in which Tennyson was baptized.

fortune, his health. He was parted almost violently from his hoped-for bride, and the separation lasted ten years. From a dilettante exercising himself in all the keys of rhyme, gracious and fantastical, but more of an artist-amateur than a prophet, he was transmuted by sorrow "into something rich and strange"; he found a message and flung it upon all the winds. "In Memoriam," the central poem of his life, was intimate, personal, and religious after the reserved English manner, an heroic act bearing witness that friendship might inspire a devotion deep as love, that faith could pluck its horror from the grave. Men of letters compared these hundred and thirty studies in melancholy, relieved by pious meditation, to Shakespeare's "Sonnets," not without justice. But while the "Sonnets" present a marvellous exhibition of feeling everywhere untrammelled, and are perhaps the strongest thing achieved by the English Renaissance at its height, "In Memoriam" is a Christian threnody—Christian, however vague in outline or wavering in its course; and English-Liberal Christian, which may be dated exactly, coming between the age of established conventions and the anarchy that has broken them up into the chaos of our time.

Here, beyond a doubt, Tennyson set as much store by the substance, as he wrought assiduously upon the metre and carried it to perfection, of his Credo in verse. And multitudes acclaimed him accordingly. This vein of moralising puzzles the French, who insist that art shall teach nothing, and when they observe it in Wordsworth, Dickens, Thackeray, they declare it is not art. To deny that quality in Tennyson, however, would recoil upon themselves; for he can never touch a problem



Photo by O. G. Replander.

Tennyson.

but he gives to it the beauty of a lucent form, and leaves us admiring if not always enlightened. Thus he won recognition from thousands who made of his quiet stanzas a defence against the unbeliever, but who could have granted to "Enone" or "Ulysses" no more merit than such splendid college-exercises deserved in their eyes. My feeling is somewhat different. Those Greek exercises will live when much of "In Memoriam" (once the quarry from which apologetics drew quotations) has faded before the immense Eastern systems now advancing upon us. It is a remarkable piece of irony that Tennyson's dear friend, Edward FitzGerald, should have been destined to antiquate, if not really to answer, the affirmations of the Christian, by the musical blasphemies of Omar Khayyam. A parallel between these high achievements, both perhaps equal as works of art, would repay the critic; but I know not if any one has attempted it.

At Balliol College a debate which I remember was inaugurated by Mr. Wilfrid Ward's recollections (afterwards printed) of Tennyson in his last years. The main question, started by the present writer, moved round "In Memoriam" and the musings which continued it down to "Crossing the Bar." My argument or criticism went to show that, all along, the English singer was haunted by apprehensions which clouded his mind, as of Æneas and his companions "under the feeble moon's malignant light," whereas Dante, boldly plunging into the abyss from which our Liberal poet turned with a shiver, ascends out of it triumphant, rising at length to the starry empyrean of the Saints, whom he beholds as the Rose of Heaven. And this plain difference does but emphasise the saying of Goethe that ages of faith are fruitful in a kind of greatness



Photo by J. Mayall.

Tennyson.

"'Nature's idea' in Tennyson's face must be sought in the great Mayall photograph."—Theodore Watts-Dunton in the *Magazine of Art*.

denied to ages of doubt. Lucretius, who is the master of philosophic verse, cannot be held as an instance to the contrary, nor can the Persian Omar, since both were inspired by a positive creed, and had no doubt that the prevailing religion was false. He who mourned his lost Arthur could only feel how much he desired religion should be true. To him the invisible world (if it existed) was the land very far off, not the Dantean gloom of the guilty in a universe created by their misdeeds, or the joy and splendour of ransomed souls in a Vision Beatific. When he describes landscapes, flowers, transient gleams at dawn or eventide, Tennyson has eyes that see and syllables that paint. But when the objects of Christian belief are to be made manifest, he cannot do it. "Behind the veil, behind the veil," he cries pathetically. Not light but feeling is the element in which he dwells; and it was the mood which bound him to Carlyle, who falls into a rage or sheds tears of fire when he looks upon that darkness visible. "We have but faith, we



Photo by Rev. W. Bambridge.

Manor Farm, Somersby.

Supposed to be the original of Tennyson's "Moated Grange."

"The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlified was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange."—*Mariana*.

cannot know," and such faith is not truly assurance. It was the half-questioning, half-asserting note, common in those years, that awakened the sympathy because it expressed the temper of so many, who doubted while they prayed to an Unknown God.

Tennyson is the least Catholic of poets. In the "Morte d'Arthur," as Malory fashions it after a most happy inspiration, the great epic

of the Middle Ages found its unity. The chivalrous quest, ending in Arthur's translation to Avilion where he sleeps, was heightened into the quest of the Holy Grail and Sir Galahad's crowning as its keeper, in Sarra the spiritual city. It is the Iliad of Catholic heroes, the Odyssey of the Holy Eucharist. How, then, does Tennyson handle it? With light and tender touches; with skilled selection of word and phrase, ancient-seeming but modern in their conscious adaptation; with dim rich blazonings of a dream-architecture; with a prevailing feminism, thanks to which Guinevere, Enid, Elaine, Vivien, eclipse Arthur himself, Geraint, Lancelot, Merlin; with only faintest, however reverent, allusions to the high mystery which consecrates the



From a drawing by E. Hull.

The Old Grammar School, Louth.

"How I did hate that school! The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words, 'Sonus desiliensis aquae,' and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows."—*Tennyson*.
(Reproduced from "The Laureate's Country," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.)



Photo by A. A. Temple.

Shiplake Church.

Where Tennyson was married to Miss Emily Sellwood,
June 13, 1830.

Table Round. Instead of an epic, behold a succession of love-stories to while away the summer afternoon — Idylls indeed, or cunningly wrought tapestries in faded colours, hung out before the temple of the Grail. And Sir Galahad, though he achieves the quest, is but one in a crowd of knights, the true hero, even in that adventure, being Lancelot, who saw, or did not see, the glorious vision. This I think significant of the whole. A fine pageant, a holiday theme; not the wild, ecstatic, suffering, yearning mediæval spirit that drove crusaders on to conquer the Holy Sepulchre and recover



Photo by H. Walker.

The Market Place, Louth.

The shop on the extreme right is the one where Jackson lived, the bookseller who bought the MS. of "Poems by Two Brothers."



Photo by H. Walker.

Tennyson's Cottage at Mablethorpe.

Where he spent many holidays by the sea.

the "vanished vase of God," but "King Arthur as a modern gentleman," very English in his courtesy, for whom the deadly word "correct" is not unfitting, but as regards all that made the Catholic knight a champion of the Cross, even as his maker terms him, "a gray shadow." Nor has the "adulterous time" of which Malory depicted more than was needful not left its fingermarks here and there upon the "Idylls." But my present aim is to suggest how far from the genuine Catholic mediæval world Tennyson has wandered, although he dedicated years and years to its subject, the most

inspiring after that of "The Divine Comedy." When, therefore, it is said by Taine or M. Faguet that in the "Idylls" we may salute the Arthurian Epic of which Milton dreamt, I can but reply that his Arthur, like Spenser's Artegall, is neither old British nor Catholic, but a Sir Philip Sidney in the one instance, a Prince Albert in the other, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," not the shining example we desiderate of the heroic wedded to the supernatural, and sanctified by the Real Presence of Christ.

We must take our poets as they are given and be thankful;

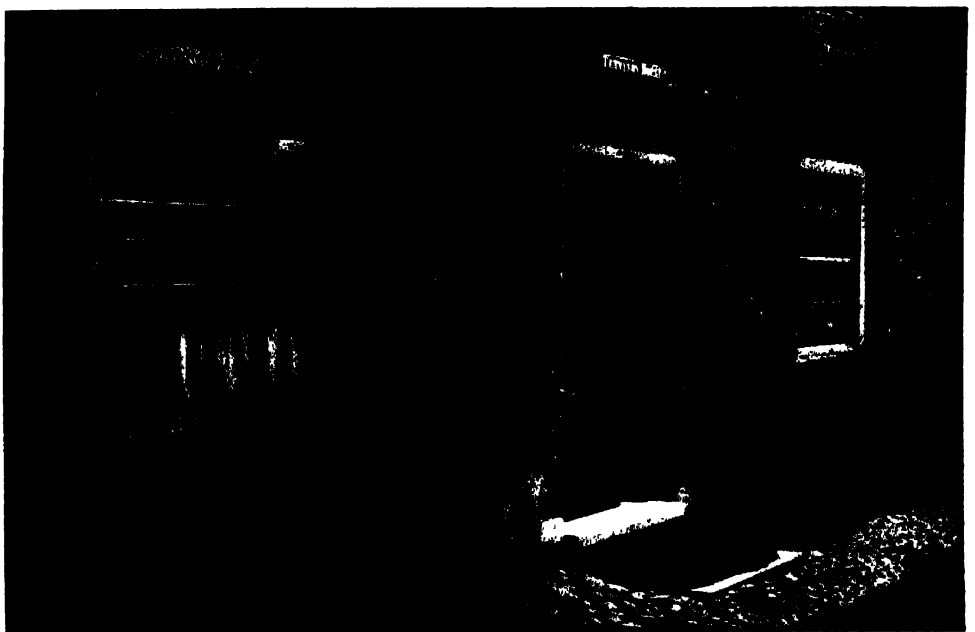


Photo by H. Walker.

Tennyson House, at Louth.

Where Tennyson lodged whilst a pupil at the Louth Grammar School.

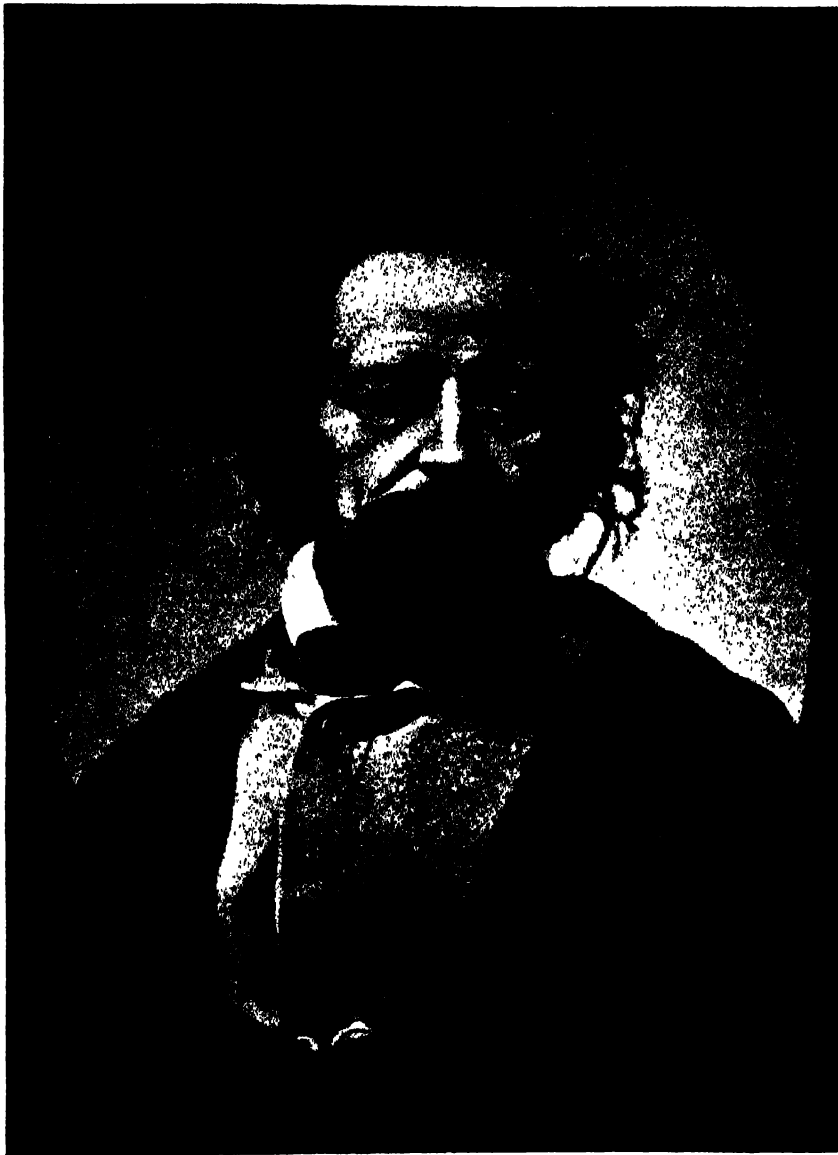


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co

Taken between 1866 and 1869.

Tennyson

I quite agree. All I am anxious for is their true interpretation. The "Idylls" may live and delight the Elaines of a century hence, as they have shaped the fancies of our young ladies in the Victorian era; but the Epic of Briton, Saxon, Roman in conflict, and of the religion that subdued all three, has not yet been hammered out upon the anvil of verse in our literature. Malory gives more than Tennyson; the Welsh Mabinogion has a wild magic in its primitive folktales that the Merlin of these vignettes cannot grasp or control. There are many things not complimentary to be said of another who took for his achievement the Holy Grail—I mean Richard Wagner. Still, who may deny that his Parsifal, and even his Lohengrin, stand before us enchanted? And how much more terrible is the passion of his "Tristan" than the corresponding episode in the "Idylls"! Not as if Tennyson, like Hippolytus in the play, had refused to lay garlands on the altar of Aphrodite. He has left utterances glowing with ardour caught from the fires of the Renaissance in "Maud," in "The Princess," and in sudden epithets that Catullus would not disown. Glancing, however, through these versified love-scenes, if we except "Vivien," we perceive that a reticence as conventional as that of Dickens forbids the poet, who is also the

Laureate, to exceed due bounds. The "Idylls" were composed for reading at court, and their feminism has enhanced their purity of sentiment.

Others will have enlarged on the simple yet subtle influences of the blank verse which, little by little, Tennyson drew out, as might an alchemist, from the infinite store of metres in Shakespeare, Milton, and some later poets. It ranges over an immense variety of keys, and is equal to all demands, rich at times with a fulness that almost cloy, but mostly direct in its appeal and, so to say, watchful of the effect. It never sweeps along in a flood; we feel that every single line has been polished for its own sake; and however enticing, it is seldom spontaneous. The numbers (to use a good old phrase) are swift, energetic, light-armed. In the "Idylls" no two characters speak differently; the words are as short as can be found among Saxon syllables; there is no aim at eloquence, but so fine a choice of expression that the last attribute we should assign to it would be naïveté. And for this reason Tennyson is not Homeric. The life which he suggests rather than pictures at Camelot is strangely over-civilised. He brings before us neither the Welsh bard the druid such as Taliesin—nor the priest; they would not fit in with his world of cavaliers and ladies, who belong to the twelfth century, not the sixth.

When he published "The Princess," it met with scant approval from admirers of his early poems. Carlyle and FitzGerald thought his vein exhausted. And perhaps he never did excel or approach the Elizabethan sweetness of his youth, in him so remarkable. But "The Princess" contains a passionate outpouring of love when Ida surrenders, not to be dimmed by anything else of the kind from our English Helicon. It was a true instinct which led the singer to transpose and



Louth.

Where Tennyson spent much time in his earlier years. Here he attended the Grammar School, and here his first poems were published. (Reproduced from "The Laureate's Country," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.)

modernise the personages as well as the terms of debate ; for he knew his own generation marvellously well, but the language of Froissart would not tell the tale as he shaped it. His lyrical interludes were entrancing—what is there in English to compare with "Tears, idle tears" ? How we linger upon the echo-song ! how the heart beats time stormily to "Home they brought her warrior dead" ! The mingling of such varied strains is essentially modern ; we live so many lives at once, and our amusements are problem-plays. But let it be observed that here too, as in all else of Tennyson, the woman is the conqueror, even when she yields. His own experience, with its fallings away into delirium, its unavailing trials, and the shadow of something like insanity hovering near, had left him sensitive, inwardly dreading the worst ; and he stamped his heroes with a character not unlike Hamlet's, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." We hear a personal accent in "Locksley Hall" ; it is the poet himself that takes up in "Maud" the charge against social distinctions, as if they murdered love, to which he gives a yet sterner setting in "Aylmer's Field." His public did not want such vehement denunciations of a world which went very well for them, in their favourite troubadour. They frowned, and he never repeated the offence. Yet he was capable of writing a tragic elegy, as "Rizpah" showed : pity that he did not defy his public oftener !

I say nothing of Tennyson's dramas ; they leave me cold. In any case they did not help to form my generation, appearing so late. If I had to choose one volume, to pluck an anthology from this fair inheritance, I know

what I would do.

On no account would I give up the "Greek Idylls"—it is a name that suits them—"Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Enone," "The Lotus Eaters," to which that astonishing and pathetic "Lucretius" claims to be added by divine right. I would take the "Palace of Art" and "A Dream of Fair Women" as, in some sense, rendering to me a second Chaucer's "House of Fame." I would sift "In Memoriam," leaving out the philosophy but keeping all the odes which are sacred to friendship. Among the "Idylls" only two would seem indispensable, "Guinevere" and

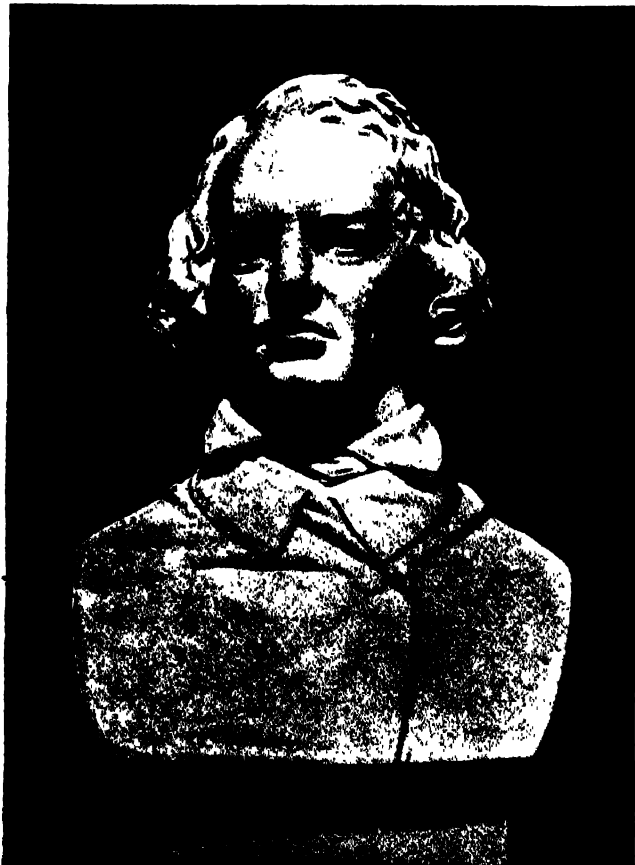
"The Passing of Arthur." I should like all "The Princess," but feel uncertain what to take or leave except the songs. The patriotic and Laureate poems I could live without, almost wholly. Of "Enoch Arden," as of other versified stories, I do not feel that any is quite a supreme thing in art ; and "Maud" is too unbrokenly sad ; these, therefore, I should put from me, not as undervaluing them, but because they lessen the joy of life unduly. Some other songs and stanzas would complete my volume. I agree with M. Faguet that "In Memoriam" does honour not only to the poet himself but to humanity. Nevertheless, when I needed to make the "great act of faith and hope" which it would fain utter, I should turn to a mightier bard and a more resolute Christian—to Dante and the "Paradiso." From any one of our poets we ask that which he alone can give, his revelation of the beauty and the worth abiding ever secretly in man, in the universe, and by some happy chance disclosed to whom God favours. I believe my volume, thus conceived, would hold in it the unique Tennyson ; and that its place would be secure among the treasures of English poetry.



Men of the Day :
"The Poet Laureate."

July 22, 1871.

(By permission of the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*.)



Tennyson (in the National Portrait Gallery).

A marble bust, copied by Miss Grant from the original, sculptured from life by Thomas Woolner, R.A., in 1887.

TENNYSON.

THE FORMATIVE INFLUENCES OF HIS FIRST TWENTY YEARS.

BY ALFRED B. COOPER.

EDWARD FITZGERALD used to say in his inspired grumbling way, "Alfred never should have left old Lincolnshire." But Alfred never did. Few men ever leave, other than corporeally, the place where they are reared. In the poet we note this persistence of early impressions more than we do in ordinary mortals, because, having the gift of uttering his soul, the poet reveals the mode of his making; but the indelibility of early impressions is of the weft and woof of common experience. The "mute inglorious Milton" feels their potency, even though he "dies with all the music in him," whilst the greatly articulate poet makes all the golden dreams of youth, its unfettered fancies, its nature raptures, its unselfish loves, its enchanting discoveries, its first loving peeps through the windows of the soul, material for a new transcript of the realest things of life, even

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower."

Arthur Hallam in writing to his sweetheart, Emily Tennyson, in 1831, just after the publication of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," makes an essay in prophecy which, unlike many prophecies, has been literally and almost laughably fulfilled. "I cannot help thinking," he writes, "that if the name of Tennyson should pass from that little region, which all your life long has been to you home, that blessed little region,

'Bosomed in a kindlier air,
Than the outer realm of care
And dole,'

the very fields and lanes will feel a sorrow, as if part of their appointed being had been reft from them. Yet, after all, a consecration has come upon them from the dwellers at Somersby, which, I think, is not of the things that fail. Many years perhaps—or shall I say many ages?—after we all have been laid in dust, young lovers of the beautiful and the true may seek in faithful pilgrimage the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded in silent sympathy with the everlasting forms of nature. Legends will perhaps be attached to the places that are near it. Some Mariana, it will be said, lived wretched

and alone in a dreary house on the top of the opposite hill. Some Isabel may with some truth be sought nearer yet. The belfry, in which the white owl sat 'warming its five wits,' will be shown, for sixpence, to such travellers as have lost their own. Critic after critic will track the wanderings of the brook, or mark the groupings of elm and poplar, in order to verify the 'Ode to Memory' in its minutest particulars."

They have done and said all these things, and why should they not? It is at Somersby that the reader, not to mention the critic, must begin if he would apprehend the spirit as well as follow the theme of the poet who was born and bred there. Little did Arthur Hallam foresee, by the way, when he penned this happy prophecy, that, in immortalising the "ridged wolds," "the wooded hollow," "the glooming flats," "the tumbled fruit," "the rosy sea of jilly-flowers" and the hollyhocks and sunflowers in the back garden, "the seven elms, the poplars four" that flanked the front lawn, "the banquet in the distant woods," "the light blue line of early dawn," and all the other trivial-magical things shared in common, Alfred Tennyson would not only win for himself a deathless fame, but would immortalise his friend's name also, by making him the Jonathan in a new Lament, the Lycidas of a later requiem.

It is remarkable that death and change, the transitoriness of human things—

"Close the door, the shutters
close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house"—

should have been the main theme and undertone even of the two slim volumes issued prior to the death of Arthur Hallam. His death, though the occasion, was only in a minor degree the cause of "In Memoriam." Tennyson was ever a potential pessimist. The "black blood" of his father was in his veins, even though the gentle mother—of whom later—endowed him with that heart-philosophy which is the keynote of his poetry—

"'Tis better to have loved and
lost,
Than never to have loved at
all,"



Tennyson.

An early portrait.

"I like to go back to days before the beard, which makes rather a Dickens of A. T. in the photographs—to my mind."—Edward Fitzgerald.



Earl Yniol and Geraint

(From a drawing by Gustave Doré)

• And high above a piece of turret-stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun,"—*The Marriage of Geraint*

and his life, if not his will, was always subject to becoming "bondsman to the dark." The tears were in his heart before—to use his own fine metaphor—grief shook them into frost. The temperament of the poet of "Oriana," "A Dirge," "The Deserted House," "The Death of the Old Year," and the "Ode to Memory" made fit soil for the sombre yew with which, he confesses, he seemed to "grow incorporate."

Much has been made of the baleful influence upon the Tennyson family of the father's morbid and difficult temper. He is said to have been "daily racked by bitter fancies, and tossed about by strong troubles." Alfred, sensitive to environment as well as to criticism to his latest day, must often have caught the infection of his father's gloom and writhed under the lash of his scornful tongue. His son, and biographer, says in the Memoir, "More than once Alfred, scared by his father's fits of despondency, went out into the black night, and threw himself on a grave in the churchyard, praying to be beneath the sod himself."

Yet there is internal evidence that "t'owd Doctor" was not as "black" as he was painted. He suffered by contrast, and by the medium of "artistic temperament" through which his acts were seen and by which they were judged. His wife—

"No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise"

was too fair a foil for him, whilst his children, having the failings of their virtues, were far more likely to exaggerate his own temperamental defects than to minimise them.

With regard to the alleged unhappiness of Alfred's boyhood, it may be safely asserted that a sensitive child is seldom light-hearted; and when a high imaginativeness is superimposed upon a sensitive soul, it is impossible that childhood should be happy, except in the legendary story-book sense. Harken to Charles Lamb, who, always remaining a child, knew better than most: "Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own 'thick-coming fancies'; and from his little midnight pillow this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity."

Tennyson was singularly sensitive, for instance, to the idea of vastness. The thought of endlessness obsessed him in childhood, and furnished him with many a fine simile in later life, when his nature, naturally robust, had joined hands with science, philosophy, and



The Duet.

With Tennyson leaning on the piano, chin on hand, and Charles Dickens in the foreground.
From the picture by Frank Stone (father of Marcus Stone, R.A.).



**Stockworth Mill,
near Spilsby.**

The mill which suggested to Tennyson his poem, "The Miller's Daughter." The stream is "The Brook" from Somersby.

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."
The Miller's Daughter.

Photo by H. Walker.

**Interior of
Somersby Church.**

Showing the Tennyson Tablet.

"His native place is Somersby, a little village lying about midway between the market town of Spilsby and Horncastle. His father, George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., was Rector of that and the adjoining parish of Enderby."—Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets," (Routledge.)

Photo by Rev. W. Bambridge.

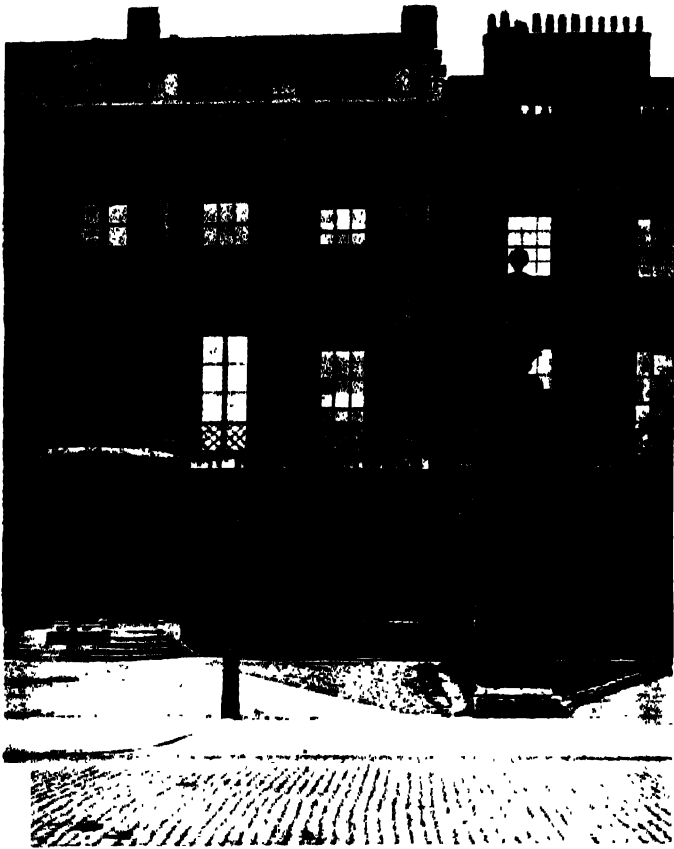


Somersby Church.

Where Tennyson's father is buried.

In the churchyard stands a Norman cross, almost the only one of its kind in England.

Photo by H. Walker.



Tennyson's Rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields (No. 58).

religion to make him, if less the essential poet, more the essential man. But in spite of its training qualities—for we might not have had our Tennyson without it—one would gladly save a beloved child from the intolerable burden of the thought of eternity. Doubtless this habit of dwelling upon thoughts too big for him

"Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and pallid shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought"—

largely accounts for the young poet's fits of terrible despondency, and for his morbid thoughts of death.

Carlyle described Tennyson in his early manhood as a "Life-Guardsman spoiled by writing poetry." His poetry may have spoiled him for a warrior, but his physical fitness did not spoil him for a poet. His robustness of body helped him to overcome the super-sensitiveness of his nature, and to eradicate, or at least greatly to moderate, that tendency to mawkish sentimentality and undue introspection and self-absorption which was the besetting sin of his earliest work. Thus, happily, morbidity was never more than a mood with him. Even the awful sense of vastness which had weighed unduly upon his young spirit became a soul-joy and an active inspiration to him. It is surely symptomatic, that piece of strange advice he gave to the brother who feared to go into company. "Fred, think of Herschel's great star-patches, and you will soon get over that." It was the strong sane man who spoke there, the man who had succeeded in transmuting the dross of shrinking dread into the fine gold of manly dignity and balanced imaginativeness.

That he spent the most impressionable years of his life in a country of broad horizons and ample heavens

has also much to do with his lifelong love of astronomical metaphors, similes, and images. He was ever a star-gazer. His little attic at Somersby was his observatory, and FitzGerald records that, "like Wordsworth on the mountains, Alfred, when a lad abroad on the wold sometimes of a night with the shepherd, watched not only the flock on the greensward, but also

'The fleecy star that bears Andromeda
Far over the Atlantic Seas.'"

And Thomas Wilson, who visited the poet in the 'sixties, says: "He spoke of the 'wind torturing the roof,' and used often to mount outside the roof from his attic chamber to admire the moonlight and the sound of the breakers in the bay" (Freshwater). William Allingham, too, who visited the poet in October, 1863, says: "Tennyson took me upstairs to his den in the top storey, and higher, up a ladder, to the leads. He often comes up here of a night to look at the heavens." And in another place he says: "Barnes [William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet] to bed; Tennyson and I up the ladder to the roof and looked at Orion." "Locksley Hall" may not be autobiographical or auto-topo-



Alfred Tennyson reading "Maud" Aloud.

Pen-and-ink sketch by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, September 27, 1855.

"Mr. and Mrs. Browning being then for a while at No. 13, Dorset Street, London, invited a few friends to hear Tennyson read 'Maud' as he had undertaken. Miss Browning, my brother, and myself were present, and perhaps one other. My brother, unobserved by Tennyson, made a pen-and-ink sketch of him and gave it to Browning. He also made a duplicate of the sketch, which belongs (or used to belong) to Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. The present version is a triplicate, which he sent to Miss Elizabeth E. Siddal, then in Paris and Nice for the sake of her health. This triplicate had remained in the possession of the Siddal family until September, 1899, when her brother was so good as to present it to me."—W. M. R.

From "Præraphædic Diaries and Letters," Edited by William Michael Rossetti. (Hurst & Blackett.)



Photo by A. A. Temple.

Mr. Sellwood's House at Horncastle.

Where Lady Tennyson (Emily Sellwood) lived when a girl. Lady Tennyson's mother was buried in the churchyard of the Church of St. Mary at the early age of twenty-eight.

graphical in any strict sense, but such a passage as this and many another in Tennyson's poetry is much more personal than a place name or a local incident :

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

Tennyson chanted the ballad of Oriana to the rhythmic sound of the sea on the "wild, waste shore" down Mablethorpe way, where, a few years earlier, he and



Photo by Rev. W. Bainbridge.

The Brook, Somersby, at the foot of "The Parson's Field."

'With many a curve my banks I set,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed, and mallow.'"—*The Brook*.



Tennyson.

After Watts, 1850.

The original painting is in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset.
"My father meets Fanny Kemble, . . . and she speaks of him as having
"the grandest head of any man whom she has clapt eyes on."—From
"Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.
(By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

his brother Charles, on the day when "Poems by Two Brothers" was published, "shared their triumph with the winds and waves." "The Norland winds," especially if they had a touch of East in them, brought the scent of the brine to Somersby, and there is no English poet whatsoever—not Coleridge or even Swinburne—whose sea pictures have more verisimilitude than Tennyson's. The sea, like the sky, was ever productive of the poetic mood in him. He heard

"Rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be."

But though he lived long on a rocky, cliff-lined coast,



Photo by Rev. W. Bainbridge.

Bag Enderby Church, near Somersby.

Where Dr. Clayton Tennyson preached.

it is the flat sandy shore of Lincolnshire—the shore of his boyhood—that he sees instinctively, as witness :

"All night

The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white,"

or

"A still salt pool, locked with bars of sand
Left on the shore,"

or

"The myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow
illimitable."

Even in the "Idylls of the King" his seascapes often smack of Mablethorpe and the sand-dunes. Who can doubt that it was a vivid memory of a moonlight night, "under the long low line of tussocked dunes," when he

"Watch'd the great sea fall,

Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a mammoth one gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame,"

although the scene is Tintagel and not Mablethorpe? It was at the latter place, too, that he saw

"The hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts," whilst standing on the "sand-built ridge" which he used to imagine was the spine-bone of the world, because it divided the horizon-bounded sea from the "waste enormous marsh."

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a monograph with which few Tennysonians can wholly agree, says admirably :

"Tennyson is the poet of flowers, trees, and birds. Of flowers and trees he must be held to be the supreme master above all who have written in English, perhaps indeed in any poetry. 'The meanest flower that blows' does not inspire in Tennyson thoughts so deep as it did to Wordsworth, but Tennyson has painted them all—flowers wild and cultivated, trees, herbs, woods, dunes and moor—with the magic of a Turner. He spoke of trees and flowers, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop which



Arthur H. Hallam.

The subject of "In Memoriam."

"He was as near perfection as mortal man could be."—Tennyson.

(By permission of Mr. John Murray.)



Photo by Frith & Co.

The Tennyson Memorial Window in Haslemere Church.

Designed by Burne-Jones.

groweth on the wall. As flowers, hills, trees, and birds uttered to Wordsworth a new moral Decalogue, so they seemed to Tennyson, as they did to Turner, radiant with a fanciful beauty which no man had seen before."

If the contemplation of natural objects filled Wordsworth with "deep" thoughts, then it may be truly said that it filled Tennyson, from his childhood, with high thoughts. Nature was not the material of his poetry, it was the vehicle of it. True, he is the poet of flowers and trees and birds—he had little to learn under these heads when he went to Cambridge—but they were never the be-all and the end-all of his poetry. His nature and his training forbade that they should be. Wordsworth was a nature-worshipper; Tennyson a



Lady Tennyson.

From the portrait at Aldworth, painted by G. F. Watts, R.A.

"It was she who became my father's adviser in literary matters. 'I am proud of her intellect,' he wrote. . . . By her quiet sense of humour, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue Heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and of his sorrow."—From "Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

(By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

nature-lover. He was ever seeking the cause behind phenomena :

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

It is often necessary to look deeper than a mere allusion for the most significant marks of early influences on the poetry of Tennyson. The mature, conscious art of the poet revives the weirdly vivid impressions—or at least the ghosts of their former reality—to haunt his verse with a Pre-Raphaelite strangeness, aloofness, mystery which, nevertheless, strikes the imagination as more real than reality, since every shadow, every leaf, the moan of the wind, the "whit, whit, whit" of the nightingale, the long moss ropes in the water, the Will-o'-the-Wisp in the marsh, are used with consummate skill to produce in the mind of the reader that subconscious sense of witchery which is of the essence of Tennyson's verse. As Aubrey de Vere says, "With the bleating of the lamb or the lowing of the herd there mingled from afar 'the horns of elf-land faintly blowing.'"

For instance, we know that the "Two Brothers"—Alfred and Charles—slept in a little room near the roof, and that their

windows looked into the branches of the black poplars which stood along the west side of the lawn. Now listen:

"And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadows sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
U'pon her bed, across her brow."

The poet is speaking of Mariana in the Moated Grange, and he has very emphatically denied that he had either Baumber's Farm or any other particular house in mind when he wrote that poem; yet do not these lines admit us into the secret place of the boy's magical memory of those early days when shadows had a weird significance, and the untutored imagination shrank from its own imaginings? True, indeed, it is that Tennyson was a born Pre-Raphaelite, ere the word which connotes so much had been invented. He embodied the new Art Faith in jewelled words whilst yet the members of the Brotherhood were in their cradles, and his poetry had a profound influence on the inception and growth of the new cult which was to revolutionise English painting.

The favourite games of the Tennyson boys were almost all of the Homeric type—the taking or defence of a castle keep, the storming of a breach—games of chivalry, of knightly deeds, of rescued maidens, of high adventure in haunted forest and robber-infested brake. The "Idylls" are but a mature form of the endless stories Alfred wrought out of his teeming imagination for his younger brothers and sisters. "My aunt Cecilia narrates how in the winter evenings by



Tennyson House, Twickenham.

(Formerly Holyrood House, and Chapel House.)

Tennyson's first settled home after his marriage. Here his son Hallam was born in 1832.

the firelight," says the poet's son, "little Alfred would take her on his knee, with Arthur and Matilda leaning against him on either side, the baby Horatio between his legs; and how he would fascinate this group of young hero-worshippers, who listened open-eared and open-mouthed to legends of knights and heroes among untravelled forests rescuing distressed damsels, or on gigantic mountains fighting with dragons, or to his tales about Indians, or demons or witches." It was there the "Idylls" had their beginning, and the most majestic of them, indeed—the one with the truest and freshest inspiration, the simplest and most exquisite construction—the "Morte d'Arthur," was written when the poet had barely emerged from boyhood, and it remains to-day, in all its forthrightness of utterance and its inevitability of phrasing, a masterpiece of early inborn art.

And the moral purpose which pervades the "Idylls," in common with all Tennyson's poetry, and to which a certain school of mistaken criticism takes exception on the ground of its unfitness for the theme, is the result of the ideals in which he was trained in that Somersby parsonage. Just as Fra Angelico and Giotto and Leonardo present the old Jewish scenes in Italian and Papal surroundings, so does Tennyson visualise Arthur and make him real—a haunting mystical reality—to his own generation. His mother's beautiful purity was the great spiritual formative influence of his early years, and this, joined to the robust honesty and straight-forward manliness of his somewhat terrible father, made him the "man" he became. "Alfred is one of the few . . . who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, 'Brother!'" Thus Thomas Carlyle, when the poet was barely thirty, and there is much of himself in his Arthur. It was this young man who had written in his boyhood a prayer containing these sentences: "O Lord God Almighty, high above all height, Omniscient and Omnipresent, whose lifetime is eternity, wilt Thou condescend to behold from the Throne of Thy inexpressible Majesty the work of Thine own hands kneeling before Thee?" That was the boy's prayer. The man only simplified it:

"Closer art Thou than breathing;
Nearer than hands and feet."

And what of his "Fair Women"? It is to the mother of the Tennysons that the world owes that priceless picture-gallery of Women Beautiful which Alfred has painted for all time, with the true and tender touch of one who learned his lesson young.



Tennyson, 1838.

Engraved from an early daguerreotype by G. J. Stoddart.

From "Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. (By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

"Happy he,
With such a mother: faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things
high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and
fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

Have we not Charles Tennyson-Turner's picture, too, of the sweet, all-pervading sympathy of that same mother, who was so beautifully and nobly proud of the "nest of singing birds" she was rearing? He tells how he and Alfred, companions always, the David and Jonathan of the family, walking beside their mother's chair drawn by a great mastiff, used to read their verses aloud to her. It is a charming picture: the Somersby lanes, the glorious sunsets, the dog-carriage, the benignant mother's smile, and the poet raptures of her splendid boys! No wonder Charles exclaims, "Oh, all that there is of good and kind in any of us came from her tender heart." And no wonder, also, that Tennyson vies with Wordsworth, Cowper, and Shakespeare as the poet of womankind at its best and sweetest.

A son of the Manse, as they say in Scotland, a man of genius, gently born, highly educated, naturally reserved, inherently kingly, Tennyson inevitably drew upon himself the gibe of a democratic age that he was a poet apart who could have little in common with the great workaday world. It is a criticism as cheap and shallow as it is fundamentally untrue. On the contrary, despite the cultured form of his poetry, its exquisite finish, even its subject-matter often so remote apparently from the common things that concern the common man, Tennyson was as truly a son of the soil



Tennyson.

From the medallion by Thomas Woolner, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

**The Palace of Art.**

"In a clear-walled city on the sea
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cicely;
An angel looked at her."

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

**Sir Galahad.**

"Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between."

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

as Burns himself. When Carlyle first heard "The Grandmother," he exclaimed, with unwonted emotion, "And did Alfred write that?" And what of the dialect poems, of "The Miller's Daughter," of "Dora," of "Enoch Arden," of "Sea-dreams," of "Rizpah," and many another poem which reveals the depth of the poet's understanding of the greatly simple things of life? They are full, as are the longer poems, of

"Jewels, five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever,"

and, as they were the highest expression of the thoughts and aspirations of the Victorian age, so they are to-day, a hundred years after the poet's birth, a national heritage which, in Arthur Hallam's phrase, is not "of the things that fail."

**Enoch Arden.**

"That which he better might have shunn'd, it grieves
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw."

From "Enoch Arden," by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (Cassell.)

SHELLEY'S LETTERS.

BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

THERE can be no question as to the desirableness of a complete edition of Shelley's Letters. Hitherto they have been scattered about in half a dozen different books; not a few have been accessible only in garbled forms; and not a few more have remained in manuscript. Even now one gathers that Mr. Ingpen* has not been able to drag the pond quite completely: and some of the letters, especially those which passed through the hands of that clever rascal Thomas Jefferson Hogg, are still certainly imperfect and possibly "contaminated." But nothing at all approaching this collection has ever been made, giving as it does nearly five hundred letters, of which some eighty or ninety are new in whole or part, while scarcely a third of the whole have ever before presented themselves together. It may be said in fact to be a sort of documentary supplement to Professor's Dowden's "Life," to which Mr. Ingpen makes constant, and it would seem authorised, references. A few letters not by Shelley himself are given; and those of the hapless Harriet which the appendix contains are of very great importance. The editor appears to have done his work very carefully, and such slips as the present reviewer has noticed are few and slight. The index (especially necessary in such a book) is good, and there is an excellent preliminary set of biographical notes on Shelley's correspondents. Almost the only unfavourable comment that one feels disposed to make is that the volumes into which the book (though continuously paged) is divided are inordinately heavy, though by no means large. Had they appeared (according to what seems to have been the original intention) as one, the publishers ought to have sent out a special lectern with it; and as it is they try the hands.

The trial, however, is not without reward; and even those who, as far as it has been possible, have acquainted themselves with the matter piecemeal, may be strongly advised to read it all as here regimented and reinforced. It may not tell the critically-minded much that is absolutely new; but it will pretty certainly put the idea of Shelley's personality much more completely and clearly even before them. And for those who approach the matter for the first time it is no disrespect to Professor Dowden, or to anybody else, to say that all "Lives" must be imperfect without the "Letters": and that the "Letters," properly edited as here, make it almost possible for any intelligent person to make his own "Life" of Shelley, which will probably be, *for him*, much nearer the truth than anybody else's.

* "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Collected and Edited by Roger Ingpen. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Pitman.)

This is in fact their great value. The positive excellence of Shelley as a letter-writer was considerably exaggerated in one notorious case as a consequence of—if not directly with a view to—the depreciation of his poetry. Many passages and not a few whole letters are indeed excellent—in fact, consummate. But they are almost always of a character not purely or essentially epistolary—descriptions, criticisms and the like. Moreover, these passages are, for the most part, well known already in selections, or in the older editions of the "Works" or in books about Shelley; and though by no means unimportant as illustrating his character, and all-important as examples of beautiful English prose, they form, as it were, at best an appendix to the "Poems." The value of the complete collection, on the other hand, if less from the point of view of literature, becomes immense from the point of view of biography—not from that of biographical "chatter," but from one much higher.

The differences of style and manner observable between (speaking roughly) the first volume and the second are great, but they are not surprising. They correspond, in fact, with rather remarkable exactness, to the difference between the poetry before "Alastor"



Tennyson (about 1871).

From a photograph by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, taken shortly after he had written "The Holy Grail."

From "Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

(By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

(or the very best parts of "Queen Mab") and the poetry from "Alastor" onwards. But the way in which Shelley literally "came of age" ought to be no novelty to any one, though perhaps the process has never been exhibited with such clearness and completeness as in this book. The fustian and the formality, the extravagance and the conventionalism of his earlier writing in prose have sometimes been regarded as something difficult to comprehend; but there is not really the slightest difficulty about it. The mixture is naturally connected with the exceptional "bursting of the aloe." Most people of the day either continued eighteenth-century convention far into the nineteenth, or wore it gradually out into the newer form, or exhibited inclination towards this latter from

the first. Shelley, struggling towards it in thought, was kept back by the sleath of style in manner till this actually "burst." It must be evident to any one who studies him that while he had in him the makings of one of the greatest of poets, he had also those of a great prig. The prig kept the poet back for a good many years, and during those years asserted himself in the quaint stilted phrases that occur even in the letters to Hogg, and turn those to the unfortunate Miss Hitchener into a tissue of interminable and intolerable fustian. Indeed, this evil being never quite died till a little before the poet died too; but he had almost wholly lost his power. So long as Shelley wrote verse like a bad imitation of "Monk" Lewis or of Moore, it was not unnatural that he should write prose like a bad imitation of Sir James Mackintosh.

Of more general interest, no doubt, are the illustrations of Shelley's own character and of the characters of others which the letters contain. The last division is not unimportant. It is agreeable to imagine the sensations of that earlier Pecksniff whose name was Godwin, when a young man "heir to £6,000 a year" presented himself, uninvited and eager, as a pigeon. You see that very remarkable young lady who called herself "Claire," but whom the hard-hearted law called

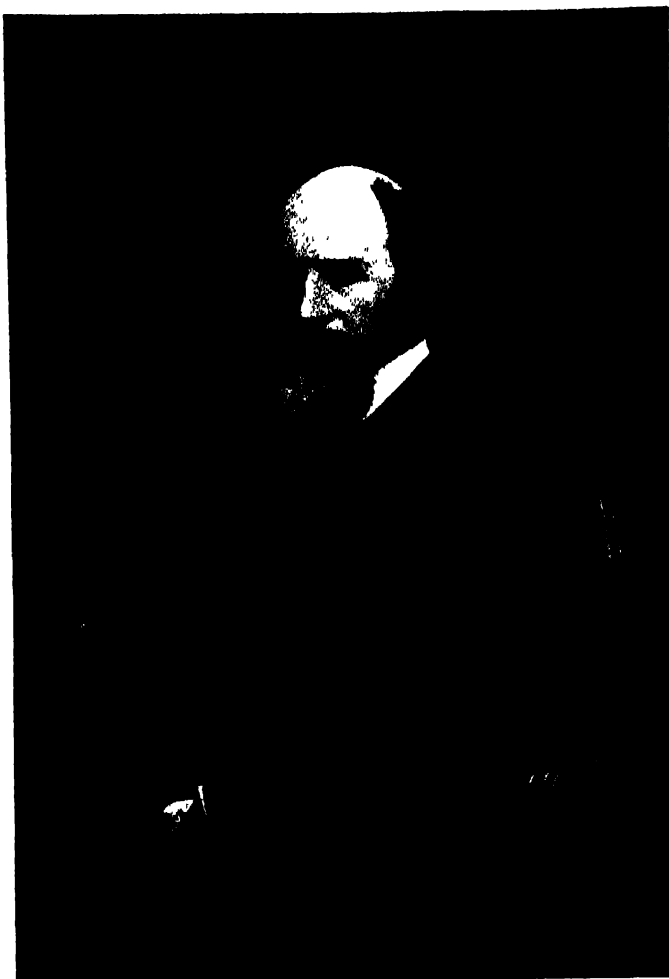


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Tennyson.

Taken in February, 1877, at which time he was writing "Becket."

"Jane," if not exactly as she was (or as Thackeray would have presented her), at any rate not as she was *not*—that is to say, in her own presentation of herself. One of the most captivating things in the book (for Shelley was quite incapable of sarcasm in the circumstances, and was perhaps more persistently fond of and indulgent to Claire than he was of or to any one else) is his remark that one of her plans about the child Allegra "seems to [him] in its present form pregnant with irremediable infamy to all the actors in it, *except* yourself." You see Godwin spunging loftily; Leigh Hunt spunging jauntily or pathetically; Byron the personification of selfishness and pose that he always was; Peacock humorous and cool; the tragic shadow (it never comes to more

than that) of Harriet with "the pity of it" so simple and inevitable when you take it as a piece of human nature, such an inextricable puzzle and tangle when you pester yourself with psychology and problems and chatter; the delightful presence of Mary, who paid smartly for her own *ἀμαρτία*, and has been repaid in turn by a sort of personal affection from thousands in generation after generation. And reflecting all these and contrasting with them, there is Shelley himself—the real Euphorion whom Goethe's genius unconsciously devised, while his lower intelligence consciously identified the device with a baser original. Mr. Ingpen has wisely included among the numerous and good illustrations of his book that remarkable portrait of Antonio Leisman which Peacock declared to be "the real Shelley" and which certainly agrees with the poet's description of himself better than the well-known and beautiful but rather "beautified"—if not even prettified—canonical presentment by Miss Curran. It is good to look at this and to learn from it, remembering that the identification comes from one of Shelley's best friends, who was also one of the rarest examples among Englishmen of the combination of poetry, humour, scholarship, command of character, and appreciation of wit.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the earliest passage in English Literature forecasting the days of aviation.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE has been awarded to MISS GWEN SOPWITH, Wavertree, Hands-worth, Staffs., for the following:

INEXORABLE NATURE.

'It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bills are due,
It's true my prospects all look blue,
But don't let that unsettle you.
Never you mind.
Roll on
(It rolls on)."

W. S. GILBERT, *To the Terrestrial Globe.*



Tennyson.

Posthumous bust modelled in plaster by Francis J. Williamson.
(In the National Portrait Gallery.)

We select also for printing:

EARTH'S BEGINNING. BY SIR ROBERT BALL.

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,

He knows about it all—he knows, HE KNOWS."

E. FITZGERALD.

(C. A. Bayley, 120, Main Street, Bangor, Ireland.)

ABOVE ALL THINGS. BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

How I wonder what you are?"—MISS TAYLOR.

(Miss H. Wood, 2, Airlie Terrace, Dundee.)

HOME LIFE IN IRELAND. BY R. LYND.

"I must leave you to fancy

The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,
And the taps and the slaps, and the taps on the crowns."

Ingolfsby Legends (The Bagman's Dog).

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

STOLEN HONEY. BY A. AND D. JAMES.

"Sweet and low."—TENNYSON.

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.)

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN. BY HUGH DE SELINCOURT.

"Not a sou had he got—not a guinea or note,
And he looked most contoundedly flurried,

As he bolted away without paying
his shot,

And the landlady after him
hurried."

R. H. BARHAM,

Parody on the Death of Sir John Moore.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the most humorous passage from English Literature characterising our English weather is awarded to WILLIAM RATTRAY, 71, Dudley Avenue, Leith, Scotland, for the following:

ENGLISH WEATHER.

"STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 15, 1768.

"I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and

murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purring streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realise these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, 'This is a bad summer,' as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees and making our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew that there was no being comfortable unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back. Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again."—Horace Walpole's Letters. Letter to George Montagu, Esq. (*Cassell's National Library Edition*, p. 136.)

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to E. E. DODD, Grammar School, Beaumaris, for the following:

ORTHODOXY. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Lane.)

This is Mr. Chesterton's confession of faith—"a sort of slovenly autobiography"—and it differs from ordinary confessions of faith as G. K. C. differs from the ordinary theologian. In the opening chapters the Rationalist and all his fellows are consigned to Hanwell; then, from the Ethics of Ellland and the thrills of the Penny Dreadful a philosophy unfolds itself which turns out to be Orthodox Christianity. The splendid courage of the whole is marred by the somewhat pusillanimous doctrine that because to change our ideal is perilous therefore we must accept one fixed in the year 4004 B.C.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews received are:

A REAPING. BY E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann.)

"Jewels in Prose" might be the designation given to this series of charming essays, which cannot fail to interest and fascinate the reader thereof. Courage, patience, and hope are stimulated by the virile faith which pervades every page of this narration of ordinary everyday life—*courage* to face life's burdens, *patience* to carry them, and *hope* to endure them to the end by means of the blessed assurance, "God's in His heaven." Inspiring and stimulating the book is in the highest degree, and the quaint humour of the writer, which is manifest throughout, helps to make it a most readable volume.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)



Crossing the Bar.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!

(Reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.)

And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark"—*Tennyson*.

for we learn that they consider themselves old at thirty-years). The atmosphere of Turkish life is exceedingly well rendered and the visits of "The beloved one from a far-away country home" to "Cherry Blossom," etc., are very realistic. The chapters devoted to Turkish suffragettes (who call themselves "Louises Michel") do not ring so true.

(Mrs. Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

Competitors are reminded that their reviews should be of recent books; some sent in this month have been of books that are over a year old. We specially commend the reviews received from Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Florence Graham Stirling (Comrie), P. E. Deggan (Gloucester), Emily Shore (Worthing), Miss E. O. Brown (Worcester), R. Buxton, junr. (Birmingham), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Miss J. Pearson (Halifax), L. Welby (Shanklin), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Miss A. R. Rose-Soley (London, S.W.), Winifred B. Lodge (Upper Norwood), and Jack Hedley (Harrogate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss H. GRAHAM, 18, St. John's Square, Wakefield.

ETON
MEMORIES.
By AN OLD
ETONIAN.
(John Long.)

Reminiscences of school life possess for many of us a peculiar fascination. Among the stately schools of Old England, Eton has special claims of her own, and these memories of the good old days before the "Iron Age" set in will not fail to interest many who never knew her as their Alma Mater. Although the scenes deal with the events of nearly a century ago, they have all the zest and piquancy of first impressions, for they were written down at the time they occurred, and the irresistible charm of youth and high spirits permeate the book.

(L. Gray,
St. Winifred's,
Frinton-on-Sea.)

SOME PAGES
FROM THE LIFE
OF TURKISH
WOMEN. By
DEMETRA VAKA.
(Constable.)

It we may trust the authoress of this very fascinating book, all our preconceived ideas of Turkish life in the harems must undergo a complete change, our pity for the ladies be turned to envy (at least for the young

THE POETRY OF DR. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY MICHAEL MACMILLAN, D.LITT.

JUST ten years ago there appeared in print a small collection of poems entitled "Gleanings of Verse." Their author was Dr. William Wordsworth, the namesake, grandson, and living representative of the great Wordsworth. The fact that these "Gleanings of Verse" were "printed for private circulation only" seems no adequate reason why the world should be ignorant of some of the finest sonnets ever composed in the English language. In support of this high appreciation of the living William Wordsworth's poetry, we cannot do better than quote in full two sonnets as specimens of his poetical workmanship. One of them should have a special interest at the present day, if the struggle for more Dreadnoughts and the triumphs of aviation have not already driven out of our memory the earthquakes that lately devastated the coasts of Italy and Sicily. It is the first of two sonnets entitled "Casamicciola," and runs as follows:

"If One whose will no rival wills withstood
 Conceived this massive earth and dome of light,
 Was it for us His sons He wrought with might,
 And man for whom His voice pronounced them good?
 Or shall we say He dealt with fire and flood,
 As poets with the phantoms they indite,
 Indifferent to all ends but one delight,
 The rapture of His vast creative mood?
 As charm and sadness, weariness and love,

He brings together in our mortal hours:
 So Ischia glorying in her vines and flowers,
 And girdling sea reflecting heaven above,
 Still feels invidious Death beneath her move,
 And menace of inexorable powers."

The second sonnet we quote is inspired by the view of Syracuse:

"Here from this stony ridge where shepherds stray,
 The leaguer of her foes, like hunters keen,
 Looked down on Syracuse, the Dorian queen,
 Defiant, an invulnerable prey:
 Here through their lines Gylippus forced his way,
 And in that chasm, where towers and masts are seen
 Confused with golden air and wave scene
 Imperial Athens torn and bleeding lay.
 Ah! here indeed the hand of mortal things
 Touches, and pity pierces for their lot,
 Who change the nobler for the meaner aim:
 Here yielded to the vulgar fate of kings
 She who in worlds where Rage and Death come not,
 Had built, nor knew it, an immortal name."

These two sonnets are not selected at random from "Gleanings of Verse." They are certainly two of the most perfect in the volume, although perhaps other readers might regard as even finer those on Proserpine, the Dead in Rome, the Higher Love, the First Day in Sicily, or the Blue Grotto at Capri with its beautiful descriptive opening:

"If anywhere a man might meet with Love,
 And think to see the starry wings unfurled,
 And touch the fervent hands which move the world,
 And learn his secret and the fruits thereof,
 That might be here in this enchanted cave,
 Where breathless air which tempest never whirled,
 And azure water which no waves have curled,
 Express the speechless rapture lovers prove":

and at its close the exquisite comparison of fugitive moments of sweet thought to—

"Clouds which turn to crimson in the west,
 Or fragrance waited by a summer air."

But of all poems, good sonnets can least fairly be judged by fragmentary quotation. In the second sonnet quoted,

"Imperial Athens torn and bleeding lay"

is a fine line in itself, but gains immensely in impressiveness by its position in the context. The excellence of a sonnet depends largely on its artistic construction, in which respect Dr. Wordsworth's sonnets are pre-eminent. Though more striking lines may be found in several of the other sonnets, the two we have quoted are, as flawless wholes, unsurpassed by any in the book before us.

Indeed, outside this volume we doubt whether any sonnets exist with which they could not bear comparison. Supposing they had been written by the elder William Wordsworth, the greatest sonneteer in English literature, perhaps in the literature of the world, does any candid critic think that they would not have ranked with his very best? Dr. Wordsworth's sonnets, like

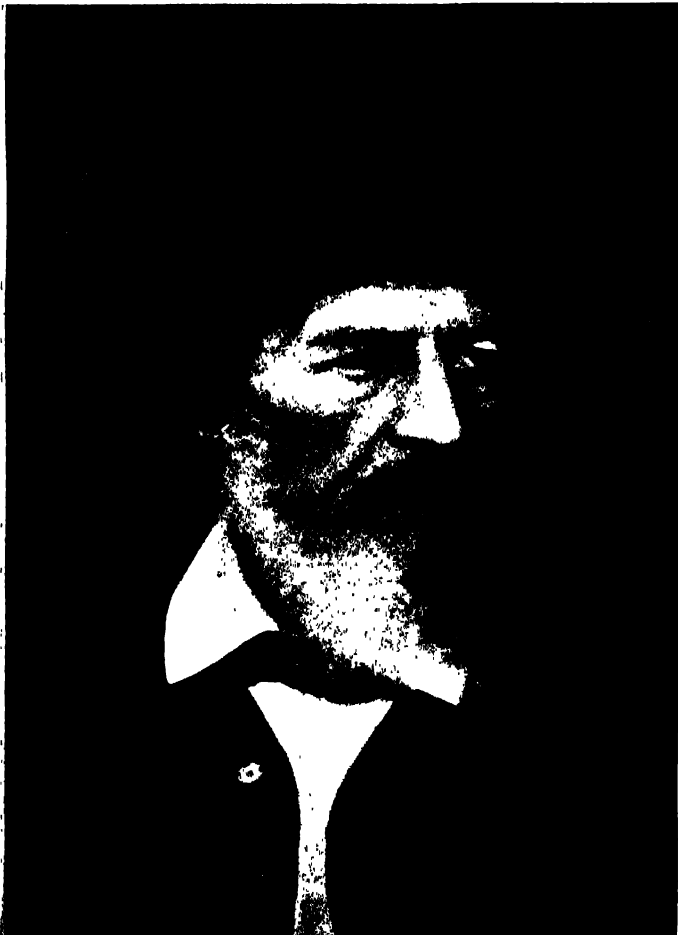


Photo by Barraud (now Mayall).

Tennyson.

Taken about 1886, when he was writing "Locksley Hall
 Sixty Years After."

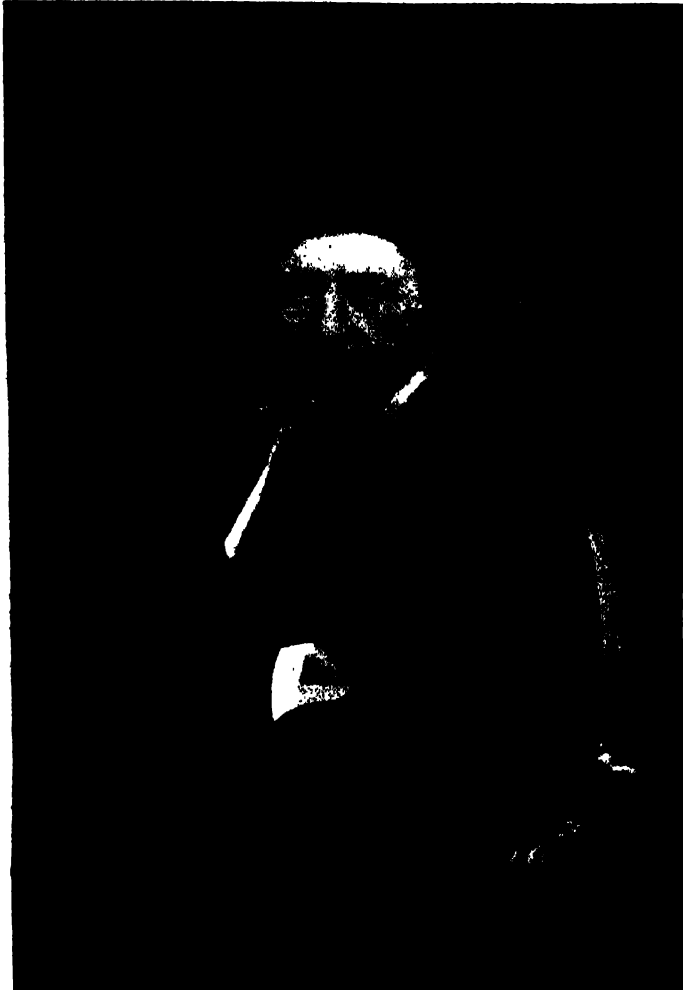


Photo by Elliott & Fry

Tennyson.

those of his great ancestor, maintain throughout the highest elevation of phraseology of which the English language is capable. They are composed in the strictest Italian metrical scheme, and united into perfect unity by a clear line of weighty thought followed through the octaves and completed in the sestets. The sonnet on Syracuse, as a fine example of the historic imagination, may well be compared with the famous sonnet on the faded glories of Venice beginning "Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee." The sonnet on Casamicciola, on the other hand, could not have been written by the elder Wordsworth. It indicates some of the differences in mind, and therefore in poetical work, between the grandfather and the grandson. In "Gleanings of Verse" we shall look in vain for the pious orthodoxy of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets or the austere morality of "Laodamia" and the "Ode to Duty." We find, instead, more of æsthetic sensibility, and, mingled with an undercurrent of agnostic pessimism, a keen appreciation of the "joy of passion" and some regret for the spirit of a past day "which boldly followed wheresoever led the glancing feet of Beauty." Paganism hardly appears to be "a creed outworn" in the picture of Proserpine's "curved red lips impenitent as nature's powers," and in other sonnets inspired by Eros and Aphrodite.

The best part of his prime Dr. Wordsworth spent in India as the Principal, first of the Deccan College, Poona, and afterwards of Elphinstone College, Bombay. He was revered by the Indian students not far on this side idolatry. Nevertheless, the influence of India on his poetry is much less than that of Greece and Italy. Indeed, considering how much there is in India of beauty and sublimity, it is surprising how few of his poems deal with his experience of the East. There is among them a beautiful elegy mourning the untimely death of a Western Indian Rose Aylmer. The opening lines give powerful expression to the wonder that is always felt at the untimely death of the young and beautiful :

"The god who loves not gifts nor prayers,
Who looks unmoved on tears,
Comes not to men who droop with cares
And loathe the fruitless years ;
His hands with cruel purpose rife,
Spare these and will not spare
The golden buds of opening life.
The young, the good, the fair."

Passing from this poem referring to an event that saddened Anglo-Indian society in Bombay in 1886, we come to such purely Indian subjects as the Hindu Wife and the Hindu Ascetic, to each of which a sonnet is devoted. They are followed by a sonnet addressed to Asia, concluding with lines expressing well the everlasting contrast between East and West :

"The hand and eye which marked nor missed the goal
Are ours, and ours the arena's roar of praise.

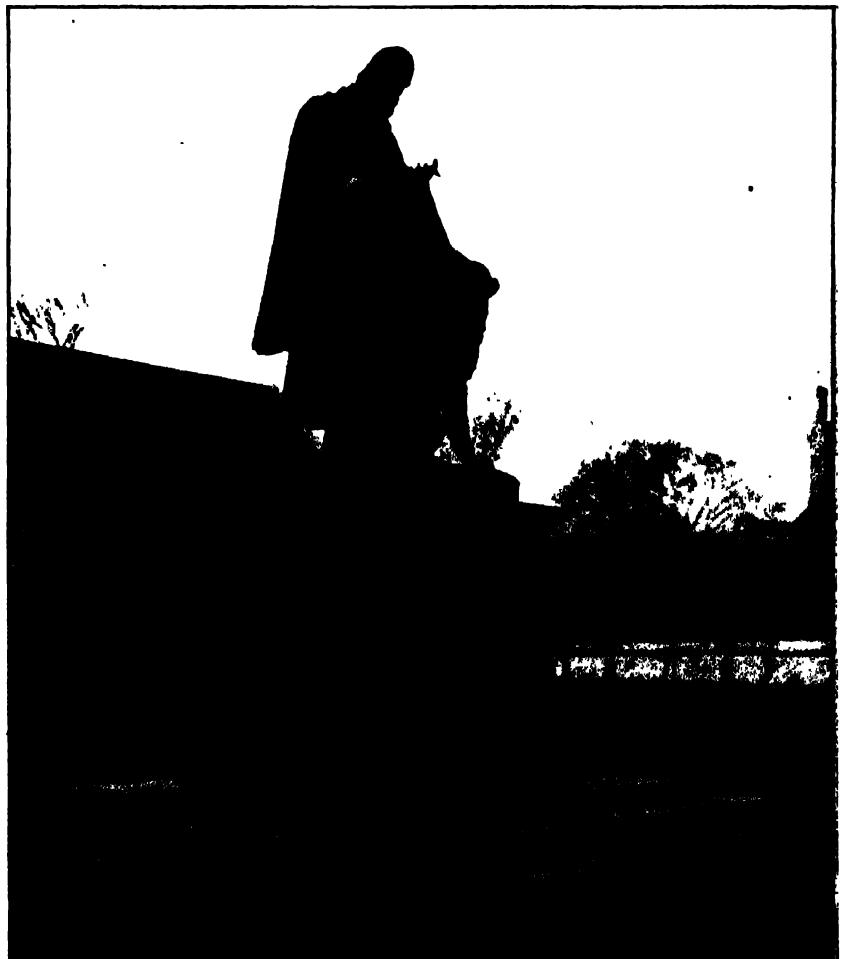


Photo by H. Walker.

The Tennyson Statue, Lincoln.

The victor's steeds, and car, and laurel wreath ;
Thine only is the harvest of the soul,
Whose dubious steps long since through winding
ways
Pursue the printless feet of birth and death."

We may conclude our appreciation of his poetical work with a sonnet in which the poet gives a delightful picture of himself at work in the cool verandah of his house beautifully situated on the western slope of Cumballa Hill, Bombay, and overlooking the Indian Ocean. Dr. Wordsworth, besides being a professor and a poet, is the master of an extremely elegant and flexible prose style, which was well known for many years in the columns of the *Times of India*. This is how he describes himself busily engaged on his literary labours in a sonnet ad-

ressed to his wife, the truth of which will come home with startling vividness to any of our readers who have lived in the East :

"Where once my pen here worked so fast for you,
White doves, red-footed, shunning the fierce glare,
With fluttering wings would light on desk or chair,
And check my hand as your approach would do.
Some turned to arts which once perhaps we knew,
Some girl-like sleeked their plumes with serious air
Then forth once more I watched them lightly fare,
And vanish in the blinding Indian blue.
Their hint I took and thought flew far away,
And now once more about a high cold land
With you I rode and saw your kindling eyes,
And hair disordered by the gusty day :
Or stood with you where loaded fruit-trees stand,
The mild sun westering in your English skies."

SIR WILLOUGHBY PATTERN, THE EGOIST.

BY MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN.

IN the bibliographies of Mr. John Lane (5th edition, 1900) and Mr. Arundell Esdaile (1907) it is recorded that of George Meredith's thirteen novels eight appeared in periodicals before they were published in book form. "Evan Harrington" is to be found in *Once a Week*, "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "The Tragic Comedians," "Diana of the Crossways" and "One of Our Conquerors" in the *Fortnightly Review*, "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" in *Cornhill* and "The Amazing Marriage" in *Scribner's Magazine*. To these must be added "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," which ran in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, with illustrations by J. Giliich, from December 1893 to July 1894, an event which must be fairly fresh in the memories of Meredithians. This leaves "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Emlia in England," "Rhoda Fleming" and "The Egoist" to make up the baker's dozen, and of the last named Mr. J. A. Hammerton, in his interesting volume "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," speaks with decision. On page 30, referring to "The Egoist," Mr. Hammerton says—"it had not appeared in serial form, probably because he was already busy on 'The Tragic Comedians.'"

It is certainly a fact that "The Egoist," so called, had not appeared in serial form before it was published by Kegan Paul in three volumes, but it is no less a fact that under another name, with "The Egoist" as a sub-title, it had run through a weekly paper from June 1879 to January 1880. This is the history of it.

In the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, on page 2 of the issue for June 7, 1879, there appeared a complete story entitled "The Ards House Mystery: a leaf from the autobiography of a police officer." The principal characters in this tale of murder and happy marriage were Horace Austin, Gerald Lowe and Florence, the

daughter of the late Sir Wiloughby Wiloughby, Bart. At the beginning of the tale Horace and Florence were merely half-cousins; at the end they were man and wife. This is only mentioned as a coincidence and has nothing to do with Meredith's book, but on page 4 of the same number of the *Herald* another Sir Wiloughby (with two l's to his name) was announced. His surname was Pattern, and it took nearly half a column to notify the readers of the *Herald* of his approaching



The Egoist.

From "The Egoist," by George Meredith. (Constable.)

advent. The announcement proper was worded and displayed thus:—

SIR WILLOUGHBY PATERNE

THE

EGOIST

BY

GEORGE MEREDITH

*The First Portion of this remarkable New Story
will be published in the*

WEEKLY HERALD

OF THE 21ST JUNE
(The Week after Next)

The following Extract from the last number of the *British Quarterly Review* regarding Mr. Meredith's previous Works will let readers know what to expect in his New Novel about to be given in the *Weekly Herald*.

Then follows an interesting passage from an article on "The Novels of George Meredith" which had appeared in the *British Quarterly*, Vol. lxi., No. cxxxviii., April 1, 1879, pp. 411-425, and was written, I am informed on good authority, by Miss Arabella Shore. This particular passage is to be found on pp. 415-416, commencing with the words "To analyze Mr. Meredith" and ending "but on the whole Mr. Meredith's own phrase of 'thoughtful laughter' will well express the sensations that his pleasantry excites."

This announcement was repeated with but slight variation in the following week's *Herald*, page 8, and a week later in the issue dated June 21, 1879, number 759, page 2, came the first instalment consisting of the "Prelude" and chapters 1, 2 and 3, occupying four columns and headed—

SIR WILLOUGHBY PATERNE

III.

EGOIST

BY

GEORGE MEREDITH

Thereafter, week by week, "Sir Willoughby Patterne" filled anything from two to four columns, never less than two columns and only on four occasions slightly exceeding four, until chapters 49 and 50 brought the story to a close in the issue for January 10, 1880 (No. 788). For all practical purposes the text is the same as in the first edition, but in the *Herald* chapter 38 is headed "In which we make the attempt to go down to the centre of egoism without frightening ourselves," while the corresponding chapter in the book, chapter 5 of volume iii., is entitled, "In which we take a step to the centre of egoism."

One might have imagined that the good people of Glasgow would have welcomed this "remarkable new story" with enthusiasm and clamoured for more Meredithian pleasantries to excite their "thoughtful laughter." Apparently this was not the case, for I am informed by a courteous member of the *Herald* staff that Dr. J. H. Stoddart, the editor of the day, told one of his colleagues that the story was "dear and not remunerative." On receiving this information I examined a file of the paper to ascertain whether anything had been done to keep alive the interest of the readers during Sir Willoughby's reign, and found that other stories of a kind more likely to appeal to newspaper readers in general had appeared at the same time as "Sir Willoughby Patterne." For example—in the number for August 23, 1879, "Griffith Williams, or the Story of a Crime" was published, and on October 11 "The Miser of Hazelhowe," by David Wingate, the author of at least three books of verse, was started and eventually succeeded to Sir Willoughby's place on page 2 of the *Herald* on January 17, 1880. On December 20 appeared "The Gray Chamber, A Christmas Story," complete in seven chapters, by George Manville Fenn, and the first number issued in 1880 contained a long account of the awful Tay Bridge disaster, a tragedy which it is quite safe to assume provided cheaper and more remunerative "copy" than the whole of the remarkable story which is regarded by many as George Meredith's masterpiece.

New Books.

CARLYLE'S "BLUMINE."*

The industry of the book-compiler will soon add a new terror to friendship. No man or (particularly) no woman who has enjoyed the goodwill of the great is likely to escape the publicity of the library. Mr. Raymond Clare Archibald, author of the handsome and finely equipped volume now before us, is clearly a most conscientious worker, whether among dusty records or living books, but his zeal has surely carried him a little far in the compilation of this rigidly genealogical account of a lady whose life crossed Carlyle's for about a year or fifteen months, and then passed on to more or less happy marriage, competency, and a peaceful old age. "Carlyle's First Love": it is a glowing title, suggestive of many things which it does not realise. Let us examine its justification as shortly as may be.

Thomas Carlyle was a schoolmaster in Kirkcaldy when, in the autumn of 1818, he was introduced to Miss Margaret Gordon, a young and beautiful girl of about twenty. She was living with her aunt and adopted mother, Mrs. Usher, and Carlyle was apparently invited from time to time to drink tea with the ladies. Another guest was Edward Irving, who was also schoolmastering in Kirkcaldy, and if either of the men was really seriously affected by the lady's charms, the more eloquent protestations certainly came from Irving. For after spending a holiday in her company in the Highlands, he wrote to his friend in rapturous phrases of this pattern:

"Such another scene of heart content I shall never pass again; the brief time of it lies in my mind like a hallowed sanctuary in a desert, or like a piece of enchanted ground in a wilderness. Truly, it never strikes me to mingle with it the times that went before, or the times which have come after—it would seem a sort of sacrilege to the Powers which breathed over it such delight."

It is true that the youthful swain goes on to protest that "in all this there was no love," but we may be allowed to retain our own judgment. Men do not write like this whose hearts have not been flushed with some sort of passion. Carlyle's recollection is much more self-contained:

"To me, who had only known her for a few months, and who within a twelve, or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued for perhaps some three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usually romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a good will to her, a candid and gentle pity for her, it needed at all."

This memory is, of course, clouded by the passage of time, but it scarcely suggests romantic reminiscence. Nor do the extant documents strengthen any such impression. Miss Gordon wrote twice to Carlyle, so far as can be discovered, and the two letters are preserved. The first is full of self-conscious moralising. She is sorry to hear Carlyle's health has been impaired by the severity of his winter's study, exhorts him to walk in the path which nature has marked out for him, and prays that Fortune may be propitious, and that he may experience that "peaceful calm the virtuous alone are capable of enjoying." The next letter was written less than four weeks later, but in the meanwhile Miss Gordon's aunt seems, from scruples of prudence, to have desired her niece to put an early end to the correspondence. No doubt a struggling schoolmaster seemed a poor match, and Margaret appears to have acquiesced without much searching of heart. At any rate, she bids her friend "a long, long adieu," and apostrophises him in these sententious terms:

"Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary

* "Carlyle's First Love: Margaret Gordon." By Raymond Clare Archibald. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

men, by kind and gentle manners, deal mildly with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much, and like you more."

This was the end, and a few years later the lady married a dull, worthy banker of Aberdeen, one Alexander Banner-man, who lived to be knighted, but loved to annoy his delicately-minded wife by eating fowl with his fingers. Perhaps it was a retaliation for her domestic homilies, for she became a rigid disciplinarian and was known, in the midst of a fashionable dinner-party, to ask a minister to "read from the Book and engage the company in devotional exercises." Sir Alexander seems to have borne these pieties with a kindly indulgence, but it is certain that such companionship would never have suited Carlyle.

It is in evidence, however, that he retained enough consciousness of his interest in the lady to have inspired him to tell Jane Welsh all there was to say; and some people believe that there was still sufficient fragrance left in the romance to have coloured the portrait of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus." It may be so. Certainly better authorities than ourselves have accepted the idea; yet it is difficult to reconcile the two women. The picture of Blumine is well known:

"Fairer Blumine! And, even as a Star, all fire and humid Softness, a very Light ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star? did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Eolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untired balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought."

The weary wise letters of Margaret Gordon seem strangely remote from this glimmering image of the dawn. If this was really the inspiration, Carlyle was a more impassioned poet than he has been commonly reputed. Still, let the story rest!

And that, indeed, is all there is to say. Yet upon this fragile pedestal of fact and fancy Mr. Archibald has erected the fabric of a goodly volume. He gives us the descent of Margaret Gordon upon both sides, with sundry anecdotes, character sketches, and portraits of entirely unimportant members of her family. He follows her through her married life, and her husband through his: he epitomises their last testaments and copies out their epitaphs. Then follow goodly appendices, well set with bibliographical data, genealogical tables and what not, and to 160 pages of text we have an index of 21. It is impossible not to admire such industry, but equally impossible to deny its fatuity. All that the world needs to know of Margaret Gordon could be said in the column of a daily newspaper. Why, then, in the name of the Bodleian, why, then, give her more?

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE NEW ITALY.*

This is the last contribution of Jessie White Mario to the history of modern Italy. Probably her first work was the preparation for the press of Orsini's little book on "Austrian Dungeons," which one may dig out of the British Museum

* "The Birth of Modern Italy." Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario. Edited, with introduction, notes, and epilogue, by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. 12s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

now as a curiosity. Besides her "*Life of Garibaldi and Story of his Times*" (Milan, 1884), she wrote biographies of other heroes of the epoch of unification: and in old revolutionary days at Genoa, when she was arrested and the *Italia del Popolo* published articles about her, she was Italian correspondent for the *Daily News* and for some American newspapers. Her husband, Alberto Mario, was an irreconcilable Republican to the end of his life. He died in poverty; and in an honourable poverty Madame Mario's later years were passed, so that at seventy she was still teaching in one of the Normal Schools of Florence for her living.

In the days of her youth Jessie White was described as "a handsome woman, with masses of shining reddish hair crowning an eager intelligent face." Her portrait in the year of her marriage shows us a face eager indeed and inquisitive; and it makes one think of a bright-eyed bird quite tame, say, to the hands of patriots, contentedly pecking at the crumbs given to her, and trained to please "The Friends of Italy" (a Society of the time) and win alms for the Cause.

She first visited Italy, she tells us, with "an English lady of considerable fortune, who was formally engaged for two years to Garibaldi," having fallen in love with him "at first sight"—so we are informed. D'Azeglio said that Garibaldi had a heart of gold but the brains of an ox; but at all events Garibaldi had a way with him of conquering hearts, a gift that was occasionally discomfiting, but a gift that seemed quite common to what Carlyle calls "the foreign exile element." In caustic annotations to Mrs. Carlyle's letters, Carlyle speaks as if it were customary for elderly moneyed ladies "to fall in love with the romantic in distress" and marry dilettante exiles. "I never had any pleasant or useful conversation among these people," growls Carlyle, "except with Mazzini, and from the first dialogue Mazzini's opinions were to me incredible, and impracticable in this world." However, out of Chelsea there was more sympathy.

For instance, in 1851, when Mr. Gladstone published his

famous letter about the Neapolitan prisons, the pamphlet excited so much sympathy and interest that it went through eleven editions immediately. And Lord Palmerston expressed the feeling of many people when he wrote thus to the English Ambassador at Vienna about the savage reprisals of the Austrians upon the Italian revolutionists of 1848: "My dear Ponsonby, The Austrians are really the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilised men."

Madame Mario was a disciple of Mazzini. But she came into Italy at the very time of Mazzini's decline in power, and Bolton King says Mazzini's decline was typical of more than the fall of the Republican party. "Heroic idealism had gone." When Madame Mario saw Mrs. Browning in Florence in 1854 she complained that "already Elizabeth was half Cavourian." The petty sovereigns who had fled before the revolutionists of '48 had been escorted back by Austrian troops, and the poet, looking from her Casa Guidi windows, had seen "the armament of Austria flow into the drowning heart of Tuscany"; and it was then the star of Piedmont rose above the ruin and desolation of Italy. In a later year Cavour said: "If Piedmont counted for something in the Councils of Europe it was because she represented an Idea." The Idea had been impressed upon Italy by Mazzini when he made what Bolton King calls his terrible and impossible appeal. Italy was no longer "only a geographical expression."

We should ask Madame Mario in vain those profound questions Pollard would have the student of history proffer, Why? and How? Why did Italy become a United Kingdom? Madame Mario breaks off short and does not tell us how Italy, weltering in chaos, achieved unity and independence. But we may recall the words of De Mazade: "To have shaped reality out of a dream; to have succeeded in leading the revolution of a partly enslaved people almost to the furthest limit without suffering it to run to ruins in convulsions—such was the work of Cavour."

F. E. PHILLIPS.



Mazzini's Mother.
From "*The Birth of Modern Italy*." (Unwin.)

THE BETTER LAND.*

For a wander-book among the villages of rural England it may be doubted whether Mr. Hudson himself has ever done anything quite so attractive as "*Afoot in England*." In it he reveals himself and his predilections more than in any previous work. Of the two Englands—I do not mean the rich and poor of Disraeli's "*Two Nations*," but the sharply divided countries of smoking chimneys and red labour-barracks, and of hedgerows, gamekeepers and thatch-cottages—he loves only the unprogressive. Unimproved to him is unspoiled. Yet he is no epicurean landscapist. He likes the people, especially the poor. He avoids not only hotels, but also inns. He goes among the cottagers. He listens to their stories, hears many tragedies, occasionally welcomes the return of a native. He is fond of the society of peewits, prefers a jay to a fine gentleman, a nightjar to a motorist, a cross-bill to a cockney tourist, a girl-bunting to a suffragette. For cows, especially red Devons, he has almost a passion. He gives us a cowherd, leaning over a gate, lazily content. "He was a curious-looking old man in old frayed clothes, broken boots and a cap too small for him. He had short legs, broad chest, long arms and a very big head, long and horselike, with a large shapeless nose and grizzled beard and moustache. His ears, too, were enormous, and stood out from the head like the handles of a rudely shaped terra-cotta vase or jar. The colour of his face, the ears included, suggested burnt clay. But though Nature had made him ugly, he had an agreeable expression, a sweet benign look in his large dark eyes, which attracted me."

* "*Afoot in England*." By W. H. Hudson. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This old man, who had some of the repose and placidity of the animals he tended, had never been a dozen miles from his own home in Devon. At intervals, he signalled his kine across the meadow. They grazed on. "At length one of the beasts raised her head and had a long look, then slowly crossed the field to us, the others following at some distance. They were shorthorns—all but the leader, a beautiful young Devon, of a uniform rich glossy red; but the silken hair on the distended udder was of an intense chestnut, and all the parts that were not clothed were red too—the teats, the skin round the eyes, the moist, embossed nose; while the hoofs were like polished red pebbles, and even the shapely horns were tinged with that colour. Walking straight up to the old man, she began deliberately licking one of his ears with her big rough tongue, and in doing so knocked off his old rakish cap. Picking it up, he laughed like a child, and remarked, 'She knows me, this one does—and she loikes me.'" What a picture! Mr. Hudson is compared to Jefferies and Borrow. He is more like Wordsworth here. He compares the crowd of large, placid blondes he comes across at Wells or Cromer to a herd of beautiful white-and-strawberry cows with golden horns and large placid eyes. He loves to observe the children chasing and flying from the waves, or jumping with their poles from rock to rock, and to discriminate racial types in them. He notices the gradations of colour in their pretty little legs, from ivory white, on arrival, to a deep nutty brown suffused with pink after a few weeks of beach.

His dislikes are mainly dogs, who disturb the birds and small mammals, whose sympathy he courts, and women who flaunt bird plumage. His hate he reserves for those gourmets, the carrion crows of human-kind, who prey upon larks and wheatears. How beautiful is his description of the dead wheatear on Whitesheet Hill! The Otter is for the most part his Western boundary, his Northern capital is Newbury, but Salisbury is his metropolis, and he is best among the 'Cleres between Newbury and Andover—Kingsclere, the little Cuzco of Hants, "beloved Silchester, the ancient Roman Calleva." He is excellent at a congress of herring gulls between Branscombe and Beer. At Cley or Hunstanton he is far from home. He speculates why old seaboard towns and hamlets are so often screened and hidden, or tucked in a hollow invisible from the high sea. On the East Coast the reason in many cases was Channel-piracy—as the "Paston Letters" abundantly prove. If you are oppressed by the antiquity of Stonehenge, says Lamb, you have only to look at a Jew—it will appear quite young by comparison. No one can conjure with the Stones quite as Mr. Hudson does. He can evoke, too, by a magic of his own, certain sympathetic figures of the past. Here he exerts his wizardry on Cobbett, Miss Mitford, and the Farmer's Boy. But it is impossible to give more than a rough general idea of the many-coloured vesture which delights the patient reader of an essayist so versatile, so rich, so knowing and so original as Mr. Hudson. "Afoot in England" is certainly one of his fairest collections.

THOMAS SLICCOMBE.

MINOR HISTORY.*

A few years ago we had something like a renaissance of minor poetry, and the critics were much concerned as to the relationship between the revived art and poetry of the first rank; between them, I believe, they established the right of minor poetry to an independent existence. The minor poets, or rather the best of them, knew this all the time: they knew that their art was related to great poetry as the part is to the whole, that it was, in fine, the

* "French Vignettes." By M. Betham-Edwards. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



Charlotte Corday.

From "French Vignettes," by M. Betham-Edwards. (Chapman & Hall.)

part become conscious of itself. It will thus be seen that in describing Miss Betham-Edwards's book as "Minor History," I am not calling names, but drawing a distinction. And I do so because her interesting sketches, of which there are ten, are a phase of a distinctly modern method in the writing of history. It is a method that is engaged with the interpretation of those minor episodes, and sometimes not even that, which bear only a passing mention in the greater histories. And in this matter I can give Miss Betham-Edwards no higher praise than to say that, just as great history reveals a period or a nation by an arrangement of many events, her sketches help us to realise also that the whole of history is often contained in an incident. And in doing this they perform the true function of minor history.

The episodes are drawn from the period of the Revolution, and the White Terror which followed Waterloo. After reading the book one feels more intimately about those tragic times than one does after contemplating the extensive, the epic views of a Thiers or a Carlyle, though such a feeling would be impossible without the background provided by the latter. You feel that Mirabeau, "demi-god" though he was, was still human, and even, in the light of the "Lettres à Julie," not a little despicable: you feel that Madame Roland, human though she was, had in her something of the divine. But it is the human note which is sounded most frequently throughout these sketches. We are always in the company of men and women, albeit men and women of heroic mould: the men and women of a Revolution whose father was Rousseau, but whose grandfather was Plutarch. Throughout the volume there is an atmosphere of youthfulness befitting a record of revolt, for youth is the period of revolt, because it is the period of hope, "the time," as Stevenson said, "to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body." Miss Betham-Edwards remarks upon the youth of Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Barbaroux, Vergniard and the rest, all of whom died famous before the age of forty, whilst Mirabeau just reached that age. She, however, does not mention the extreme youth of Napoleon when master of Europe, but then Miss Betham-Edwards does not like the Emperor; at times I wondered why she did not call him Bonaparte.

Generally speaking I find myself in sympathy with the sketches, especially when they take the form of direct narrative, and this I imagine ought to have been their aim. But when the writer, whose knowledge of French history is so comprehensive, lapses, and I use the word deliberately, into opinions about her characters, then my sympathy fails. It would be the same did I agree with the views thus expressed. At the same time I do not advocate impartial history: impartial histories do exist, but few read them for pleasure. My point is that where you have a series of episodes lending themselves admirably to simple narration, it is a fault to interpose opinions between reader and story. The place for opinions is the essay, they should only be implied in the story. These lapses are all the more aggravating because they spoil one of the best sketches in the book, "Duc d'Enghien's Love Story," which is one of those tragic incidents that are sufficient in themselves. Miss Betham Edwards evidently could not resist the opportunity of scolding Napoleon, whose villainy in the matter of d'Enghien's death is, after all, still a moot point. References to Napoleon's "crowning infamy" in causing the death of an enemy who was probably conspiring against his life do not aid reality. And the matter is not improved by charging Napoleon when First Consul with "having his heel on the neck of France." At that particular time Napoleon was France, and if his heel was anywhere it was on the neck of the Bourbons; d'Enghien, it should be remembered, was a particularly enterprising member of that family.

The chief value of "French Vignettes" lies in the fact that each sketch forms an introduction to some little-known path in French historical literature. Some of the sketches are resums of books little likely to fall into English hands, and, from what selections are given, worthy of further acquaintance. Particularly is this so in the case of the volumes from which the material for the interesting study of "Philarète Chasles" is derived. Chasles was a French refugee who had been sent to England during the White Terror. He was a man of wide culture, which had evidently left his excellent powers of observation intact, and both here and abroad he came in contact with distinguished people, among them Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Balzac, and he has recorded his impressions of these men in his "Mémoires," first published in 1876. This sketch amounts to a discovery for which alone Miss Betham-Edwards deserves thanks. The "Mémoires de Philarète Chasles" are indeed well worth the attention of an English publisher. "French Vignettes" is a handsome volume with twelve interesting portraits from old prints.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

CALE RICE'S POEMS.*

Those who have read the volume of Mr. Cale Rice's "Plays and Lyrics" that appeared some three years ago will be glad to welcome this new collection of his poems, the longest of which gives its title to the book. That Mr. Rice has a considerable dramatic gift was evidenced in his former work, and is shown again here in the dramatic fantasy "Brude," but he is essentially a lyricist, and his dramatic power is at its highest and intensest in certain of his lyrics. "The Image Painter," for instance, is a tragedy in song—you have all the story of one woman's life, with all its toil and pathos and heartbreak gathered up into three short verses. The same touch of drama and something of more sombre tragedy lives in "Sea-Mad," with its haunting iteration of "Three waves of the sea came up on the wind to me!" The passion that burns through "Of the Flesh" is a little melodramatic, perhaps,

* "Nirvana Days." By Cale Young Rice. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

but the passion of this world usually is. There is a wide range of thought and expression between these and the quiet wistfulness of "The Soul's Return," with its final aspiration—

"I ask no more
Than to restore
To simple things the wonder they have lost"—

the half-despairing appeal of "The Young to the Old"—

"Weigh us not down
With fears of the world. . . .
You dreamt your hour, and dared, but we
Would dream till all you despaired of be"—

and the dark imaginative force and poignancy of the quatorzain sequence, "Quest and Requital," of which this, "To Him after His Death," is the seventh and last phase:

"God who can bind the stars eternally
With but a breath of spirit speech, a thought;
Who can within earth's arms lay the mad sea
Unseverably, and count it as sheer naught;
With His All might could bind not you and me.
For though He pressed us heart to burning heart,
And set them to the passion that enthralled
His sanction, still our souls stood far apart,
As aliens beating fierce against the walls
Of dark unsympathy that would upstart.
Stood aliens, aye! and would though we should meet
Beyond the oblivion of unnumbered births,
Upon some world where Time cannot repeat
The feeblest syllable that once was earth's."

Mr. Rice has the metrical skill, the technical cunning that make up almost the entire equipment of many poets nowadays, but human nature is more to him always than is the nature that is not human, and he has the feeling and imaginative sympathy without which, however prettily it may tinkle, all poetry is but empty and a vain thing.

THE SEARCH PARTY.*

When a man writes a genuinely funny book, a book which is funny from beginning to end, a sidesplitting, irresistible, laughter compelling comedy, the world is left grateful, but a little incredulous. It is too good to be true. It seems a sort of accident, a fortuitous combination of favouring chances which can never occur again. It is the dream of every golfer to do a hole in one, and for most golfers it remains a cherished dream. To a few only blessed beyond their fellows and beyond their deserving, the beatific moment is vouchsafed. But while any golfer may expect once in his career by some miraculous interposition of fortune to accomplish the incredible, no one expects to do it twice, still less to do it at two successive holes. So in much the same way, when we were all shaking with laughter over "Spanish Gold," there came the chastening reflection that Mr. Birmingham could never do it again. He might indeed, as others have done, repeat his formula and still be mildly amusing. But it would be merely a pale reflection of the dazzling original. It seemed as though the delicious abandonment of absurdity could never be recaptured. But the incredible has happened, and "The Search Party" is as gloriously and deliriously funny as "Spanish Gold." Once more Mr. Birmingham has proved himself

"The prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
The Patently Impossible and Van."

And the splendid part of it all is that in Mr. Birmingham's books nothing really is absurd. Absurdity is only relative, and in Ireland only the normal is absurd, which is another way of saying that the normal never happens.

* "The Search Party." By George A. Birmingham. 6s (Methuen.)

Mr. Birmingham served a long apprenticeship before he wrote "Spanish Gold." The few who study Ireland seriously and those (almost equally few) who study contemporary fiction seriously remember "The Scething Pot," and the four novels which followed it, as a notable contribution to a baffling but urgent problem, the government of that British Poland which seems destined to confute all the maxims of political and economic science. Critics knew Mr. Birmingham as a sound literary craftsman and an acute and sympathetic observer of Irish life. But no one was prepared for the triumphant and exuberant fun of "Spanish Gold," and the superb mendacities of that much-enduring wily Odysseus immortalised as "J. J." Of course there is a good deal of caricature: the scheme of the book demands it. The two members of Parliament are sheer caricature; their stupidity is beyond the compass even of an M.P. But when Mr. Birmingham is dealing with Irish characters, especially in the case of his Connacht peasant types, there is only the faintest suggestion of travesty. His peasants are exquisitely amusing, but they are never impossibly absurd. Comedy is heightened by the keenness and shrewdness of Mr. Birmingham's observations, and as a master of humorous dialogue he has no rival except Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

The plot is audaciously simple. Dr. O'Grady, the Poor-Law doctor of Clonmore, with a pretty taste in horseflesh and fancy waistcoats, finds his salary unequal to his expenditure; and as his patients never pay him he sees no opportunity of making both ends meet. His affairs are reaching a crisis when he is suddenly called upon to attend the servant of the mysterious tenant of the dower house at Rosivera. Guy Theodore Red, the tenant of Rosivera is an anti-militarist anarchist bent on hastening the millennium by a lavish use of dynamite. Dr. O'Grady is informed that he must remain a prisoner for a month until Red's plans are complete. As Red is prepared to pay him five pounds a day besides affording him complete security from the pressing attentions of his creditors, O'Grady's only anxiety is to escape being rescued. The state of his finances being well known in Clonmore, it is at once assumed that he has fled to America, and Clonmore, being sympathetic, display no indecent curiosity at his disappearance. But O'Grady had ungallantly forgotten that he was engaged to Adeline Maud Blow, daughter of a Leeds tobacconist, famous for his "twopenny beauty" cigars. Miss Blow is a lady of tremendous determination. She comes to Clonmore with a blank cheque and the fixed intention of paying O'Grady's debts and then marrying him. Clonmore is too polite to tell Miss Blow that her lover has fled to the States, and their ingenious but wholly mendacious explanations drive her to the conclusion that he has been murdered. Miss Blow rises to the occasion, and demands that the constabulary shall at once search for the corpse. In vain it is pointed out that there is no corpse to search for. Miss Blow is not to be routed so easily, and her implacable pursuit of the District Inspector, Mr. Goddard, is a piece of gorgeous fooling. In the meantime other inhabitants of Clonmore who happen to visit Rosivera also become the compulsory guests of Guy Theodore Red. Dr. O'Grady's captivity is shared by Patsy Devlin, two M.P.'s who have come to study "the Irish question" at first hand, and finally by Sergeant Farrelly and Constable Cole. All Clonmore threatens to vanish, till at last Dublin Castle has become seriously alarmed, and Miss Blow, having completely defeated Lord Manton, the local peer, heads a

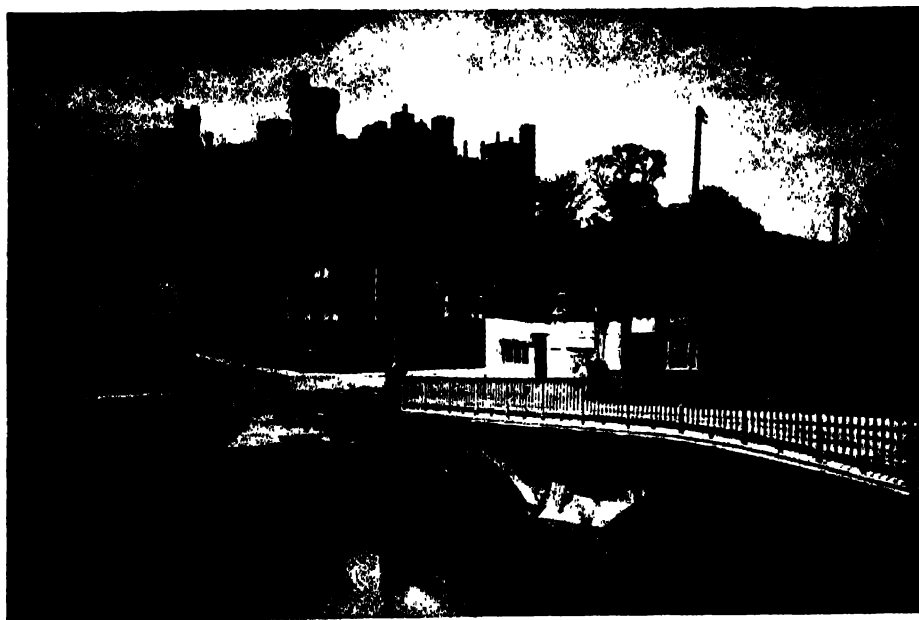
regular army of constabulary and invades Rosivera in force. Red in the meantime, on O'Grady's advice, has fled, and after a delicious scene in which the doctor bluffs the indignant M.P.'s in a fashion reminiscent of "J. J." it is decided that the task of hushing up the whole affair shall be entrusted to Jimmy O'Loughlin, the hotel-keeper, and the most versatile liar in Clonmore. "Jimmy'd tell the truth without turning a hair, so soon as ever he knew what it was you wanted him to tell." The scenes between Jimmy O'Loughlin and Miss Blow and between that redoubtable lady and Lord Manton are wildly funny. But a book as amusing as this is beyond praise and beyond criticism. There is only one thing to do—to read it.

TOWN PLANNING.*

In a famous definition Aristotle once described a city as a place where men live a life in common for the sake of a noble end. The great movement towards town improvement, which has grown so strong in this country during the last few years and of which town planning forms one branch, must, Mr. Raymond Unwin insists, have for its aim the creation of such a city as shall at once express the common life and stimulate its inhabitants in their pursuit of the noble end. The recognition of the truth of this dictum may be said to be the basis of these two interesting books. "It is, indeed," in Mr. Unwin's own words, "from this expression that civic art must draw its inspiration and guidance."

With the smaller of the two books one must perforce be brief. As its title shows, it is mainly occupied with showing what has already been done at the Hampstead Garden Suburb, why what has been done has been done, and how it has been possible to do it. The book is confessedly only a slight sketch, but it will none the less make an admirable introduction to the subject. The second volume is altogether of a different nature and will assuredly take rank as one of the best which have as yet been published. Mr. Unwin has obviously spared no trouble in thoroughly mastering his subject, and his study of the leading foreign publications upon the question is no less careful than the admirable judgment with which he has selected the

* "Town Planning in Practice. An Introduction to the Art of Designing Cities and Suburbs." By Raymond Unwin. 21s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.) "Town Planning and Modern Architecture at the Hampstead Garden Suburb." With contributions by Raymond Unwin and M. H. Bailie Scott. 1s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



Arundel, showing completely built-up corner.

From "Town Planning in Practice," by Raymond Unwin. (T. Fisher Unwin)

numerous illustrations which exemplify the various points to which he has occasion to call attention. Analysis of such a book is impossible, and one can, perhaps, hardly do better than quote the headings of some of his chapters and give a few brief extracts. In the first chapter, then, "Of Civic Art as the Expression of Civic Life," Mr. Unwin lays stress upon the importance of a feeling of fellowship being created in our towns, and he sketches briefly the evils which have arisen from the lack of this feeling. He then passes on to consider successively "The Individuality of Towns" and "Formal and Informal Beauty." In these opening chapters Mr. Unwin has not so much scope for his own individual suggestions, but upon such a topic, for example, as "Centres and Enclosed Places" he has much to say that is worth consideration. He emphasises the need for some centre, and, finding that one focal point of traffic is likely to be at or near a railway station, rightly lays it down that—

"in the modern town the railway station, at which the majority of people will arrive and from which they will depart, seems to demand much the same emphasis that was given to the ancient town gateways."

And again, in his chapter on "The Arrangement of Main Roads," he pleads for variety of decoration and happily suggests that

"If we can give to our streets some individuality, may we not find that our people, going to and from their work, will change their routes, taking the almond planted street in the early spring, the plum, the crab, and the hawthorn streets later, and later still the streets planted with acacia and catalpa, or with the trees whose early foliage is their glory, such as the sycamore?"

In discussing "Site-Planning and Residential Roads," Mr. Unwin shows very clearly that the fact that the capital outlay upon the construction of roads is stipulated for by the party who pays for the upkeep and does not pay for the first cost, has resulted in a very great waste of capital on roads where such outlay is neither justified by the requirements nor necessary to bring the upkeep within reasonable limits. One of the most admirable chapters is that on "Co-operation in Site-Planning, and how common enjoyment benefits the individual." It is full of excellent, common-sense ideas, though one fears that Mr. Unwin will have to struggle hard against that "excessive prejudice which shuts up the individual family and all its domestic activities within the precincts of its own cottage" which he so much deplures. The concluding chapter is fittingly given up to the consideration of Building By-Laws. One may sympathise with Mr. Unwin in his anxiety for a greater measure of elasticity, but at the same time one cannot but reflect that not every architect would make as good use of any relaxation as he would.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

POET AND PATRIOT.*

Mr. Charles M. Doughty, the author of "Travels in Arabia Deserta," "The Dawn in Britain," and "Adam Cast Forth," has been moved by fears for his country to write a dramatic patriotic poem in five parts. The work that Mr. Doughty has already done entitles him to an unusually respectful hearing whatever he does. But we hasten to point out that he is still at the summit of his powers. Any doubt lest this extraordinary, and at first sight unpromising, choice of a subject should be the sign of a falling off is almost at once set at rest.

For grandeur and massive beauty "The Cliffs" is not equal to "The Dawn in Britain," nor to "Adam Cast Forth" for perfection of form; but in variety it excels both, and it displays more of the author's power than any

* "The Cliffs." By Charles M. Doughty. 4s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

of his other books. The action takes place on the East Anglian coast. Foreign aeronauts arrive to reconnoitre. A German invading fleet is ready to sail. But England, though unprepared, is rapidly under arms. A storm turns the enemy back, and at the end a patriotic song is sung in security and triumph on the village green.

The first part consists of a monologue by an old Crimean veteran keeping his sheep on a heath near the shore, and of dialogue between the German aeronauts who kill the old man. This monologue is as remarkable for its simple, homely force as the dialogue is for its satire upon England and Germany. In the second part the elves of England weigh the souls of the men and women of England. Out of the strong, sweetness! Only a poet of Mr. Doughty's austere and national character could have produced fairy scenes of such delicacy. In the fourth part the elves reappear and witness a procession of the heroes of Britain. We believe that these scenes will place Mr. Doughty either first or second among English poets who have dared to use fairies, though they include Shakespeare, Drayton, and Darley. The third part describes—by means of dialogue—the awakening of England, the fifth the relief and thanksgiving. This bald outline may conceivably prejudice any one who does not know Mr. Doughty's work against "The Cliffs." But in reality his imagination raises the matter above politics, and creates an England of great clearness and reality where such things happen. The atmosphere suggests the days of the Armada or of Trafalgar. But the poem is really timeless, like "Henry the Fifth" or "Prometheus Unbound." The almost heroic old shepherd, the fantastic earthy elves, the practical aeronauts, the gossiping villagers, the everyday soldiers and gentlemen, are all equally true in this imaged world.

IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FATHER.*

If you were put to it for a brief description of Mr. Jerome's new book you would probably say it was a delightful blend of "Three Men in a Boat" and the "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and ninety-nine readers out of every hundred will think as I do that it is certainly the best book of the three. The humour of "They and I" is not so boisterous, not so irresponsibly vivacious; it is easier, mellowed, larger. You want to be young to enjoy all the fun and excellent fooling of "Three Men in a Boat," but the drollery, the quiet irony, the chuckling extravagances of "They and I" will appeal to you no matter what your age is, if among your other senses you are happy enough to have one of humour.

This is not a novel, and it is not a volume of essays, but it is something of both. The story is of a family of five who leave London and settle in the country. There is the father—an author, who does not preserve his dignity so well as his family would like him to; there is Ethelberta, his wife; and their three children, Dick, Robina, and Veronica, the two first turned twenty, and the latter about eight. They take a house in rural parts and are bent upon having it so altered as to suit the special requirements of each of them. This necessitates the employment of an architect, and brings in the architect's assistant, a pleasant young fellow who seriously offends Robina at the outset of their acquaintance by mistaking the back door for the front one and catching her peeling potatoes. Dick, the son, who has been rather a ne'er-do-we'el, decides to adopt farming as a career, and gladly consents to be apprenticed to a neighbouring farmer. It is possible that he is in earnest about his new profession, but, anyhow, that farmer has a remarkably pretty daughter.

The alterations to the house; the inconveniences of country life; the escapades of Veronica; the trouble with

* "They and I." By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Photo by E. O. Hopps, *Baron's Court, W.***Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.**

the cow that Robina buys for milking purposes; the doings of Veronica's donkey; the social life of the neighbourhood; the dawnings of a love romance between Dick and Janie, the farmer's daughter, and between Robina and the young architect, Mr. Archibald T. Bute, F.R.I.B.A.—there is the story, and even if it were not there, you have the people, and it is the people who capture your interest and make you keen to go on reading about them, no matter what they may do, so long as they go on saying things.

The house is not exactly the sort of house that either of them wanted; the father confesses that it is not exactly the one he was looking for himself; Dick asks him if he had any reason at all for buying it, and he explains that having to choose between buying a house and building one he resolved to buy one:

"Talboys built himself a house. You know Talboys. When I first met him, before he started building, he was a cheerful soul with a kindly word for every one. The builder assured him that in another twenty years, when the colour has had time to tone down, his house will be a picture. At present it makes him bilious, the mere sight of it. Year by year, they tell him, as the dampness wears away, he will suffer less and less from rheumatism, ague, and lumbago. He has a hedge round the garden; it is eighteen inches high. To keep the boys out he has put up barbed-wire fencing. But wire fencing affords no real privacy. When the Talboys are taking coffee on the lawn, there is generally a crowd from the village watching them. There are trees in the garden; you know they are trees—there is a label tied round each one telling you what sort of tree it is. For the moment there is a similarity about them. Thirty years hence, Talboys estimates, they will afford him shade and comfort; but by that time he hopes to be dead. I want a house that has got over all its troubles; I don't want to spend the rest of my life bringing up a young and inexperienced house."

"But why this particular house?" urged Robina, "if, as you say, it is not the house you wanted."

"Because, my dear girl," I answered, "it is less unlike the house I wanted than other houses I have seen. When we are young we make up our minds to try and get what we want; when we have arrived at years of discretion we decide to try and want what we can get. It saves time. During the last two years I have seen about sixty houses, and out of the lot there was only one that was really the house I wanted. Hitherto I have kept the story to myself."

It is a ridiculous and amusing story, and I should repeat it here if there was room; but you can read it in the book. There are some sly, irresistibly funny descriptions of the "artistic house," and of the usual illustrations of it. There is a good deal of wistfulness and wise tenderness in the humour of the father's musings on the ideal children he had hoped to have, and the unideal children he had got; there is plenty of common sense and worldly wisdom underlying the genial merriment of the book; there are farcical incidents that tickle you to more than a smile, and not a few aphorisms—such as "There are two kinds of love: there is the love that kneels and looks upward, and the love that looks down and pats. For durability I am prepared to back the latter"—that are not the less acute and true because they wear the motley.

In a word, this is just the book we are thankful for nowadays. Almost every other man you meet can write a readable novel, but the number of men who could have enlivened us with such a bookful of laughter as "They and I" are so few that you could count them on one hand, without using all the fingers.

A.

THE PAGEANT OF LONDON.*

"No man was ever vain enough to suppose that he knew London," says Mr. Hutchings, in the course of his preface to these two handsome volumes. "Many know London in a few of its aspects; a few know it in many of its aspects; no one knows it in all its aspects." London is more or less unknown, and remains more or less unknowable both because of its immensity and because it is never the same place for many years in succession. It is for ever growing, decaying and renewing itself materially and spiritually. It is considerably less than half a century since Dickens died, but you will look for his Londoners and for his London almost in vain; within the span of a single lifetime the face of things so changes here that where we were familiar and at home yesterday, we walk to-day as strangers; and by the time we have grown somewhat acquainted with our new surroundings it is to-morrow, and the newness of yesterday is obsolete and done away with, newer ideals, newer manners, newer methods, newer fashions have risen from its ashes, and we are aliens again in our own city.

It would be a city of the dead were it otherwise, and it is just because it is continually developing and changing as all living organisms must, and through all its changes keeps still the glory and glamour of its wonderful past about it.

* "London Town Past and Present." By W. W. Hutchings. Illustrated from old prints, photographs, and drawings. 2 vols. 10s. net each. (Cassell.)

**Room in the Old "Cock" Tavern.**

"O plump head-waiter at The Cock
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port."

Tennyson, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.*

From "London Town Past and Present," by W. W. Hutchings. (Cassell.)

like an atmosphere, that the fascination of London is perennial. You cannot weigh and measure it, and crack it open and come to an end of your studying, and so yawn and grow weary of it, as you could if it were a mere fossil city, and had nothing but a past. It has had a great past, it is having a great present, and so far as one can see it is going to have a great future, and you may grow wise in the first two, and have glimpses of the last in Mr. Hutchings's pages. In his introduction he gives a brief and vivid survey of London from its misty and legendary beginnings in the nights and days of



Stow's Monument in St. Andrew Undershaft.
From "London Town Past and Present,"
by W. W. Hutchings. (Cassell.)

two thousand years ago down to our own day; then, in his first chapter he begins his full and detailed history with the story of the first St. Paul's Cathedral, thence progressing to a panoramic chronicle of the streets that have sprung up all about it: Paternoster Row, Cheapside, the Guildhall, the Mansion House, Royal Exchange, Stock Exchange, Bank of England, and other such of the famous institutions and thoroughfares through which the town's life has flowed for centuries past. A suggestive chapter by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer on the future in London closes the second volume. Mr. Hutchings has done his work admirably; he has an easy and picturesque narrative style, and marshals his splendid pageant skilfully and effectively. The hundreds of plans and miscellaneous illustrations add immensely to the interest and value of what is certainly one of the most thoroughly interesting books of the many that have been written on this inexhaustible subject.

TO THE GENTLE READER.*

The easy and obvious thing would be to laugh Mr. Bennett's advice to scorn, call him supercilious names and make epigrams at his expense. As if, forsooth, one could dictate on such a matter as literary taste, a gift of the capricious gods, who may not be cajoled into bestowing it where they will not. We, the elect, have no need of Mr. Bennett's information, while to them, the others (poor things), it can have no meaning. So we muse, in the pride of our sophisticated hearts.

And all the while, deep in those same sophisticated hearts, we know that we are wrong. There is such a thing as the deliberate cultivation of literary taste; an excellent thing, too.

Mr. Bennett writes primarily for those who are no great readers, who are content with the latest novel and abhor the name of poetry. I suppose such can be taught to read. I do not know. But I do know that, in these days, there are many even among booklovers who may well profit by his main injunction: "Read the classics."

* "Literary Taste: How to Form It." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (New Age Press.)

We are apt to shy at the word "classic." It is so suggestive of educational editions and of democratic series. So, rising superior to education and democracy but not to labels, we neglect the thing for which it stands. And seeing that it stands for at least nine-tenths of what there is of literature worth reading, that is a little foolish.

Instead, therefore, of resting content with the old, we go in quest of the new, which vitiates our perceptions with its cruder colours and sharper savours, and gives us a taste too violent to be satisfied with the mellow. Then the colours fade and the savours stale. Yesterday, for instance, we were reading the decadents as though they had spoken the last and eternal word. To-day they are dead as Martin Tupper.

Then we say that we ought to read modern books to keep in touch with the times. That is nonsense. Here and there a modern author gives you a good picture of the time from his personal point of view. But very possibly he squints. If you want to be in touch with the times, you read the newspaper. I know there is an august saying that if we want to understand an age we study its literature. But we do not. We study the hard, dry facts of its history. We read literature to get in touch with eternity.

There is surely a strong probability that the books which we call classics, whose memory has been kept green by those who know ("the passionate few," Mr. Bennett prettily calls them), have some quality unpossessed of all but the exceptions of this year's literary harvest, a quality which would endear them to the intelligent many did they but read them. Take an example. Say we know our Shakespeare, as we probably do not; there are also Marlowe and Webster, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, men who, though not to be classed with Shakespeare, have lasted as we have no warrant for asserting that Shaw or Galsworthy will last. Read "Dr. Faustus" or "The White Devil," and you will feel them to be full of a fire of which the modern intellectual dramatist, concerned with the sociological problems of to-day, is incapable. Read great modern books, too, if you can find them. But it will be a memorable year that supplies you with a week's reading.

On the details of Mr. Bennett's instructions it is impossible to pass judgment without having subjected them to a practical test. They appear, however, so immaculate that one is glad to be able to convict him of a lapse of logic. He says that "the total amount of fine literature created in a given period of time differs from epoch to epoch, but it does not differ much." Later, when he supplies lists of books for an ideal English library, the nineteenth century is represented by a considerably larger number of volumes than all the rest put together. But for spoiling a good book, I should go through those lists with a blue pencil.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.*

M. Hanotaux's fourth volume concludes his work and closes what he calls "the first period of the story of the Third Republic." It opens with Marshal MacMahon's reactionary *coup d'état* on May 16, 1877, and ends with the death of Gambetta on the last day of 1882. During these five years France saw seven Ministries, but the decisive facts of the period are the parts played by two statesmen of remarkable gifts and force of character, and the triumph of a single and consistent policy. The two outstanding figures were Gambetta and Jules Ferry, and the policy they promoted was the drawing together of the democracy and the *bourgeoisie*, and the alliance of both in defence of the Republic.

When MacMahon, acting in the interests of a mon-

* "Contemporary France." By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated from the French by E. Sparvel-Bayly. Vol. IV. (1877-82). 15s. net. (Constable.)

archical and clerical faction, dismissed the Jules Simon Ministry and dissolved the Chamber, he precipitated the first of the three great crises which the Republic has had to face. The Boulangist and the Dreyfus affairs were equally threatening, but less important in their results, for the elections of October, 1877, inaugurated a period of administrative reform that has shaped the fate of France. MacMahon's action seemed at first likely to be successful. He had behind him the Church, the army, the aristocracy, the more timid *bourgeoisie*, and the whole force of the administrative machine. M. de Foutrou, the Minister of the Interior, sent out instructions to the prefects and the sub-prefects, informing them that the Government had "not only the right but the duty to acquaint the voters with those candidates who support its policy and those who combat it," and that "no hostility would be tolerated in any official." Every official throughout the country became an election agent on behalf of the Reaction, and it was hoped that the Republican party of 363 Deputies would be swept out of the Chamber. In the middle of the struggle, Thiers, "the most illustrious, the most sagacious, the most obstinate of *bourgeois*," died. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the campaign, and looked forward to "the triumph of Republicanism as an act of vengeance, reparation, and resurrection." The weight of his name and his record had been a valuable help but, as M. Hanotaux puts it, "he died, like Voltaire, at a propitious moment. Nature and fortune smiled upon him till the end: death itself was indulgent towards him, she carried him away suddenly, and on the shield of a renewed popularity." "1830, 1848, 1852, 1870—the echoing dates of the century marched with the so lightly laden bier towards the Pere Lachaise, where the last shots of the Commune had been fired." Jules Grévy succeeded him as head of the party, and "from the day of M. Thiers' funeral until the day of the elections, the life of the country can be compared to the puffing of two locomotives hurled on one line against each other." The elections resulted in some losses to the Republican majority, but the contest had fused the party together, and the Republic was safe.

Gambetta's fire and eloquence had been the decisive factor in the struggle, and in the bitter conflict with the Church that now began he continued to make himself felt. There could not be a greater contrast than that between Grévy's cold and colourless disposition and Gambetta's ardent temperament. M. Hanotaux admits that the choice of Grévy for the Presidency was a mistake, and his account of the intrigues that thwarted and finally overcame Gambetta does not make pleasant reading. Himself a pronounced Republican, M. Hanotaux gives a candid and impartial picture of the Duc de Broglie, Marshal MacMahon, Freycinet, and other leaders of the opposing party. But the portrait of Gambetta, begun in the preceding volume and completed in this, dwarfs all the others. "The power of organisation, the faculty of command, the gift of honest eloquence," says M. Hanotaux in his final summary, "were his above the common measure. He explained his generation to itself; at the sound of his words France understood herself and her desires. It is hard to be a prophet in one's own country, but such minds as his draw men on to progress."

Foreign policy occupies a large space in this volume. The Russo-Turkish War and the relations between Gambetta and Bismarck are treated in detail, as are also the Balkan complications, the Congress of Berlin, and the French occupation of Tunis. M. Hanotaux's position as Foreign Minister in the Méline Government enables him to treat these matters in the light of inside knowledge. He quotes from the unpublished memoirs of Count Schouvaloff and from other sources, but upon the whole he must be regarded as giving us some *documents pour servir* for the history of recent diplomacy rather than as furnishing an

ordered study of the subject. The value of his work lies in its account of French internal policy during five critical and dramatic years.

A. W. EVANS.

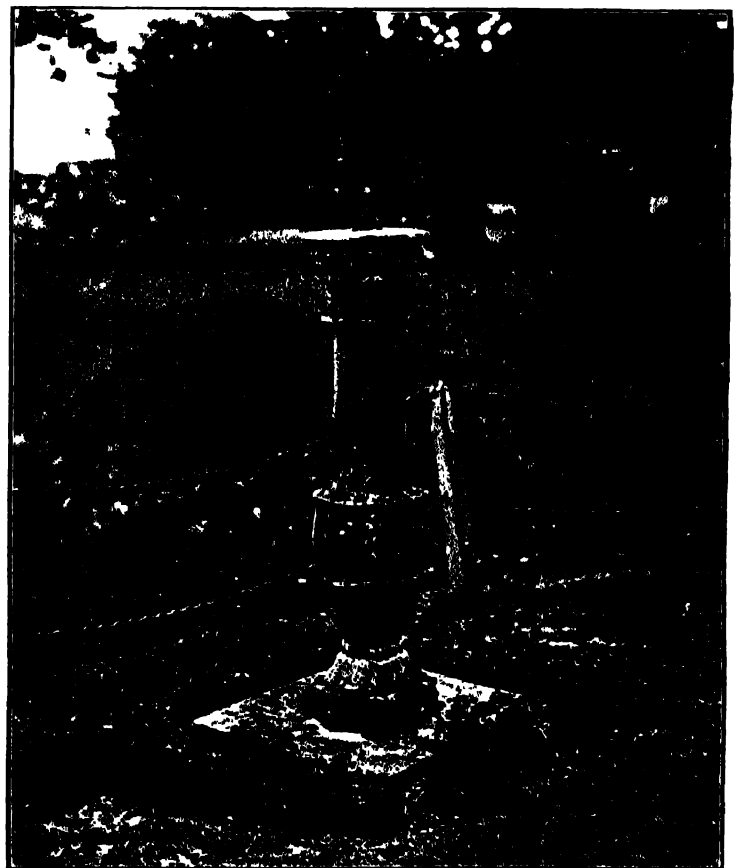
WHITE OF SELBORNE.*

Close students of Gilbert White will probably be inclined to give this book but a supercilious reception, for close students of any subject are generally arrogant, so far as that subject is concerned, and take for granted that every book written upon it must needs be written expressly to suit themselves. They make no allowance for the fact that the majority of mankind are not close students of that particular subject, and that the author who is not too self-important to write for that larger public is doing a very necessary work and a work that may in its way be very valuable, even though it contains no new facts and throws no new light on whatever it has to tell.

Mr. Shelley pays tribute, in his preface, to Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White's "Life and Letters of Gilbert White," and thereafter sets himself to do no more than supply a briefer study of the great naturalist's career to give, as he says, "some account of the author and his environment, the man and the village," by way of introduction to a reading of the "Natural History of Selborne." Such a narrative, he says, "it is the ambition of these pages to supply," and one may say at once that this ambition is adequately fulfilled. There are four chapters dealing with "The Man," three with "The Village," and some forty pages containing carefully selected "Cameos from the Natural History."

In a pleasant, interesting, gossiping fashion, Mr. Shelley unfolds the simple story of White's placid, uneventful life, and succeeds in making his reader realise the charm and loveliness of the man: he describes the village, the surrounding country, White's house and garden, and especially notes anything and everything that still remains

* "Gilbert White and Selborne." By Henry C. Shelley. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)



Gilbert White's Sundial.

From "Gilbert White and Selborne," by Henry C. Shelley. (T. Werner Laurie.)

there as it was when White was living and writing. This is not, let it be repeated, a book for the finished student, but for the general reader, who will unfailingly and heartily enjoy it, and be led by it to read the "Natural History" if he has never read it before. The fourteen photographic illustrations are excellent.

CAMEOS.*

The merit of this excellent little series is in its method. Mr. Ransome chooses some three or four of the most characteristic short stories of the writer he is dealing with, uses either a classical English version, such as Lafcadio Hearn's rendering of Gautier's tales, or an entirely new translation, and then throws himself into an expository introduction with a zest and enthusiasm that carry his reader away. One can watch him flinging himself into the personality of each author in turn. His lucid and clear-cut portraits of these masters of fiction lend a new interest to the work of those of them we love already, and we swoop upon our own bookshelves and other people's for the works of those we hardly know.

Here is *Mérimée*: "Writing was only one of the interests of his life. . . . He studied 'la théologie, la tactique, la poliorcétique, l'architecture, l'épigraphie, la numismatique, la magie et la cuisine,' without being solely a theologian, a tactician, a specialist in sieges, an architect, a decipherer of inscriptions, a coin-collector, a wizard, or an undiluted cook. On no shore did he burn his boats. . . . 'Later in his life, when one of his juvenile theatrical pieces was to be played for the first time, *Mérimée* went to the performance, and heard a hostile noise in the house. 'Is it me they are hissing?' he asked. 'I am going to hiss with the rest.' Hawthorne, 'balancing souls between heaven and hell, never quite forgot his friendship with the *féeries*.' Chateaubriand, who 'came as if by accident upon the discovery of local colour,' was 'an epitome of his period. . . . He was born before the storm, and died after it. He gathered up the best of the things that were before the Revolution, and handed them on to the men who, when the Revolution had left a new France, were to make that country the centre of European literature. Rousseau and the Romantics meet in him. He wrote when France, her eyes still bright and wide after the sight of blood, was seeking in religion for one thing, at least, that might be covered by the tossing waves of revolution and yet survive.' Balzac 'made a world with the colour of contemporary France, 'an august lie, true in its details.' As to Cervantes, whose 'Exemplary Novels' are probably the least known of any of these tales, Mr. Ransome has an interesting suggestion. This narrative, with its peculiar movement, is the Europeanised form of Oriental story-telling. We are reminded of this author's capture by the Moors and long imprisonment in Algiers. And the Moors had lorded it in Granada only a hundred years before. 'Scott told Lockhart that the reading of the 'Exemplary Novels' first turned his mind to the writing of fiction, and in Scott there is precisely the mood of unintermittent story-telling that Cervantes shared with the Princess Scherazada."

"Stories from the Essayists" differs rather from the rest of the series, for here are Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Johnson, and De Quincey, and with them the "Characters" of John Earle and Sir Thomas Overbury, with the charming picture of the "Milkmayde," who "dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe i' the night, and feares no manner of ill, because she meanes none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old *songs, honest thoughts, and prayers*,

* "Stories by *Mérimée*," "Stories by Hawthorne," "Stories by Balzac," "Stories by Chateaubriand," "Stories by the Essayists," "Stories by Cervantes." Edited, and with Introductions, by Arthur Ransome. 1s. net each. (Jack.)

but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauced with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them; only a *Fridaies* dream is all her *superstition*; that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the *spring time*, to have store of flowers stucked upon her winding sheet."

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE ELDER SERVICE.*

To some minds it is a strange fact that two students will pursue the same course of study and arrive at different conclusions; to others there is nothing strange in such a happening, because they are individual enough to see that individuality is more common than the humdrum ever suspect. Here we have a case in point. Both Mr. Hannay and Mr. Thursfield have been to Colonel (the former lags behind the time with "Captain") Desbrière's "Projets et Tentatives de Débarquement aux Iles Britanniques, 1793-1805," and "La Campagne Maritime de 1805—Trafalgar." Yet while Mr. Thursfield finds some new matter and much to commend in the Colonel's researches amongst Trafalgar contemporary documents in the French and Spanish archives, Mr. Hannay sees nothing unusual in either of those two books. The latter does not even take the trouble to point out that the discoveries of this French military writer, whose work is accounted of some weight in his own land, show that Captain Mahan commits an error in his diagram where he depicts Nelson's fleet attacking the combined fleets in a rigid head-to-stern formation and at almost right angles to the enemy. As Mr. Thursfield says in other words, some writers (and possibly Captain Mahan amongst them, although this is hardly credible) seem to have forgotten that whilst Nelson was bearing down east-by-north to east-by-south (we know that this "wild" steering disconcerted the enemy as to where the attack would be made), Villeneuve's vessels were slowly forging northwards, across the heads of the British craft; thus causing the latter to have to haul their wind a little in order to come to close quarters. Mr. Hannay is also wrong where he says that if Collingwood's order "to form the leeward line of bearing" had been carried out, "his ships would have come into action in such a way that the most southerly of them would have struck on the projecting southern point of the allied crescent, before the most northern reached her point of attack near the centre." If Mr. Hannay takes a set of models, and keeps *every one of them working* as the components of opposing fleets would work, not forgetting that the French and Spanish were merely a *little concave* in formation, he will discover that he has made here what is termed in navigation "an error of judgment."

Whether Mr. Thursfield is a more practical seaman than Mr. Hannay, I know not, but in going further and more minutely into these matters of wind and course, general bearings and purposes of Nelson's two squadrons, he certainly "treads less on a sailor's corns." Yet he does this in a tentative sort of way. In fact, Mr. Thursfield's method of presentment throughout his three admirable Trafalgar articles—quite a third of his book—is the collecting of arguments from other writers, rather than hard statements from his own pen; except in his preface, which resolves itself into a somewhat long argument, freely stated and without corroborative evidence, for a more powerful navy, even at the expense of the army as it now stands. His articles on Duncan, the hero of Camperdown; on the lessons of Rozhdestvensky's silly nervous blunder on the Dogger Bank; and on "The Strategy of Position" are careful, well-thought-out pieces of work, although they contain nothing that is really brilliant.

* "A Short History of the Royal Navy: 1217-1815." By David Hannay. Vol. II., 1689-1815. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Nelson, and Other Naval Studies." By James R. Thursfield, M.A. With Illustrations. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

With his chapter on Paul Jones I do not agree. It seems to me that he has not sufficiently examined the inner character of "the father of the American Navy" as a something apart from the man's public doings. Or it may be that Mr. Thursfield has been rather too desirous to please American readers with this article, or he has fallen too much into Mr. Buell's ways of thinking anent Paul Jones.

On the other hand, Mr. Hannay never leaves us a moment in doubt as to what his opinions are. His method is the simple one of direct statement. Evidence may be, and often is afterwards adduced; but the fact, as he sees it, is the paramount thing to him. He has the true historian's method; yet he could have been more careful, now and then, of his English and of his punctuation. Witness this item, p. 170: "M. de Kersant having shown a disposition to engage Commodore Forrest, consulted his two subordinate captains, and one of them answered that it would be a pity to disappoint the Frenchman." What he means is that, as the Frenchman wanted to fight, Commodore Forrest consulted his own subordinate captains. The fault lies in placing commas after "Kersant" and "Forrest," instead of one after "engage." Mr. Hannay may think this to be one of "the ammadversions of reviewers." But such things make up the "trifles" that Michael Angelo used so largely on his masterpiece of Moses. He writes, there "is no excuse for such errors as I have committed." Yes, "so narrow a space" quite excuses them, because "they are not very frequent nor very gross." He thinks that "some were inevitable"; perhaps so, but it was a wrong notion with which to start on so great a task, wherewith he has done wonders in this narrow space. Personally, I am not surprised to hear that the Admiralty has stocked this history; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hannay will bring it up-to-date by writing a third volume.

J. E. PATTERSON

BEGGARS.*

Mr. Davies has published three volumes of poems, in each of which are lines and lyrics that make it clear to all who care for such things that he is that rare creation, a poet of genius. He has also published his autobiography, and now supplements it with this amazingly frank and quietly realistic record of the days he spent as a tramp and professional beggar in America. He has not read widely, but he is rich in varied experiences; he is not a man of education, but the simplicity, the absolute naturalness, and easy imaginative forcefulness of his prose are qualities in which no stylist, however accomplished, could hope to outrival him.

America would seem to be the beggar's happiest hunting ground, and in point of expertness, "the English easily come next to Americans as beggars, especially when

* "Beggars." By W. H. Davies. 6s. (Duckworth.)



Beggars, by W. H. Davies. (Duckworth.)

Mr. W. H. Davies.

England is represented by the Cockney. . . . The Cockney—and he alone—is admired by those extraordinary beggars who are born Americans, and who are conceited enough to think that they could by their energies live well as beggars in the poorest slums in the cities of Europe."

Here is a characteristic specimen of Mr. Davies's terse and vividly picturesque English:

"American beggars knock boldly at doors like kings' messengers. An imposing mansion with marble pillars is a challenge to them, and they dance up its steps and press the button of an electric bell with a violence that no familiar friends of the house would dare use, but an English beggar almost sinks into the earth when his ears receive the report of his timid hand."

They are a surprising and oddly interesting crowd, these tramps and beggars and happy-go-lucky rascals whose tricks and rascalities Mr. Davies discusses with such gusto and makes you so thoroughly enjoy. To read of the ease and the shiftless, careless happiness of these loafers and open-air wanderers puts you half out of conceit with the burdens of respectable civilisation and the worries and disasters, the restless wear and tear and hard-won triumphs of the strenuous life. You do not wonder that Mr. Davies should sigh at an early stage of these reminiscences of his:

"It was borne in upon me lately, with great force, that in those vagabond days at camp-fires in America, I was enjoying life as it will never be enjoyed again. I was then in a land of plenty, where the people were so happy and good-natured that a bold beggar could often tell them straightforward that he would not work for ten dollars a day, which would cause them more amusement than indignation, and he would still be assisted with the best of everything."

Nor do you wonder that when, later, he contrasts his former state as a happy beggar with his present state as a writer of fame, who has been praised by the leading critics and ranked with Defoe, he sighs for the days of homeless, blissful obscurity that are gone. He is a little cynical over the fact that he now receives scores of letters which address him as "Esquire," though his books yield him barely sufficient to live in "a three-shilling-a-week cottage." He tells how once of late:

"I was in the act of washing an old shirt, not having enough money to buy a new one, and I was not rich enough to hire a washerwoman, when a knock came to the door, which I thought must be the midday post. I dried my hands, and, sure enough, it was the postman, who handed me a small dainty letter. I opened this letter at once, and the first words that caught my eyes were—'Most Distinguished Sir,' and then went on to make a request for my autograph. The lady also

enclosed a list of fifty or sixty names of those who had obliged her, beginning with the head of the State. That, I said to my Uncle T——, is what they call fame in England. Now let us compare it to begging in America. If I had been in that country, I could have begged a clean shirt in less time than it took to wash one, and no person there would have offered me such a ragged one."

You have some amusing glimpses of this Uncle T——, "who is himself a good beggar, but confines himself to Wales, with an occasional trip to an adjoining county"; there are capital anecdotes about Boston Shorty, and several about that prince of beggars, Brum. Mr. Davies has a shrewd sense of humour and a subtle feeling for the inner meaning of words, and without any literary pretences has produced in "Beggars" a frank and fascinating chronicle that will rank with the best picaresque literature in the language.

A ROMANCE OF JOURNALISM.*

The last six months have brought us some half-dozen new novels of journalistic life in London; two or three were uncommonly well done, but the best of them was not so good as "The Street of Adventure." Indeed, one feels justified in saying of this latter that no better novel of journalistic life has ever been written in English. It is true, and it is thoroughly interesting. It is so true that many of us will have no difficulty in identifying the originals of certain of the characters, nor of that great paper, *The Liberal*, whose failure was one of the tragedies of Fleet Street. Mr. Gibbs has lived the life, and knows the best and the worst of it; he lays bare with a frankness that is sometimes almost cruel the inner life of a big newspaper office, shows you the proprietor, editor, the sub-editors, the reporters, the compositors, and the whole vast staff of the concern as they are behind the scenes. His hero, Francis Luttrell, a young fellow of a fine literary temperament and ideals, comes fresh from a quiet country vicarage to plunge into the roaring maelstrom of journalism, and finds agony and humiliation and triumph and fearful joy and disastrous failure in it, and disillusion enough by the way; then he withdraws from Fleet Street for a while and writes novels amid the calm surroundings of his father's house, but the fever of the days he has known is in his blood, and on the first opportunity he hastens eagerly back again into the strife and the tumult, and this despite the fact that even at the outset he had found that in going into Fleet Street he had come from Arcadia into Alsatia. "I think, indeed I am sure, that after a few weeks he knew he had left the hill-tops for the mire. To a man of his temperament, Fleet Street was a place of torture. A man who has read poetry and learnt it by heart cannot be content with writing paragraphs about cats at the Crystal Palace and murders in Whitechapel and fat boys at Peckham. . . . A man who has seen bright visions in enchanted woods does not go joyfully into mean streets, into the squalor and filth of human byways. Other men of education and ideals would not have suffered so acutely. With stronger fibre they would have resisted the influence of such a life more manfully, but Frank was so sensitive that every nerve in him quivered at the least touch. Every rebuff in a profession where rebuffs are constant hurt him frightfully. Every insult in a life of ceaseless insults left him with an open wound. To be born a gentleman, with instincts of pride and dignity and delicacy, is the greatest misfortune to those who write history day by day."

You are made to realise what journalism means also to the woman journalist, and to the journalist's wife. "Oh, it is bad to be a woman journalist—some people call us lady journalists!" says Katherine Halstead, who brings into Luttrell's life a romance of love that reaches no romantic end, ". . . but heaven preserve me from

being a journalist's wife!" Mr. Gibbs has ruthlessly stripped all the gilt off the gingerbread: "The Street of Adventure" will inspire no young men with yearnings towards a journalistic career; he has taken certain drab realities of to-day and without trying to touch them with any allurements of colour or mystery has fashioned them into a vividly lifelike, curiously fascinating tale.

A ROSE OF SAVOY.*

The later years of the reign of Louis XIV. have not proved as tempting to the biographer as the earlier period when the French Court was superb and the country at its zenith of prosperity. At the close of the seventeenth century the more interesting figures had disappeared. Colbert, the Grand Condé, Turenne, Racine, Molière, of course, and Mme. de Sévigné were dead, Mlle. de la Vallière was in her convent, Mme. de Montespan had fallen from favour, the boisterous Elisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière was growing subdued, the queen and the dauphine were no more, Monseigneur was dull, and his unacknowledged wife, Mlle. de Choin, was a nonentity at court, the three princes were very young, Mme. de Maintenon and the King were becoming more and more dreary; and yet, in spite of this seeming dearth of attractive material, a delightful heroine exists in the person of Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, the sweetest and most irresistible princess that ever came to France to marry a prince in the direct line of succession. Perhaps her playfulness, charm, and beauty stand in brighter relief owing to the fact that every one else was gloomy and that the country was passing through dark and troubled times. However that may be, her relations with the morose and disappointed king and with the bored and sanctimonious Mme. de Maintenon form a pretty romance. The latter's affection for the princess is the most human thing about her. For the first time in her life she forgot to calculate and scheme. She allowed Adélaïde to dance, to gamble, and to flirt human weaknesses she greatly deplored in others. She silenced scandal, paid her debts with money destined for the poor, kept her escapades from the king, and when at last her protégée sobered down, she took a good deal of the credit to herself.

"The princess had altered very much from the frivolous, pleasure-loving girl we have hitherto known," writes Mr. Williams, summing up the cause of these changes. "The cruel anxiety she had suffered on behalf of her family in Savoy during the crisis of 1706; the terrible end of the unfortunate Maulevrier, for which, as we have said, she could scarcely fail to regard herself as in some degree responsible; the death of her little son; the suffering and misery which the war was entailing; and finally, the danger which menaced her husband's honour and her own position, had all combined to bring home to her that there is another side of life than that which is represented by balls and fêtes and toilettes and jewels and the struggles of contending vanity, and had strengthened and developed those serious qualities which had, until then, lain dormant within her." The author's style is direct rather than illuminating. His work is very thorough, and it is not easy to discover an inaccuracy. He has a solid knowledge of his subject and omits nothing. Also he is strictly impartial and rarely expresses an irrelevant opinion. His writing is not cold, but the artist's touch which makes personalities live is sometimes lacking. Perhaps on this account, he gains in reliability. "A Rose of Savoy" merits as much praise as the author's previous books.

After describing the relations between France and Savoy, an intricate subject which of itself would fill a volume, Mr. Williams deals with the French Court between 1696 and 1712, and incidentally with the succession of Philippe d'Anjou to the Spanish throne, the resulting war,

* "The Street of Adventure." By Philip Gibbs. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

* "A Rose of Savoy." By H. Noel Williams. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

the renewed hostilities between Savoy and France, and the so-called Vendôme çabal.

The period is covered by Saint-Simon, Dangeau, Souches, and many other memoirs, so that good stories are plentiful. One that is characteristic is told of Adélaïde by Mme. de Caylus. When Duchesse de Bourgogne she often visited Saint-Cyr with Mme. de Maintenon. One day, attired *à la princesse* instead of in the pupil's uniform she sometimes wore, she found a general confession in progress. She went into the confessional and knelt down. The priest, hearing the rustle of silk and thinking he had to deal with a fashionable sinner from court who preferred not to divulge her identity, administered a stirring admonition. "*Ma tante*," cried Adélaïde to Mme. de Maintenon when the confession was over, "I am enchanted with that confessor: he told me that I was worse than Magdalene."

ROMANTICISM AND AFTER.*

In the dedication to Mr. Belloc's "*Avril*" there was something of an understanding that Mr. Eccles would in his turn make some such book as that very provocative little series of essays on poets of the Renaissance. Five years have gone by, and here is the book, and it in those five years Mr. Eccles has done nothing else, he has yet spent them well. The book he has made is primarily a selection of French poetry illustrating the history of the art in the last century. Besides this, it contains a survey of the continuous progress of poetry in France, from the Song of Roland to the successors of the school of Symbolism, that seemed, in Mr. Arthur Symonds's spirited little book, so modern and contemporary a thing. Finally, it has, as appendix, a manual of French prosody designed for those who are "quite ignorant of it," but very illuminating also for those who, hampered by their English blood, are groping towards the ample light possessed by Mr. Eccles. All these things are admirably done, and if we quarrel with Mr. Eccles's sentences, that move like a regiment whose men are all drum-majors, stuffed out with valuable material, it is our laziness that is at fault for prompting our ingratitude, since these same drum-majors or hoplites, disburden themselves, although with difficulty, and demanding our close attention, of incredible quantities of suggestion and thought.

Professor Saintsbury's "*French Lyrics*" was published in 1883. We have had since then "*Avril*," "*The Oxford Book of French Verse*," M. Dorchain's "*Cent Meilleures Poèmes*," and doubtless many other such books that I am not lucky enough to have upon my shelves. And now Mr. Eccles makes this very noble contribution towards the understanding of French poetry in England. It would surely be impossible for a modern critic to write a sentence betraying such ignorance as constitutes the foundation of that opinion of De Quincey's with which Mr. Eccles begins his Introductory Essay: "The French literature is now in the last stage of phthisis, dotage, palsy, or whatever image will best express the most abject state of senile (senile?—no! of anile) imbecility."

That was written in 1821. Lamartine's "*Méditations*" had appeared in 1820; Hugo's "*Odes et Ballades*" appeared in 1822. Within the next ten years de Musset, Gautier and Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, and Dumas had published their first books; "*Cromwell*," "*Hernani*," and "*Henri III et sa Cour*" had been played; and the splendid last period of Romanticism had opened with a fanfare of mediæval trumpets. And to-day? The Realists, whose movement was itself but a logical and extreme development of some of the Romantic characteristics; the Parnassians with their scrupulous technique and revolt against the infectious, confessional element of the beginning of the century; the Symbolists, whose aim

was the conscious management of a suggestiveness that the poets of all time have had as it were directly from the gods—all these have sung their songs, and there are men still singing, faithful to one or other of these ideals. But in poetry, as in painting, there is already in France a "*Salon des Indépendents*." It is a satisfaction to think, as we look across the Channel, wondering what wings will lift the poetry of the century that is still ours to make, that at least we do not look, like De Quincey, into an utter obscurity, but can see, if we choose, the men who, trying innumerable experiments, show the unrest from which the new French poetry will spring, and in which already some fine poetry, not often wholly French, is being produced.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.*

From the author of "*A Poor Man's House*" comes a novel, described in its sub title as "a satire on tendencies." Mr. Reynolds's second book is in his second manner; he has laid aside those gifts of sympathy and tolerance which made his first book a document of outstanding value, to write a tale whose salient character is its vivid and unrelieved ugliness. As in a glass darkly, very darkly, Mr. Reynolds sees the world, at some period subsequent to the year 1912, the complacent prey of newspaper proprietors, American revivalists, and music-hall managers, finally confirmed in vulgarity, avarice, and lust. The wide scope of his story, covering the "Archbishop of all the Empire" on the one side, and Edith Starkey, woman of the streets, on the other, is yet not wide enough to include a single sympathetic character. There is common to all a marked quality of disgustfulness, both of body and mind. For this style of portraiture Mr. Reynolds discovers a singular skill: he has the art of disfiguring his creations with a phrase; and if it should happen that his men and women do not live in literature, it will be

* "*The Holy Mountain—A Satire on Tendencies*," By Stephen Reynolds. 6s. (John Lane.)



Mr. Stephen Reynolds.

* "*A Century of French Poets*," By Francis Yvon Eccles. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

because they belong to an order which the world will willingly let die.

The story concerns a miracle. It is borne on the broad back of that much-misunderstood text: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." From the neighbourhood of Trowbury, in Wiltshire, an effort of faith removes Ramshorn Hill, and sets it down at Acton, near London. The mover of the mountain is Alexander Trotman, son of the mayor of the town. "Far from a handsome or a hearty young man was Alexander Trotman. 'Sins of the fathers,' you might have whispered on seeing him." He has set his watery affections on Miss Julia Jepp, of Clinch's Emporium, "who was flat-footed, and walked badly," and it was while they sat together on the Downs that he, mourning over his impending departure to London, performed the miracle. It was as though he had opened a door to the whole vulgarity of the time. From London, on the heels of the reporters, comes Sir Pushcott Bingley, proprietor of the *Halfpenny Press*, owner of the controlling interest in the *Times*, cynic, financier, and monologist. He is not slow to see the value of a manageable young man who can perform miracles, and forthwith adds a controlling interest in the Mountain-mover to his other possessions, subsequently leasing him to a party of revivalists at the Crystal Palace and later to a music-hall. But the cream of the thing is in the new freehold created at Acton by the presence there of Ramshorn Hill—the Holy Mountain, as it has come to be called. While Alexander undergoes vicissitudes of love and ulcerated stomach, Sir Pushcott Bingley proceeds to turn the hill into dividends. I have no intention of taking Mr. Reynolds's story out of his mouth: the reader may learn from the book how a temple was built on the crown of the mountain, how the religious bodies of this country misbehaved themselves there, how the temple was converted into a People's Pleasure Ground, and how finally Alexander Trotman moved the hill back to the Downs and perished in the moving.

It is in the monologues of Sir Pushcott Bingley that one finds indicated the tendencies which Mr. Reynolds has set out to chastise. Elsewhere they are rather vague, unless one includes the tendency of drunkards to drink, of lewd men to be lewd, and cruel men to be cruel. But this newspaper proprietor speaks like a book. Of politics: "Liberalism and Conservatism are obsolete . . . Parties have become simply the machinery—and a deuced clumsy one at that—by which the Press rules the country." Of the *Times*: "It is the organ of the deferred payment system, unrivalled . . . at selling unnecessary commodities to people who can't afford them." Of national ideals: "One imperial nation, one God, one Church, one King, one newspaper, and one Director of the lot. That is the watchword for our great and glorious race." Of the Church: "What the Church misses is its ancient power of excommunication. Nobody takes any notice of its thunders nowadays. It is like an old lady whose complaints are received with the forbearance due to her senility, and whose charities have come to be regarded as rights." Of Nonconformists: "They are our modern priestcraftsmen, even though their priests may be merely retired tradesmen, made into preachers in order to flatter their money out of them (*sic*) and to keep them faithful, when social considerations would naturally urge them towards the Church." Of temperance: "There is nothing like temperance, unless it's education, for pandering to the desire of every virtuous man and every busybody to be his brother's keeper." There are several pages of this; it would serve no purpose to multiply specimens, but one perceives that at this rate it is not hard to write satire.

There is a stage of mental development which is marked by the decay of scorn. One ceases to see a humorous

aspect in pain and poverty; one loses zest for exhibitions of incomplete humanity. "The Holy Mountain" carries no evidence that its author has yet attained that charitable maturity. He preserves undimmed his keen eye for ugliness; and this is the main defect of his book. For the rest, as Sir Pushcott Bingley might have said in that lofty way of his: "Nothing is much easier than apocalyptic satire on apocryphal tendencies."

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

SWINBURNE ON SHAKESPEARE.*

The disconcerting feature of Mr. Swinburne's criticism was always its lack of restraint. Just as his prose style, quite apart from its context of thought, was but too frequently disfigured by an excess of adjectives, so his literary appreciations, apart from their form of expression, lost something of their value by the sheer extravagance of their enthusiasm. We may admit, and admit gladly, that the primary function of the critic is to praise, but it was part of the generosity of Mr. Swinburne's nature that he seemed to find no language short of superlatives adequate for his purposes of eulogy. All his heroes—thus Coleridge, Landor, Hugo, to take three fairly modern instances—obtained at his hands tributes of esteem that would seem well-nigh to exhaust the vocabulary of praise. But it was over the great school of Elizabethan dramatists that his admiration reached a white heat. Marlowe and Webster he worshipped with a fervour only this side of idolatry. And as for Shakespeare—well, there is the little essay written four years ago, and now just issued by the Oxford University Press, to show into what transports of enthusiasm he is provoked by contemplation of this "crowning glory," as he calls him, not only of England but of mankind. It is indeed the very ecstasy of praise; it is all emphasis from beginning to end. The reader feels himself, as it were, in a tempest of eulogy and though every now and then there are flashes of inspiration which open up wide vistas of thought before him, the thunderclaps of rhetoric, the rain of superlatives, more often daze and bewilder him by their insistence.

The disadvantage of such extravagance as Mr. Swinburne's, pardonable though it may be in his case since it had the justification of life-long and meticulous study of its subject-matter, consists in its not allowing of any proper gradation of praise. If "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is, as the modern poet assures us, "probably, or rather surely, the most beautiful work of man," what words, unless "beautiful" here is to have a very restricted meaning, are to convey the sublime and dreadful beauty of "King Lear"? If on the strength of the trilogy of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." alone Shakespeare is to be accounted "the greatest dramatist of all time," what language is to do justice to the stagecraft and dramatic power of "The Merchant of Venice," and still more of "Othello"? Here is Mr. Swinburne's pronouncement on "Pericles":

"In simplicity, in sublimity, in purity of pathos, and in harmony of impression, it is above comparison with any but the greatest of the author's other works. The Homeric tragedy and terror of the storm, the Vergilian tenderness and fragrance of floral and musical tribute from a maiden mourning for the dead, the vivid and noble pathos of reunion between a forlorn father and a heroic child could have been given, as here they are given, by Shakespeare alone, and by Shakespeare only at the very height and consummation of his most human when most superhuman power."

But this play, only half of which seems attributable to Shakespeare, contains but the first draft of the future romances of "A Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest." If it deserves such impassioned commendation as that quoted above, where are the epithets that shall fitly voice their merits? And when Mr. Swinburne passes from

* "Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 2s. (Frowde.)

discussion of individual plays to an estimate of their author, he still sounds here and there the note of excess. Shakespeare, we are told, "could have taken Homer in his right hand and Dante in his left." To which there is the easy and yet, I hold, sufficient retort that both Homer and Dante were masters of the epic, which style Shakespeare never attempted; between them and him, therefore, there is no common ground for comparison. We do our king of letters indeed no real service when we thus pay him compliments, however honestly meant, that can be suspected of flattery.

I have dwelt, perhaps, at undue length on what, after all, is only one side of Mr. Swinburne's essay. There remain to be considered those lightning flashes of intuition which are only to be expected from a book in which one great poet studies the work of another. Small as it is, this little volume abounds in interesting reflections, thrown out incidentally as its author passes the more famous of the plays in rapid review. Thus he speaks of "Antony and Cleopatra" as "the greatest love poem of all time," and urges that "Romeo and Juliet seem but a couple of casual young amorists, 'troubled with the green-sickness' if confronted with the sovereign pair who have 'the varying shore of the world' for background to their passion and platform for their action." He insists once more with his old vehemence that Othello's nature is wholly incapable of jealousy. He talks of Lady Macbeth as "the one wicked woman to whom Shakespeare has ever accorded the honours of heroism." But, appropriately enough, it is in connection with the supremest of our supreme dramatist's achievements, that tragedy of "King Lear" which is being performed at this very moment in London, that the modern poet's comments are most illuminating and helpful. Mr. Swinburne explains afresh the idea which he put forward in his contribution to Messrs. Harper's "Library of Living Thought," that in "Lear" we see for the first time in history a writer publicly championing the cause of the outcast classes, and challenging the right of their rulers to assume the rôle of a judge. Thus we are reminded of the king's conversion "from the royal egotism of a wilful and headstrong tyrant to the infinite sympathy of a high-minded and tender-hearted man with all sufferers under social negligence and misrule," and then Mr. Swinburne goes on to say:

"In the noblest sense of an ambiguous if not indefinable term, the socialism of the revolutionary if not subversive sympathies which imbue with such thoughtful passion the inspired insanity of the vagrant king can only rest unrecognised as Shakespeare's own prophetic and fervent faith by the blindest and dearest of misreaders."

One other striking thought he has to offer on this same play:

"We cannot honestly overlook the one great and grave oversight or flaw to be found in this tragic work—the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of Lear's only comrade and support in the first horror of his exposure as an outcast to the storm. That Casca should not meet us at Philippi must always have been felt as a disappointment, and must always be remembered as a default, that the Fool should vanish with the tempest, never more to be thought of or mentioned by Lear or by Cordelia, can be neither explained nor excused by any possible audacity or lechery of conjecture."

Such instances of Mr. Swinburne's critical insight might easily be augmented, but these surely are sufficient evidence that his Shakespeare monograph is but one more illustration of the truth that your poet is always your surest interpreter of poetry.

F. G. BETTANY.

WOLFE.*

If ever a man was belied by his books—or by his portrait—Wolfe was certainly that man. Shaak's portrait of him that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery is reproduced

* "The Life and Letters of James Wolfe." By Beckles Willson. 18s. net. (Heinemann.)—"General Wolfe." By Edward Salmon. 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

as a frontispiece to Mr. Salmon's volume: Mr. Beckles Willson reproduces a half-dozen different portraits, and it is hard to believe that a man with such a countenance did anything heroic. Yet, as we know, Wolfe had seen six years of fighting and was a Brigade-Major by the time he was one-and-twenty, and at thirty-two died in winning the great victory that added Canada to the British Empire.

Mr. Beckles Willson says "this singular youth was to war what the younger Pitt was to politics or John Keats to letters," and gives him place beside Nelson, Gordon, and John Nicholson. He did more for England in his short life, says Mr. Salmon, "than any soldier, except Clive, since Marlborough; his brilliant soldieryship was manifest from the very hour that he received his commission." Never robust, frequently in poor health and in actual pain, he was the supreme military genius, a great strategist, a born leader of men: you read the story of his career and realise that Cowper summarised his high qualities in "The Task" with more truthfulness than is commonly expected of poetry:

"Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved."

Mr. Salmon writes tersely and vividly, with an admirable narrative skill, and in his appendices gives us Wolfe's famous dispatch from before Quebec, extracts from Montcalm's letter to the Parlement of Paris, a table showing the precise strength of Wolfe's army, and a careful bibliography.

The "Life and Letters" by Beckles Willson is the outcome of a peculiar and long-cherished enthusiasm for his subject; he has been so familiar, through birth and residence, with localities, objects, and writings associated with Wolfe that he says he can scarcely recall a time "when I did not feel I knew this tall, battle-worn young soldier far



Miss Katherine Lowther.

From a miniature by Cosway in the possession of General Wolfe until the eve of his death, and now owned by Lord Barnard.

From "The Life and Letters of James Wolfe," by Beckles Willson. (Heinemann.)



General Wolfe.

From "General Wolfe," by Edward Salmon. (Litman.)

better than many whose forms moved about me and with whom I spoke in the flesh." As far as possible he allows Wolfe's own letters to tell the story of his life: many of the letters are now first published, and most of them are wonderfully self-revealing in their frankness and unstudied simplicity.

Both of these books contain much new material. Mr. Salmon's is the more condensed and continuous narrative and makes the more popular appeal, but the ampler scope of Mr. Beckles Willson's handsome volume, with its numerous illustrations and the wealth of letters it includes, will probably prove even more acceptable to the serious student. The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the taking of Quebec is fittingly celebrated by the appearance of two such careful and in their different ways adequate biographies.

NAPOLEON AND HIS BROTHERS.*

Everything that touches Napoleon interests, and in nothing was the amazing romance of his career more full of mingled grandeur and irony than in his relations with his own family. The years of his zenith were years in which at any moment any one of his brothers might be offered a kingdom, or might be ordered to transfer his suddenly acquired majesty from the throne of the two Sicilies to the ancient seat of Hapsburg and Bourbon in Madrid. The poverty-stricken family of Ajaccio became a group of dynasties, which ruled nearly the whole of Latin Europe, a large portion of Germany, with Holland and the Low Countries. There never was such a magic-working brother. It was a little unfortunate that he was not the eldest son. The elder brother Joseph clung pertinaciously to the idea that he was head of the family. Napoleon's motives in thrusting greatness upon his brethren were not only those of pure fraternal affection, although it is certain that he wished to see them all properly provided for and partners of his own Titanic luck. But when he enthroned Joseph in Naples or Louis in Holland he desired primarily an

obedient and active agent, and if Joseph showed signs of philanthropy or Louis of independence, the reproof was prompt and effective.

Mr. Atteridge has told very well his story of a unique family and an unparalleled fortune. He makes no attempt at formal character-sketching, for which we thank him, but as we read his plain narrative a picture of the different men is formed in the mind, and we achieve a happy familiarity with their various personalities. They are worth knowing, not only because of their intimate connection with the greatest genius in action of the modern world, but because they are interesting in themselves. With the possible exception of Lucien, they all possessed the negative quality of non-greatness, and the world watches with interest the spectacle of the man who is not great suddenly placed in a great position. Napoleon praised them in dispatches, he arranged for them quiet little campaigns and the easy capture of famous cities, he provided historic treaties for them to sign, and gave them the golden keys of opportunity, but they remained persistently mediocre. Perhaps it was as well. Napoleon certainly would have tolerated no rival genius in his family, and Europe, its ancient kingdoms overturned, its boundaries obliterated and laws and customs changed, could not have endured more than one.

Mr. Atteridge does his best in incidental matters to defend Joseph and Louis and Jerome against the charge which admirers of Napoleon have brought against them—the charge of ruining the Empire by disobedience to their brother. He is at least able to show that Napoleon was a sharer in the mistakes that proved ruinous. The Emperor, dazzled by his own fortune, was not proof against the delusion that he could accomplish any scheme. It is easy now to see how mad it was to move Joseph from Naples to Spain, when that mock Majesty was brought into contact with the reality of Wellington and his Peninsular army. How mad also to give the command of a wing of the Grand Army to the braggart and incompetent Jerome! The whole record of Jerome is one of shame and scandal, lightened only by his bravery at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. When at the end of the battle Jerome, wounded and tired, met Napoleon inside the square that was "like an island in the midst of a rout," it was the one heroic moment of his life.

"It would be well," said Jerome, "if we who bear the name of Bonaparte could die here." These days of toil and danger had made him a different man from the idler of Cassel and Napoleonshöhe, the Prince who had played at being a general in Silesia and Poland. As the Emperor looked at him, with his wounded arm bandaged up, his uniform torn and dust-stained, his face black with powder-smoke, he felt Jerome was a better man than he had ever imagined, the man he had hoped to see him. He took his hand. "*Mon frère, je vous ai connu trop tard,*" he said. In the midst of the ruin of Waterloo it must have been a moment of passing happiness for both.

It is interesting to be reminded that the grandson of Jerome through the American marriage, which was illegally renounced by the Emperor's command, is a distinguished politician, and was a member of President Roosevelt's administration. Mr. Atteridge has many interesting things to tell of the Bonapartes in America.

The brothers were singularly unlike in character. Joseph, King of Naples and Spain, who began the family fortunes by a rich marriage, was all his life more a lover of pomp, of large houses and stately surroundings, than a man of action or ideas. Lucien, who had the courage to resist Napoleon's command that he should renounce his wife, began as an active politician of the Revolution, but was for most of his days a dilettante lover of the arts, of Rome and of the Pope, by whom he was made Prince of Canino. He wrote and published lavish editions of mediæval epics with applications to his own time. Two of his sons were distinguished in science and philology, one grandson was Prince of Canino, another Cardinal, a third married the heiress of M. Blanc of Monte Carlo, whose daughter is

* "Napoleon's Brothers." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. With 18 Illustrations and 6 Maps. 18s. net. (Methuen.)

married to Prince George of Greece. Louis, the King of Holland, was at first a brave and successful soldier, but quickly became a premature valetudinarian who haunted all the Spas of Europe. The best feature in his character was his loyalty to the country of which Napoleon had made him king; he preferred to quarrel with the Emperor rather than sacrifice the independence of Holland. His third son was Napoleon III., of whose adventures Mr. Atteridge gives a brief account. Jerome's second son by Catherine of Württemberg was the famous "Plon-Plon," who was a thorn in the side of his cousin Emperor Victor Napoleon, Plon-Plon's eldest son, is the actual Bonapartist Pretender of to-day. But the Bonapartes do not rise to power according to the rules of primogeniture and the man on whom, according to precedent, the statesmen of France should fix their interest is the Pretender's brother, Louis Napoleon, General of the Russian army. Sedan, however, was even more disastrous than Waterloo. Mr. Atteridge has given us a most interesting book.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

Novel Notes.

TRUE TILDA. By A. T. Quiller Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

"Q." at his best is always good reading, and in "True Tilda" he is at his very best. Tilda is a child acrobat, a nobody's child, who has developed in the hard discipline of the show world an amazing independence and resourcefulness. The book deals with her rescue of a baronet's son from the Holy Innocents' orphanage at Bursley, an appalling institution which it is to be hoped has no original in real life, and her journey across England to the boy's home on the Bristol Channel. How Arthur came to be lost and how Tilda found him, the reader may be left to discover for himself. The story of Tilda's Odyssey is so delightful and so full of quaint characters that it would be a futile and ungrateful task to discuss the details of a plot which it must be confessed is a trifle sketchy. But Tilda herself is absolutely true. We know her and love her, for her unconquerable good temper, her audacious resourcefulness, and her loyalty to her friends. "Q." has the real romance writer's gift of translating us for a moment into a world of his own creation. His characters are real, not because they are like any one we know in everyday life—in fact, they are not a bit like the people we meet ordinarily—but they are real because "Q." has made them so. The genuine creative artist as contrasted with the mere observer, the recorder of details, convinces us by the vitality of his creations. This was the secret of Dickens's power: he always created his own world. Mr. Quiller Couch has something of this Dickensian creative power, and something too of the Dickensian cheery optimism. His characters are capital company, they take life cheerfully, and make the best of each other and of themselves. Among a crowd of delightful people, one of the best is the lovelorn bargee who calms his despair by writing "potery"—as thus:

"I'd rather be in prison
Than in this earthly dwelln',
Where nothing is but it isn'—
And there an't no means of tellin'."

Excellent too are the Mortimers, strolling players always on the verge of bankruptcy and always buoyed up by the hope that an undiscerning world will some day recognise the greatness of Mr. Mortimer's Othello and Mrs. Mortimer's Ophelia. The awakening of Tizzer's Green to the possibilities of Shakespearean drama is told in "Q's" gayest vein. Then there is Mrs. Lobb, the fat lady of Gavel's Circus, always wondering what Mr. Lobb would have been like had he ever existed, and mournfully

recognising that as an artist she must sacrifice everything to her "art." Last but not least, among a host of other friends there is "Dolph," Tilda's incomparable dog. It is a fantastic, happy, and enchanting world which Mr. Quiller Couch has created for us, and Tilda's journey ends all too soon.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Methuen.)

Cicely Clinton, the daughter of an English country house, works herself up into a state of discontent with a system which so completely subordinates the women to the men. Her father is an autocrat, well-meaning enough, but limited by the traditions of his class; her mother has long resigned herself to be part of the system, though it is hinted that she is no ordinary woman; her brothers are smooth-haired men about town, except one, who has incurred his father's anger by becoming a doctor and, further, by buying a suburban practice. Convention rules, and Cicely rebels. At the psychological moment comes on the scene one Ronald Mackenzie, a man of no birth, but whose feats as an explorer have won him the entry to such houses as Kencote, the Clintons' ancestral home. Also there is a faithful lover, a neighbouring squire, desirous of marriage but cumbered with death duties. It would not be fair to give Mr. Marshall's story away, but it is no act of betrayal to say that the ending is all that could be wished: the beginning will tell you as much. It is, indeed, a very pretty tale, one to be read without that unpleasant disturbance of the soul which seems to be the object of so many modern novels. It contains, it is true, a certain amount of satire, but it is satire of the mildest, as though Mr. Galsworthy had been tempered with sugar and milk to meet the needs of the public of, say, Edna Lyall. In spite of its theme, "The Squire's Daughter" is no red flag flown in the feminist cause. Its moral seems rather



Photo by Eva le Mesurier & Winifred Marshall, London

Mr. Archibald Marshall.

to be that man may best show his appreciation of woman, not by giving her the right to vote, but by going into Parliament himself.

DRAW IN YOUR STOOL. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

As a display of versatility this book is remarkable. A collection of short stories is always a severe test, and some in this volume are scarcely above the ordinary magazine standard. But the best of them are of real merit and show Mr. Onions as a master of one of the most exacting of literary forms. Nothing could be better in its way than "The Bull." Bull-fights have been described times without number. Every tourist in Spain essays some description of what to the initiated is the most exciting and to the uninitiated the dullest and most revolting of all sports. It is rare indeed to find an Anglo-Saxon who can understand the amazing fascination which the bull-ring has for the Spaniard or southern Frenchman. We feel that Mr. Onions has got below the surface, and caught something of the excitement which packs the bull-ring every Sunday with a quivering, palpitating crowd more appreciative of the minutiae of the sport than even the most experienced crowd on a Lancashire or Yorkshire football ground. The picture is etched in with the fewest possible touches, and the result is brilliant and unforgettable. Mr. Onions gives us that thrill to which the Saxon mind is usually unresponsive. In other stories, notably in "The Splosher" and "The First Foot," Mr. Onions shows a grim realism which recalls the work of Guy de Maupassant, whom he has manifestly studied. But in one or two his touch is not so sure, and occasionally in his desire for realism Mr. Onions becomes merely melodramatic. "The Choosing" is sheer Adelphi melodrama, and its inclusion in the book is distinctly a mistake. In lighter vein "The Golden Farmer" shows that Mr. Onions has a keen sense of comedy, which sometimes becomes rather gruesome comedy as in "The White Rent." He uses dialect with good judgment, and he has a sense of local colour, genuine knowledge of the countryside, not the painfully acquired observations of the conscientious tourist. The style is here and there a little strained; Mr. Onions does not always light upon the *mot juste*; but his work has a strongly marked individuality and shows a steady advance in power and breadth of treatment.

BLACK MARK. By A. Whisper. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Whoever hides behind the signature of "A. Whisper" had no need to shrink from putting his own name on the title-page of "Black Mark," for our ablest of living novelists could scarcely have written a romance that was more essentially romantic, nor unfolded it with greater dash and vigour and charm of style. It is a tale of early Georgian days, and from the first chapter in which you have Letty Beanders, looking like a handsome boy in her black satin breeches and French cambric shirt, fencing with her brother, you follow her through all her daring, dazzling, sad or happy adventures with a keen and unflagging interest. She is the most winsome and fascinating of seventeen-year old heroines; her very innocence gets her into many difficulties, but as often shields her from harm. She had heard of "Black Mark," the noted highwayman, and had bragged to her brother that if ever he molested her she would fight him and not squeal if he killed her. On the road to London, when she is dressed in a suit of her brother's in anticipation of the encounter, the coach is held up, and she promptly steps out and draws her sword, and Black Mark accepts the challenge. He easily disarms her, is on the verge of "pinking" her, but desists, without suspecting her sex or extracting a single cry of fear from her, though no sooner is it clear that she is spared than she faints and he guesses her secret. This meeting is fatal to both of them. He is a much better

man than he seems, socially and morally, and his love for her, and hers for him, are strong enough to break through all danger, all opposition, and bring them to happiness together. Nevertheless the end is not the end of the ordinary romance, for this is not an ordinary one; it is a romance of extraordinary power and cleverness—the most attractive story we have read for many a day.

THE GHOST PIRATES. By William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

There can be no need to recall to the memory two such remarkable works as Mr. Hope Hodgson's "The Boats of the *Glen Carrig*" and "The House on the Borderland." They are books of the kind that, once read, cannot easily be forgotten. "The Ghost Pirates" forms the last volume of the trilogy, for, as the author points out, "though very different in scope, each of the three books deals with certain conceptions that have an elemental kinship." The next sentence in his preface is a disappointment to us: "With this book the author believes that he closes the door, so far as he is concerned, on a particular phase of constructive thought." We can only hope that Mr. Hodgson may be induced to reconsider his decision, for we know of nothing like the author's previous work in the whole of present-day literature. There is no one at present writing who can thrill and horrify to quite the same effect. "The Ghost Pirates" does not display Mr. Hodgson's wonderful qualities of imagination to such good effect as did "The House on the Borderland," nor is it so terrifying a book to read. Nevertheless, it is a very remarkable story, told in a matter-of-fact manner that materially increases its "grip." The author particularly excels in the creation of "atmosphere," but he is also possessed of a vigorous style and a wonderful ingenuity in the concoction of terrifying detail. Mr. Hodgson has his faults: his exaggerated treatment of the cockney dialect of one of the minor characters is unsatisfactory, and his punctuation is annoying. But when all is said "The Ghost Pirates" is a book of high literary qualities and a worthy member of a memorable trilogy.

THE THIRD CIRCLE. By Frank Norris. 6s. (John Lane.)

Nine times out of ten it is a mistake, or something worse, to go dredging into the back numbers of old magazines and newspapers and bringing to light the prentice work of an author who has become sufficiently famous to make such an enterprise commercially worth while; in the tenth case it is entirely justifiable. This is one of those tenth books; it would have been a thousand pities if the stories and sketches salvaged in "The Third Circle" had been left to their dusty oblivion in the files of the San Francisco *Wave*. Such things as "A Reversion to Type," and "The Third Circle" itself, a grim and subtle study, are almost as good as the best that Norris did in those later days when he was writing "McTeague" and "The Octopus." In "Shorty Stack, Pugilist," in the "Little Dramas of the Curbstone," in the slightest sketch the book contains there are touches of character, of imaginative realism and knowledge of the underside of human life which are instinct with a promise that Norris had only half realised when his short life ended. There is enough of brilliant work in these pages to make a reputation, and even to add somewhat to a reputation that is already made.

AUNT JANE OF KENTUCKY. By Eliza Calvert Hall. 6s. (Cassell.)

Aunt Jane is one of the most charming old ladies we have ever met, in real life or in a book, and her quaint reminiscences, humorous little stories, and cheery philosophy will endear her to every one who comes across her. She hoards up the numberless patchwork quilts she has



King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid
After Burne-Jones



Aunt Jane.

From "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by Eliza Calvert Hall. (Cassell.)

made during her lifetime, and in her latter years they become a source of great consolation to her. "I've had a heap o' comfort all my life makin' quilts, and now in my old age I wouldn't take a fortune for 'em," she says. "You see, some folks has albums to put folk's pictures in to remember 'em by, and some folks has a book and writes down the things that happen every day so they won't forgit 'em; but, honey, these quilts is my albums and my di'ries, and whenever the weather's bad and I can't git out to see folks I jest spread out my quilts and look at 'em and study over 'em, and it's jest like goin' back fifty or sixty years and livin' my life over agin." Aunt Jane is a staunch friend to all women, and regrets that the "discouragin' thing about a woman's work" as a rule is that "it perishes with the usin' . . . If a woman was to see all the dishes that she had to wash before she died, piled up before her in one pile, she'd lie down and die right then and there," she declares. Miss Hall's book is a delightfully fresh and attractive piece of work, full of the sunniest wisdom and the kindest humour—it is just one of those cheering, heartening stories that are so good in remembrance that you keep them on the handiest shelf, knowing you will want to read them again.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JACK. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This book is the story, part fact but mainly romantic fiction, of a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. The author, in a foreword, blames that siren sea for his fictional

embellishments of the log of the *Golden Fleece*. He had no need to excuse himself, for the eight episodes comprised in the book all make excellent and amusing reading. Captain Jack is an engaging character, who divides his time and energies between perpetrating practical jokes and rescuing damsels in distress. In both these activities he is ably backed by his light-hearted crew. It is delightful to read how the imperturbable Edmund Ross impersonated the Empress of Croatia at an official banquet, and horrified the officials by pulling out a fat cigar. We do not think that he showed to such advantage in the sham duel with Lammarre, and its sequel. It was hardly playing the game. "Gambling in Dreams" describes the salutary experiences of a rather self-confident Oxford youth, who won £12,000 at Monte Carlo only to find himself in imminent danger of imprisonment. It was Captain Jack's bluff contempt for foreign officials, backed by a persuasive oar-blade, that saved him. The cruise ends, as was to be expected, under the shadow of approaching matrimony. One cannot rescue distressed ladies too often with impunity. Mr. Pemberton has written a rollicking book, the contagion of whose high spirits no reader can fail to catch.

A ROMAN TRAGEDY, AND OTHERS. By John Ayscough. 6s. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Ayscough delights in detestable wives and ghosts. In one of his Anglo-Indian stories he describes supernatural horror as "a sort of chilly, burning sickness, and pervading, penetrating sense of contamination, and vague dread . . . a shuddering, nerveless wretchedness, a sinking at the heart, as if one's soul should be slipping down out of its raiment of the flesh into fathomless, cold depths beneath." Two of his stories try to reproduce this eerie sensation. Two, including "The Roman Tragedy," deal with hateful women, who vex the souls of their husbands. The others are less tragic but less interesting. What "A Self-contained Residence" and "Love's Monument" exactly mean, it is not easy to understand; they are rather pointless sketches. "Reversions" and "A New Curiosity-Shop" are better and brighter work, but they suffer from a straining after improbabilities. The only tale worth reprinting is the opening one which gives the title to the book, and for which alone the book deserves to be read.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. 6s. (Methuen.)

The owner of the castle, Sir Gilbert Norray, conceives the brilliant idea of residing secretly in the neighbourhood and even in the castle itself, in order to avoid his duns. This naturally perplexes the tenant, who has come down from London to finish a book. The book, "Studies in Earth," does not come into the story. Mr. Brabazon, the tenant, has other matters to study, including the heart of a charming young lady named Perdita, but the romance ends with a melodramatic imprisonment of Sir Gilbert, Brabazon, and Perdita in some caves connected with the castle, where they study the earth to some purpose. The prisoners not only escape, but escape with the knowledge of a copper mine, which puts Sir Gilbert on his feet financially. An American heiress turns up also, with an accent which is not too pronounced and a fortune which is not fictitious. She and Sir Gilbert pair off. So do Perdita and Brabazon. Whether the latter ever published his book or not, Mr. Watson does not say. He had to look after Perdita's affairs, for that young person turned out also to be rich. From which it will be gathered that Mr. Watson believes in the good old habit of ladling out happiness all round to his deserving characters. It is a pleasant, if not an heroic, method of fiction. Those who take up this novel

will find that it contains a brisk, entertaining modern narrative, with rumours of a ghost and a burglar, a kidnapping, and a love-plot. Brabazon's experiences as an amateur detective are amusing enough, and Mr. Toosey turns out a more capable person than his name would suggest. The printing of Heine's "Lorelei" on page 222 has gone wrong, by the way, but that does not spoil a pretty love-scene on the water.

THE LOVE BROKERS. By Albert Kinross. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Kinross is certainly not at his best in his latest novel. His purpose has been too much for him, with the result that the author has spoiled what might have been a good book. Maurice Capel gets into trouble at a charity bazaar for kissing his beautiful companion. In order to quiet things down he tells an irate steward that the girl is his *fiancée*. She promptly holds him to the engagement, they marry secretly, and Capel at once leaves for Greece. The improbability of all these events—which take place before the book begins—is ungetoverable. Capel distinguishes himself at some Grecian excavations and is brought home only by a letter from his wife asking for her freedom. On the way he falls in love with (in justice to Mr. Kinross) one of the most attractive heroines we have met in recent fiction. After this his purpose to show the rottenness of the Divorce Laws and the extreme rascality of the lawyers who make their living by divorce—is too much for the author, and most of the remainder of the book is a drab record of the means by which Capel attempts to accumulate evidence against himself. An uncomfortable ending seems to be on the tapis when Capel's wife obligingly dies of appendicitis, with needless to say—happy results to the hero and heroine of "The Love Brokers." Mr. Kinross is always readable, and in spite of everything his book has a certain attractiveness. As a tract directed against the Divorce Laws it may be good enough, but as a novel we are bound to say that we do not much care for it.

THE WEIGHT OF THE NAME. By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by George Burnham Ives. 6s. (Gay & Hancock.)

The name of M. Paul Bourget is of itself a sufficient hall-mark of artistic achievement, and in this instance M. Bourget seems to have been singularly fortunate in his translator. This fine novel, better known possibly under its French title of *L'Emigré*, is a very striking and distinctive piece of work, work that is clean and strong and goes straight to its mark. In its high ideals, its lifelike characterisation and its reasoned philosophy of life, no less than in its fearless and reverent religious faith, it reminds the reviewer of Sir Walter Scott at his best, Sir Walter freed from all that may be summed up as "furniture," though at the same time lacking the humour which is his crowning grace. Through all the clash of the old social code in France with that which is still crude and transitional, but vital with hope and with reform, it unfolds the tragic and educational necessities of man's evolving lot, in the difficult path which lies before him if he is to be worthy of his race and of his time, nay rather, of all that is highest in human thought of all races and of all time. Though the heroine may well stand beside the sweetest and truest of Shakespeare's women, "delicately judicious and strong of heart," and her lover is in every way worthy of her, the deepest passion and most vital interest of the book lie in the relation of that lover with the man who is infinitely dear to him and whom he had always supposed to be his father. At a crucial moment he discovers that this man was betrayed by his dead mother and is of no kin to him at all. The revelation is a terrible shock to both men, and in the far-reaching and tragic consequences of the mother's sin a heavy indictment is brought

by this dignified and reticent novel against those insidious forces which corrupt and disintegrate the family and the State.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER. By J. Storer Clouston. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

James Heriot Walkingshaw, Writer to the Signet, was respectable. His house was respectable, his profession was respectable, he enjoyed a respectable practice, and he had brought up a respectable family. Everything about him was appallingly correct. He was a depressing monument of respectability. In short, he positively reeked of it. But in an unlucky moment he put himself in the hands of Professor Cyrus, who held the view that all bodily ills were traceable to lack of stimulation in the nerve cells, and his nerve cells were stimulated to such an extent that instead of growing older he grew daily younger. From being taciturn and correct he became jocular and even frisky. Respectable Edinburgh was staggered. He became romantic, and revising all his formerly cherished ideas on the subject of marriage he displayed a terrifying zeal for the union of young people with no other qualification for matrimony than the fact of being in love with one another. The mere notion of James Heriot Walkingshaw deigning to recognise such a frivolous proceeding as falling in love was staggering. But respectability was not easily to be thrown off. Walkingshaw had a son who was very far from sympathising with the sudden rejuvenation of his once respectable parent. It is hard for any man to shake off his past, and doubly difficult when his past pursues him in the person of an inexorably respectable son. It is an exciting struggle, and we follow with shouts of laughter the machiavellian devices of Andrew Walkingshaw for suppressing the untimely youthfulness of his progenitor. It is scarcely necessary to say that the author of "The Lunatic at Large" does full justice to the piquancy of the situation. Nothing could be funnier than the scene in which Mr. Walkingshaw blandly explains to his son, who has just been preparing with decorous resignation for his father's funeral, that so far from having any intention of dying he is feeling better than he ever felt in his life. Equally good is the speech which Walkingshaw senior delivers to his brother Writers. Imagine an elderly solicitor trying to inculcate into his professional brethren (also elderly) the duty of cultivating the *joie de vivre*. It would be unfair to Mr. Clouston to tell the audacious scheme by which the nefarious but always respectable Andrew is finally checkmated. We defy even the most experienced novel reader to guess how it is done. In handling a farcical theme of this type the essential point is never to let the fun flag for a moment. Mr. Clouston, realising this, rattles on at a breathless pace, and never gives the reader time to become critical or sceptical. "The Prodigal Father" is not perhaps so irresistibly amusing as the adventures of that reckless and exuberant liar Count Bunker, but it goes with a rare swing. Decidedly it is one of the funniest books of the season.

THE SCHOLAR VAGABOND. By L. Winstanley. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Winstanley has a certain originality which has stood him in good stead on former occasions, and it is his rather unusual hero and unconventional plot that will be likely to make his new book a success. Henry Neobard is an attractive creation, with an individuality of his own, and his peculiar temperament, that of a man who has been so long and so intimately in touch with Nature as to lose almost all desire or need of human companionship, is skilfully suggested, despite the occasional banalities and infelicities of Mr. Winstanley's style. One of the worst examples of the latter occurs on p. 50: "It would have been impossible to find a more perfect gentleman, and there were always the uniqueness, the unusualness." It

seems a pity that an author with real originality and charm should be guilty of work so slipshod as this. And again, the impression produced on the reader by some clever sketches of North Wales scenery is marred by the introduction of too much mediocre verse. Withal there is ample evidence that Mr. Winstanley might do really first-class work if he tried.

ASHES OF PASSION. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (John Long.)

Christobel Moore is, as Reginald Wilton puts it, an amateur artist, amateur musician, amateur everything except actress and temptress. In these latter arts she is amazingly proficient, and brings misery enough upon her husband, upon his old friend Maltravers, and upon herself. She is the last word in vanity, affectation, and insincerity. She had married the big, good-natured, trusting Wally Moore for his money, and Wally's blind belief in her is largely responsible for all the ill that happens. Maltravers likes her, and feeling that his liking is becoming something more, he is ashamed of the thought of disloyalty to his friend and resolves to go away and see neither of them again. But Christobel will not hear of his going, and Wally fatuously insists on his staying. Finally he goes in spite of both of them; but scandal is already afoot, and Mrs. Dolland, the intolerable mother-in-law of Tommy Thurbright, the artist, writes certain anonymous letters that force Maltravers to resign his commission and abandon his military career. He goes abroad, and later meets with a girl whom he loves with all his heart, and at the moment when it seems as if his best hopes will be realised, Christobel's malign influence brings his dream-castles tumbling in ruins about him. But the end is not there. The story is a clever and uncommonly interesting one, Mrs. Kernahan has handled her incidents and her puppets with ripe craftsmanship, and the result is a novel of character and sensation that we can unhesitatingly recommend.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PYRAMIDS. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Sladen declares in his preface that this novel is intended as "a counterblast to Mr. Hall Caine." He read two instalments of "The White Prophet" in the *Strand*, and felt that Lord Cromer had been unjustly satirised in Lord Nuncham, and that Mr. Hall Caine in divers incidents of his romance had been amazingly unfair to the British Army and British Administration in Egypt. That is as may be. Mr. Sladen's own story betrays a good deal of political bias, and if his example is to be followed we shall have some one writing a counterblast to "The Tragedy of the Pyramids" because he unfavourably represents the members of and the diplomatic agents appointed by the political party with which he does not happen to be in sympathy. But when all is said, this is of no consequence; the only thing that matters is that his resentment against Mr. Hall Caine has moved Mr. Sladen to write a rattling good romance of love, politics, and army life in Egypt. It is a picturesque and stirring tale of intrigue and revolt and the clashing of many complex interests, and the hero of it is a fine, military Scotsman who sacrifices every other of his hopes and obligations to his supreme duty as a soldier. Mr. Sladen's rather crude sneers at his political opponents are irritating; but away from them and in the thick of his story he writes vigorously and well, and proves himself an able and very charming romancist.

SHADOW-SHAPES. By Ella Erskine. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The chief merit of these sketches is their spontaneity and imaginative charm. They are very varied in subject, and though some of them are slight to attenuation, even the slightest of them has touches of fancy, of pathos, of



Photo by Doer. Street Studios.

Miss Ella Erskine.

picturesque descriptive vividness to recommend it. Perhaps the strongest things in the volume are those stories and fantasies of the eerily grotesque kind, such as "The Waxed Image," in which a girl of the present day is strangely and tragically associated with the waxen image of a beautiful girl who died in the days of Charles II.; such as "Ysult the Fair," with its legend of how the spirit of a dead woman entered into the body of a living one and for a time usurped her place in the world. There are little pictures of common life in town and country that are admirably done; there are tales of flowers and fairies that are dainty and delightful in their freshness and excellent simplicity; all through the book romance and reality, dreams and hard facts, the everyday and the weirdly wonderful, are so skilfully alternated as to make the most and the best of the sharply contrasted variety of the whole contents. Miss Erskine has individuality and a keen sense of the dramatic; her work in "Shadow-Shapes" is alive with interest and promise, and eminently readable.

LOVE, THE THIEF. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"Many shadows came and went about the Squire that night, some malefic, some benign, the room was hardly ever empty . . . it was not till early morning that the last of them had stolen away, leaving him—dead." The Squire—Sir Peter Pipelpenne—bed-ridden for the last year through an accident in the hunting field, has of late been in great pain; he keeps bright and cheery up to the end, when he is discovered one morning dead—poisoned. The idea of suicide is discarded by his friends, and foul play is suspected. The suggestion that one of those who loved him most has mercifully put him out of his agony is entertained by many. Suspicion points to one person after another as the criminal, and so skilfully is the tale handled that the reader is kept completely in the dark until the very end. The detective called in—Sergeant

Yawnër—is of a refreshing type. With all his shrewdness he is too natural to be above making a mistake, and when his efforts are at length successful, we are far more pleased than if he had been the hackneyed, cool, calm, unnaturally acute investigator. Kit Mallory is a very lovable heroine. She is secretary to the Squire's sister, who lives with him, and has a secret that the Squire discovers, which leads to a great deal of trouble over his will. Kit has many moods, and in each one is delightful. With the Squire she is generally bright and flippant, doing her best to keep him happy and amused. "P. P." (a nickname she has given him), "there's a world for ugly women, and a world for pretty ones—the pretty ones need never despair! If you had knocked about the world as I have, you'd know it's all rot about being good and clever—it's *looks* that are everything!" "Jads!" remarked the Squire. "How many men, at a moderate computation, have wanted to marry you?" Kit pretended to count her fingers twice over, then gave it up. "You see," she said confidentially, "I don't give a man time to measure the irregularities of my features; I just smile at him, and the trick is done! It's awfully fascinating once you get your eye in. But don't you think love is terribly overrated, P. P., all that fuss, and then—one day for the man and the woman too—just the dates of their birth and death, and nothing of all that comes between?" "And it's only what comes between that matters," he said. This is one of the ablest and most entirely interesting stories that have come from Mrs. Reeves's pen, and the large public that has for so long welcomed each new book of hers will have read with keen regret her announcement that "Love, the Thief" is the last novel she will ever write.

LADY RODWAY'S ORDEAL. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Warden is well known as a popular and prolific writer of sensational fiction. She deals lavishly in murders and mysteries, haunted chambers, and ancestral ghosts. Without any pretensions to the graver literary merits, she holds the interest of a wide circle of readers by the ingenuity of her plots and her real story-telling gift. We must confess that we find "Lady Rodway's Ordeal" decidedly inferior to much of her earlier work. On the night on which Sir Charles Rodway, Bart., was found murdered at the cross-roads, a mysterious stranger, blood-stained and battered, sought and received the hospitality of Dr. Amersham's roof. So far, excellent. But alas! Miss Warden lets the cat out of the bag too soon. We had our fingers at the murderer's neck almost before the police, with their foolish notebooks, were on the scene. We were not kept on that pleasant strain of excitement that sends the fingers fumbling to the last page in a fever of anticipation. However, we do not doubt that the book will prove a pleasant companion for an afternoon by the fireside.

THE WOOD-CARVER OF 'LYMPUS. By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Andrew Melrose).

A warm welcome should await this novel over here, no less for the delightful glimpses it affords of Olympus, a mountain-corner of New England, than for its moving pathos and quaint humour, enriched by the racy dialect of Aunt Lize, Uncle Shim, and the adopted Twiddie. Struck down, in his twenty-first year, by a falling log, Hugh Armstrong is doomed to spend the rest of his days on his back, a hopeless, bedridden cripple, maddened by a fierce resentment at his lot. A year and more pass by, but his passion still simmers. "Where is that log?" he muses. "... I'd like to have it snaked down here before it turns to punk and get at it, just once, to hew and hack it into dead half-inch pieces—the damned, senseless, half-end hulk that has taken the life of me as a man and cheated me of my birthright." The course of this terrible rage, with its

accompanying moods of self-destruction, the tenderness and care of the little mountain family, are described with simple and touching eloquence. In such an atmosphere every utterance and every action of those about him become charged with hidden meaning. The sight of Aunt Lize "helping Uncle Shim load on the ripened corn—doing *my* work!" fills him with madness. "I can't help it; I've struck twice—hard—with my shepherd's crook at the log-end of me; if I could but feel the tingle of the blood again—clod—clod—clod that I am!" Then comes a stranger to 'Lympos, attracted by the story of Twiddie, the child who is growing up to inherit her dead mother's shame. This visit is the salvation of Hugh, who finds life in the shape of work—wood-carving, for which he has a natural gift—and in the recognition of Twiddie's love for him. The tangled love-affairs of Madeline Cope and her friends and the mystery of Twiddie's father are less interesting features of an exceptionally clever book.

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By John Masefield. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

As a psychological analyst, Mr. Masefield is growing interesting. His "Captain Margaret" was a clever and unusual piece of work, though hardly a novel. "Multitude and Solitude" is even less a novel, the while it is cleverer and more unusual. Its first half almost reads like the "Apologia" of John Masefield; its second—its second is an absorbing study of that most interesting tropical disease, sleeping sickness. Roger Naldrett, an author, writes a play that is damned on its first night. The audience, the critics, the people in the streets afterwards, are cruel, harsh, boorish. Naldrett's racked nerves are torturing him. Thoughts of Ottalie Fawcett, the woman he loves, do nothing to calm him. She is rich, he cannot ask her to marry him yet; he believes she is in town, though she has not written to tell him so. And his greatest friend, with whom Naldrett has watched the failure of his play, has just told him he is dying. Probably they will never see each other again. The next morning Roger is setting out to meet Ottalie, but a friend's accident detains him. He just misses her, follows her to Ireland, and finds she has been drowned in a collision during the crossing. Here ends the first half of the story. There is in it an insistent note of complaint, almost a whimper, that is the only fault we have to complain of in the book. Roger and the world stand too much in the relation of Gulliver and the Yahoos. He "comes out of the desert, to the people in Frith's 'Derby Day,' all locusts and wild honey, crying out about beauty. And they won't stand it." Just as far as this world of Frith's "Derby Day" is below Mr. Naldrett and Mr. Masefield, Mr. Masefield and Mr. Naldrett should be above it, and whatever it thinks. And beauty is everywhere, after all. It must even exist somewhere in a dramatic critic. But to continue. Roger resolves to do something for his fellows. It will be a kind of consecration of the rest of his life to Ottalie. He meets Lionel Heseltine, who has been studying sleeping sickness in Uganda for years, and has the disease dormant in himself. Roger's interest is fired, and they go out together. There follow African horrors, wonderful pictures at times, culminating in Lionel's going down again with the sickness. Roger falls a victim too, but not till he has discovered a serum, with which he cures Lionel, then himself. The poison of the tse-tse fly, whose picture is on the outside of Mr. Masefield's book, is terrible no longer, and Roger has done something for the world.

FIONA. By the Lady Napier of Magdala. 6s. (John Murray.)

Lady Napier has a proper contempt for the smart set in London, and a proper resentment of the English invasion of the Highlands every autumn. The tone of her story is unexceptional in these and all other respects. Fiona, the heroine, is a Scotch girl who is fond of painting, and who, on coming of age, retires to live in her Highland

castle. She is only too thankful to escape from the conventional life of London society, where a certain lady Buscarlet of evil repute has spoiled her love affair. But as the novel ends with the phrase "he gathered her into his arms," the reader need not be afraid that Fiona's heart is broken or wasted. She does get chased by a whale when she is out sailing; her boat is upset; but *he* turns up in a motor-launch, after which the aforesaid "gathering" takes place. The Scotch scenes and people are drawn with evident relish, and the London scenes with an evident distaste. But the novel is rather a crude piece of literature. Slipshod grammar and turgid rhetoric are splashed over its pages. The "perspicacious reader" is apostrophised, the butler has "his myrmidons," the luncheon is "copious and excellent," and the nurses and governesses are "highly be-charactered," whatever that may be. The contrast between the old Scotch minister and the modern type is sheer caricature; here as elsewhere there is a sentimental extravagance of statement which unfortunately destroys the effect of her ladyship's just satire. A story of this kind needs to be told with a light, deft touch. Lady Napier is too eager to point a moral, and the result is that her outbursts of scorn or enthusiasm do not adorn a tale.

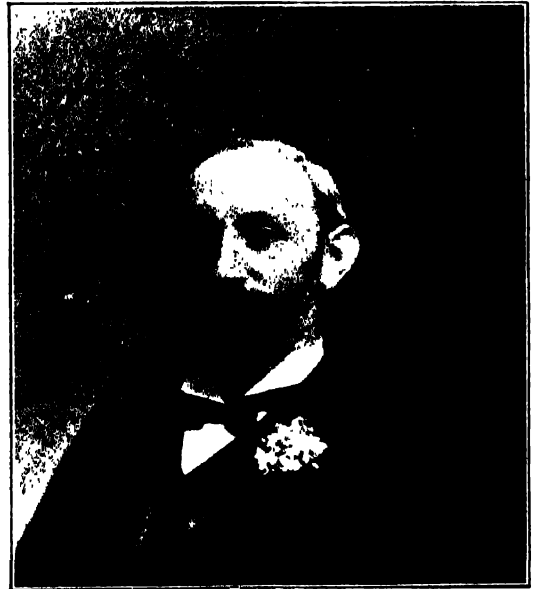
THE SCREEN. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Screen" is in a much lighter style than Mr. Vincent Brown generally employs, but the theme of the story itself is by no means so light as the style that carries it. The tragedy of it all lies mainly in the background; the few who know of it are bent upon hiding it; but its shadow touches many lives, and strangely influences one. In his youth Canon Rainald committed a sin that had troublesome consequences. He was the son of a rigidly religious vicar, and fearing the indignation of his friends, he turned his back on the girl he had wronged, and after the birth of her son saw nothing of either. He had written and told her, brutally enough, that he could never marry her; he had prospects of a great career before him and was determined to do nothing that could mar it. Years after, the girl married a good man; to him she made full confession of her story, and he adopted her son, who went by his name of Havelock. On her death-bed the mother tells the truth to her son, and gives him the letters she had received from his father, urging him to keep the secret and forgive the father as she herself had done. Presently, Rainald succeeds to the bishopric of the district in which the son is a newspaper proprietor. Havelock has no thought of revealing his identity to him until the bishop, who has been elected for that specific purpose, sets to work to put down certain high-church practices in the neighbourhood. He begins by ordering the removal of a rood screen that had been presented by Havelock's mother to the church of which his kindly old uncle is vicar. All other means failing to induce the bishop to relent, Havelock goes to him, resolved not to allow him to wrong his mother for a second time, and having disclosed his identity, makes his appeal, and this not serving, threatens that if the screen is taken down he will publish those old letters that the bishop wrote to his mother. That is the great situation of the book, and Mr. Brown handles it cunningly and effectively. The bishop's character is skilfully drawn; he is so thoroughly human that you are not sure whether he is genuine or a hypocrite; you have doubts on the point even to the end; but at the last you at least respect him and even feel some little sympathy for him. "The Screen" is an intensely interesting story, and the pathos of it is the more poignant for being always restrained and often hedged about by much that on the surface is trivial or even ludicrous.

CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD. By Frank T. Bullen. 6s. (Unwin.)

It might be supposed that the theme of Mr. Bullen's new novel is a lonely life upon a desert island, on which his

hero—a sailor, of course—has been cast. Instead, the main idea is a far more subtle one. The book deals with a sailor,—that one knows as soon as one has read the name of the author; but there are no desert islands. "Cut Off from the World," indeed, partakes more nearly of a study of character than of a novel of incident. James Tenison is a young man who goes to sea with the full intention of prospering in his profession. Partly through the fault of others, but chiefly on account of his own reserve, he becomes a lonely man. He is "cut off from the world"; he knows nothing and cares for nothing outside his profession. In that he succeeds, and his great chance comes when, as the mate of a tramp steamer, he rescues the passengers and crew of a burning liner. Among



Mr. Frank T. Bullen.

these passengers is a self-willed and beautiful girl, who promptly falls in love with her rescuer. In spite of frenzied efforts on his part, Elena, by appealing to his senses, cajoles him into marriage. Then begins the tragedy of his life. His wife is wealthy, but he insists on continuing with his profession. Through her influence he obtains a berth, first as mate and later as captain, on a line of passenger vessels to the East. All would have gone happily enough but that Elena is insanely jealous, and cannot bear to let her husband out of her sight. Contrary to all regulations she sails on the same ship as her husband to Calcutta. After a time Elena's conduct becomes unbearable, and there are mutual recriminations. She then (somewhat too conveniently) goes mad and dies, and her husband comes in for her own and her father's fortunes, which amount to some £200,000. However, Tenison remains in his profession, and, after some time, comes his happy second marriage, the book ending with the first stirrings of a religious feeling of which he had hitherto been totally unconscious. The hero is finely drawn, a man of a self-reliant but somewhat unsympathetic type, and with the gradual development of his character the author scores a real success. Those parts of the book also which deal with the sea are admirable. The author gets rather out of his depth with his women characters, but, on the whole, "Cut Off from the World" makes excellent reading of a rather unusual type.

The Bookman's Table.

SEVEN SHORT PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. 3s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Maunsel & Co.)

Lady Gregory's collection of plays shows us at once the inestimable advantage of belonging to a tradition and a

school. The Irish school is not yet venerable or even widely respectable; it might even be mistaken for a clique: yet in Lady Gregory we seem to see a writer of no very exceptional ability who achieves some charming and fresh effects, and maintains a high general level of interest, because she is working in an atmosphere created by Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Colum, the late J. M. Synge, and others. Between them they have discovered or created the Irish dialect of English and the Irish attitude. In this medium J. M. Synge wrote one play at least that seems to us one of the few modern works of perfect beauty as extraordinary as its novelty. Lady Gregory's plays belong to the same world as all but the best of this school. They are not long flights. On the stage they would each occupy about half an hour, sometimes a little more, once or twice even less. For each of them she has met or invented an attractive story or incident. That she develops, by means of dialogue almost always beautiful in itself, in a manner which experience has proved suitable to the Irish stage. She has a sort of genius for wedding poetic with simple speech, and that seems to be a gift very widely distributed among her countrymen at the present time. Hers is the hand of a clever workman, but a hand that strays from time to time, as in "Spreading the News," where the magistrate with a past in the Andaman Islands is a character handled with more pleasure than success—perhaps with too much pleasure for success; or in "The Travelling Man," where we are taken along somewhat brusquely—and with too little truth in the character of the child—towards a preconceived end. Yet even these comparative failures are charming, and the first of them is good enough to set us thinking how admirably Synge would have executed it. For these and for the other, some of which, like "Hyacinth Halvey" and "The Workhouse Ward," were lately to be seen on a London stage, our gratitude is mitigated only by a regret that their beautiful speech can too seldom be heard, though to be spoken is a necessity for their real life.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY. By H. C. Beeching, M.A., D.Litt.
3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

There is such a tendency nowadays, in the department of biography, to write what has already been written that one had begun to think that fresh matter was no longer forthcoming, and that, if repetition were forbidden, biography would inevitably be numbered among the extinct arts. It is pleasant, therefore, to find that a publisher is able to commence a series of books about "men whose lives have not hitherto been adequately dealt with," but who are of considerably more historical importance than some of the picturesque persons so often written about. If all the books in the series are as good as Canon Beeching's *Life of Bishop Atterbury*, it is certainly a worthy venture. Whigs like Macaulay have usually had the painting of Atterbury's character, which has suffered accordingly. His latest biographer has taken a more impartial view. He does not accept Dean Stanley's "worldly theologian" as an adequate label. If Atterbury acted on occasion more in the character of politician than priest, he was a better man than many of his cynical generation. He was hot-tempered and took part in many a quarrel. But he was also a humanist, in the best sense of the word. Canon Beeching, a critic and a poet, naturally lays stress on the literary side of Atterbury's life. The bishop was a friend of Swift, Prior, and Pope. He prefaced some poems of Waller's with an admirable essay. His own writing was chiefly in the evanescent field of controversy, where he wielded a supple pen. But he was a notable preacher, a good letter-writer, and the author of a few dainty lyrics. He was also a renowned conversationalist. His main interest in history lies, of course, in his dealings with the Jacobites, here treated, as we have said, with an impartiality of which Macaulay was incapable.

Canon Beeching has, indeed, written a *Life* which for matter or manner could scarcely be improved on.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Edward Hutton. In 3 vols. Illustrated. Vol. II. 20s. net. (Dent.)

All who are interested in the history and criticism of painting will welcome this new edition of a great book which has long been out of print and fetching fancy prices. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their day, did their work so thoroughly, so accurately, and so sanely that it need never be entirely superseded. It is as permanent as Vasari himself. Yet, since their time, the science of criticism has grown apace. In the light of new knowledge it is possible to supplement their statements and correct their judgments. Their work needed bringing up to date as, from time to time, it will continue to do. Mr. Edward Hutton has made it, for the present, thoroughly modern. His method has been to leave the text as it stood, but to add copious annotations, referring to such later authorities as Mr. Horne and Mr. Berenson. Although bringing a wealth of learning into play, he has kept his own opinions in rigid suppression. The present volume treats of the Sienese School of the fourteenth century and the Florentine School of the fifteenth, bringing the story down to the days of the Lippis, Ghirlandajo and Botticelli. Nothing illustrates better than the chapter on the last named the change in taste that has come since it was written. If the science of criticism has grown, the art of criticism has been born. Crowe and Cavalcaselle were essentially scientific, always objective and impersonal. Botticelli, much admired in his day, was long ignored by the critics of rule and line. The authors of the "New History" were the first to treat him with any consideration, but even they set him far below Ghirlandajo and compare him unfavourably with Filippino Lippi. Pater's "Renaissance" was still unwritten, and the time when the technical perfections of Raphael and Correggio should be found wanting had not yet arrived. Taste is a fugitive thing. The wheel is ever revolving. It is as a mine of facts that Mr. Hutton is making Crowe and Cavalcaselle invaluable.

THE LAST KING OF POLAND. By R. Nisbet Bain.
10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Few people have written more attractively about the history of the Slavonic countries than the late Mr. Nisbet Bain. In his last book, which he did not live to see published, he set himself to tell the tale of the end of the Polish Republic, which, at one time pre-eminent in Eastern Europe, vanished from among the nations in 1795. It is the history of a decadence, interesting and depressing. Poland in the eighteenth century was at once eastern and western, mediæval and typical of its age. The houses of the nobles, palaces of luxury, were oriental, barbaric, in their magnificence; but the influence of France might be seen in the trim, fantastic gardens. The nobles themselves lived lives of inordinate folly, indulging in fabulous drinking feasts and extravagant amours, doing things on the scale of an oriental potentate, yet with a taste for decking themselves as shepherds and shepherdesses in accordance with the fashion of Versailles. Whether their inspiration came from the rising or the setting sun, they cared for nothing but pleasure and their own aggrandisement. Public spirit did not exist. Poland danced while her territory was being divided among her neighbours. Stanislaus II., the last King of Poland, belonged to his century. He has often been blamed because the State crumbled to pieces in his hand. But, as a matter of fact, the State was already past praying for. There was little to be done for a country where the Diet could be dissolved and its enactments nullified at the caprice of a single deputy, where the deputies themselves were merely the



The Deputy Taudencz Regtan protesting against the Partition Treaty in the Polish Diet.

From the picture by Matejko.

From "The Last King of Poland," by R. Nisbet Bain. (Methuen.)

tools of a corrupt aristocracy. A genius might have mended matters, but Stanislaus was not a genius. He was, as all historians have been ready enough to testify, a lover of pleasure, extravagant, over-fond of women, not endowed with any great courage or resolution, essentially a child of decadence. But Mr. Bain has insisted on his better qualities. Stanislaus was a shrewd and practical man, with no little ability as a statesman. He had his country's welfare really at heart, planned and actually accomplished a certain measure of reform. But he had little chance of showing his abilities. With his country in a state of anarchy, his purse often empty, he was at the mercy of his great neighbour, Catherine II. The Russian Ambassador was a greater man in Poland than the King. And on the other side was Prussia, itching to extend her borders. It is true that Stanislaus failed miserably at the crisis. But the end was inevitable. Mr. Nisbet Bain's book is an admirable addition to the social and political history of a country with which Englishmen are not unduly familiar. It is valuable enough to merit a better index than it has and a bibliography.

AERIAL NAVIGATION OF TO-DAY. By Charles C. Turner. 5s. net. (Seeley.)

Mr. Turner's experience as a balloonist has been very considerable—he was, indeed, one of Gaudron's companions on two of that aeronaut's record-breaking balloon trips—and he is unusually well qualified to write a book on aeronautics. "Aerial Navigation of To-Day" does not pretend to be the last word on the subject, but it undoubtedly fills a large empty space in the scientific literature of the present. This is a book which is popular in the best sense of that misused word. It is written for the general reader, it can be understood by anybody, and, besides being instructive, it is interesting. The author is wonderfully lucid, and his manner of exposition of difficult points leaves nothing to be desired. Besides exposition the book contains chapters on the history of ballooning and of mechanical flight, the probable influence of the flying machine on conditions of warfare, and kindred subjects. We are especially glad to notice, with regard to the last-mentioned topic, that Mr. Turner does his best to prick the alarmist bubble. So far as can be judged at present, the flying-machine will not be of much practical efficiency in war (the author is forced to admit that its moral effect will be considerable) except in unusually favourable conditions. The author's sound common sense and his absolute

eschewal of sensationalism in dealing with these subjects is very noticeable, and the thoroughness with which he has done his work is deserving of especial praise. The one fault in the book seems to us to be that the information is at times somewhat scrappy. With this reservation we consider "Aerial Navigation of To-Day" an ideal work of its kind. It will give the reader a grounding in aeronautics, it is admirably illustrated with over seventy photographs and diagrams, well turned out, and withal, remarkable value for the money.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CIVIL ENGINEER. By C. O. Burge, M.Inst.C.E. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

If the lives of all civil engineers are as interesting as that of Mr. Burge has been, the profession must surely be one of the most attractive in the world. It is safe to say that the author has had more excitement and interest in his life than is found in the lives of five ordinary men put together. Of course, his profession has taken him all about the world; the sub-title "Fifty Years on Five Continents" hints at this. Even supposing that Mr. Burge had been an Irishman without a sense of humour, his book would have been worth reading. However, the most striking thing about it is the enormous number of anecdotes—which are by no means confined to engineering, but are upon every conceivable subject—which the author inserts with commendable regularity throughout the book. Most of them are new to us, and all are pointed and witty. The author tells them admirably, so admirably that his adventures do not stand the contrast so well as they should. Perhaps it is rather a pity that Mr. Burge should have been so wasteful of his material, which is sufficient to make two or three books, but the result has certainly been to make the one under notice readable and recommendable.

THE REAL FRANCIS-JOSEPH. By Henri de Weindel. Translated by Philip W. Sergeant. 15s. net. (Long.)

One may question the taste of much that is inserted in this book; one may, indeed, take leave to wonder whether a book about a living person in a prominent position is ever in good taste; but there can be no doubt that M. de Weindel has written "The Real Francis-Joseph" with considerable ability. The author is clearly prejudiced against the Emperor of Austria, and even when forced to praise, he does so grudgingly. The following passage will give an idea of his methods: "It must be admitted that the Emperor, while a shadow of his power remained his, tried to retrieve the mistakes which he had committed during forty years. The struggle of races could only be mitigated by reuniting the interests which they had in common. . . . Francis-Joseph recognised that nothing short of universal suffrage could bring about any amelioration of such a state of affairs and create a Parliament less unrepresentative of the totality of the nation. He obtained from Parliament itself the right of conferring popular suffrage." Even this faint praise is qualified on

the next pages by the statements: "Unhappily, though universal suffrage has been granted to Austria, it has not been accorded to Hungary, and this has led to a continuance of the warfare between the two sections of the Empire"; and "All that we may hope for now, is that the end of Francis-Joseph's policy may not also mean the end of the Empire." The real interest of the book of course consists in the author's successful description of the human side of the Emperor, and in his sympathetic portrayal of the gracious figure of the late Empress. In a preface, it is stated that much information concerning "the romantic adventures—now farcical, sometimes comic, often tragic—of the Emperor," the Empress, and the Hapsburg family has been received from an inside source. An attempt has been made to heighten the illusion by writing much of the book in fictional form and by putting imaginary words into the mouths of the chief "characters," but we are bound to say that we are not greatly impressed by this style of writing. Nevertheless, though we do not approve of the book, it is impossible to deny its interest, while, thanks to Mr. Philip W. Sergeant's excellent translation—a model of how these things should be done—it is very readable. There are some forty good illustrations.

WIND O' THE WEST. By Arthur Lewis. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

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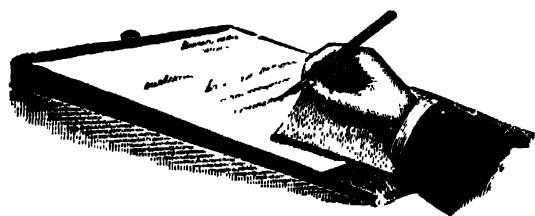
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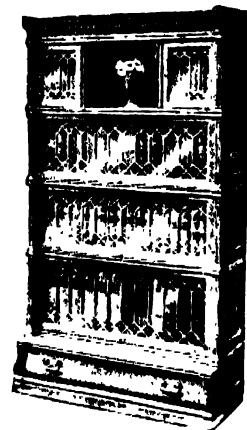
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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 69

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 74

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 75

THE READER—

Mark Lemon. By M. H. SPIEL-
MANN 77

THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions 87

The Story of Ann Veronica. By
Dr. WILLIAM BARRY 89

NEW BOOKS—

Sinners Both. By Y. Y. 90

Mr. Pope. By WALTER JERROLD 92

The Epic of Garibaldi. By WAL-
FORD D. GRIEN 93

The Leader's Legacy. By ARTHUR
WAUGH 94

The Life of Principal Rainy. By
Dr. JAMES MOFFATT 94

Walpole's Last Journals. By
LEWIS MELVILLE. 95

Billicks. By COULSON KERN-
HAN 97

Jane Austen. By M. H. II.
MACARTNEY 97

The Friends of Boz 98

A Poet's Plays. By EDWARD
THOMAS 99

The Magic of Kipling. By W.
HOPE HODGSON 99

Mind and Matter 100

Flowers of Poetry. By HENRY
BAERLEIN 101

The Irishman at Home. By SHAN
F. BULLOCK 101

NOVEL NOTES—

A Man's Man—Anne of Avonlea

—The Shepherd of the Hills—

Seymour Charlton—The Un-
lucky Mark—The Severins—
The Rose of Dauphny—The
Prince of Destiny—The Smiths
of Valley View—The Sheriff of
Dyke Hole—Special Messenger
—The Return of the Petticoat—
Lord Alistair's Rebellion—The
King's Signet 102 6

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

My Summer in London—St.
Teresa of Spain—Madame de
Maintenon—George Meredith
The Works of Oscar Wilde—An
Editor's Chair 106 7

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 108

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 108

NOTICES.

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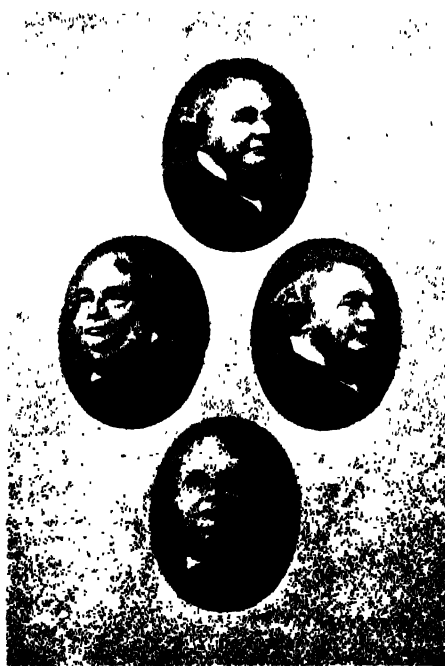
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

THE December BOOKMAN will, as usual, be a Christmas Double Number. It will be profusely illustrated, will contain several full-page colour plates, and a portfolio of beautiful engravings in colour will be presented with each number. The literary contents will include a special centenary article on "Gladstone as a Man of Letters," an unusually large number of miscellaneous articles and reviews, and a fully illustrated special Supplement, the whole forming a comprehensive and most serviceable guide to the season's books.

Our presentation plate portrait of Mark Lemon is from a print that hangs in Mr. Bradbury's

room at the *Punch* office, and was photographed specially for THE BOOKMAN by kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., with whose permission also we reproduce several cartoons and sketches from the early numbers of *Punch*. We reproduce on our cover Mr. Bradbury's portrait of Lemon, and *Punch*'s earliest cover design. For much assistance with the other illustrations connected with Mark Lemon we are greatly indebted to the kindness of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Messrs. Cassell, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Messrs. Macmillan, the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, and to Mark Lemon's daughters, Lady Romer and Mrs. Alice Martin.



Mark Lemon.

From an old photograph kindly lent by his daughter,
Mrs. Alice Martin.

Mrs. Martin makes an interesting reference to her father's grave at Crawley. It is a very simple one, as will be seen from our photograph of it, and its perfect simplicity is accounted for by the fact that he objected to head-stones, crosses, and flower-growing, and wished, as he put it, "to lie under the daisies." The marble coping was given by the members of the *Punch* staff.



Photo by Wakefield, Ealing, W.

Mr. Austin Dobson.

The story of Mark Lemon's association with *Punch* is related, of course, by Mr. Spielmann in his "History of *Punch*" (Cassell), and there are many memorable glimpses of him and stories about him in "A Great *Punch* Editor: Being the Life, Letters, and Diaries of Shirley Brooks," by George Somes Layard (Pitman).

"Some of the Moderns," a new book by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, is to consist of a series of essays on ten artists of our own time whose work has won the admiration not only of the author himself but of those studious and discriminating collectors who are able to appreciate genius living as well as genius that is dead. The artists selected are William Nicholson, Théodore Roussel, P. Wilson Steer, Bertram Priestman, Walter Sickert, David Muirhead, H. M. Livens, Philip Connard, Muirhead Bone, and William Orpen. There will be a large number of excellent and tastefully produced illustrations. The book, only a limited edition of which is to be issued, will be published by Messrs. Virtue & Co., who are also publishing next month "Netherlorn and its Neighbourhood," an interesting and authoritative record by Dr. Patrick H. Gillies of the history and folklore of that picturesque part of the Highlands. The work will be illustrated with over seventy special drawings by Mr. A. Scott Rankin. From the same publishers comes the 34th "Art Annual," which is written this year by R. E. D. Sketchley, and devoted to the art of the eminent painter, J. W. Waterhouse, R.A. It

contains beautiful facsimile plates in colours, mounted on tinted papers, of his paintings, "The Missal," "Flora and the Zephyrs," "Hylas and the Nymphs," and "The Soul of the Rose," and the frontispiece is a fine hand-printed etching after "The Lady of Shalott." There are reproductions of upwards of forty other pictures, many of which have never before been reproduced.

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing immediately a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's collected poems.

Is there any authentic portrait of Jane Austen? The just-published "Jane Austen and Her Country-House Comedy," by Mr. W. H. Helm, the well-known literary critic of the *Morning Post*, contains a charming frontispiece portrait of her that came into existence in an interesting and unorthodox fashion. There are only two known portraits of Jane Austen, one showing her as a child of about fifteen, which is always supposed to have been painted by Zoffany, and the other the familiar drawing by her sister Cassandra, picturing her in a cap. Lord Brabourne was satisfied of the authenticity of the first and used it as a frontispiece for his edition of the "Letters," but Mr. Helm finds that one or two members of the Austen family have doubts as to whether it does not represent some other Jane Austen altogether. Neither of these two portraits seems to justify the verbal descriptions left by contemporary relations, descriptions that



Photo by Reed, 443, Fleet Street.

Mr. W. H. Helm.

for the most part are quite consistent one with the other. Therefore, from these different sources—from the two pictures and the verbal descriptions—Mr. Helm's daughter endeavoured to evolve a portrait which should bring all the ascertainable facts about Jane Austen's appearance into harmony. Evidently the portrait thus produced cannot be authentic, and Mr. Helm makes no claim to authenticity for it in his book, but he argues that it is at least as true as are most of the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, and that it must be more like Jane Austen than the Droeshout portrait is like Shakespeare. Well, we are not going to dispute that, because Mr. Helm will probably come across plenty of others who will.

Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing shortly "Recollections of South Africa," by Lady Sarah Wilson. As every one remembers, Lady Sarah Wilson was a war correspondent in South Africa, and was taken prisoner by the Boers outside Mafeking.

A new and important book dealing with the English Channel will be published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson early next year. It has been written by Mr. E. Keble Chatterton, who is making progress upon another work connected with the ever-fascinating subject of ships and the sea. Lately, Mr. Chatterton wrote for Messrs.



Photo by Langfieri, 23a, Old Bond Street.

Mr. E. Keble Chatterton.

Stanley Paul & Co. a novel founded on Mr. Cecil Raleigh's popular Drury Lane drama, "The Marriages of Mayfair," and he is writing for the same publishers a new Christmas book for younger readers, to which he is giving the title of "The Boy's Book." This, however, will not see the light until the Christmas of 1910.

Mr. Chatterton is an Oxford man, and graduated B.A. in 1898. After engaging for some time in tutorial work, he entered London journalism, and for a good while contributed regularly to several papers on Art and the Drama. He sub-edited the *Art Record*, and did a deal of work in the collation of Ruskin's MSS. for Messrs. George Allen's "Library Edition of Ruskin." Besides being London correspondent for one of the older provincial papers, he sub-edited the *Daily Mail*, and subsequently succeeded Mr. W. H. Wilkins as editor and dramatic critic of the *Lady's Realm*. This year he has published with Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson a big volume, which we recently reviewed, entitled "Sailing Ships and their Story"—the outcome of considerable research and many years' actual experience of ships and the sea. The book has met with a remarkable success, both in this country and in America, where it has been published by the Lippincott Company.



Photo by Lafayette, Ltd., 173, New Bond Street, W.

Lady Sarah Wilson.

One of the most interesting public functions of last month was the opening of Harvard House at Stratford-on-Avon by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador. The house, a fine old Elizabethan structure, was fully described in the Marie Corelli Number of the *Bookman*; it is in wonderful preservation, and has been restored to its original condition and presented to the Harvard University on the initiative of Miss Marie Corelli. In a delightful little speech Miss Corelli outlined its history, and told of that Catherine Rogers, the mother of John Harvard, who was born in it and married from it. The American Ambassador, in declaring the building open to the public, paid eloquent tribute to the patriotism of Mr. Edward Morris, who had purchased and presented it to the oldest of America's universities, and to the invaluable services of Miss Corelli, whose taste and knowledge of Elizabethan architecture were evidenced in the accuracy with which, under her personal supervision, the restorations had been carried out. The company present at the opening who, with the Ambassador, were afterwards Miss Corelli's guests to luncheon at Mason Croft, included the Bishop of Worcester, Canon Bristow, Canon Toovey, Lady Cheylesmore, Lord Fairfax, Sir Joseph Lawrence, Sir Thomas Dewar, Sir Merton and Lady Russell Cotes, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Wroth Lethbridge, Sir Gerard and Lady Muntz, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Lehmann,



Mr. Arnold Bennett.

Madame Navarro (Miss Mary Anderson), Madame Ada Crossley, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Professor Chawner, Commander E. Simpson, Mr. Robert Donald, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, the Mayors of Southwark, Cambridge, and Stratford-on-Avon, Colonel Raikes, the Hon. J. L. Griffiths, and many other distinguished persons.

"The Great Appeal," a new novel by Mr. Joseph Keating that was published by Messrs. Everett & Co. last week, bids fair to create something of a sensation in political circles. The novelist is the brother of Mr. Matthew Keating, M.P. for South Kilkenny; hitherto he has been best known as a writer of vivid, dramatic stories of mining life; but in "The Great Appeal" he makes a new departure and tells a somewhat daringly prophetic story of contemporary politics, his leading characters being prominent politicians and men of letters under very thin disguises.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has two new novels ready for publication—"Helen with the High Hand" and "The Card." The latter is to appear as a serial in the *Times* weekly edition. Both are of a light and humorous nature, entirely different from "The Old Wives' Tale," though both are concerned with the "Five Towns." Mr. Bennett is at work also on a series of three long novels relating the history of a family in the Five Towns, and the first will probably appear in the autumn of 1910. These three will, so far as we can gather, recall to some extent the manner of "The Old



Photo by T. Forrest & Sons, Pontypridd. **Mr. Joseph Keating.**

Wives' Tale," but it is useless, of course, to expect from a writer of Mr. Bennett's power and versatility two novels that closely resemble one another. Happily he is not of those who do one thing well, and spend the rest of their days in doing it again and again with little more than a fresh title on the cover.

Paragraphs have been going round lately to the effect that Mr. Bennett has yielded to one of divers publishers who have approached him on the subject, and is turning his play about journalism, "What the Public Wants," into a novel, but we learn that there is no truth in these announcements, and Mr. Bennett has not the smallest intention of doing anything of the sort. In addition to the three novels he has already in hand, he is writing a play that Mr. Herbert Trench has commissioned for the Haymarket Theatre.

Mr. Christopher Stone, whose notable first novel, "Scars," was published by Mr. Heinemann last year, has completed a new work of fiction which deals with a more pleasant subject. It is to appear next spring, and Mr. Stone has already made considerable progress on a third novel. Meanwhile, Messrs. A. & C. Black have just issued his book on "Eton," illustrated by Miss Brinton; and next month he is publishing with Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, "Lusus"—a book of poems and "poems in prose."

"Full Fathom Five" is the name given to a new anthology of the prose and poetry of the



Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh.

Whose novel "The Prince of Destiny" (Rebman) is reviewed on page 104

sea that Mr. Lewis Melville has compiled and Messrs. Bell are to publish this autumn. The book contains much copyright matter, and will be dedicated to Mr. Clark Russell.

Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh has prepared a dramatic version of his remarkable romance, "The Prince of Destiny," and the play is to be produced in the United States during the coming winter.

We much regret that by an oversight we failed to mention that the two pictures by Doré in the last number of *THE BOOKMAN* (the Tennyson Centenary Number) are the property of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and are among the plates contained in their Doré Gift Book of Illustrations to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." In addition to this Gift Book, Messrs. Ward, Lock publish "The Legends of King Arthur," compiled by G. K. Emerson, and, in separate volumes, Tennyson's "King Arthur and Queen Guinevere," "The Story of Merlin and Vivien," "Enid and Geraint," and "The Story of Elaine," each being illustrated with Doré's wonderful drawings.

For permission to reproduce certain of the general illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Greening, and Messrs. Longmans & Co.

BOOM



WILLIAM CAINE

Cover-design of "Boom."

The new novel by Mr. William Caine. (Greening.)

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 18, 1909.

EVERY now and then an event takes place which, though it is in no way connected with literature, has a considerable influence on current literary affairs. Such, for example, was the discovery of the North Pole, for it has caused all American publishers to commence to save up against the possibility of buying the books of either Commander Peary or Dr. Cook. Perhaps, by the time this letter is printed, certain publishers will have been decided on in each case. At present, though there are rumours to the effect that Dr. Cook has settled upon Harpers, there is no dependable announcement to make; and, in connection with Commander Peary, I can say, with authority that there is now no arrangement.

No matter how one's sympathies may incline in the very unfortunate controversy, one cannot avoid seeing that Commander Peary's determination to shroud himself in privacy till he had settled the question to his satisfaction has been of much money loss to him. It has left Dr. Cook free to skim the pecuniary cream from the milk of popular interest, and, as every one knows, it does not take very long to complete this skimming process in a land so notoriously fickle as this. One fears, therefore, that Commander Peary may go comparatively creamless.

Commander Peary, however, albeit he realises this, still delays, feeling that dignity is more than dollars, a sentiment for which one cannot but honour him.

Not long ago, I happened in the course of a visit to Maine to meet Commander Peary on the little ferry-boat that runs out toward his home, Eagle Island. We discussed this matter then, and Commander Peary said, "Of course, I know I am losing money. But if I had been hunting the Pole for money, I'd have stopped ten years ago."

In view of the general supposition that Commander Peary is not wealthy, all this is the indication of an almost pathetic sincerity of purpose.

In England the book-trade, according to the reports which come to us over here, both by way of letters from folk in England, and officially through the *Chicago Dial's* new London correspondent (Mr. C. K. Shorter), is in a very uncertain condition, and books are being published at all sorts and kinds of prices, barring, so far as we have yet heard, "eleven-three," and are selling practically not at all.

In America, things are also upset, though not in so sensational a fashion, and here the condition of things seems to be directly and justly attributable to the booksellers. For various reasons which have been discussed at sufficient length to fill a dozen volumes of the British Museum's catalogues, the American bookseller does not seem to be able to sell books.

This may be the fault of the bookseller; it may be the fault of the books; and it may be the fault of the general conditions under which he works. Obviously if it is the inherent fault of the bookseller, there's no remedy; and it is equally plain that, if the fault lies with the books, it will take more than a

season's efforts to cure the difficulty. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the trouble is with the general conditions governing bookselling, since this, of the three possible causes of difficulty, is the only one which can reasonably be reformed.

The Americans who are interested in bookselling are, therefore, taking this view of the situation and are setting themselves to alter the booksellers' lot, with the result that all publishing conditions in the United States are for the moment in a state of considerable confusion.

It seems that as things have been, the retail bookseller has been forced to seek his profit from the marketing of various of the more dignified sorts of fancy goods (such as leather portfolios and pictures), since these things could be handled at a profit impossible in connection with the sale of books. The bookseller's method appeared to be to earn enough by such illegitimate business to justify himself in the luxury of selling books at a loss, or at any rate without profit.

The reality of this absurd state of things is proved by the significant and almost ridiculous fact that the editorial pages of that American trade journal, the *Publishers' Weekly*, are filled week by week with suggestions as to how dealers may make their shops alluring by the judicious display of illustrated postcards, picture puzzles, and such unliterary bait.

Apparently there is least profit for the keepers of bookshops in the sale of the articles which are most difficult to sell—I mean books. With an eye to remedying this disastrous inconsistency, the American Publishers' Association has spent much time of late in solemn discussion of a possible rearrangement of the discount system. One result is that many publishers now stipulate, in accepting books, that they may have the privilege of issuing them at whatever retail price may, at the moment of publication, be in vogue. There is a good deal of talk about publishing fiction at net prices, and at a figure about equal to five shillings (\$1.20). If this system becomes general, the public will be paying several cents more for each book than under the old arrangement, while the trade, I understand, will be earning several extra cents. Just how it will work out for the author, eventually, nobody seems to be able to say with any degree of conviction.

One thing is certain, however, that until the \$1.20 net arrangement comes into general vogue, and becomes the inevitable price of every novel, the books that are issued at that price are almost sure to stand at a certain disadvantage, in so far as their public appeal is concerned. No ordinary American citizen is going to pay \$1.20, when he could get a practically similar article for ten or twelve cents less, and the only possible reason for his so doing would be that the booksellers might thereby be encouraged to discontinue marketing leather goods and to confine their energies to the conduct of the business which is legitimately theirs.

On the other hand, it is true, of course, that the trade will use their best enthusiasm to push such books as

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THE READER.

MARK LEMON.

By M. II. SPIELMANN.

THE place of Mark Lemon in literature is not difficult to determine. He was not, in the true sense, a man of letters, and it may readily be believed that were it not for his extraordinary success as an editor, endowed with a natural instinct, with an unflinching *flair* and good discretion, the centenary of his birth (which took place on November 30, 1809) might have been allowed by THE BOOKMAN to pass without celebration and without the consecration of a special illustrated article to his memory. He worked at the edge of the literary field, and took on any job that fell in with his love of writing and of humour and demanded little scholarship and less learning. His chief love was for humour and the stage; class journalism became his profession, and good judgment controlled his pen. His style was good enough for his purpose; his dramatic sense sufficient to carry a vast number of pieces of various sorts on to the boards, at a time when

the public was less exacting in respect of what has been called "their middle-class entertainment." None of those pieces, so far as I am aware, still holds the stage; none of his novels is still read; few of his children's books are re-published; no collection of ballads, poems, essays, and articles is put forth to remind us of his power, such as it was. The volume by which he is best remembered is "Mark Lemon's Jest-book," containing the wit of all ages, including jokes of his own staff—Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, and others. By 1864 it had run into its seventh edition, and if it is still purchased it is partly because it is treasured by

collectors of the work of Charles Keene, who drew the design on the title-page that was engraved on steel by Jeans.

Yet Lemon was a prolific writer, a "numerous" editor, and an important man of affairs in journalistic circles, with a few good enemies and many better friends, who loved "Uncle Mark," as they would call him, for his *bonhomie*, his genial kindness, his undoubted influence, and his hearty laugh. "His laugh," declared to me a distinguished draughtsman who knew him well and loved him little, "was the only good thing about him!" Yet that laugh infected a whole generation and has resounded in the voice of *Punch* for eight-and-sixty years. It is, indeed, as editor of *Punch* that Mark Lemon has gained a measure of immortality, and it is mainly in that capacity that he is spoken of here to-day.

Lemon, whose early years were passed at Cheam,

near Epsom, was the son of a hop-grower or hop-merchant, and at his father's death his mother married a brewer named Very. He was without means and was glad to accept his step-father's offer of a clerical position in the brewery, for his verses and stories published in the magazines contributed little to his support. Then the brewery failed, and it would have gone hard with the young humorist had not a jovial tavern-keeper named Romer, who had had business relations with the Very brewery, taken the jolly, light-hearted young fellow to his bosom and placed him as manager of "The Shakespeare Head" in Wych Street.



Mark Lemon.

By permission of the Illustrated London News. Kindly lent by Mrs. Alice Martin.



Mark Lemon.

(From a private photograph belonging to Mr. M. H. Spielmann.)
From "The History of *Punch*" by M. H. Spielmann (Cassell)

companions, many of whom would meet, like the literary clubmen of a previous age in the mis-called "coffee-room" of the little hostelry

Meanwhile he had begun writing plays and is said to have produced his first farce when he was only sixteen years old. At that time the entrée to play-writing must have been easy enough. In 1835 his "P. L., or No. 30, Strand," was produced at the old Strand Theatre, and thenceforward for twenty years and more he flooded the stage with his productions, not a few of which, no doubt, were based upon French or German originals. Drama and melodrama occupied his pen, and the year of his début saw his "Destiny" and "Arnold of Winkelried," a heavy five-act drama in blank verse, presented on the boards of the Surrey Theatre. At the Adelphi were played "Domestic Economy" and other pieces, and then, in 1841, one of his best remembered plays, "The Gentleman in

The result was unfortunate for both; Romer had to shut up the tavern, and Lemon found that the fumes of the beer stuck to him more or less through life, and were audibly sniffed at by his enemies at certain critical periods of his career. But he was a man of courage. On the strength of a loan of five pounds he married, and, following his wife's counsels, never lost sight of his literary

Black" (followed successively by three others) made a hit at the Olympic. That year, of course, was the crowning-point, unsuspected by him at the time, of his career, for it brought him the editorship of *Punch*. His salary, it is true, was at first only thirty shillings a week, but it was destined to rise to £1,500 a year before the end—the largest editorial salary, it is believed, which up to that time had ever been paid.

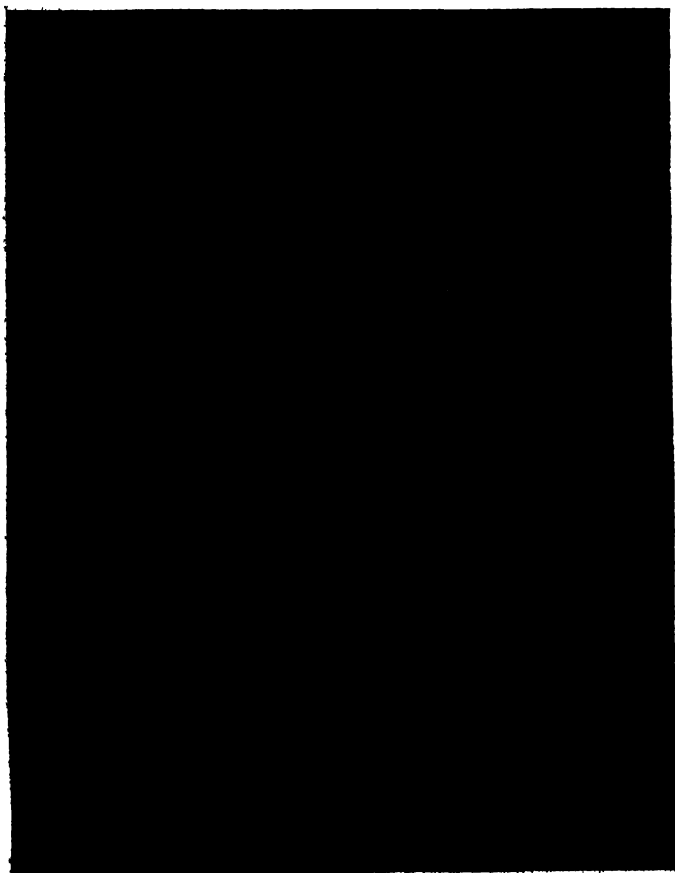
The anxieties and troubles of the new position in no way checked his prolific activity. For Covent Garden he wrote "The Turf" in 1842, and seven years later, returning to the Strand, he produced the still cited but not acted "Hearts are Trumps" and "The Silver Thimble," for Mrs. Stirling and the Keeleys. One of his pieces, he used to relate, was "Punch" for the opening scene of which the management had hired a parrot, and, when the curtain rose on the first night, the profane bird belched forth such a torrent of appalling blasphemy that the success of the play would have been jeopardised had it not been for the sense of humour of a shocked yet tolerant audience. Then he wrote once more for the Adelphi and finally for Drury Lane, where he produced, in 1854, "Paula Lazarro," and in 1856 "Medea", and then the stage knew him no more. Thus not fewer than sixty pieces were played before London theatre-goers (a record since exceeded by his successor, Sir Francis Burnand), and among them, as we might expect, not a single attempt at genuine comedy or tragedy. They include farces, melodramas, musical plays (among them "Fridolin," with music by his brother-in-law, Frank Romer—the father of Sir Robert Romer, late Lord Justice of Appeal), operettas, and those lighter and more frivolous entertainments now out of fashion, burlettas and extravaganzas. Of the last-named "The Chimes" seems to have been the most successful.



Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks.

Portion of a cut which appeared in *Punch's* rival *Fun* (Nov. 1860). Shirley pasted this in his diary and wrote, "Highly civil about us."
From "A Great *Punch* Editor," by G. Somes Layard (Pitman)

(By permission of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons)



Mark Lemon as Falstaff.
By Tenniel.



Shirley Brooks.

Second editor of *Punch*.
From a photograph by Lewis Hard & Co.
From "The History of *Punch*" by M. H. Spielmann (Cassell)



From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 1, July 17, 1841.



From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 2, July 24, 1841.



From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 3, July 31, 1841.



From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 4, August 7, 1841.

THE FIRST FOUR CARTOONS FROM PUNCH.

The fourth cartoon was John Leech's first contribution to the paper.
Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.



Mark Lemon's House at Crawley, where he died, May 23, 1870.

During the six years 1863 to 1868 Mark Lemon published half-a-dozen novels of which only one is remembered by name ("Falkner Lyle" in 1866) and none of them is now read. Nor were they very successful in their own day, they were the effort of his declining years. They were too thin and had not the right stuff in them, and had he had to depend only upon them for his reputation, the memory of Mark Lemon would long since have faded into oblivion. Not even his children's stories, which he began to write in 1850, and which were so pretty and aimless and inconsequent, would have succeeded, probably, had he not chosen his illus-

trators wisely; and certain elderly people who still treasure "The Enchanted Doll" love it far less for the text than for the dainty, graceful, delightful drawings of Dicky Doyle. His more vigorous writing seems to have been kept for publications such as *Household Words*, *Once a Week*, the *Illuminated Magazine*, and the *Illustrated London News*, but his most serious rôle of all was his editorship. For *Punch*, as has been hinted did not monopolise his attention; he was the first editor of the *London Journal*, which,

it is said, he nearly ruined by trying to keep up a fair standard in its literature, of the *Daily Herald*, and, for a time, of *Once a Week* besides the *Ibid*, which he took a major part in establishing. And, as if these did not afford sufficient outlet to his energies, he would fill up spare days with lectures upon London and public "readings" from "Hearts are Trumps."

These were his labours. His relaxations included acting. He played with Charles Dickens and his amateur company in "The Lighthouse" and in Wilkie Collins's "Frozen Deep," and acted Ialstaff, with his own natural "padding," at the Gallery of Illustration—



By permission of the London Stereoscopic Co

R. T. Pritchett
Sir Arthur Sullivan

Shirley Brooks.
Ellen Terry

Arthur Lewis
Mark Lemon
G. du Maurier

Mr. Twiss,

Sir John Tenniel

Kate Terry

Arthur Cecil Blunt
Tom Taylor

Henry Silver.

For Charles H. Bennett's Benefit.

From "The History of Punch," by M. H. Spielmann (Cassell)

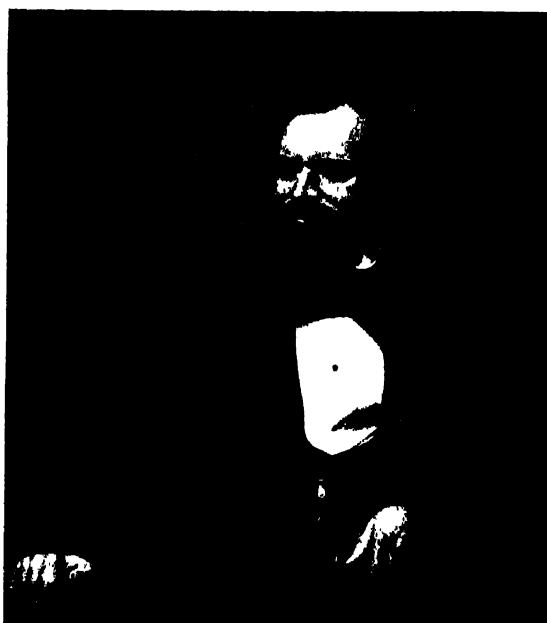


John Leech.
From a drawing by Sir John Millais
in the National Portrait Gallery.



W. M. Thackeray.
From a crayon drawing by E. Goodwyn Lewis,
now in the possession of the Kensington Library.

MEN OF
MARK LEMON'S
CIRCLE.



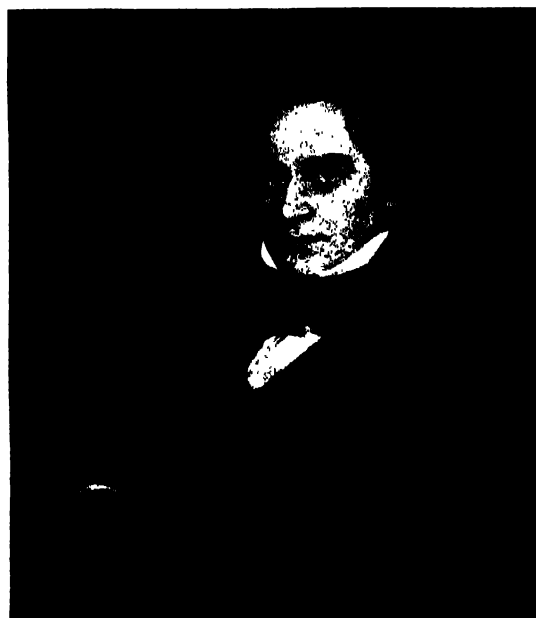
From a photograph by Mayall.

Albert Smith.

SOME EARLY
PUNCH
CONTRIBUTORS.



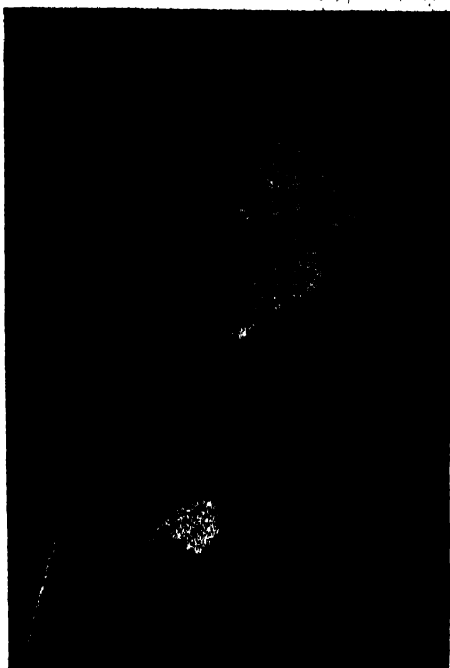
Thomas Hood.
From a portrait by an unknown painter in the National
Portrait Gallery.



Douglas Jerrold.
From the portrait by Sir Daniel Macres in the National
Portrait Gallery.

a performance that is mainly memorable as having afforded Dickens the opportunity he gracefully seized of sending his congratulations to Lemon and so of bridging over the gulf which had so long, and so unnecessarily, separated the two men. But as an actor, Lemon did not shine. In "A Word with Punch"—that special

number in which "Punch's" long-suffering victim, Alfred Bunn, at last turned on his tormentors and rent them—the appearance on the stage of Lemon and other members of the *Punch* staff is savagely attacked. "Did you ever see them act, Punch?" he asks. "Did you ever see Douglas Jerrold . . . and Mark Lemon act at Mrs. Kelly's theatre? and if so, did you ever see such an awful exhibition? . . . and



Mark Lemon.

The first editor of *Punch* (1841-70). From an old photograph, kindly lent by Mrs. Alice Martin. This is one of the latest photographs taken of Mark Lemon, and is considered by his family to be the most like him.



Shirley Brooks.

The second editor of *Punch* (1870-74).

By permission of Sir Isaac Pitman & Son and the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

From "A Great *Punch* Editor," by G. Somes Layard. (Pitman.)

if, as *they* say, they *did* 'hold the mirror up to Nature,' I say it was only to *cast reflections* on her." Then he smites Lemon on other grounds, and to show that his satirical critics were no better poets than himself, proceeds to quote Mark's feeblest verse in "Fridolin" and "The Rhine-boat," adding: "In speaking of the Castle of Heidelberg, which he says is on the Rhine although every one else says it is on the Neckar, he thus apostrophises it:

'Tis here the north wind loves to hold
His dreary revels, loud and cold,
The nettle's bloom's his daily fare,
The TOAD the guest most welcome there!!!

Whether the last line gives the reason why Thickhead [*i.e.* Mark Lemon] visited Heidelberg does not appear."

It will be readily agreed, I think, that Mark Lemon's real achievement was his direction of *Punch*. "*Punch* and I," he would say, "were made for each other"—modestly omitting to claim that the making of the paper was in considerable measure his own.

When Ebenezer Landells, the engraver on wood, determined on issuing in London a comic and satirical journal corresponding to the Paris *Charivari* and obtained the adhesion of the printer Joseph Last, the latter recommended him to seek out the support of Henry Mayhew, a genius of journalistic imagination, and a brilliant humorist who might be depended on to form a thoroughly capable staff from among his own friends and acquaintances. Mark Lemon was one of those he first enlisted, and when the paper was launched, Mayhew, Lemon, and Stirling Coyne (whom, on account of his carelessness and indifference as to his personal appearance, Douglas Jerrold used to dub "Filthy Lucre") were the three co-editors. Then followed the infantile convulsions of the newly-born paper, and when Bradbury & Evans were called in to save its life in 1842, Lemon was installed as sole editor with Mayhew as suggestor-in-chief—Coyne having retired. Mayhew always felt that Lemon had dispossessed him disloyally of his birthright, for it was he and not Lemon who had imparted to the paper its distinctive character, and it was his ideas that had secured public approval of its healthy tone and original humour—his the conception which had brought a hitherto unthought of into the world of satirical and



J. Stirling Coyne,

who with Henry Mayhew was for a short time associated with Mark Lemon in the editorship of *Punch*.

From a photograph by Lombard & Co.

From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)



Henry Mayhew

who was largely responsible for the starting of *Punch*, and was for short time associate with Mark Lemon in the editorship.

From a photograph by Bedford, Levere & Co Strand, W.C.

From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)



From a photograph by
J. & C. Watkins.

Tom Taylor.

Third editor of *Punch* (1874-80).

humorous, yet seriously-intentioned, journalism—his the idea that a comic journal might be a journal of responsibility. Lemon, however, seeming to ignore any such suggestion and radiant with expansive jollity, took Mayhew and the rest of "the boys" to his bosom; and he made everything quite pleasant and cheered everybody up as, with his happy, infectious laugh and his rollicking chuckle, he fixed himself firmly in the saddle from which he was only torn by death on May 23, 1870—scarce two short weeks before his immortal friend Charles Dickens (who had testified to reconciliation by a handshake over Clarkson Stanfield's grave) followed him to eternal rest.

Under the mask of geniality—or perhaps it should be said, aided by his natural good humour—Mark Lemon controlled with a firm and skilful hand the fortunes of a paper which under his leadership became a force in national politics to an extent hardly credible to the latter-day reader. Under him *Punch* aimed at leading public opinion, not at the illustrating or criticising of the national feeling already formed, which later on became its major rôle; and the independent pens of Jerrold, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and the others, and the pencils of Leech, Newman, Doyle, and Tenniel, were stuck more fiercely into the body politic of the

Government of the day than in these usually more refined times of party courtesy and party amenities there is held to be any need for.

It was Lemon's hand, though mainly at Mayhew's dictation, that had indited the original prospectus of *Punch*—when the intention was to call it *The Funny Dog*—but it was Lemon's rule that gave

it its direction, albeit the policy was in great measure imposed by Jerrold just as its cast of fun was imagined by Mayhew. Strong as were his henchmen and powerful their personalities, Lemon had the wonderful gift of managing men with kindness, once in a while letting them feel the grip of the firm hand just to gain their respect or to win a point. He might not be the most brilliant or the most masterful at the Wednesday Dinner, but as he presided at the Table he made all feel that the business of the meeting was in his hands. He would write sparingly for *Punch's* pages, for the most part

confining himself to editing those few outside contributions that were accepted, rejecting the vast majority—as when he declined young George Augustus Sala's sketches and Dickens's unique offering on the metropolitan water-supply, entitled "Dreadful Hardships endured by the Shipwrecked Crew of the *London*." "Here I sit," he said to Mr. E. J. Ellis, while rejecting him with a charm of manner which made the delighted young artist feel that he was being placed under an enormous debt of gratitude and obligation to the chief—"the kindest and most lovable elderly boy," he said, "I had ever seen"—"here I sit like a great ogre, eating up other people's little hopes. But what am I to do?"



Photo by Waller H. Barrett, Ramsgate.

Sir Francis C. Burnand.

Fourth editor of *Punch* (1880-1906).

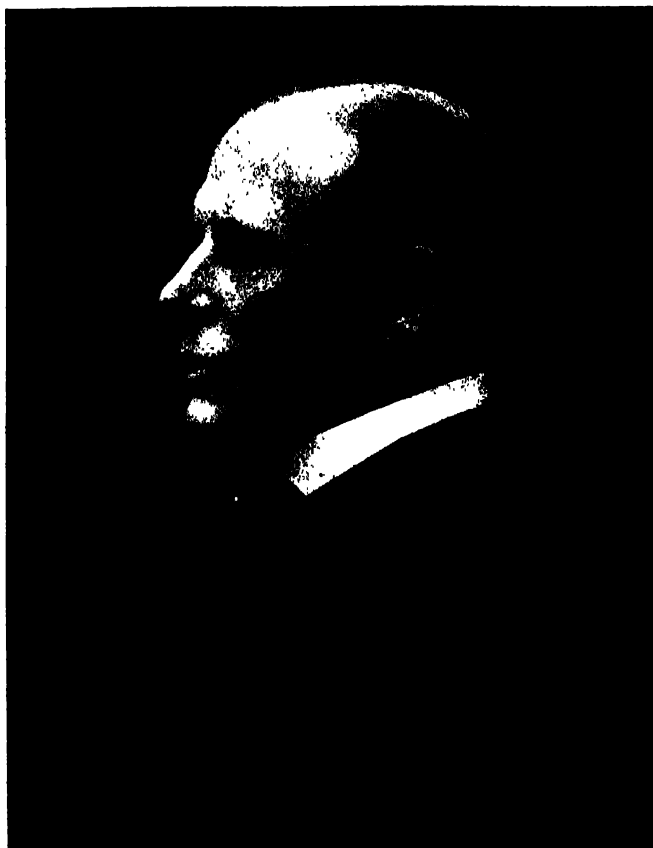


Photo by Russell & Son.

Mr. Owen Seaman.

The present editor of *Punch*.

Look here"—and he showed him the waste-paper basket full of imbecility, graphic and literary, that the morning post had brought. His own "Songs for the Sentimental" with their bathetic last line at the end of each stanza, his pointed paragraphs, his mild jokes, his cleverish epigrams, and the like, comprised the major part of his literary performances. But he was a genius in suggesting the subjects for the cartoons. In the early years of *Punch*, from 1845 to 1847—that is to say, while it was conquering its high position not only as "the premier comic," but as a real political power—Lemon proposed thirty-five subjects, Henry Mayhew twenty, his brother Horace fifteen, Jerrold sixteen, Thackeray four, and the rest a smaller number still. But later on, when Leech asserted his fullest powers, the other members of the staff became rather critics than prime suggestors, and devoted their energies to knocking the proposals into effective shape.

And so Mark Lemon laboured on, his amiability, his energy, his good humour, and his girth increasing as the circulation of the paper increased; almost infallible in his judgment, wise in his administration and organisation, firm in his determination to keep the paper clean, honest, and fearless—(not that any one of the staff would have had it otherwise)—level-headed at times of crisis, and courageous in the defence of the prerogatives, the rights, and privileges of the editorial chair when he thought the actions of the proprietors were making a covert attack upon them—wherein he was whole-heartedly supported by the staff, who, in their turn, were wont at times to jib a bit, or, in summer-time, to shirk their work. But whatever happened "Uncle Mark" would literally "come up



Mark Lemon.

From an old photograph, kindly lent by Mrs. Alice Martin.

smiling," laughing down incipient revolt, and ignoring the occasional derogatory sneer of any one of them who felt his own intellectual superiority to that of the man whose fat caressing palm soothingly pressed him back into his place in the team. Lemon's patience was inexhaustible, he knew exactly how to humour whoever needed to be humoured—and it was exactly for this knack of diplomatic handling, which many a bigger man has lacked, that he commanded the respect and support of his colleagues and of his proprietary chiefs. They liked his editorial dignity, his moral balance, his nice judgment—whereby he kept *Punch* practically free from actions for libel, although every number might contain (at a time when criticism was far more free and outspoken than it is to-day) a score of pointed onslaughts; they appreciated his unsleeping watchfulness and clear-eyed discrimination alike as to staff-discussion and the published word. His strategy was good, his tactics better, and he was recognised as a consummate editor who never slipped and rarely blundered during all the nine-and-twenty years that he grasped the helm. No wonder that when Mr. Gladstone awarded Mark Lemon's widow a pension of one hundred pounds from the Civil List, he took occasion to declare that Mark Lemon had "raised the level of comic journalism to its present standard," and that Shirley Brooks, speaking for the staff in the pages of *Punch*, bore "the fullest and most willing testimony that the high and noble spirit of Mark Lemon ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy onslaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured by being coadjutors with him." That was the fittest tribute from the man whose pen Lemon had long years before declared to be "the gracefulest in London."



Mark Lemon's Grave at Ifield, Crawley, Sussex.

W. Newman, Richard Doyle, John Leach, W. M. Thackeray,
 Horace Mayhew, Percival Leigh, Gilbert A. Beckett, Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Douglas Jerrold.



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY BALL.

Mr. Cobden, Sir Robt. Peel, Sir Jas. Graham, Hudson, the Railway King, Lord Lyndhurst, Mrs. Gamp (*Morning Herald*), Prince Consort, Lord John Russell, Queen Victoria, Divach, Col. Stikborpe, Sir Fredk. Trench, Emperor of Russia, Ibrahim Pash, Lord Brougham, King of Naples, Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Harris (*The Standard*), Mr. Punch, Louis Phauppe, Mesars. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.

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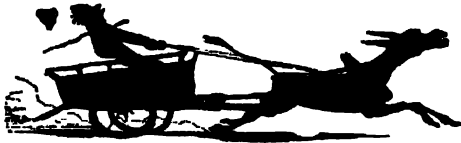
A PAGE FROM "PUNCH."

(VOL. I. No. 4. AUGUST 7, 1841.)

LITERARY RECIPES.

HOW TO COOK UP A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

Take a consummate puppy—M.P.'s preferable (as they are generally the softest, and don't require much pressing)—baste with self-conceit—stuff with slang—season with maudlin sentiment—hasliff up with a popular publisher—simmer down with



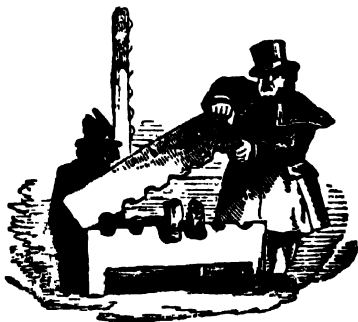
WILL BE OUT SHORTLY.

preparatory advertisements. Add six reams of gilt-edged paper—grate in a thousand quills—garnish with marble covers, and morocco backs and corners. Stir up with magazine puffs—skim off sufficient for preface. Shred scraps of French and small-talk very fine. Add "superfine coats"—"satin stocks"—"bouquets"—"opera-boxes"—"a duel"—an elopement—St. George's Church—silver bride favours—eight footmen—four postillions—the like number of horses—a "dredger" of smiles—some filtered tears—half-mourning for a dead uncle (the better if he has a twitch in his nose), and serve with anything that will bear "frittering."

A SENTIMENTAL DITTO.

(By the same Author.)

Take a young lady—dress her in blue ribbons—sprinkle with innocence, spring flowers, and primroses. Procure a Baronet (a Lord if in season); if not, a depraved "younger son"—trim him with écarté, rouge et noir, Epsom, Derby, and a slice of Crockford's. Work up with rustic cottage, an aged father, blind mother, and little brothers and sisters in brown holland pinafores. Introduce mock abduction—strong dose of virtue and repentance. Serve up with village church—happy parent—delighted daughter—reformed rake—blissful brothers—siren sisters—and perfect dénouement.



LOCKE ON THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

N.B.—Season with perspective christening and postponed epitaph.

A STARTLING ROMANCE.

Take a small boy, charity, factory, carpenter's apprentice, or otherwise, as occasion may serve—stew him well down in vice—garnish largely with oaths and flash songs—boil him in a cauldron of crime and improbabilities. Season equally with good and bad qualities—infuse petty larceny, affection, benevolence and burglary, honour and house-breaking, amiability and arson—boil all gently. Stew down a mad mother—a gang of robbers—several pistols—a bloody knife. Serve up with a couple of murders—and season with a hanging-match.

N.B.—Alter the ingredients to a beadle and a workhouse—the scenes may be the same, but the whole flavour of vice will be lost, and the boy will turn out a perfect pattern.—Strongly recommended for weak stomachs.



SECURING A FRIEND, IS THE PRESS.

AN HISTORICAL DITTO.

Take a young man six feet high—mix up with a horse—draw a squire from his father's estate (the broad-shouldered and loquacious are the best sort)—prepare both for potting (that is, exporting). When abroad, introduce a well-pounded Saracen—a foreign princess—stew down a couple of dwarfs and a conquered giant—fill two sauce-tureens with a prodigious ransom. Garnish with garlands and dead Turks. Serve up with a royal marriage and cloth of gold.



THE DISOWNED.

A NARRATIVE.

Take a distant village—follow with high-road—introduce and boil down pedlar, gut his pack, and cut his throat—hang him up by the heels—when done enough, let his brother cut him down—get both into a stew—pepper the real murderer—grill the innocent for a short time—then take them off, and put delinquents in their place (these can scarcely be broiled too much, and a strong fire is particularly recommended). When real perpetrators are done, all is complete.

If the parties have been poor, serve up with mint sauce, and the name of the enriched sufferer.

BIOGRAPHY OF KINGS.

Lay in a large stock of "gammon" and pennyroyal—carefully strip and pare all the tainted parts away, when this can be done without destroying the whole—wrap it up in printed paper, containing all possible virtues—baste with flattery, stuff with adulation, garnish with fictitious attributes, and a strong infusion of sycophancy.

Serve up to prepared courtiers, who have been previously well seasoned with long-received pensions or sinecures.



"Is this a library?"

"Yes."

"Then let me have the last number of Hemily Fitz-Hobson."

From Punch, 1842.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best Christmas greeting in four lines of verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

V.—This month we offer an additional prize of a handsome and beautifully illustrated Christmas book for the best list of the twelve most humorous short stories, or the twelve most humorous single chapters from any books in the English language.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss CONSTANCE URSULA KERR, Manse, Dirleton R.S.O., East Lothian, for the following:

THE PRODIGAL FATHER. BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

"We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings with soda water.

"Loudly they talked of the money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.
R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends*.

Other quotations received are:

AFOOT IN ENGLAND. BY W. H. HUDSON.

"Travel-sore and weak,
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?"
C. G. ROSSETTI, *Uphill*.

(Mollie Kennedy, D'Anvers House, Banbury, Oxon.)

LOVE, THE THIEF. BY HELEN MATHERS.

"When he kissed me and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh! how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my missis's teapot and spoons."
HOOD, *Lines to Mary (Old Bailey Ballads)*.

(Richard O'Neill, Anglesea House, Ipswich; Mrs. J. A. Thomas, Cheriton, Knighton Drive, Leicester; and Miss Jessie Gresham, 2, Dean Avenue, Newton Heath, Manchester.)

AN ESSAY IN RECONSTRUCTION. BY JOHN AYS COUGH.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men,
Could not put Humpty Dumpty together again."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.)

HAPPINESS. BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

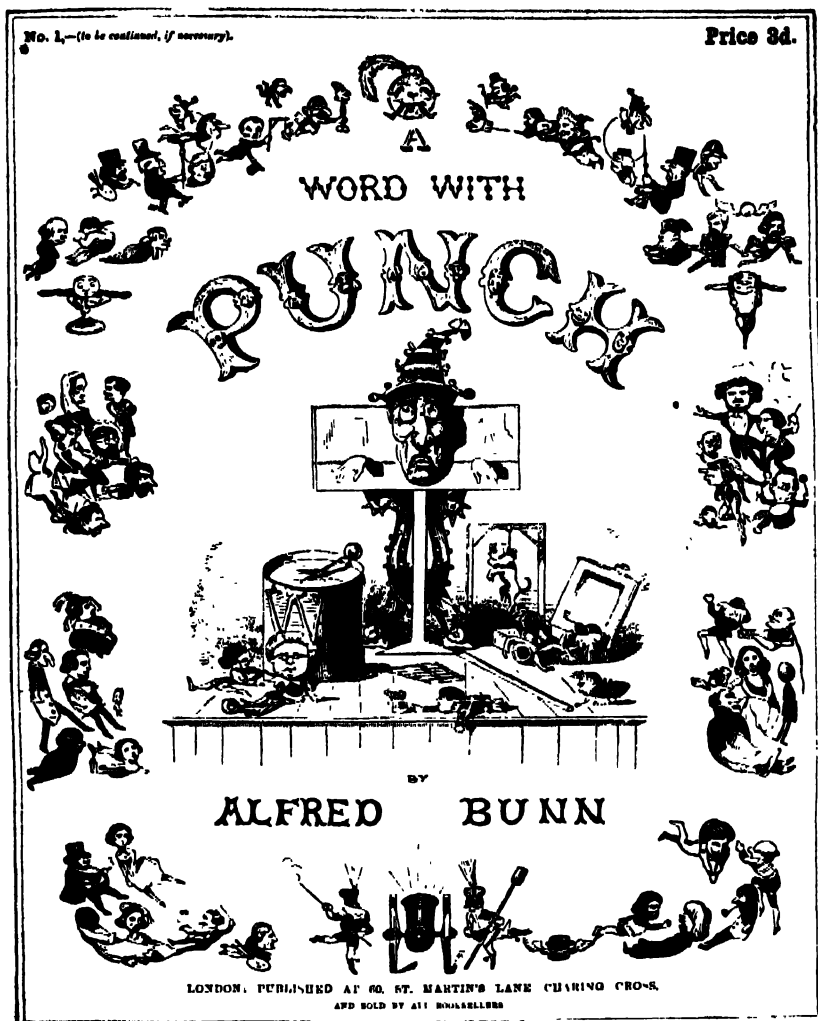
"A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown Windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four."
W. S. GILBERT, *Captain Reece*.

(Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.)

II.—As this PRIZE, for the earliest passage from English Literature forecasting aviation, has to be divided between three competitors, we are sending Two NEW NOVELS to each of them, viz.: PHYLLIS J. LITHANER, of 3, St. James's Mansions, West Hampstead, N.W.; HENRY M. RILEY, 79, Mere Road, Leicester; and A. CECIL PIPER, 145, Queen's Park Road, Brighton, each having sent in the following from Roger Bacon (1214—1294):

"I will speak only of things performed by art and Nature, wherein shall be nothing magical, and first, by the figuration of art, there may be made instruments of navigation without men to rowe in them as great ships to brooke the sea, only with one man to steere them and they shall sayle far more swiftly than if they were full of men; also chariots that shall move with an unspeakable force, without any living creature to steere them. Likewise an instrument may be made to fly withall, if one sit in the midst of the instrument and doe turn an engine, by which the wings, being artificially composed, may beat the ayre after manner of a flying bird."

Many other appropriate quotations from Dr. Johnson, Cowley, Erasmus Darwin, Bishop Wilkins, Lord Lytton, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Tennyson, etc., have been submitted (the same passages from Erasmus Darwin, Johnson, and Tennyson being in special favour) by Miss V. Darwin Huish (Derby), Miss Macadam (St. Andrews, N.B.), Stella Speck (Bedford), J. Lloyd



The Wrapper of "A Word with Punch."
(Designed by George Augustus Sala.)

The little figures represent men and women of the time; lying on the stage are members of the *Punch* staff—Thackeray, Horace Mayhew, Jerrold, and others.
From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)

Jones (Barry, S. Wales), L. B. Wood (Bowdon, Cheshire), Miss S. A. Hony (Pewsey, Wilts), Elsie Rippon (Hull), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), Miss G. Mitchell (Linton), Kate Capper (Saffron Walden), Rev. H. Cotton Smith (Grantham), Annie Halten (Oswestry), Agnes Robertson (Camberwell, S.E.), Mrs. J. E. Crawshaw (Blackburn), Miss Bennett (New Barnet), Elizabeth J. Lawrence (Lonmay), C. A. Bayley (Bangor), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), A. F. Tayler (Matlock), Margaret A. M. Macalister (Cambridge), Mrs. Leslie (Eddleston N.B.), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton, Yorks), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to M. WINDEATT ROBERTS, of Chudleigh House, Bideford, for the following:

THE BIRTH OF MODERN ITALY. BY JESSIE WHITE MARIO. (Unwin.)

The Italian *Risorgimento* inspired many writers, and notably women, to their best work, infecting them doubtless with the high idealism which actuated the patriots. Among the most fervent disciples of Mazzini was Signora Mario, whose posthumous papers, edited by Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese, are practically a biography of her hero. She throws fresh light on his doings in England, and incidentally proves us innocent of the actual betrayal of the Bandiera brothers to Austria. Her book, coloured by republican prejudice against Cavour, is a mine for future historians, but, in leaving the final unification untold, hardly warrants the title given it.

From among the large number of other reviews submitted we select for printing:

MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE. BY PROFESSOR LOWELL. (Macmillan.)

Seldom is a book dealing with the result of scientific research read with the breathless interest with which all intelligent readers must scan these pages. As a forecast of the future of our race on earth, we have a sketch of the present condition of the Martians, engaged in a struggle for life on the waterless Martian deserts. Professor Lowell finds proof of the Martians' existence in their visible achievements—the huge canals fed by Polar snows, and the contrived oases. In this book we find a vision of romance which is solidly built upon hard scientific fact.

(Agnes M. Tannahill, 11, Highburgh Terrace, Glasgow West.)

CECILIA KIRKHAM'S SON. BY MRS. KENNETH COMBE. (Blackwood.)

It is difficult to know which to admire most—Cecilia Kirkham or Cecilia Kirkham's son—the one who gives up all she has, even her life's blood, for love—or the other who gives up his ambitions and his life's career in pity and remorse. Helen, with her woman's sympathy, courage and love; General Estcourt, with his harmless flirtations; the deep-laid yet novel plots of the Indians for their revenge; all give a splendid background for the treatment of this grand theme—a mother's love for her son and a son's care for his mother.

(Miss Irene Lalonde, 12, Landemann Terrace, Weston-super-Mare.)

We select for special commendation the reviews received from W. B. Ridsdale (Gloucester), Miss Florence Graham Stirling (Comrie),



"Number Nip! Number Nip! come and take this naughty child!"
That moment the spirit appeared in his collier's dress.
From "Legends of Number Nip," by Mark Lemon, illustrated by Charles Keene.

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

The Bookman



VOLUME XXVI

VII — SEPTEMBER, 1909

London

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
WARWICK SQUARE, EC

CONTENTS.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1909.

	PAGE		PAGE
Actor's Story, An. (B. Williams.) By W. F. P.	90	Fleet Street, and Other Poems. (John Davidson.) By George Saintsbury	177
American Letter, Our 22, 56, 110, 156, 202, 246	246	Fra Filippo Lippi, The Romance of. (A. J. Anderson)	228
Araminta. (J. C. Snaith.) By Thomas Seecombe	38	Fraternity. (J. Galsworthy.) By E. Thomas	86
Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy, The. (W. J. Anderson.) By Arthur Lewis	223	Graven Image, The. (Mis. C. Kernahan.) By A.	40
Arctic Ice, Conquering the. (E. Mikkelsen) By J. E. Patterson	35	"Half Moon," The. (F. M. Hueffer.) By Walter Jerrold	134
Artemision: Idylls and Songs. (M. Hewlett.) By Walter de la Mare	82*	Hanoverian Queens of England, The. (A. Greenwood.) By Lewis Melville	227
Australia, The Commonwealth of. (Hon. B. R. Wise.)	180	Hart, Sir Robert. (Juhet Bredon) By M. H. H. Macartney	135
Balthazar. (Anatole France)	90	Heme, Heinrich, Poems and Ballads. (Translated by R. Levy.) By E. E. K.	276
Bancrofts, The. By W. F. P.	112	History in Education, The Place of. (J. W. Allen.) By John Adams	187
Beardsley, Aubrey. (R. Ross.) By Francis Buckley	12	Holbeni. (S. L. Benson) By Arthur Lewis	91
Beethoven's Letters. (Dr. A. C. Kahschke) By George Sampson	179	Holmes, Oliver Wendell. (L. W. Townsend.) By A. St. J. A.	230
Blake, William. (B. de Selincourt) By Arthur Waugh	85	Hungary of To Day. (Ed. by P. Alden)	37
Blue Bird, The. (M. Maeterlinck)	85	Hungary, Racial Problems in. (Scotus Viator)	37
Boccaccio's "Decameron." By T. E. Page	221	Hus, The Life and Times of Master John (Count Lutzuw.) By Walter Jerrold	274
Bookman's Table, The Americans. Alexander Francis	245	Imperial Unity, The Struggle for. (Col. G. T. Denison)	180
Bible Dictionary, A Standard. Editor M. W. Jacobus, D.D.	48	In Wind and Wild. (Eric Parker.) By Edward Thomas	271
Bible, Dictionary of the. Editor, J. Hastings, D.D.	18	Japan, Every Day. (A. Lloyd.) By Olive Holland	36
Bretons at Home, The. E. B. d'Auvergne	235	Josephine, The Love Story of Empress. (James Endell.) By Frank Hamel	225
Brightwen, Eliza. Editor, W. H. Chesson	17	June Princess, The. (C. Smedley) By A.	39
Buried City of Kentig, The. Thomas Gray	192	Katherine the Arrogant. (B. M. Croker.) By A.	39
Christian Science, The Faith and Works of	146	Knead's Battery. (G. W. Cable.) By A.	39
Club and Caddie, With. E. M. Griffiths	193	King Penda's Captain. (M. MacBride.) By A.	39
Diversions in Sicily. H. Festing Jones	280	King's Favourite. (P. Gibbs.) By A. G.	42
Dog World and Anti-Cat Review, The. Walter Emanuel	147	Lancelot and Elame. (Morley Steynor.) By A. M.	222
Drawings, A Second Book of. J. Guthrie	99	Leaves of the Lower Branch. (E. B. V. Christian.)	138
English Castles, The. E. B. d'Auvergne	99	Library, Hours in a. (Leslie Stephen)	141
English in China, The. J. Bromley Fames	281	Lil of the Slums. (Dick Donovan.) By A.	40
Fontainebleau, Fair Women at. F. Hamel	98	Literature in the Nineteenth Century, English. (L. Magnus)	189
France's Masterpiece. M. Carmichael	193	Literature, The Down Grade in. By William Barry	132
French Republic, The Third. Frederick Lawton	146	London, Adventures in. (J. Douglas) By F. G. Bettany	186
French Revolution, The. R. M. Johnston	281	London's Lane. (H. and L. Melville.) By Coulson Kernahan	136
Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures	246	Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. (Lieut. Col. A. C. P. Haggard.) By Thomas Seecombe	133
Leland, The Itinerary of John. Editor, L. I. Smith	48	Lure of Eve, The. (E. M. Moore)	35
Light and Shade. R. C. Lehmann	192	Mackenzie, Sir George, his Life and Times. (A. Lang.) By Walford D. Green	40
London, Old. W. L. McNay	147	Magnificat. (Vincent Brown.) By A.	39
Lute of Jade, A. L. Cranmer Byng	194	Mascheld, John. (BOOKMAN Gallery)	8
Napoleon, A Favourite of. Editor, Paul Chiramy	47	Masters in Disillusion, Six. (Algar Thorold.) By Henry Baerlein	229
Plays. J. Galsworthy	98	Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism, George. (J. A. Hammerton)	182
Poems, Selected. L. Housman	48	Merry Heart, The. (F. A. Swinnerton)	178
Riding to Lathend, The. Gordon Bottomley	281	Montaigne, The Essays of Michael, Lord of. (Florio's Translation.) By T. E. Page	83
Rubens. S. L. Benson	47	Mystery of the Myrtles, The. (E. Jepson.) By A.	40
Scenes and Portraits. Frederic Manning	245	Napoleon, The Love Affairs of. (Joseph Turquan.) By Frank Hamel	225
Summer Garden, A. Annette Furness	235	Nature. (J. H. Crawford.) By Edward Thomas	271
Sword and Blossom Poems. From the Japanese	281	News Notes 1, 51, 105, 151, 199, 241	
Trachinian Maidens of Sophocles, The. Hugo Sharpley	194	Nietzsche: His Life and Work. (M. A. Mugge.) By Edward Thomas	140
Turkish People, The. L. M. J. Garnett	192	Nietzsche: "Thoughts Out of Season"; "The Birth of Tragedy"; "Beyond Good and Evil." By Edward Thomas	140
Tyrol and its People. Olive Holland	237	Nightshade. (R. Horniman.) By A.	40
Wat Tyler. Joseph Clayton	147	Nineteenth Century Teachers. (J. Wedgwood.) By Cranstoun Metcalfe	88
Well of St. Clair, The. Anatole France	99	Notes by the Way. (J. C. Francis.) By William E. A. Axon	220
Wheel Magic. J. W. Allen	193	Novel Notes—	
Whistler. T. M. Wood	47	Above All Things. W. Teignmouth Shore	279
Books, Notes on New 99, 147, 194, 237, 281	281	Anne of Green Gables. L. M. Montgomery	97
Books of the Month, New 49, 100, 148, 195, 238, 282	282	Attainment. Mrs. H. Ellis	191
Booksellers' Diary, The 7, 57, 112, 157, 204, 247	247	Backwoodsmen, The. C. G. D. Roberts	191
Boswell, Letters of James, to Rev. W. J. Temple. By Y. Y.	32	Cecilia Kirkham's Son. Mrs. Kenneth Combe	144
Burne-Jones. (A. L. Baldry.) By Arthur Lewis	91	Change in the Cabinet, A. H. Belloc	230
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward. (M. Bell.) By Arthur Lewis	91	Compact, The. R. Cullum	45
Burne-Jones. (J. E. Phythian.) By Francis Buckley	42		
Butler, Josephine E. (Ed. by G. W. and L. A. Johnson.) By Joseph Clayton	180		
Cage, The. (H. Begbie)	184		
Chapters of My Life. (S. Waddington)	137		
Conquest of the Great North-West, The. (A. C. Laut.) By J. E. Patterson	142		
Competitions, THE BOOKMAN PRIZE 31, 79, 131, 176, 205, 268	268		
Daphne in Fitzroy Street. (E. Nesbit)	39		
Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode. (Mrs. H. Ward)	141		
Dawn, The, and Other Poems. (Douglas Carswell.) By A. M.	222		
de Frénilly, Recollections of Baron. (Ed. A. Chuquet.) By Walford D. Green	92		
Dream—and the Woman, The. (T. Gallon.) By A.	40		
Egoists. (J. Hunker.) By Henry Baerlein	229		
England and the English. (Price Collier.) By Thomas Seecombe	219		

Novel Notes—continued.

	PAGE		PAGE
Cousins and Others. Katharine Tynan ..	190	Poems. (W. J. Cameron.) By A. M. ..	222
Dartmoor House that Jack Built, The. John Trevena ..	46	Poems and Translations. (J. M. Synge.) By Francis ..	224
End and the Beginning, The. Cosmo Hamilton ..	145	Bickley ..	43
Envious Eliza. E. M. Albanesi ..	234	Poems, Twenty. (J. Freeman.) By W. de la Mare ..	43
Everybody's Secret. D. Clayton Calthrop ..	233	Poetry. To Pyrrha, 10; Ballade of the Self-Sufficient, ..	
Eye for an Eye, An. Marie Connor Leighton ..	231	A. M. R., 80; Address to the Authors' Society, ..	
Faith. R. B. Cunninghame Graham ..	144	Kate Douglas Wiggin, 100; St. Paul's Chimes, Annie ..	218
Fear of Life, The. G. Maxwell ..	98	Matheson ..	
Firing Line, The. R. W. Chambers ..	44	Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, The. (Ed. ..	
Flying Months, The. F. M. Peard ..	232	A. H. Miles.) By Roger Ingepen ..	41
Forbidden Theatre, The. Keighley Snowden ..	279	Portugal. (W. H. Koebel) ..	275
Geoffrey Cheriton. John Barnett ..	15	Pound, Persona of Ezra ..	188
Gifted Family, The. Barry Pain ..	45	Pyrenees, The. (H. Belloc.) By David Hodge ..	223
Heart of a Gypsy, The. R. Napier ..	94	Raphael. (E. Staley.) By Arthur Lewis ..	91
Heartbreak Hill. Hermann K. Viélé ..	191	Reader, The ..	
Henry in Search of a Wife. Alphonse Courlander ..	233	Carlyle Love-Letters, The. By W. Robertson Nicoll, ..	27
Holborn Hill. Christian Tearle ..	141	L.L.D. ..	59
House of Lies, A. Sidney Warwick ..	279	Corelli, Marie. By A. St. John Adcock ..	209
Incomplete Etonian, An. F. Danby ..	94	Holmes, Oliver Wendell. By Walter Jerrold ..	249
Infamous John Friend, The. Mrs. R. S. Garnett ..	143	Johnson. By Thomas Seecombe ..	261
Interrupted Kiss, The. Richard Marsh ..	46	Johnson's (Dr.) Ancestry. By C. S. Sargisson ..	
Jimbo. A. Blackwood ..	98	Johnson's (Dr.) Literary Work. By H. Spencer ..	257
John Saint. Arthur Brehner ..	233	Scott ..	172
Little Devil Doubt. O. Onions ..	95	Laureate of the Sea, The. (A. C. Swinburne) ..	159
Little Green World, A. J. E. Buckrose ..	232	Meredith, George. By Dr. James Moffatt ..	168
Love and Battles. F. Sidgwick ..	94	Meredith's First Book, George. By M. Buxton ..	163
Low Society. Robert Halfax ..	278	Forman ..	214
Marcia. Marguerite Cotes ..	231	Meredith, The Ordeal of George. By M. Sturge ..	11
Margery Pigeon. J. Wardle ..	98	Henderson ..	113
Marriage of Hilary Garden. Stanley Portal Hyatt ..	278	Pathology and Poetry. By Stephen Paget ..	123
Mary. Winifred Graham ..	278	Pepys, Samuel. By Henry B. Wheatley ..	117
Member for Easterby, The. J. Blyth ..	97	Swinburne, Algernon Charles. By Prof. George ..	
Money. Marie C. Leighton ..	46	Sauntsbury ..	120
Moon of Valleys. David Whitelaw ..	190	Swinburne and Eton. By Blanche Warré Cornish ..	260
Moran of Kildally. L. M. Watt ..	234	Swinburne and His Circle. By James Douglas ..	
Mr. Opp. A. Hegan Rice ..	94	Swinburne, The Genius and Influence of. A Sym ..	
Much Ado About Something. C. E. Lawrence ..	145	posium ..	226
'Neath Austral Skies. Louis Becke ..	232	White Prophet, The. By Dr. William Barry ..	188
Necromancers, The. R. H. Benson ..	280	Recollections of a Long Life. (Lord Broughton.) By ..	
New June, The. Henry Newbolt ..	11	Walford D. Green ..	222
On Tour with Troddles. R. Andom ..	280	Research Defence Society, Publications of the ..	42
Our Adversary. M. E. Braddon ..	145	River Music, and Other Poems. (W. R. Titterton.) By ..	
Perjurer, The. W. E. Norris ..	190	A. M. ..	277
Powers of Mischief, The. Sir William Magnay ..	180	Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. By Francis Buckley ..	181
Reaping, A. E. F. Benson ..	234	Sailing Ships. (E. K. Chatterton.) By J. E. P. ..	271
Red Rose of a Summer, The. Louise Mack ..	231	Savage, Richard. (S. V. Makower.) By Lewis Melville ..	89
Romance of a Plain Man, The. Ellen Glasgow ..	234	Melville ..	270
Rose of the Wilderness. S. R. Crockett ..	180	Shaw, George Bernard. (G. K. Chesterton.) By A. St. ..	
Royal End, The. H. Harland ..	96	John Adcock ..	87
Samson Unshorn. Reginald Turner ..	191	Sixty Years in the Wilderness. (H. W. Lucy.) By F. ..	222
Score, The. Lucas Malet ..	278	G. Bettany ..	
Septimus. W. J. Locke ..	46	Songs of Solitude. (M. Taylor.) By A. M. ..	273
Shoes of Gold. Hamilton Drummond ..	279	South Africa, The Times History of the War in. (L. S. ..	
Sin of Alison Dering, The. L. G. Moberly ..	45	Amery.) By Walter H. James ..	275
Sir Gregory's Silence. A. W. Marchmont ..	190	Spain. (Royall Tyler.) ..	273
Sixpenny Pieces. A. Neil Lyons ..	231	Splendid Brother. (W. Pett Ridge) ..	137
Slaves of Allah, The. G. B. Burgin ..	180	Stepson of Fortune, A. (H. Murray) ..	84
Stairway of Honour, The. M. Stepney Rawson ..	232	Story, Memoir of Robert Herbert, D.D. By D. Macmillan ..	
Story of Hauksgarth Farm, The. E. Brooke ..	96	Supplement, The Bookman Spring—April No. ..	
Studies in Wives. Mrs. B. Lowndes ..	190	Thais. (Anatole France. Trans. by R. B. Douglas) ..	223
These Little Ones. E. Nesbit ..	146	Tracks of Life, On the. (L. G. Scia. Trans. by J. M. ..	
Three Brothers, The. E. Philpotts ..	96	Kennedy.) By Stephen Reynolds ..	86
Trickster, The. G. B. Burgin ..	145	Turkey, The Awakening of. (E. F. Knight) ..	222
Two Goodwins, The. R. Murray Gilchrist ..	46	Twilight Music. (M. S. C. Rickards.) By A. M. ..	39
Veil, The. E. S. Stevens ..	192	Uncle Gregory. (G. Sandeman.) By A. ..	
Vicissitudes of Flynn, The. B. Kennedy ..	97	Valley of Shadows, The. (F. Grierson) By David Gow ..	187
Wanton, The. F. Forbes-Robertson ..	232	Verlaine, Paul. (E. Lepelletier.) By George Sauntsbury ..	81
Watchers by the Shore. J. E. Patterson ..	279	Wagner, Personal Recollections of. (A. Neumann.) By ..	
Wax. G. S. Layard ..	96	George Sampson ..	93
When a Woman Woos. C. Marriott ..	95	Wagner, Richard to Minna. (Trans. by W. A. Ellis.) ..	226
Yellow God, The. H. Rider Haggard ..	44	By Edward Wright ..	276
Young Man Married, A. Sydney C. Grier ..	231	Way Things Happen, The. (H. de Schmeunt) ..	139
		White Sister, The. (Marion Crawford.) By F. J. C. ..	
		Wiggins' (Kate Douglas) Address to the Authors' ..	109
		Society ..	
		Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era. (J. ..	
		Fyvie.) By Lewis Melville ..	227

Onions, Mr. Oliver. (BOOKMAN Gallery.) By Ashley ..	207
Gibson ..	
Pæstum, and Other Poems. (A. B. Thaw.) By A. M. ..	222
Painter's Life, Notes from. (C. E. Halle.) By Coulson ..	183
Kernahan ..	
Paris the Beautiful. (L. Whiting.) By Clive Holland ..	185
Paris, Walks in. (G. Cain.) By Clive Holland ..	185
Perceval, The Rt. Hon. Spencer. (Philip Treherne.) By ..	34
Lewis Melville ..	
Philanthropists, The. (Ruth Young.) By A. M. ..	222

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Albemarle, Anne, Duchess of ..	17	Blake, William, Illustration from, "Mystery" ..	85
Albemarle, George Monk, Duke of ..	23	Blyth, James ..	4
Andom, R. ..	280	Boswell, James, 251; Statue at Lichfield ..	268
Ark Royal, The, Elizabeth's Flagship, 1587 ..	277	Brehner, Arthur ..	233
Bancroft, Marie ..	143	"Bretons at Home," Illustration from ..	236
Bancroft, Squire ..	143	Brightwen, Eliza ..	47
Belloc, Hilaire ..	200	Brooke, Emma ..	52
Betterton, Thomas ..	21	Buckingham, George, Duke of ..	23
Birmingham, George A. (Rev. James O. Hannay) ..	245	Burford Bridge ..	164

	PAGE		PAGE
Burmester, Frances	108	Lely, Sir Peter	19
Butler, Josephine E	181	London in Pepys's time	13, 14, 16, 20, 22, 24, 25
Caine, Hall	244	Long, John	4
Calthrop, Dion Clavton	233	Longfellow	217
Carey, Rosa Nouchette	200	Lowell	217
Carlyle, Jane Welsh, Plate Portrait, April Supplement	29	"Lucas Malet"	242
Carlyle Thomas	27	Lucy H. W.	87
Catherine Queen of Charles II	14	Mack Louise	54
Cesaresco Countess Martinengo	6	Magnay Sir William	133
Charles II	14	Magnus Laurie	153
Chesterfield Philip Dormer Stanhope 4th Earl of	257	Manning Frederic	235
Clarendon Edward Hyde, Earl of	23	Marrillott Charles	52
Cleveland Duchess of (Lady Castlemaine)	17	Masefield John	9
Corelli, Marc Plate Portrait, May Supplement 59, her home 60 61 62 64 65 66 70 her ponies 67 her gondola 69 Japanese play bill of 'Vendetta' 71 facsimile of MS 68, 76 illustration from Holy Orders	77	Meredith George Plate Portrait July Supplement, 159, 161 162 163 166 167 169 170, his home, 160, 161, Crossways Farm 164, illustrations from his works 165 171, title pages 168 170, ticket for Memorial Service	167
Corderoy Sir William	23	Miles Alfred H	41
Crawford F Marion	55	Montgomery I M	97
"Daphne Floyd"	141	Moore Edith Mary	35
Davenant Sir William	21	Mozart's House in the Makart Platz	217
de Beauharnais Stephanie	225	Murray Henry	137
de Selincourt Hugh	276	Napier Rosamond	94
Dryden John	21	Nature Illustration from	272
Ellis, Mrs Havlock	154	Newbolt Henry	44
Emanuel Walter	147	Nest of the Sparrowhawk Illustration from	243
Emerson	217	Oldfield Ann	17
Evelyn, John	15	Onions Oliver	207
Flower, Newman	5	Pateinoster G. Sidney	53
Forbes-Robertson Frances	232	Patterson J I	243
"Francia's Masterpiece" Illustration from	105	Pepys Samuel Presentation Portrait April Supplement, 11 15 18 20 24 26 London of his time 13 14 16, 20 22 24 25 his wife 12 men and women of his time 12 14 15 17 19 21 23 facsimile of MS of the Diary 15 his bookplate 24 tomb of his wife 20 his own tomb	25
"Frank Danby (Mrs J Frankau)"	95	Pepys Mrs Samuel	12
Gallon Tom	2	Perceval The Rt Hon Spencer	34
Garnett Mrs R S	144	Porter Miss Lucy Dr Johnson's step daughter	260
Gibbons, Grinling	19	Portugal its Land and People Illustration from	275
Gilchrist R Murray	46	Pound Ezra	154
Gould, Nat	4	Roberts Charles G. D.	191
Graham Winifred	201	Sandwich 1st Earl of (Pepys's My Lord)	12
Grierson Francis	2	Selwyn George and his dog	89
Gwynn Nell	17	Shooter's Bookplate Dora Sigerson	152
Hart, Sir Robert and Group of Customs People	145	Sidgwick Frank	5
Hawkins Sir John	235	Spinetta from The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi	228
Hawthorne Nathaniel	217	Stratford on Avon 61 69 72 73 74 75, 78	
Hodgson W Hope	3	Supplement THE BOOKMAN Spring 56 Illustrations April No.	201
Holland Olive	202	Swann Mason Rev R S	201
Holmes Oliver Wendell Plate Portrait August Supplement 209 211 214 216 his home in Massachusetts 210 autograph letter etc 211 215 216 some friends 217 card used by him in replying to autograph hunters 210 illustration from his books 212 213 book plate	215	Swinburne Algernon Charles Plate Portrait June Supplement 113 114 115 117 119 125 126 127 128 129 his homes and surroundings 114 116 118 120 122 123 124 128 miniatures of his family 125 his friends 121 his grave	130
Horniman Roy	3	Theatre The Duke's	14
Hussey Eric	106	These Little Ones Illustration from	146
Hyatt, Stanley Portal	278	Thrale Mr 256 Mrs 256 Summer house at Streatham 256 Facsimile of page of Mrs Thrale's Journal	259
Irving, Edward	30	Trench Mrs	228
"Japan Every Day" Illustration from	46	Turner Reginald	155
James II	15	Van Dyke Sir Anthony	19
"John Doe and Richard Roe"	139	Verlaine Paul	81
Johnson Samuel Plate of Eric Crow's picture of Johnson Goldsmith and Boswell at the Mitre September Supplement 241 253 254 256 258 261 263 265 266 at Sir Joshua Reynolds's 269 with Goldsmith 269 homes and haunts 250 251 252 254 255 256 258 262, 263 264 his step daughter 260 his father 262 facsimile of his last prayer 265 statue at Lichfield	265	Victor Hugo's House Entrance to	185
Jones, Henry Festing	280	von Doenniges Helena (Clothilde of 'The Tragic Comedians')	183
Josephine	225	Vyver Bertha	63
Killigrew Thomas	21	Waddington Samuel	137
Kneller, Sir Godfrey	19	Welsh Jane	29
Knight Bookplate of Joseph	220	Whitclaw David	54
Knight, F F	138	Whittier J G	217
Lasalle, Ferdinand (Dr Alvan)	182	Williams Bransby as 'Scrooge'	91
Lawrence, C I	145	Williams Lieut John O	243
Layard, George Somerset	96	Winterton Earl	107
Lehmann, R C	6	Wren Sir Christopher	19
Leighton, Marie Connoi	231	Wynham, Horace	107

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO VOL. XXXVI.

PROF JOHN ADAMS
A ST JOHN ADOLCK.
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IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to M. F. LUSTY, Clayton Hospital Wakefield.

THE STORY OF ANN VERONICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

UGHT Mr. Wells to have written this book? * I throw out the question for debate in those literary clubs which are tired of discussing Ibsen and Tolstoy. It may be argued from three points of view, as the artist, the ethical teacher, the searcher into life takes it up; nevertheless, one is the judge and one alone, whom I will term the conscience. A fine piece of workmanship does not justify its title to exist if it is immoral; and many aspects of life ought never to be shown before the public. Would a censor of fiction have allowed "Ann Veronica" to appear? That note of interrogation sounded loud as I went over these chapters in which Mr. Wells has given to his miscellaneous audience a story of Free Love. For my part, I cannot be satisfied that the picture should have been held up where all the world may inspect it; but why do I say picture? Call the thing a sermon on the wrong side, a text in which the lawless young woman supplies the incident while her man of letters drives home the philosophy. Light reading, indeed! No, but a passionate justification of instinct run wild. These be thy Hot Gospellers, O England, who would lead thee out of the house of bondage—into the wilderness of Sin, and leave thee there.

Miss Ann Veronica Stanley was (or shall we say is?) a scatter-brained girl, brought up in the common English way, who dabbles in biology yet remains as ignorant as before of its meaning. Her creator, Mr. Wells, would probably have invented a type more consistent if he were writing in French; but the circulating library is at this hour distracted by a struggle between old conventions and new daring, so that a story-teller even of audacious purpose cannot do the thing he would. However, it shall be granted that the amateur students at Tredgold College who dissected and anatomised were absurdly Victorian still, in spite of their demonstrations. Miss Veronica runs away from home to enlarge her experience, though really in search of a husband, after refusing one æsthetic Simple Simon whose name was Teddie Widgett, and

one solemn but devoted verse-maker, clearly Gilbertian in phrase and style, the heavy Mr. Manning. Her father has never done anything which he ought to have left undone; but a sister has married into the theatre, a brother is eccentric, an aunt is exasperatingly commonplace, and the girl finds life at home intolerable. She elopes to London, tries to find work, cannot get any—which is not wonderful, as she had never been trained, unless to the carmine-staining of specimens—and is brought up in front of the usual dilemma, starve or sin. How it was that Ann Veronica did not foresee all this, taught in scores of novels and visible around her in other young persons, we fail to be informed. She must keep on being an *ingénue* else the story would fall to pieces. But, of course, Mr. Wells draws or rather sketches vigorously, flings out many bright thoughts *en passant*, and displays once more his aptitude (let us baptise it in this way) for the Higher Journalism, a gift which he shares with Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, and other brilliant improvisers who write while they run. He is all alive—a fluttering evanescent life—here to-day and gone to-morrow, being fed on the current delusions known as modern ideas.

Failing in the labour market, Ann Veronica must capture a mate who will support her, and the book resolves itself into an equation of four terms. Shall she accept Manning, who always proposes marriage? Or take the ignominious terms thrust on her in a violent ugly scene by the libertine Ramage? Or compel the not much less of a libertine, Capes, already burdened with a wife, to quit his honourable station and run off with her to Switzerland? One feels embarrassed in reporting a plot so little relieved from the grosser elements, well known in French novels and there sometimes heightened by graces of composition; but I am bound to rehearse what the author has chosen to set down. Observe a fresh feature in our home romances at least more strongly marked than hitherto. Ann Veronica is a kind of hesitating George Sand, but quite ready to follow her instinct as soon as it declares itself powerfully enough. She conquers the vague and feeble Capes.

* "Ann Veronica." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

who just obeys her, muttering all the while that he knows they are degraded and that the law is right. Now here the story should end; it is vile and base, but logical on the anarchist principles which, to my profound regret, Mr. Wells glorifies by the lips of his heroine and Woman who Did. But he tags on a wholly useless epilogue. By some unexplained means, by death or divorce, the knot of the previous marriage is untied. The anarchists go through legal forms; the father relents; the curtain falls on a united family party; Ann Veronica is Mrs. Capes. That such things might happen is conceivable; but when they happen, the story commits suicide. Free Love would then be no more than a passing fit of hysteria and school-girl tantrums; all the fine talk of Ann Veronica melts into air, and her elopement signifies nothing. Its interest was—mark it well, too careless reader—the defiance of law in obedience to an impulse seemingly more

divine. That question is one of Satan's master-problems, fitted to be the seed-plot of tragedy. Are we to think of Mr. Wells as a hesitating anarchist, or as wedded to Free Love, but keeping a business eye on the possibilities of circulation? Be that as it may, the force, the impetus of his pleading drives towards social wreckage. I know how the stupidity which misnames fiction as light reading will scorn a critic in whose judgment the novel appears to be, like the newspaper, a most effective medium of scattering false ideas. But what is that to me? Mr. Wells is one of the few to whom thousands listen. He has a great responsibility and may do infinite good or harm. I think "Ann Veronica" imperfect as a work of art, though picturesque and exciting, persuasive against the great human law which bridles passion, and therefore dangerous to every woman into whose hands it is likely to fall. And I wish Mr. Wells had not written it.

New Books.

SINNERS BOTH.*

Two new works have just passed through my hand, biographical studies of the two famous English writers most fondly cherished by the British Public, quite apart from their intrinsic merits, for the precious scandal connected with their lives and writings. Professor Cross of Yale has just given us the first complete, careful, and accurate biography of Sterne. With immense labour he has perhaps exhausted the search for original authorities, sifting out numerous forgeries, interpolations, and perversions, and has brought together a great mass of new details, much of them valuable, but most trivial and uninteresting. Such grave trifling as the twenty-five pages wasted on the "Watch-coat," a very ordinary little pasquinade, only ends by presenting Sterne in an atmosphere of infinite littleness. Professor Cross traces very usefully the sources and working out of Sterne's best ideas and creations. Naturally he overdoes it. The fault of most modern critics, as of writers on myth like Max Muller, is that they undervalue the average human powers of imagination, invention, and mendacity. Of course Dr. Slop was a spiteful caricature of John Burton. But the Shandies and Toby and Trim and Bramble and Honour and Becky Sharp and Gamp and Pecksniff are more living and lifelike than the puppets in a penny novelette, not because they were drawn from models, but because their creators had more fertile brains and more dexterous pencils. Sterne was a hungry, toutting, literary and social adventurer, no better than his fellows of to-day; "Tristram Shandy" owed much to luck and timeliness. All the same, it is a great literary monument—one of the world-books. Not only did it work a revolution whose influence, for good and bad, is not yet exhausted, but in itself it was a superb achievement of impudent genius. If only Sterne had written it more carefully, more conscientiously, and suppressed his trumpery "Sermons" and his nauseous "Journey," we might have worshipped him as an author, and tried to forget what he was as a man.

And this Professor Cross tells us all too plainly, though naturally in his zeal for his hero he tries to put the best colour on the ugly facts, which, I own, he never suppresses or consciously misrepresents. And how repulsive it all

* "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne." By Wilbur L. Cross. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Byron—The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

is! Take first Sterne's literary conscience. Mere Grub Street morality. A crafty huckster, without reverence for great literature, in short a literary adventurer, he wrote with the one object of buying at the least cost of trouble the greatest amount of luxury and pleasure—just to indulge his vanity and vices. Again and again we see him, exhausted in purse and health by a London season of flashy dissipation, rolling home to his parsonage "in his own carriage" to huddle together in feverish haste whatever he could purloin, or invent to tickle the public—the seasoning of indecency was surely a deliberate bait—and then hurrying back to town to tout and peddle his wares, and wallow again in the mire. Even his revelation, his new evangel—simple humanity portrayed with loving feeling and lit up with lambent humour—was but a happy thought, an artful experiment, adopted when in the fifth volume he had exhausted his Rabelais and Browne and himself. Just as later on, to make a fresh sensation, he degraded natural feeling to mawkish sentiment.

And a social adventurer too. Here Professor Cross, very pardonably, is misled by unfamiliarity with the vagaries of English society then and now. He thinks that Sterne floated gaily on the cream of Yorkshire social cream, and that Hall-Stevenson (Sterne's Eugenius) was a very magnificent personage—that ridiculous, low profligate and obscene scribbler! The fact is that Sterne's congenial associates through life were Eugenius and his "Crazy Hall" gang, with their London allies. He may have dined with some grander neighbours—but the libertine chaplain was then a favourite ornament of the festive board. He goes to London and we are told Society is enraptured with him. Yes, but only for the hour. "Tristram" happened to become the rage, and the author was lionised—that is all. His social success is here based chiefly on his own boasting letters home, and Sterne was a sad liar. No doubt Leo was invited everywhere—one duke even gave him a silver ink-pot—but it is admitted ominously that next season his fine friends had dropped off and he had to tout for fresh ones—and so again the next. Two good judges pronounced him a bore, as we should probably find him to-day, and the compliments of others, here paraded, seem complacencies inspired more by his works than person. My memory is rusty, but I recall no contemporary praises of his character or bearing that carry weight. A social parasite—hardly more.

As a boy I read the "Sentimental Journey" with a vague shame-faced shrinking as at some prodigious obscenity, some mysterious, veiled uncleanness—the brutalities of Pickle seemed but honest fun—and seeing through the fine sentiment, as most boys can. Ever since, the man Sterne has been to me intensely repulsive, so in treating his character I might go too far, and too long. Pick out from Professor Cross all the facts, and test them by the most indulgent moral standard—the real Sterne will emerge, a portent and a warning. We must despise—ought we to pity? Hardly. His one aim was "a short life and a merry one," and he achieved it. Excuse him? Whom may we not excuse? Sterne came of bad blood on both sides. He was born with brilliant genius, high spirits, the facile good-nature of the spendthrift, with a thirst for sensual pleasures, but without principle. He never came under a moral influence strong enough to raise and purify him. Above all he was diseased, body and mind—the typical consumptive—founder of the *Poitrinaire* School of Sentiment. Sterne and his Maria, and Grisette, and Miss Fourmantelle "of the York concerts," and his Eliza—the whole thing is tuberculous. But to excuse is to accuse.

Turn we to a different reprobate hero and a different book. But "Byron—The Last Phase" is really two totally distinct works. Of the first—the Last Phase, a valuable account of Byron's expedition to help the Greeks—little can here be said. Most of us have carelessly supposed that he went forth under an impulse of vanity and sentimental gush for "oppressed nationalities." Mr. Edgcumbe undeceives us. Byron had no delusions; he knew the Greeks only too well. He was looking round for some way of using his matured powers for good, and set out 'tut on the chance of being of use. If he achieved little before he was cut off, it was simply because he was a prudent statesman instead of a rash adventurer. Had he lived to accept the Greek crown, he might have made some fine history. Mr. Edgcumbe should be read; he has proved his point. For myself, with shame for past ignorance and injustice, I own that the purity of Byron's motives, his unselfish devotion, and noble sacrifice efface all youthful errors, and that in him England had thrown away a patriot and statesman of rare courage, prudence, and political sagacity.

The other half of the book is a retort to the late Lord Lovelace's "Astarte." Mrs. Stowe's revelations I utterly rejected at the time as evidently founded on stupid misunderstandings, in spite of my then violent prejudice against Byron. So when his grandson—and such a grandson—sought to purge his grandmother from the *venial* charge of credulity and harshness, by bolstering up the *dammning* charge against his grandfather, I chose not to read. But Mr. Edgcumbe did it for us, with stern and watchful eye. Astarte must be a mad, bad book, though I confess some quotations read rather well. The author, with Lady Byron's jealously guarded papers all before him, professed to have found full proofs of Byron's guilt, but produced none of any value. He rested his case mainly on certain letters of Mrs. Leigh to Lady Byron (in 1816) making full confession, yet audaciously said: "It is unnecessary to produce these letters here, as their contents are confirmed and made sufficiently clear by the correspondence of 1819, given in another chapter." Which confirmed *nothing*! This is but a specimen of his juggling with documents, which Mr. Edgcumbe has so severely castigated. Astarte offers only insinuations—so no more of it.

Mr. Edgcumbe is an excellent destructive, but his constructive methods are sometimes disappointing. He too has a disclosure to make, "reveals an incident which during Byron's lifetime was known only by those who were pledged to silence." But he "regrets being unable more precisely to indicate the source of the information"! Moreover, for no earthly reason that I can see he somehow

shrinks from putting the Incident in plain words, but argues round it, and leaves it to be inferred from a clause here and there. And instead of discussing and explaining away the obvious practical difficulties of the Incident, he coolly ignores them, and like Lord Lovelace falls back on quotations from Byron's poems, equally blind to allusions which tell the other way. No doubt he has the best of the argument, but it is a perilous one at best. Ingenuity might thus convict even the immaculate Wordsworth of the blackest crimes. Mr. Edgcumbe must have been strictly tongue-tied to have bungled his disclosure so badly.

We knew that at sixteen Byron fell in love with Mary Chaworth, who then married Squire Musters, had children, separated (spring of 1813), went mad (1816), recovered, went back to husband (1817), died (1832). Now for the Disclosure, which the Discloser has done his best to discredit by bungling reticence. He begins by proving from the poems and letters that Byron loved Mary all his life (or, as I should say, thought he did whenever he was in low spirits). He then says the fact was suppressed that Byron met her again during the summer of 1813, and seduced her. (It seems they were country neighbours—where?—and that the liaison lasted months, but Mr. Edgcumbe is all elusive mist.) Next come vague hints of "consequences," etc., and proofs of Byron's distraction. And next we are told that Mrs. Leigh's fourth child was born "about April 15, 1814," and christened Medora. Positively that is all! The reader is supposed to have divined the secret, which later on is discreetly and gradually taken for granted. Why this mystery? Why not state the case plainly—thus: Mrs. Musters, a separated wife, was "in trouble" by Byron. His sister, Augusta Leigh, is consulted. They conspire. She feigns pregnancy. In April Mary lies in secretly, and Mrs. Leigh carries out a phantom accouchement. The baby is forwarded privately and becomes Miss Medora Leigh. That is all. Is it so very unwritable?

Let me say at once that after careful study I accept this story until it is disproved, for more reasons than I could explain here. But can we seriously expect the public to swallow such a mere skeleton tale? Awkward questions will be asked.

To most of these, however, answers have already occurred to me which would hardly strike the prepossessed biographer. These answers and some inquiry into the bearing of the Incident upon the origin and growth of the Mythic Scandal, I may perhaps put forward hereafter, if required. One would only turn back to so odious a page in the hope of helping to obliterate it for ever.

Of Byron the Reprobate Genius, nothing final can be said, even after a century of cavilling. We admire him and sympathise with him at times—never quite love—and then we again detest him, and feel that leniency is disloyalty to conscience. If we cannot excuse, we can at least explain. Like Sterne, he came of evil parentage on both sides. His early nurture was unworthy of the heir of a cannibal chief—at school and college he was neglected in the good old way. No mentor to force him to pause and reflect and resolve before starting on his life journey—never a friend, not even Hobhouse, strong enough to grapple with his strength. His passionate nature needed, but never found, completion in love. A great man, he could only have been redeemed by a great woman, one who while charming his senses could by her nobility of soul tame his pride and command his reverence. Guicciolo was amiable, sensible, and good, but not strong. Creatures like Lady Caroline and the Clements woman soon disgusted him. He had to fall back on constancy to a mere dream or make-believe, and go on loving Mary Chaworth just because she was out of his reach. Otherwise she seems to have been a very ordinary British female. From the society of the regency, its brutality and meanness varnished over with Sterne's sickly sentiment, Byron revolted wisely

if not too well. Disdaining to discriminate among the crowd beneath him, he allowed base things like Hunt to crawl too close. A powerful, clear, practical mind with a latent strain of madness—a perversity which made him his own worst enemy. Though poetry was the only sphere he had left himself, it was not enough for his energies or ambition. The truth is that he made a bad start in life, and died before he had mapped out a new course. But it is idle to excuse where we do not understand. And after all, if Sterne had minded his duty and Byron become a well-managed husband, bookmen would have been none the happier.

Y. Y

MR. POPE.*

It was presumably the fact of her having written a biography of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that first made George Paston regard Alexander Pope as fitting subject for similar treatment, and thus turn her attention to the preparation of these two bulky volumes. In Lady Mary the writer had a subject touched with romance, had the good fortune to be able to make use of much fresh material and to give a full-length portrait of a woman but vaguely known to readers professing some knowledge of eighteenth-century life and letters. In Pope, however, she has little of these advantages, and the added disadvantage of writing about one with whom she evidently has, to use Lamb's euphemistic phrase, an imperfect sympathy, one who has been the subject of full-length portraits, and "kit-cat" essays by many notable literary artists. The result is, at any rate to a reader who was a Popeian in his 'teens, something of a disappointment. The book is frankly addressed as a "plain chronicle of the life and work of the poet" to readers with but a slight knowledge

* "Mr. Pope: His Life and Times." By George Paston. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)



From a mezzotint engraving after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Jacob Tenson.

From "Mr. Pope: His Life and Times," by George Paston. (Hutchinson.)

of Pope and his writings. It is a plain chronicle, giving the uneventful record of the poet's career with passages from his letters, descriptions of and extracts from his poems, very little criticism, and scarce as much as might be said in extenuation of Pope's faults. There is perhaps too great a tendency in a self-righteous age to accentuate the errors of an earlier generation. Pope was, physically, a weak man and may have had some of the pettiness of spirit, the instinctive cruelty, popularly supposed to be inherent in such. He has been branded with various derogatory epithets, but many of these are applicable chiefly because he so well represented the age of artificiality, of superficial manners, of *ton*. The frank libertinism of the sheer pleasure-loving life of the Restoration was perhaps morally healthier than the "politeness" of the early part of the following century. A polite society generally means a society in which uglinesses are presumed not to exist because they are hidden from sight. Few of Pope's illustrious contemporaries were any more perfect characters than he. That he lied, that he indulged in what we may well regard as double-dealing, that he, to use his latest biographer's phrase, damned sins he was inclined to, that he was an unscrupulous opponent—all this may be granted, but even so he was the product of his age.

It may be said that the work is more interesting than the worker. And here we find ourselves on curiously debatable ground. Most writers agree in stigmatising, with varying degrees of forcefulness, "the little wasp of Twickenham," as somebody named him, but as to the value of his work, how it should be regarded, and whether it entitles him to the name of poet at all, there is a fine division of opinion. Said Dr. Johnson, "If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found?" To Byron Pope was a supreme poet, to Thackeray he was "the greatest literary artist that England has seen," to Lowell he was the greatest poet of artificiality and wit—and now Mr. Arthur Symonds in one of the most masterly works of present-day criticism ("The Romantic Movement in English Poetry") denies him the title of poet in the true sense at all! To Mr. Symonds Pope is "but a writer of extraordinary prose capacity and finish, who, if he had lived in another age, and among genuine poets, would have had no more than a place apart, admired for the unique thing he could do, but not mistaken for a poet of true lineage." To critics who insist upon imagination, fancy, a glow, as it were, of "the light that never was on sea or shore," as necessary to true poetry, it may well be that Pope should be denied the name of poet. The generality of readers will, it may be believed, go on insisting that in the house of poetry there are many mansions, and that one of them is fittingly reserved for those who without being able to "sing" (to use Lowell's illustration), are yet masters of expressing themselves metrically. For such, despite the refiners, Alexander Pope will remain among the poets. If, following Mr. Symonds, we deny him the title, then we must add to prose and poetry a third literary division in which he will unquestionably rank supreme.

George Paston, in setting forth the story of Pope's life, does not succeed in making him anything more than a literary figure, the centre, as it were, of a scattered coterie; she does not seem to have felt such sympathy as is necessary to make the central figure of a work of this kind a real personality to readers. Thus it is that to a reader with no previous knowledge of Pope's life and character, the poet will appear from these pages but a shadowy unsubstantial creature. There might well have been—gathered from the ample materials existing—more of descriptive matter, more of an attempt to pass on, as it were, a visualisation of the man and his surroundings, and perhaps less of the merely expository. The biographer has an annoying fondness for innuendo against the moral or literary character of her subject. In a footnote she tells us "Cowley's poetry had gone out of fashion, but that Pope himself

had studied him with great attention is proved by the numerous images that he borrowed from him. It was just as well for Pope that his contemporaries did not read Cowley." This is appended to the quotation:

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart."

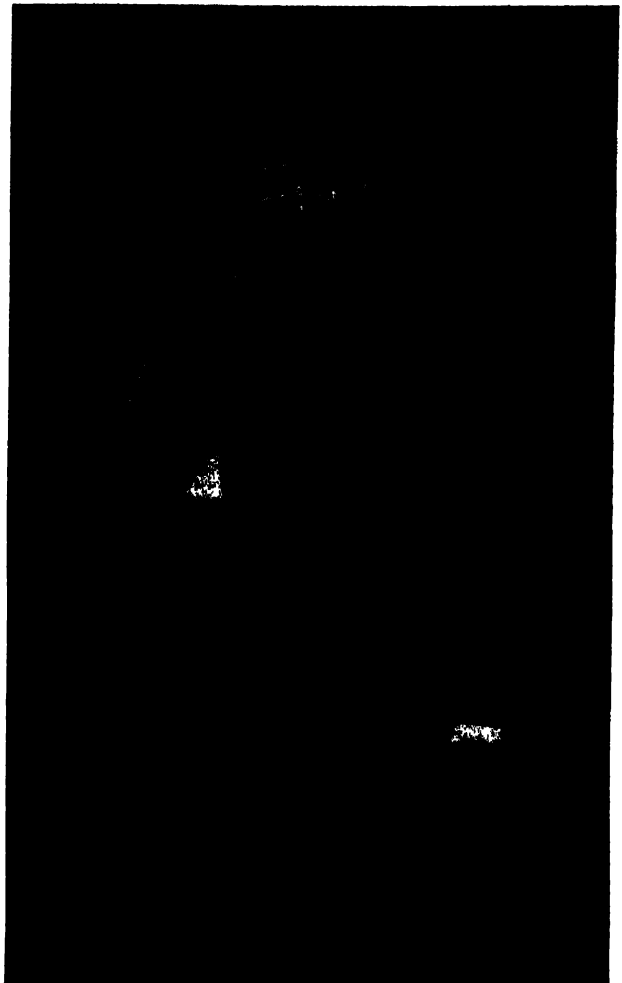
Surely it is scarcely likely that a popular poet who pilfered a neglected poet's images would draw attention to the source of his pilferings. Then, too, in references to Pope's "flirtations by correspondence," the biographer suggests overmuch. It was somewhat the fashion of the time to use exaggeration in terms of friendship and affection, exaggeration which has to be allowed for by readers of an age more reticent in matters of sentiment. While regretting that George Paston was not able to strike a more enthusiastic note, we may welcome her work as a clearly told story of Pope's life, a thoughtful exposition of his writings and as a possible aid towards a revival of interest in the work of a man who, however we label him, stands as one of the dominating literary figures of the eighteenth century.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE EPIC OF GARIBALDI.*

Lord Macaulay declared that he would write a history which would make the young ladies forsake the novels of the circulating libraries, and his great-nephew has written a book of which one reader at least can testify that he could not put it down until he had finished the story of the Sicilian expedition and seen Garibaldi safe in Palermo. No story of the modern world equals this adventure in its singular fortune and amazing result. I remember Mr. Lecky saying that the men of his generation were lucky because they had, to stir their faith and rouse their spirit, the enthusiasm of Italy. A certain disillusionment, difficult to dispel, hangs over the political results of that enthusiasm as we know them to-day—the garment of unity has been woven, but there are ugly spots and patches in the robe. Whether or not it was because "Italy was made too fast," or because of "deep-seated sociological causes stretching back two thousand years," it is undoubtedly true that united Italy does not inspire the same passionate sympathy which Italy in the making created not only in our poets and dreamers, but also in our politicians and worldlings. "The dreams of the noblest of men," says Mr. Trevelyan, "are carried out in actual fact by populations just set free from the corrupting servitude of centuries." *L'homme moyen sensuel* will not come up to expectations, and the democracy is the democrat's despair. Mr. Trevelyan, who has steeped himself in the history of the great period and has had the honour and fortune of knowing and talking with many of its heroes, has not lost his faith, and he recaptures something of the rapture of that earlier day. He writes like a trained historian, but his history has life in its veins, and while he is careful to base himself upon authorities, he does not fall into the error of the prevalent school, whose style is as dry as the parchment upon which the texts which they worship are written. No man of his name could fall into the dismal heresy that history and literature are enemies, and if there is a danger which he risks it is the other danger of too rhapsodical an eloquence and too allusive an erudition. I could wish it had been possible to give the *ipsissima verba* of the conversations which are quoted as authority for many of Mr. Trevelyan's statements.

* "Garibaldi and the Thousand." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 5 Maps and Numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)



Garibaldi in Exile.

From an engraving in the British Museum, from a photograph.

¶ From "Garibaldi and the Thousand," by G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans.)

The three leading actors in the drama so vividly recreated in this book were Cavour, Napoleon III., and Garibaldi. Incidentally the international influence of Mr. Gladstone's famous letters, and of Palmerston's and Lord John Russell's diplomacy, is well set out. Of Mr. Gladstone, in a sentence characteristic of Mr. Trevelyan's style, it is written: "In this man's heart flamed the disinterested hatred of injustice and cruelty, often found as the handmaid of other passions, but seldom thus the lord and dictator of the soul." Cavour was the brain of the movement, marching by tortuous paths to his great end, a man of strong will and of intellect so subtle that he is certain to puzzle historians for all time. Mr. Trevelyan compares him with William III. a high compliment from one born in the purple of Whiggism—both in his superiority to parties and in his use of unscrupulous methods. "He often employed deceit in times of grave international emergency. . . . A statesman so much in the habit of saying one thing to one man and another to another, covers up his traces from the historian who would track out his real motives." Mr. Trevelyan has not perhaps sufficiently emphasised Cavour's extraordinary diplomatic success at the Congress of Paris in 1856, when he succeeded in arraigning Austria before the representatives of Europe, and prepared that isolation of Austria which was an essential element of his war policy in 1859. Napoleon was at once the greatest helper and the least trustworthy ally of Italy. Mr. Trevelyan dismisses the theory that the Emperor aided Cavour because he feared the secret societies of Italy. "Those know little of Napoleon who think that fear or any other single passion or single object can explain his conduct in anything. . . . The flagrant contradiction between the terms on which Napoleon held his throne in France and his desire to liberate Italy in-

volved him, during the remainder of his reign, in weak and crooked corners which led him to ultimate disaster. If he had been more far-seeing or less generous he would certainly have shrunk from stirring up the Italian question."

It would be impossible to praise too highly the account of Garibaldi and his two campaigns—the adventurous march through the lovely country of Varese and Como and the expedition to Sicily—"that marvellous compound of audacity, heroism, craft and good-luck" as Professor Masini called it. It is a story to be read breathlessly for its excitement, and to be re-read for its art. The man himself soldier and mystic as was Gordon is brought before us by many vivid touches, and Mr Trevelyan's "minute inquiry" shows him as he was, a knightly nature, a true epic hero. "The fond simplicity of a child, the sensitive tender humanity of a woman, the steady valour of a soldier, the good-heartedness and hardihood of a sailor, the imposing majesty of a king like Charlemagne, the brotherliness and universal sympathy of a democrat like Walt Whitman, the spiritual depth and fire of a poet, and an Olympian calm that was personal to himself—all plainly marked in his port and presence, his voice and his eyes—made him not the greatest but the unique figure of the age."

WALFORD D. GREEN

THE LEADER'S LEGACY.*

To keep the heart of youth through the advancing years—that is the true secret of faith and hope. Many great men are denied the consolation and many small men enjoy it to the full, but when the spirit of youth remains unsullied in a noble and eloquent nature the possession is one to merit the envy of the gods.

To George Meredith, the last of the great Victorians, the gift was given in no common measure and his parting legacy to his fellow-countrymen overflows with an abundant faith in the ultimate destiny of man and of his own country.

"Once I was part of the music I heard
On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky
For joy of the beating of wings on high
My heart shot into the breast of the bird

"I hear it now and I see it fly
And a life in wrinkles again is stirred
My heart shoots into the breast of the bird
As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh

Such is his picture of his own experience and such is his ideal for man and woman alike: the heart must beat and the love of living must glow in the soul and all things else "will be added unto you."

"She seemed to make the sunlight stay
And show her in its pride
O she was fair as a beech in May
With the sun on the yonder side

"There was more life than breath can give
In the looks in her fair form,
For little can we say we live
Until the heart is warm

But, when once the heart is warm and the spirit of youth preserved in the brain of wisdom, then all the world becomes transformed. And this is the dominant note of Meredith's last book, it breathes in every verse a noble confidence in the future of England, and a stirring inspiration to her leaders to quit them like men, and face the perils of the hour with equanimity. There is a great deal of quasi-political verse in the little volume, and, like all poetry which strives to preach a doctrine, it loses some beauty in the cause of emphasis. But whatever may be lost in this way is more than repaid in the splendid enthusiasm which floods the poet's fancy; it is a tremendous stimulus to find

* "Last Poems." By George Meredith. 4s. 6d. net (Constable.)

an old man, who has seen eighty years of change and vicissitude, so firm in faith and so uplifted in hopefulness.

"Under what spell are we debased
By fears for our inviolate Isle,
Whose record is of dangers faced
And flung to heel with even smile?
Is it a vaster force, a subtler guile?"

"This Britain slumbering, she is rich,
Lies placid as a cradled child,
At times with an uneasy twitch,
That tells of dreams unduly wild
Shall she be with a foreign drug defiled?"

"The grandeur of her deeds recall,
Look on her face so kindly fair
This Britain! and were she to fall,
Mankind would breathe a harsher air,
The nations miss a light of leading rare."

But it is not enough to fold the hands and wait for the dawn in lassitude, man must go out himself to meet the morning.

"To sit on History in an easy chair,
Still rivalling the wild hordes by whom 'twas writ:
Sure this becoms a race of laggard wit
Unwarned by those plain letters scrawled on air
If more than hands' and armsful be our share,
Snatch we for substance we see vapours flit
Have we not heard derision infinite
When old men play the youth to chase the snare?
Let us be belted athletes, matched for foes,
Or stand aloof the great Benevolent,
The Lord of Lands no Robber-birds annex
Where Justice holds the scales with pure intent;
Armed to support her sword,—lest we compose
That Chapter for the historic word on Wrecks."

The sword of Nelson must be drawn if need be in the cause of honour but the quarrel must be well judged, first, so that the wise world approve it. Then the heart of the children will go with their Mother into the battle.

"Australian Canadian
To tone old veins with streams of youth
Our trust be on the best in man
Henceforth and we shall prove that truth
Prove to a world of blows down bent
That in the Britain thus endowed
Imperial means beneficent
And strength to service vowed

This, as it seems at least to one reader, is the message of Meredith's last poems. It is a message ripe for its generation. "Raw haste half-sister to Delay" is rampant alike in literature and politics and Youth is only too ready (as perhaps it always was) to discount the wisdom of age as antiquated and ineffectual. Well here was a leader of men who kept the heart of youth for four-score years, and tried it by the touchstone of experience. And his last word was of Hope and Work his last signal a message of Confidence. It will surely find an echo among all classes of the community.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE LIFE OF PRINCIPAL RAINY.*

Mr Carnegie Simpson has been limited, in his biography of Dr Rainy, by two preliminary considerations. For one thing, the great churchman's correspondence has yielded comparatively little material for an account of his life. Unlike Dr. Arnold or F. W. Robertson, Dr Rainy is not revealed constantly and characteristically through the medium of the letters which he wrote. Then again, his published volumes give no adequate idea of the author's mind. The impromptu lectures which exposed the good Dean Stanley's knowledge of Scotch piety and the volumes on "The Ancient Catholic Church" are his most considerable contributions to theology, but the circumstances under

* "The Life of Principal Rainy." By Patrick Carnegie Simpson, M.A. With Portraits. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

which the former book arose prevented it from being comprehensive, while the latter represents genius with its hands in its pockets sauntering through the early centuries. Both contain acute and penetrating pages, especially the latter. But neither does any justice to the range of insight and scholarship which the writer was known to possess. His sermons are notable for a ripe spiritual wisdom, yet even they fail to reveal the combination of subtlety and simplicity which has made men bracket him, in certain aspects, with Gladstone and Newman.

On the other hand, Mr. Simpson's main difficulty has probably been that of selection, the difficulty of keeping his hero in full view during the chapters which sketch with graphic strokes the successive movements of his church. In this he has been, upon the whole, successful. He has correctly judged that a record of Dr. Rainy's career must not only state but interpret and vindicate now and then the policies and principles of that church. The temptation of a biographer who sets out with this object is to fall into the discursiveness, the pouring out of the mind upon circumstances, for which Lowell humorously blamed Professor Masson's *Life of Milton*. Mr. Simpson has managed generally to avoid this peril. If the stage is sometimes crowded, it is not with supernumeraries but with scenery. Opinions will always vary upon the relevance or length of certain chapters, according as the reader happens to be acquainted with the details and outline of the situation beforehand. But the biography keeps the protagonist before the audience and leaves a real sense of unity upon the mind. It is the first history of the Free Church which counts as a piece of literature, and it has the further merit—let us add, the supreme merit—of bringing out with singular impressiveness the deep religious character as well as the ecclesiastical aims of the great Free Church leader.

There is a sentence, in Burnet's description of the Earl of Kincardine, which helps to illustrate one of the most central and commanding qualities in Dr. Rainy's character as a public man. "His thoughts went slow, and his words came much slower; but a deep judgment appearing in what he said and did, made a compensation." This quality of judicial grasp or practical sagacity was what gave Dr. Rainy the power of drawing to himself men who did not always agree with his opinions. No man had less of the free-lance about him, even in youth. He never sat on the cross-benches. Occasionally he gave outsiders the impression of a politic, tactical, compromising spirit, as if he felt above everything the sense of responsibility for a great church and was prepared to sacrifice more than others thought right in the interests of peace and unity. By many inside as well as outside the church, for example, he was never forgiven for his treatment of Professor Robertson Smith. Till Dr. Sutherland Black publishes his friend's biography, we shall not be able to judge that controversy on its merits, but Mr. Simpson has meanwhile written an *apologia* for Dr. Rainy's action which, if not convincing, is undeniably clever. As for the disestablishment propaganda, which hasty critics regarded as a repudiation of national religion, it may be said that the present biography is a sustained plea for the Christian justice of that movement. The dislike felt for Dr. Rainy on this score was not confined to the established church. He was followed as a church-leader by many in his own communion, both among the clergy and the laity, who had strong suspicions about the wisdom and timeliness of this particular policy. Nevertheless, the impression of his "deep judgment" did prevail, especially during the stormy close of his life when the judicial error of the House of Lords and the chaos which it produced in Scotland threw into relief his amazing powers of statesmanship. And this was the ripe compensation for his lack of popularity as a preacher, his lack of hospitality to criticism of the Bible, and his slowness of utterance.

The atmosphere of ecclesiastical controversy which pervades this biography may be misinterpreted by readers unfamiliar with the genius of the Scottish churches. Two

things need to be borne in mind. As Mr. Simpson points out, "it was part of the proof of the greatness of this man's place in the public life of Scotland that his enemies could never let him alone. I refer to this because if a portrait of Principal Rainy is to have this background or atmosphere, the reader must realise—especially when he may be inclined to think that here is indeed a worthy and even a saintly character—that, day by day, the leader of the Free Church was being held up to the people of Scotland as the meanest inclined of men and the worldliest of ecclesiastics." The cheap acid which Mrs. Oliphant and a certain Edinburgh coterie made it the fashion to pour upon the Free Church was responsible for a good deal of this bitterness; nobody was a penny the worse for it, except those who lowered themselves to it, and the impartial reader should allow for this. He may also be reminded that the Scottish churches are eager in their controversies and assemblies because they mean business. They govern themselves, and their disputes are serious on that account. The burning subjects which engaged Dr. Rainy's life as a leader of the church were not only central but the outcome of the church's autonomy. When he spoke, it was with a view to action, regarding the doctrine or government of the church, and the discussions of policy which agitated the General Assembly in his time proved that the church was not only alive to the large movements of the age but prepared and free to determine her relation to them.

The value of this biography is therefore twofold. It presents the essential temper and tendencies of the Free Church of Scotland—and indeed of the Presbyterian churches outside the establishment—with quite exceptional historical ability. It also narrates the career of the greatest Scottish churchman since Chalmers not only with a critical sympathy, but with a verve, a frankness, and a literary crispness which, it must be confessed, are as uncommon in this department of authorship as intellectuality in modern political orations. Mr. Simpson had a great personality as well as a great subject to write about, and he has evidently felt the greatness of his opportunity, but this has not diverted him into anything of the fussy obtrusiveness or affectation which beset the path of an admiring biographer, and it has delivered him from the tittle-tattle which is often supposed to add vividness to literary portraiture of this kind. Even those who disagree with Dr. Rainy's ecclesiastical policy at certain points, or with Mr. Simpson's interpretation of it, will probably agree that these volumes represent one of the most competent and even brilliant contributions which have been made to ecclesiastical biography since Dean Stanley published the life and correspondence of his master, Dr. Arnold.

JAMES MOFFATT.

WALPOLE'S LAST JOURNALS.*

A great number of people have long been under the impression that Horace Walpole was a name with which to conjure in the book-world. Yet there is food for reflection in the fact that not one of the many publishers who during the last decade have been flooding the country with cheap reprints of well-known books has thought it worth while to issue Walpole's memoirs and journals, though these have only been obtainable for the last generation through the secondhand dealers. First in order of publication came in 1822 "*Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.*," edited by Lord Holland; three and twenty years later came "*Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*," edited by Sir Denis le Marchant; and after

* "*The Last Journals of Horace Walpole during the reign of George III. from 1771-1783.*" With Notes by Dr. Doran. Edited, with an Introduction, by A. Francis Steuart, and containing numerous portraits reproduced from contemporary pictures, engravings, etc. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)

a further interval of fourteen years was issued, under the editorship of Dr. Doran, "Journals of the Reign of George III." Of these the first section was reprinted in 1846, and the second, with additional notes by Mr. G. F. R. Barker, in 1894.

Can it be that the general estimate of the popularity of Walpole is at fault, and that he is so little read that it would be unremunerative to republish his works? The answer to this cannot be given with any certainty, because the buying public with moderate means has never been given an opportunity to express its views. Even the famous Letters cannot be purchased at less than fifty shillings—the "remainder" price of Cunningham's edition: while the more complete edition of Mrs. Toynbee costs even in its cheaper form nearly five pounds. Yet surely there must be a considerable body of readers who desire to purchase a set at a lower price. The memoirs and journals, of course, cannot be expected to attract so large a public as the letters; but there must be many who will gladly turn to the volumes just issued from the Bodley Head, albeit the price, though not excessive for the handsome volumes, will prevent the poorer book-buyers from putting them on their shelves.

The first two series of memoirs cover the ground from 1751 to 1771, and the Journals carry on the narrative until 1783, though not, unhappily, so fully, a fact that Walpole states frankly:

"Even my Memoirs did not pretend to embrace the whole of our system; but to assist future historians with such lights as came to my knowledge. This journal is rather calculated for my own amusement than for posterity. I like to keep up the thread of my observations; if they prove useful to anybody else, I shall be glad; but I am not to answer for their imperfections, as I intend this journal for no regular work."

That was written in the year the journal was begun, but ten years later the author offers further excuse for it, and is clearly anxious that its faults of omission (rather than its faults of commission) shall not be visited upon his head. After stating that the debates in general had been so accurately taken and published of late years that there is no necessity for him to record them, he says of the journal:

"I have continued [it] so long merely to preserve certain passages less known, and to aid future historians, *not intending the journalistic part for any other use*, which from my retirement from the public scene, from my total disconnection with Ministers, from satiety of politics, and from disgust with so fatal a war, and so impotent and shameful an Administration—[this was written in February, 1782]—I have furnished very imperfectly; and though I have, again, been master of many lights by the accession of some few of my friends to power, yet age and indolence have unfitted me for taking pains to inform myself; and the slight notes I have preserved and do set down of the changes that happened in 1782 and 1783 will be chiefly such as I can warrant the truth of, and are not likely to be found in narratives of men much less conversant with some of the principal actors."

Walpole was, indeed, unnecessarily depreciatory of his journal, which is beyond question of great value. But it was not merely the publication of the debates, nor even the fact that he was not in touch with Ministers, that made Walpole take up this attitude: he realised that the field was becoming too large for one man to overlook. He complained so early as 1772 that the history of Indian affairs was already too vast for him to attempt to enter into the compass of such a journal as his. "Our concerns are become so extensive and so various that they baffle the knowledge and attention of any one man," he wrote. "What book can contain them? Into what *one* narrative will they not throw confusion? How little semblance between the affairs of America and Bengal! Who is master of both? I shall only touch on either as they arise on the scene." From this passage, written in March, 1772, it may be deduced that Walpole, no more than the great majority of statesmen, guessed that the most vital question of the day was shortly to be America, and that, though only touching on the affairs of that land "as they arise on the



T. Lawrence, R.A.
T. Evans, sculpt.

Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

From "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole." (John Lane.)

scene," a great portion of the journal would necessarily be occupied by the relations between the mother country and its rebellious colony.

"For my own part, I can scarce lament the war," he wrote four years later. "Had the King and Lord Mansfield, who dreaded tumults and insurrections at home, and who knew they were in no danger from mobs across the Atlantic, had courage to invade liberty at home, they might have done their business almost at one stroke. By driving all America to resistance, they have made it very doubtful whether they will carry one point. If America gets the better, it will be independent, or will not return to us without effectuating by stipulation, or by the consequences of our ill success, a total change of Administration, and a blow to despotism. If Britain prevails, it cannot be but by ruining the towns and trade of America, and by wasting the King's fleet, armies, and treasure, his best means of despotism. If a middle way, an ignominious treaty, ensues, what disgrace to the Crown, and what a damp to its farther innovations! No case can happen in which, if the King prevails, he will not be a far less potent monarch than before the war."

The extract is long, but its quotation is justified by the fact that it so admirably sums up the situation at the time it was written. That America would sooner or later have broken away from England is a view held by most historians, and that it was best for England it declared its independence when it did is the belief of many more; but the great colony might have been retained for more than a generation had it not been driven to set up business on its own account by the weak monarch who strove with all his might and main to be a king. As Horace Walpole prophesied, George the Third's popularity waned during the American war until it had faded away utterly, only to be revived many years later by the British successes against the Napoleonic armies, when he was

"A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

BILLOCKS.*

"What! both of you awake!" was the sarcastic comment of the 'bus driver beside whom I was sitting, as he turned his team to the left to avoid a couple of waggons, laden with cabbages, and driven by sleepy-eyed yokels, who, with the reins on the horses' necks, were monopolising the centre of the road.

I do not know that 'bus driver's name, but from internal evidence I imagine it to be William Hicks, and that he and the "Billocks" (Bill 'Icks) of Mr. Adcock's entertaining volume are one and the same person.

Mr. Adcock has essayed to do for the 'bus driver what Mr. Jacobs has done for the night-watchman, but whereas Mr. Jacobs—wise man—weaves his character-study into a story, Mr. Adcock, greatly daring, discards story, and is content to make Billocks known to us by recording his comments and conversations upon topics of the day.

Readers of Mr. Adcock's convincing and compelling novels and short stories—especially "East End Idylls" and "The Consecration of Hetty Fleet"—are aware that in him we have a narrative-writer of extraordinary vividness and power. In the book before us he has purposely refrained from using that power. He has purposely refrained, too, from seeking adventitious aids by tacking on to the different chapters, in which he delineates his hero's humour and insight, some such episode or incident as he employed with success in "East End Idylls." The result makes for Art, and for Mr. Adcock's self-respect as a craftsman, but it is a dangerous experiment, inasmuch as a book, depending entirely for interest upon character-study and comments, must necessarily be slight, and to say that Mr. Adcock has justified his own daring is to pay no small compliment to his skill.

I have likened Billocks to Mr. Jacobs's night-watchman, but whereas the night-watchman comments chiefly upon such matters as concern his own calling, Billocks takes a broader view of life, and has so many shrewd, sane, apt and witty things to say about Kisses and Lovemaking, Fashion and Clothes, Women's Rights and Men's Wrongs, Luck, Illusions, Grumbling, Marriage, Politics, Patriotism, Cricket, Fortune-Telling and other matters, that one hopes some day to find the fine gold of the busman's philosophy collected into a Billocks Birthday Book. He is in fact not only Mr. Jacobs's night-watchman criticising life from under a driver's apron, but Mr. Dooley commenting on things in general from the box seat of an omnibus, and Mr. Jerome's "Idle Fellow" turned worker, and looking all the more kindly upon the vanities and weaknesses of his fellow-creatures for the fact that he has to keep his hands upon the reins and his eyes upon the road.

Billocks is evidently drawn from life, and should be easily identified. Those who hustle cityward atop of a once sober and steady furniture-removing pantechnicon that has taken to drink, and reels—"blind" with petrol, thirsting for blood, and running amok to get away from the fumes of his own evil breath—through the streets, will know him not. Nor will they who elect to be shot and propelled through space in a sort of human cartridge-case, as closely packed with passengers as a cartridge-case is packed with explosive, and discharged through a long-range rifle-barrel known as a tu'penny tube. But city clerks and other dwellers in North London, who prefer jogging leisurely and comfortably cityward in an old-fashioned omnibus, will recognise an old friend in Billocks.

Personally I am for Billocks and the omnibus, rather than for the motor-bus or the tube. If the passengers on Mr. Hicks's rumbling old vehicle have half as good a time as Mr. Adcock contrives to give the readers of his delightful and entertaining book, they are like to find the journey all too short.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

* "Billocks." By A. St. John Adcock. 2s. 6d. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

JANE AUSTEN.*

There is probably no other English novelist about whom such widely different opinions have been held as about Jane Austen. On the one hand her novels are described as monotonous, narrow, wholly devoid of any passion or sentiment; on the other hand they are praised for their delicacy of treatment, their wit and satire, and their unrivalled gallery of characters, superficially very similar, but in reality differentiated by the most minute and deft touches of analysis. It seems to be Miss Austen's fate to provoke strong feelings. Either you must admire her tremendously or you find her quite insufferable. There is no middle course; and her partisans and her detractors may be said almost to have only one thing in common—they are all agreed that she is not, and never will be, a really popular author.

But if Jane Austen is destined never to become the favourite that Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray have each long been, there are not wanting signs that she has her place tolerably firmly fixed in the affections of the novel-reading public. The new editions of her works, as the volumes noted at the foot of this review clearly show, appear with due regularity, and she becomes from time to time the subject of "appreciations" in various forms. Mr. Helm's "Jane Austen and her Country-House Comedy" is the latest of these books, and one has only to read the opening words to see that Mr. Helm is a devoted admirer. By his side I am proud to range myself.

But Mr. Helm is not content merely to be an admirer. Like the rest of us, he is fain to acknowledge that Jane Austen's books fail to attract the general public, and so he has set manfully to work to teach the unappreciative what a good thing they are missing. Theoretically the task ought not to be difficult. A writer such as Meredith can never become popular simply because he deliberately aimed at writing for the few. But with Jane Austen the case is very different. She has no abstruse philosophical, moral, or religious problems to expound. Her genius, as has been said, is shown "by making the familiar and commonplace intensely interesting and amusing." And, what is perhaps even more in her favour, she is extraordinarily lucid. Her sentences are never eloquent or ambitious, but they are invariably correct, and follow one another with the steady flow of a tranquil stream.

To Jane Austen's many excellences Mr. Helm does, on the whole, ample justice. Thus, for example, of her style he says that "the consistent absence of superfluous epithets and other redundancies is evidence that she had consciously formed an ideal of composition, and that she thought out the means of producing her effects is clear from several passages in her letters. To her niece who addressed her as 'Dear Miss Darcy,' and wanted her to answer in that character, Jane replied: 'Even had I more time I should not feel at all sure of the sort of letter that Miss D. would write.'" And again "there is no preciousness about her books; the narrative is easy, the incidents are probable; the dialogue, with few exceptions, is natural, the bright people being differentiated from the dull by their talk, and not, as in most novels, by the author's assurances." In noticing, again, what is perhaps the most striking of Miss Austen's characteristics, Mr. Helm well observes that

"Jane Austen is not often funny and seldom makes jokes in her novels. Her humour is of the essential kind which is so nearly akin to wit that it is often almost identical with it. Wit and humour, after all definitions, are brothers who might be taken for one another by those who do not notice that the one has colder hands than the other."

* "Jane Austen and her Country-House Comedy." By W. H. Helm. 7s. 6d. net. (Evelleigh Nash). Jane Austen's Works: "Persuasion." "Mansfield Park" (2 vols.). "Emma" (2 vols.). "Northanger Abbey." Each with 10 coloured illustrations after A. Wallis Mills. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus).—"Persuasion." "Emma." By Jane Austen. With 24 coloured illustrations by C. E. Brock. 5s. each net. (Dent.)

But while I can agree with most of what Mr. Helm says, I cannot do so altogether. One of the features of Miss Austen's work upon which he lays stress is its modernity. Whereas, he says, Fielding and Scott offer us a life which is largely remote from our own and foreign to our experience, "Jane Austen invites us to enjoy a change of air among people with most of whom we may soon feel at ease, finding nothing in their conversation that will disturb our equanimity." This argument is subsequently more fully developed when Mr. Helm says:

"This point—that the material factors of manners and habits are little noted by Jane Austen—will strike many readers, at first sight, as of quite trivial importance. But it is largely the reason why her novels have so modern an external air compared with those, let us say, of Scott or even of Balzac, who only began to write when her short career was ending. If Jane Austen had described the conditions of life at Hartfield or Kellynch with the particularity with which Balzac describes the Grandet's house at Saumur and the Guenics' at Guérande, or had given us such full accounts of the villagers on the estate of the Bertrams of Mansfield Park as Scott gave us of the smugglers and gipsies on the lands of the Bertrams of Llangowan, we should see more clearly the changes that a hundred years have wrought in the habits of the English country."

Feel at ease with Jane Austen's characters, yes, certainly. But that, surely, is quite a different thing from feeling that they are of our own times. It is not, one of Jane Austen's great excellences that she contrives to create an atmosphere without resorting to endless pages of meticulous description, and that, crediting her readers with a little imagination and knowledge of "the material factors," she obtained her effects in less obvious and more delicate ways. That a story such as Scott's "Ivanhoe" should have a less modern external air than "Persuasion" is so obvious a truism that Mr. Helm can hardly be taken to insist upon that. But if he argues that Miss Austen's novels have a proportionately more modern air about them than the other authors quoted, then I can only say that for my part I do not think that Mr. Helm for once does justice to Miss Austen's power of representing the age in which she lived. Living as I do in the twentieth century I confess that I not only feel as much at home with Sophy Weston as with Emma Woodhouse, but that I find the one pretty much as far removed from say, Mr. Shaw's Sylvia Craven as the other. But the point need not be unduly laboured. For the rest I am glad to think that in Mr. Helm Miss Austen has found a judicious interpreter who has given a sympathetic and reasoned account both of her life and of her works.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

THE FRIENDS OF BOZ.*

There is an old proverb to the effect that you may know a man by his friends, yet you find as a rule that his friends do not know him. Everybody seems to be agreed that Dickens was a superficial man that he had no subtleties, no complexities of character, therefore it should not have been difficult to understand him, yet as you read through these interesting chapters of Mr. Teignmouth Shore's you learn, or are reminded, that those who knew him differed as much in their descriptions of his outward appearance and in their estimates of his personality as his critics still differ in their opinions of his work. T. A. Trollope said he was "a hearty man, a large-hearted man that is to say. He was perhaps the largest-hearted man I ever knew." On the other hand, Dr. John Brown speaks of his "adamantine egoism,"

* "Charles Dickens and his Friends." By W. Teignmouth Shore. 6s. net. (Cassell)



From a sketch by
Clarkson Stanfield, R. A.

The Logan Stone in Cornwall, with
John Forster seated on the top.

from "Charles Dickens and his Friends," by W. Teignmouth Shore (Cassell)

and declares he was hard-hearted, "a man softest outside, hardest at the core", and Lewes says "Dickens would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you." George Eliot considered "his appearance is certainly disappointing, no benevolence in the face, and, I think, little in the head. In fact, he is not distinguished-looking in any way—neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor thin, neither tall nor short." Carlyle, however, has pictured him as "a fine little fellow, Boz, I think. Clear blue intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large protrusive rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner while speaking", and he referred to him—and he was not easily pleased—as "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man."

Mr. Shore scatters such contemporary judgments through his pages in bewildering variety, and in his own summing up decides that Dickens was shallow, he was not a scholar, "and his judgments of literature and the arts cannot be called otherwise than middle-class. In all his instincts and ambitions he was of the state of life in which he was born, middle-class, he showed this in his art as well as in his life." That is as may be. If it was middle-class art that produced Mr. Micawber, Dick Swiveller, the father of Little Dorrit, and some half a score other im-

mortal, it is so like the first-class article that we are not concerned to find out the difference.

But these expressions of opinion are the smaller and least important part of Mr. Teignmouth Shore's book; in the main he devotes himself to getting together the outstanding facts about Dickens and his friends, and so arranging them that they shall supply "a true picture of a strenuous man and of the strenuous life he led," and in this aim he has been entirely successful. He gives you intimate glimpses of the men and women who were of Dickens's circle from 1836, the year in which "Pickwick" made his appearance, until the year of his death. It was in every way a memorable circle, for it included most of the brilliant men of his time. Here are records of his relations with Thackeray, Macready, Talfourd, Landor, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, Rogers, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Maclise, Leech, Lord Lytton, Wilkie Collins, Forster, and many another—and not the least interesting passages are those devoted to certain of the minor celebrities among his acquaintances, such as Augustus Egg, Albert Smith, Sala, Yates, W. H. Wills, and others who were persons of importance in their day, if they are not in ours. Mr. Shore repeats all that can yet be told of the causes that led to the separation of Dickens from his wife, and in apportioning the blame lays most of it, and we think rightly, at the door of the former. He links up his chapters throughout with succinct and sufficient accounts of Dickens's progress, and illustrates them with many portraits of the master and his associates. The book is skilfully and attractively written; it is a mine of good anecdotes, and a biography without pretending to be one, for it inevitably tells you all you really need to know about Dickens in telling you of his family and his friends.

A POET'S PLAYS.*

Mr. Masfield's book contains three prose plays, of which the longest and finest is "The Tragedy of Nan." The other two, and especially "Mrs. Harrison" (which has never been acted), a sequel to the second play, "The Campden Wonder," are both exceptionally good in their terse presentation of character through an artistic arrangement of natural speech. But we have room only to consider "Nan." The principal characters are the girl, Nan Hardwick, and her uncle's family—the Pargetters, father, mother, and daughter—and Dick Gurvil, a young man. They are country people living near the Severn in 1810. Nan is a beautiful girl detested and bullied by Mrs. Pargetter, partly because her father was hanged on a charge of sheep-stealing, partly because she and not her cousin, Jenny Pargetter, attracts Dick Gurvil. It is the day of a party. Nan has already had trouble with her uncle and aunt, but she is downstairs alone when Dick, the first guest, arrives. He is quick to make love to her. She lets down her hair, and he puts a rose in it and they embrace. When Mrs. Pargetter and the other guests enter she tells Dick that he will get nothing from his father if he marries a sheep-stealer's daughter. Dick transfers his courtship to Jenny, but the party has not broken up when Captain Dixon arrives with the news that Nan's father has been proved innocent and with £50 for Nan. That sum brings Dick round again. So Nan sees clearly and kills him with a knife, and goes out to drown herself as the Severn tide roars up from the sea.

The play is in easily intelligible dialect and opens with Mrs. Pargetter and Jenny rolling dough. The two talk, one with a curst, the other with a silly, tongue; and the talk gives an effect of life at once and very soon reveals character. Nan comes in and is stretched to the point of wild anger by her aunt's cold and sour brutality—"You lick your lips to make life Hell to me"—and once she

picks up a knife. The woman sets her daughter against Nan, and the two girls talk:

"Nan. 'Ee will be my friend, won't 'ee, Jenny? Do-an't 'ee be agen me. I couldn't bear it if you turned agen me. I've sometimes been near killing myself since I came here. Your mother's been that bitter to me.

"Jenny. Don't 'ee say such things.

"Nan. Jenny, I'll tell 'ee why I didn't kill myself.

"Jenny. Lord, Nan, do-a-n't 'ee.

"Nan. I want 'ee to bear with me, Jenny. I'll tell 'ee why I didn't kill myself. I thought . . . there . . . it's only nonsense. Did you ever think about men, Jenny? About loving a man?

"Jenny. I've 'oped to 'ave a 'ome of my own. And not to be a burden 'ere and that.

"Nan. Ah! But about 'elping a man?

"Jenny. A man 'as strength. 'E ought to 'elp a woman.

"Nan. I could 'elp a man, Jenny.

"Jenny. Wot ideyers you do 'ave."

Jenny tells her mother—"She be soft on Dick, mother." In the second act Nan's nature bears its first flower. In the scene with Dick her strong, pure nature abandons itself, at first slowly and then with a freedom and sweetness most lovely and pathetic to see. Mr. Masfield has not ceased to be a poet. This scene is the most perfect he has written yet. It is at once lyric and dramatic, and the poetry springs from the characters. And then Dick accepts Jenny and insults Nan before all the party. In the third act her nature flowers into sorrow and into hate. She talks with the old fiddler, and he to her, and of his youthful love and how she died:

"Nan. In your arms, gaffer?

"Gaffer. On my 'eart. My white vlower lay on my 'eart. The tide. The tide. The tide coming up the river.

"Nan. She was 'appy to die so, gaffer. Along of 'er true love. You 'ad the sweet of love along of your vlower. But them as 'as the sharp of love—them as never 'as no sweet. O, I wish the tide was comin' up over my 'ed, I do."

Jenny comes with some of her mother's mutton pasty—made from a diseased sheep—for the old man, and Nan forces her to eat it herself, and gives him the best victuals. When Dick comes out to wheedle Nan back she gives him a chance and finds that it is the money he is after; and then she feels herself the champion of the heart-broken women made by such men as Dick: "Oh, young man in your beauty, young man in your strong hunger. I will spare those women. . . . Spare them. Spare them. Spare them the hell. The hell of the heart-broken. Die—you—die!" The old man hears the tide. The play closes to the note of a horn.

The play is like a ballad. Or it would be like a ballad if there were one that had all the mournfulness and beauty of its music wrought into its very words. For Mr. Masfield's play combines the effect of music and words. It has the rusticity, the breath of Nature, and the passion "more precious sought than Sheba's gold," which the best of the ballads have at those best moments where their words are all but mad with the inexpressible extremity of love and misery. And yet there is no place where it can be said that Mr. Masfield turns lyric poet and ceases to be dramatic. He is as strict in the final scene as in the chat over the dough. The influence of the ballads has been great in poetry. But this poet has been able to preserve the simplicity of the ballad while enriching it with the beauty of a grave and sensitive modern spirit that has long brooded upon it. He has drawn from the rustic fiddle music that might have graced an exquisite violin.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE MAGIC OF KIPLING.*

"Wayte awwhyte—wayte awwhyte." What magic is it that lies in these two words, so that to read them is to be conscious of the spirit of childhood and green aisles and the footpaths of tears! And the spirit of them is essentially the keynote of Mr. Kipling's first story, "An Habitation

* "Actions and Reactions." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

* "The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays." By John Masfield. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Enforced," where out of the prosaic crash of the new world one is ushered into all the mystery and quietude of green woods and olden houses and the echoes of children's voices.

"It came without warning, at the very hour his hand was outstretched to crumple the Holz and Gunsberg Combine. The New York doctors called it overwork, and he lay in a darkened room, one ankle crossed above the other, tongue pressed into palate, wondering whether the next brain surge of prickly fires would find his soul from all anchorages."

Thus we are introduced to George Chapin, American millionaire. He goes over to Europe in search of health, and his wife goes with him. On the eve of sailing, he says to his wife: "Sophie, I feel sorry about taking you away from everything like this. I—I suppose we're the two loneliest people on God's earth to-night." Says Sophie his wife, and kissed him: "Isn't it something to you that we're going together?" What a long, packed story is told in those two remarks! They drifted about Europe for months; but with little benefit to his health. Once he had an hour's keen talk with a railway magnate, which left him more or less collapsed. He nearly wept.

"In England they missed the alien tongues of Continental streets that reminded them of their own polyglot cities." Mrs. Shonts, an acquaintance, recommended them to "take an interest in the home of our ancestors"; but Sophie Chapin complained that she had tried it for a week, and never got further than tipping German waiters. Then Mrs. Shonts took them in hand, and "wrote widely and telegraphed far"; so that presently they found themselves at Rocketts, at the farm of one Cloak, in the Southern Counties, and four miles from any station. At the farm "they lay in an attic beneath a waxy whitewashed ceiling and because it rained, a wood fire was made in an iron basket on a brick hearth, and they fell asleep to the chirping of mice and the whisper of flames." In that single sentence the muffled silence and glamour of the quiet country lanes is wrapped all about the reader! In the morning they went out for a walk "through an all-abandoned land," and presently upon what had once been a carriage drive, and at the end, "behind the blue-green" of two gigantic holm-oaks, "a dark-bluish brick Georgian pile, with a shell-shaped fanlight over its pillared door." They found one in charge of the house, old Iggulden, blue-smocked and ancient, and he allowed them to wander through it, then and many a time. When Chapin and his wife returned to the farm, they asked many questions of the Cloaks. The house had been empty twenty-five years, and it was in the hands of "the lawyers." And the name of the house was Friars Pardon. Presently "in due time," the two asked each other about leaving, but the hushed call of the land held them, and they put the question on one side. Sophie, "whose life had been very largely spent among husbandless wives of high ideals," treasured the quiet and the togetherness. There is another long story told in these few words between the commas:

All the time, day after day, the two of them would wander down to the empty house, and go through the rooms, planning how they would furnish them; but never knowingly in earnest; and always one pictures ancient, blue-smocked Iggulden ushering them round, and talking quaintly. Then, one day, going up to the house by herself, Sophie the wife found old Iggulden "in his chair by the fire, a thistlespod between his knees, his head dropped." The old man was dead. She sat outside the door for hours with her arms round the old man's dog, waiting for some one to relieve her watch over the dead. The vicar came at last, and seeing the strain in her face, sent her away quickly; but told her to call at Mrs. Betts's "in the cottage with the wistaria next the blacksmith's" and tell her to come. And then you must picture Mrs. Betts: "Yiss, yiss, of course. Dear me! Well, Iggulden had had his day in my father's time. . . . Yiss, ma'am. *They come down like ellum-branches in still weather.* . . ." And the utter naturalness

of their way of greeting death fills the girl with a "muddle of laughter and tears."

But this little act of Sophie's endears her in a quiet way to the people of the lands of quiet, and presently, when she and her husband decide to buy Friars Pardon, and furnish it, they find themselves welcomed strangely, as if the countryside knew already in its heart that they were one of themselves. And so, in the end, it was proved, by a coincidence eased of all unnaturalness by the art of the telling, that Sophie Chapin's mother was a Lashmar, of the Lashmars to whom in the by-gone years Friars Pardon had actually belonged. And thus the story goes forward, with the mystery and glamour and subtle touches that made "They" stand out among stories. And, presently, the childless American wakes to the knowledge of motherhood, and the countryside wake to the same knowledge, with a proprietary note in their knowledge, and an unseen care of the mother to-be, joining all in a conspiracy of silence as to the troubles of this world, and wrapping her mentally with assurances of well being. And then the boy! It had to be a boy, and one feels as thankful as the waiting countryside that the gods so ordered. And so this delightful story draws to a close, this little tale of how a man and woman came to know one another and the true happiness of life whilst they obeyed the old motto: "Wayte awchyle—wayte awchyle" in the quiet magic of a landscape of glamour that leaves one sighing for the reality. It is a tale you read with a constant tender laughter fluttering round you, and a sob at the back of your throat. To congratulate the writer is an impertinence—the story bears its own congratulations.

There are in the book seven other stories, of which one, "With the Night Mail," stands head and shoulders above the others; not on account of the telling, but because in it there is some genuine constructive work that rises to the verge of creation, and wherever an artist rises to creation, he must command respect, whether one approves of his matter or not, or of his form of expression. There is in this story, despite any fault that may have to be found with it, a vast amount of invention of detail, which though it may not be able to stand the test-stone of Practicability, yet fills out the horizon of the mind with details that lead our vision plausibly into the future—so plausibly that some portions of the story read almost as a prophecy. To say more is impossible. It is better to "Wayte awchyle—wayte awchyle."

WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON.

MIND AND MATTER.*

Much study of what are called psychic phenomena has given Mr. Frank Podmore a keen scent for imposture in the realms of faith-healing. From Mesmer to Mrs. Eddy in this "Short History of Mental Healing" there is no attempt to conceal the quackery at work, though at the same time the author is fully alive to the fact that the claims made for Suggestion as a healing force are to be respected.

How many of us could explain the origin of the word "mesmerism," or have any clear knowledge of Mesmer, the Viennese physician who came to Paris in 1778 with his discovery of magnetic treatment? Mr. Podmore tells us the whole story, admits that Mesmer "was perhaps three parts a charlatan," and blames the medical authorities of France for their rejection in 1784 of "a pregnant scientific discovery." The magnetic fluid was a chimera, but the demonstrations later of somnambulism and anæsthesia by suggestion were realities, and the progress of the new healing has been indisputable. In France the men of science have taken up the study of mesmerism and remedial suggestion and show wonderful results. In America this same mesmerism has been made a religion, and for the

* "Mesmerism and Christian Science. A Short History of Mental Healing." By Frank Podmore. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

past fifty years has found its prophets and ruling elders. Here, too, equally wonderful results have been forthcoming—including that capture of Laurence Oliphant by Thomas Lake Harris. Mr. Podmore's chapters on Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science are of exceptional interest, because this religion of Christian Science is already in our midst in England, and most of us know as little about its founder as we do about Mesmer himself. The invention of Christian Science does not make a pretty story. It is surely only in America that such a queer mixture of dollar-grabbing, transcendentalism, and faith-healing could have been offered to the public as a religion and have been accepted. That Mrs. Eddy has brought healing and comfort to thousands is indisputable, and no greater tribute could be paid to the power of suggestion. We commend Mr. Podmore's book for its fairness, and for the very considerable information it contains.

FLOWERS OF POETRY.*

I cannot say that I sit down to write a notice of this book with that impartial, lukewarm frame of mind which is proper to reviewers. Nobody who read that other book of splendid poems and this adjective applies to their adornment, it does not descend to their profundities—can now approach this poet without a certain kind of mist before his eye. Well, then I turn the pages of the later volume and I find:

"Nor good nor evil reigns in beauty's heart,
But that wine-burning trouble bred from both
Nor is there any alchemy to part
Those elements the brooding gods betroth.
For from these deathless bridal inveteracies
The passionate pattern of the world is wrought

"Therefore the hills in yearning contours rise,
The proud stars move like masquers thro' the skies."

So that, admiring this, it may be that I have a mist before me. Let me try another page:

"So bring them to the cedarn room,
And let the Dark then angel be
To hang the jasper coloured gloom
Around the couch of ivory.
Oh! quench the tapers, hush the flutes;
Like roses let them strike their roots
Within the Night of dim blown stars and spice,
For they are folded safe in paradise."

Perhaps you that are free from mist, you that can clearly see when poetry is poetry, have come to my conclusion. It may be that you cannot say, with our poet, "In purple chambers I was born," and that you hanker for some other facets of this other sister of Rossetti. Here is the end of one poem:

"Oh! Stranger dreams because of me
Shall trouble eve and morn,
And love and roses redder be
Because I have been born."

And here is the end of another:

"A hooded falcon,
Upon God's wrist
Now cling I, brooding, -
O sun and mist,
O skies of wonder,
Not mine the plunder!
I am a falcon
Upon God's wrist."

So God be thanked! We have, for our delight, a poet. If she were living in her well-beloved Middle Ages, then maybe her book would be carried in procession through the streets of Florence. "I saw," she says,

"I saw a host of slim white pages ride
Through flowering fields to meet a sovran bride."

She has a strange beauty of image and imagination. She

* "Rose and Vine." By Rachel Annand Taylor. 3s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

conducts us through a palace of enchantment, where the jewels fall on us.

"Fair youth, why linger by the palace-door
Far from the minstrel-din?
Joy is within
I hear his dances beat across the floor.
And lo! the wand
Of revel-marshal in thy listless hand!"

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE IRISHMAN AT HOME.*

Truly, as Mr. Lynd says in his introductory chapter, the Irishman is one of the world's puzzles. What constitutes his Irishness? Is he Celt or Catholic? Is he comic or melancholy? Is he gay and generous or "a shrivelled piece of miserliness and superstition"? Is he peaceably inclined or given to murder and maiming of cattle? Is he a missionary among the nations or bulfoon of the world?

We may ask and ask and never find an answer—or a thousand answers. The real Irishman, of whom we hear so much nowadays, remains a puzzle, despite the investigations of the world. From all sides they come, Germans, French, Italians, Americans, English, to study Paddy in his little island home; and they rush about on jaunting cars, walk over five-acre holdings, venture among the savages and pigs in smoky mud cabins, eat potatoes and salt, interview and observe and snapshot; and then they come away and write their observations in books, and we read the books—scores and scores of them—and seldom are much the wiser. Information, statistics, facts, theories, opinions, judgments—we get all those in bushels. But Paddy remains yonder on his rain-swept hills, inscrutable ever, still the puzzle of the world.

Not long ago an American reviewer, whilst recommending a victim to let Irishmen write their own books, expressed the opinion that Ireland now was full of polite literature. By the phrase he meant perhaps to indicate the change not only in outlook but in fact which characterises the present-day school of Irish writers. Where once we got turbulence, exaggeration, enthusiasm, we now get calm, measured, and most polite exposition. In his book Mr. Lynd quotes often and approvingly from Sir Horace Plunkett's "Ireland in the New Century"; did the change, one wonders, begin with the publication of that notable volume? At all events, the spirit of the new century moves everywhere in Mr. Lynd's own book. Its politeness, if the word may stand for all it means, is pervading. It is moderation, clearness, balance themselves. One would like, straight away, to thank Mr. Lynd for a volume which on the face of it is the work of what the Irish call a scholar and a gentleman.

It is not an ambitious book. It does not attempt solutions in psychology or character. It leaves Paddy the puzzle much where he was. It makes little endeavour to scratch under the surface, being indeed merely "a conversation about people and things rather than a scientific consideration of economic and social conditions." Elsewhere, Mr. Lynd claims his theme to be "the people of Ireland and their oneness"; and makes good his claim, too. But, speaking broadly, his book is a conversation—just the kindly informed talk of an Irishman who loves his country not less than he knows her. Not once or twice does he utter his political faith: Ireland preparing to leave the wilderness of her darkness and grief, and approaching "the way, not of mere political Nationalism, but of nationhood in the fullest and most spiritual meaning of the word." It is a fine aspiration.

Sir Harry Johnston complained once that writers on Ireland always left him wondering what the country really was like. Sir Harry meant that no one visualised Ireland for him; or, if you like, hinted subtly that the Irish Thomas

* "Home Life in Ireland." By Robert Lynd. 6s. net. (Mills & Boon.)



Farmhouse interior.

From "Home Life in Ireland," by Robert Lynd. (Mills & Boon.)

Hardy has not yet appeared. Mr. Lynd is no Hardy, for all that his most convincing chapter sketches an Irish car-driver to the life. But he knows—he knows. He has sat in the peat smoke. He has seen the people on the fair greens and in the fields whilst the bell rings for the angelus; has seen them dancing and fiddling, praying, mourning, toiling; has heard their own songs, stories, legends, in their own tongue; has got to the heart of the movement which slowly but certainly is hastening Ireland towards nationhood "in fullest and most spiritual meaning of the word." It is about all that Mr. Lynd talks in his pleasant easy way. He tells how the Irish live, what their homes are like, their towns and villages, how they dress, what they eat and drink, how they court and marry; he has much to say of priest and parson, of the Ulsterman, of the gentry, the schools, of the state of education in Ireland and the conditions of work. And all he says is worth saying. It is intimate talk, his own talk about what he himself knows and has seen. Consequently his book has value. It is good and true.

That the book will be criticised, however, by some not of Mr. Lynd's way of thinking, is certain. He is prepared for that. His judgments, for instance, on England's policy in regard to Irish education will not go unchallenged. It may be, doubtless is, true that, in Sir Horace Plunkett's words, "the national factor in Ireland has been studiously eliminated from national education"; but surely Mr. Lynd sweeps too wide in asserting that "the National schools were intended to destroy any traces of an Irish civilisation." The result may be such, but the intention assuredly included some more or less benighted effort after education. After all, it is uplifting for Irish boys and girls to learn by heart, as they did once at any rate, a few, say, of Wordsworth's poems. Did Mr. Lynd, good writer that he is and expounder of his country, learn nothing at school?

A last word. The chapter on "Literature and Music" is, curiously enough, the least satisfactory in Mr. Lynd's book. That portion of it dealing with "the stream in English" is hardly relevant: the stream runs through so few Irish homes that, as Shaw or some one else said, Ireland maintains not even one native author. Besides, a record which makes no mention of Miss Barlow and of the brilliant women who wrote that great novel, "The Real Charlotte," needs reftaking.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Novel Notes.

A MAN'S MAN. By Ian Hay. 6s. (Blackwood.)

If one may adapt the title of an earlier story by Mr. Hay, "A Man's Man" is the right stuff. The last phase of the hero's life, as the guardian and lover of a petulant young girl in England, is perhaps less romantic than his experiences on an Atlantic tramp or than his Cambridge days, but the same vivacity pervades all the pages of the book, and Mr. Hay manages to bring out the characteristic qualities of his hero without wearying the reader for a moment. It is a sincere pleasure to come across a novel of this stamp. As the title indicates, it is a study in masculine character, but there is plenty of love-interest in it. A man's man is not the sort of person who adapts himself easily or primarily to the ways of women. He is apt to misunderstand them and to be misunderstood by them. But if there is chivalry in him, the outcome of his relations with the other sex is assured, and this is the plot of Mr. Hay's clean and clever story. The hero, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is "adored once too." The reader will search contemporary fiction far before he meets a novel which will give him the same frank pleasure and amusement as "A Man's Man." It is an advance upon the author's previous work, and it promises well for his work in the future.

ANNE OF AVONLEA. By L. M. Montgomery. 6s. (Pitman.)

This is one of the most delightful and refreshing of books—a book that stands quite apart from the ordinary run of "novels." It is a successor to "Anne of Green Gables"; the author continues in it the story of the quaintly imaginative and lovable Anne (now grown to "half-past" sixteen), in a decidedly clever and sympathetic manner. There is a great charm about the book; it possesses a fund of irresistible, quiet humour; and is written simply and naturally. Anne—with the hair "which her friends called auburn," and the seven freckles on her nose, with the vivid imagination and broad-minded views, good intentions, and unlucky blunders—is an ideal heroine. She becomes school teacher to the children of

in their revolt against cut-and-dried opinions, and yet at the same time to clear Clotilda and himself, at least, from the excesses of passion. The novel is a study in temperament, but there is plenty of spirit and salt in it.

THE ROSE OF DAUPHINY. By Philip L. Stevenson. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The Rose of Dauphiny is Diane, the brave and beautiful daughter of Montbrun, the Huguenot leader in the reign of Henry III. of France. Although this heroic young woman does not loom very large in these "Adventures of the Sieur de Roquelaure in the French Wars of Religion," we are convinced that Roquelaure was a lucky man to win her affections and that his rejection by Gillone de Thorigny, maid of honour to Margaret de Valois, wife of Henry of Navarre, was all for the best. But then Roquelaure was bound to be lucky, for he was as courageous as he was faithful, and was moreover a first rate swordsman. The great Dumas taught us long ago that such men are to be respected, for they invariably outwit their enemies when they don't kill them, and their own persons are always under the providential protection of the author. When we are not following Roquelaure's adventures we are at the court of the King of France, and it is as wicked as ever. The Queen-mother, Catherine Medici, is at her old games; Henry of Navarre and Margaret de Valois are cool and friendly; the King is, of course, despicable; Alençon, Guise, and Bussy hover round; and the inevitable court favourites, the *mignons*, with Du Guast at their head, behave abominably, which is the way of such creatures. There is plenty of noise and stir in the book, and we hear the clash of arms and see the spilling of blood. Battles are fought, and plots and intrigues occur at frequent intervals, and we follow the career of Roquelaure with sympathetic interest. Mr. Philip L. Stevenson never startles us with daring strokes of imagination, but gives us a clear, straightforward, entertaining historical romance.

THE PRINCE OF DESTINY. By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. 6s. (Rebman.)

There have been many novels of Indian life; "The Prince of Destiny" is another, but with this great difference—it is written by an Indian. Mr. Ghosh writes vigorously and well; he has an attractive, picturesque style, and impresses you with the high sincerity of his purpose, which is to bring India and England to a better understanding of each other. He tells the story of Barath, the Prince of Destiny, from the time of his birth to the days when, as one of the ruling Princes of India, he averts a threatened disaster and saves India to the Empire. Barath comes over to be educated in England; he goes to Cambridge; he sees much of London life, and becomes intimate with famous men whom Mr. Ghosh introduces without disguise; but the circumstance that weighs most in the working out of his destiny is that he lives and is made at home with an English family that knows the East, and without always sharing is in sympathy with his high ideals. It is impossible to do justice to this remarkable romance by outlining its plot. We have read no book in which the very atmosphere of India is so wonderfully reproduced; it makes you familiar with the social customs of the country, with its intense religious fervour and political unrest, and through it all runs a strong narrative of the passionate love of the Prince for a charming English girl, a narrative that passes through many moments of vivid dramatic incident to a final great renunciation of self on the altar of duty. It is a romance of to-day that should be read for its rich imaginative power no less than for the information and the warning it contains of the peril Britain has to face in India, the causes of that peril and the ways in which an intellectual and patriotic Indian believes it may be averted.

THE SMITHS OF VALLEY VIEW. By Koble Howard. 6s. (Cassell.)

We meet again here some of the delightful people Mr. Koble Howard introduced us to in "The Smiths of Surbiton," and the many admirers of the Smith family will follow this continuation of their history with the keenest pleasure. The story chiefly concerns Ralph and Enid Smith, and their daughter Nancy—a jolly, high-spirited young lady (a trifle too touchy at times, perhaps), with whom Dick Nesbit has fallen in love. The Smiths go for a holiday to Westbourne, and take a house next door to their friends the Nesbits, and one very amusing chapter relates how Dick, an ardent Territorial, having taught Nancy the code, signals one morning with flags from the next door garden. The flag starts wagging furiously, "G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g. W-i-l-l y-o-u c-o-m-e f-o-r a l-i-t-t-l-e s-t-r-o-l-l b-e-f-o-r-e b-r-e-a-k-f-a-s-t?" If she raised the blind a little more, that would mean "Yes." If she pulled it right down, that would mean "No." Whilst she was hesitating, John Nesbit came from the house and joined his brother. "Hullo!" said John. "Having a bit of practice?" "Looks like it," was the discouraging answer. "Fine exercise," said John, "I think I'll take it up myself." Dick does his best to get rid of John, but finding it useless, continues his signalling. "What did you say then?" asked John. "I said, 'Some people never seem to know when they are not wanted.'" "But that's eleven words," protested John, "and you only sent nine." "How do you know?" asked Dick, rather startled. "You showed me the signal for ending a word, you know." "More ass me!" muttered Dick to himself. Aloud he said, "'To know' and 'they are' count as single words." "Fancy!" said John, greatly surprised. He did not, however, take the hint. Dick began to grow irritable. It was too bad of Nancy not to give him some sort of reply. "L-o-o-k h-e-r-e," he signalled. "I-f y-o-u c-a-n't t-a-k-e t-h-e t-r-o-u-b-l-e e-v-e-n t-o g-i-v-e t-h-a-t b-e-a-s-t-l-y b-l-i-n-d o-f y-o-u-r-s a b-i-t o-f a s-h-a-k-e I m-a-y a-s w-e-l-l ——" Down came the blind with a run. The whole book is written in Mr. Howard's happiest vein, and makes very enjoyable reading.

THE SHERIFF OF DYKE HOLE. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Although it is not a matter of great difficulty to deduce the plot of Mr. Cullum's new book from its opening chapters, this in no way detracts from its interest. The sub-title, "The Story of a Legacy," pretty well describes it. Dick Roydon is left two millions on condition that he discovers a certain silver mine in Montana which at one time belonged to his benefactor and that he also finds out the whereabouts of that benefactor's wife or daughter and installs her as owner of the mine. On arrival at Dyke Hole, he makes a muddle of things and presents the holder of the mine with the only map by which it may be located. It is at once clear to the reader that this man's honesty is very doubtful, and of course in the end this is proved to be the case. Roydon also meets a "water nymph," otherwise an attractive local resident, with whom he promptly becomes infatuated. There is also the character of the book, the Sheriff, and the desperado Kate (who eventually turns out to be the missing daughter). Mr. Cullum does not fail in manufacturing an adequate plot out of these materials. The greater part of the book, however, is concerned with the manners and customs of Dyke Hole and with the delightfully terrifying figure of its Sheriff, whose *bon mots* are as numerous as they are humorous. The author is especially successful in catching the atmosphere of a somewhat exaggerated "Wild West," and in every way his new novel is most attractive. It is a book of high spirits, and it is also one of the funniest and most delightful novels that we have read for some time.

SPECIAL MESSENGER. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

The theme of Mr. Chambers's new book is the American Civil War, the heroine—rather an aggravating person—an accomplished special messenger and spy upon the Union side. In eight longish chapters the author describes some of her romantic—and imaginary—adventures. Needless to say, the *Special Messenger* turns up trumps every time. She is a romantic young person, either loving or inducing love in pretty well every chapter, but it was a little unfair of Mr. Chambers to leave us in doubt as to whether she ever does marry the right man—who makes his appearance only at the beginning and end of the book. But it is not for its central plot that "*Special Messenger*" is worth reading. The book has clearly been written primarily for the magazine public, and the chapters which compose it are a series of stories—"complete in each part." As stories these are of unusual merit. They display an insider's knowledge of war and its possibilities, they are vastly exciting, and the skill with which they are handled at once shows that their author is no ordinary magazine writer. Mr. Chambers, indeed, has done quite as good work in "*Special Messenger*" as in any of his more ambitious attempts. The book is sure to be popular, and needs no further recommendation from us.

THE RETURN OF THE PETTICOAT. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Harpers.)

Given a woman who wishes to pass as a man, two obvious questions suggest themselves. How long can she hope to escape detection, and how long will she continue in her resolve? Sybil Dathan had apparently, for Mr. Deeping is not explicit, been badly treated by a man, and in her resentment is so weary of womanhood that her one desire is to escape from the trammels of sex. Psychologically it is open to question whether a woman would wish to blot out the memory of a man's cruelty by becoming a man herself. But psychology is not Mr. Deeping's strong point, and given the situation, the results are at least as interesting as the motive. Sybil was slim in figure, and her voice was deep enough to pass for a man's. She had as good a chance of escaping detection as any woman could have, and her decision was a considered determination, and not a mere whim. Mr. Deeping states his problem fairly and shirks no difficulties. His answer is that sex must prevail. The case which he takes is admittedly an extreme case, and the answer must mean that even under the most favourable circumstances no woman can or will conceal her sex for long. Too much space is devoted to the not very convincing device by which Sybil contrives to resume her sex without betraying her secret. But apart from this, the story is handled with a good deal of skill. The subsidiary characters are well drawn, especially the young farmer, love for whom is the immediate cause of Sybil's conversion, and the country minx who flirts with him. But the pleasantest part of the book is the background, a charming description of idyllic country life. Mr. Deeping has a real love for the country, and though occasionally his descriptions are strained, he contrives in spite of his weakness for fine writing to catch something of the radiance of the countryside in spring and summer. His *plein air* effects are well done.

LORD ALISTAIR'S REBELLION. By Allen Upward. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Allen Upward seems to be dissatisfied with practically every British institution that can easily be thought of. We fully acknowledge the abundant cleverness of "*Lord Alistair's Rebellion*," but there can be no doubt that the book would have been a better piece of work and that its satire would have been more effective if the author had been rather less sweeping in his attacks. Under the guise of a "chapter of contemporary history," Mr. Upward gives us an unusual, though somewhat unsatisfactory, story.

Lord Alistair Stuart has been brought up in the odour of Puritanical sanctity, but, on reaching manhood, he breaks with his former associations, and becomes a leader of a small company of "aesthetes," who extol the powers of vice. He becomes entangled with a notorious young Irish woman, and is finally ensnared into a foolish "Legitimist" plot for the throne

**Mr. R. W. Chambers.**

of England on the death of Queen Victoria. This brings matters to a head, and Lord Alistair is induced to leave his long-suffering country. Thereupon he turns over a new leaf and the book ends with a letter from him to the girl whose good influence has been the only drag on his former career, inviting her to join him in a monastery (to be situate somewhere in the East) where the things of the spirit will have precedence over those of the body. In the character of Lord Alistair Mr. Upward has essayed a difficult task, and has carried it through creditably, if not triumphantly. While he cannot explain all the motives for his hero's misdeeds, he at least succeeds in making the reader interested and sympathetic. As we have said above, the book is clever, although we confess to a sense of bewilderment as to what it all means. Therein probably the author has had the effect upon us which he intended to make—he has made us think. We recommend "*Lord Alistair's Rebellion*" to those persons who like something more than mere incident in their fiction.

THE KING'S SIGNET. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

However strongly you may feel that truth and right were on the side of the Roundheads in the great struggle between King and Parliament, you cannot deny that most of the romance of that era belonged to the Cavaliers. Failure is always more romantic than success; your sympathies are bound to be with the losing side, especially when the losers are so carelessly gay and so gallant as were many of the followers of Charles; there is something fine in a whole-hearted, self-sacrificing loyalty, even when it is to a bad king or a bad cause. It is useless to say that in "*The King's Signet*" Mr. Morice Gerard does not show the Court party at its worst, not the Puritans at their best; these are points on which we shall never be all in agreement; and if he does more than justice to Charles II., at least he does not do less than justice to Cromwell himself, and his presentment of the Duke of Buckingham is an unsparing picture of the type of aristocratic blackguard whose doings made the Court of the second Charles infamous. The story opens in the days of the Commonwealth; Charles II. has headed an unsuccessful rising, his Scots army has been routed, and he is a fugitive through England seeking opportunity to escape back to the Continent. Lurking on the estate of Sir Evelyn Lee, closely pursued, he sees Sir Evelyn's little daughter Lucille, trusts her with a secret message to her father, and Sir

Evelyn hurries him to a place of hiding in some ruins. Lucille, child-like, has followed them unnoticed; and when they discover her, the King deprecates her father's anger, declares he owes his life to her already, and will trust her not to betray him. Later, when she helps her mother to smuggle food in to him, he talks with her, and she tells him she will pray for him always. "The young man smiled. 'That can do me no harm, and may even do me good.' As he spoke he drew from his finger a solitary ring which he was wearing. . . . He took Lucille's small white hand into his own, and tried it on her slim fingers one after the other, smiling at the fatuity of the effort. Then he opened the palm of her hand and placed the ring in the centre. 'There!' he said, 'I give it to you; you will have to wear it round your neck, it is too large for such maiden fingers.' He still looked into the depths of her eyes; his face grew more grave. 'One day,' he went on, 'your mother's prophecy and your prayers may be fulfilled; if that day comes you may want something within my power to bestow; should that happen remember that I owe you a debt, perchance even the debt of my life, and that you can claim what you will in return.'" The story develops rapidly; Cromwell dies; the King comes into his own again; love dawns upon the life of Lucille, and she and her lover are happy, are married; are presently pursued by the malignity of an enemy even into the very shadow of death; then, at the eleventh hour, she owes her husband's life to the possession of that ring of the King's. It is a vivid and excellent romance, full of colour and movement, and makes most absorbingly interesting reading.

The Bookman's Table.

MY SUMMER IN LONDON. By James Milne. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

There is a general inclination among town-workers, now-a-days, for a home in the country, but Mr. James Milne seems to have reversed this order of things. Formerly he worked in London, but lived well outside it. This year he changed his residence, moved into what is almost the heart of the city, and in this very pleasant, very entertaining book of his gives you the impressions and experiences he has enjoyed during the first summer of his life among these new surroundings. Enjoyed is emphatically the right word; he confesses to still missing a little the "space, fresh air, a certain neighbourness to the consolations of nature" that are to be had in the country, but he is spared the daily journey from Greater London to London Within, he cannot take his walks abroad without coming across the people all the world is talking about, and finding matters of fresh interest continually in the daily life of the crowd. He supplements this record of his ramblings with a number of excellent photographs, and with personal recollections and some capital anecdotes of the famous men and women he has met in the course of a longish and very full career as a journalist. It is such a brightly written and agreeably gossipy volume that one hopes Mr. Milne will follow it with another devoted to his first winter in London, and that he will enjoy the winter as heartily as he has evidently enjoyed the summer.

SAINT TERESA OF SPAIN. By Helen Hester Colvill. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

By virtue perhaps of the innumerable little human touches in her writings, in her autobiography, in the "Way of Perfection," the "Mansions," and the many letters to friends and co-religionists that are still extant, it is Teresa of Avila who appears to us, of all the saints, least as an abstraction. "She was no being of ice and snow," to quote Miss Colvill, "living far away from us on a mountain top eternally bathed in the pure air of heaven. She was very

human; at this time [when she entered the Encarnacion Convent at the age of eighteen] a high-spirited girl, fond of chatter and amusement, to whom prayer at times seemed tedious and her chosen cloister a dull place." Only when she was over forty did she finally throw off all weaknesses of the flesh, and her continual visions, suspected at first by herself and her superiors as being tricks of the evil one, at length instilled in her a firm conviction of her high mission. She was already middle-aged when she founded her first convent, that of the Discalced Carmelites of San Josef. Despite much opposition, it proved a success, and was but the first of many similar foundations all over Spain that were to owe their origin to Teresa. There is an interesting chapter on the sixteenth-century mystics, with whom Teresa may be classed. The movement, started by Alejo Vanegas, numbered among its followers Luis de Granada, Luis de Leon, the holy Juan de la Cruz, and Teresa herself. Miss Colvill is to be congratulated on an interesting study, produced with much care and pains, the only fault with which is to be found in occasional little flamboyancies of style that detract little from its solid merit.

MADAME DE MAINTENON. Her Life and Times, 1635-1719. By C. C. Dyson. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The writing of popular books on the fascinating women of history has long been a French fashion. Fifty years ago and more, while we were still modest and early Victorian, authors like Capefigue and Lescure had created a whole library of works dealing with the lives of the favourites of kings. Now such works, it seems, can scarcely come fast enough from English printing presses. Madame de Maintenon is, of course, one of the ladies to be dealt with, but while the interest of many of these beauties is wholly or mainly scandalous, Louis XIV.'s wife has other and more venerable characteristics. Her present biographer, indeed, is extremely anxious to explain that she was not scandalous at all. She was far from the "narrow, coldhearted woman" and "successful adventuress" of ultra-Protestant historians. She has been blamed for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but the most that can be laid to her charge is that she did not use her great influence to stop the atrocities which followed that abominable decree. Much good is certainly to be accounted unto her. A genuinely pious woman, it was her ambition to wean Louis from that attitude towards her sex which resulted in the illicit splendours of Louise de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan. But her greatest work was the foundation of that college for the orphan daughters of nobles and officers of which Boileau said: "If any gentleman should venture to speak with detraction of Madame de Maintenon, his name ought to be erased from the Roll of the Nobility, so base would be his ingratitude after the great benefits her foundation has conferred on his class." Mr. Dyson has written an interesting account of the long life of the foundress of St. Cyr: as a needy child, as wife to the brilliant, crooked Scarron, as gouvernante to Madame de Montespan's children, as the King's wife and councillor. His facts, however, which have been collected with great industry, might have been a little better digested. His proofs, too, might have been read a little more carefully. Bossuet is called Bossnet three times in two pages. The origin of "God save the King," as stated on the last page, is surely inaccurate.

GEORGE MEREDITH: Some Early Appreciations. Selected by Maurice Buxton Forman. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

James Thomson wrote, nearly thirty years ago, "The critics Mr. Meredith has had always with him"; in his recent book on "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," Mr. J. A. Hammerton demonstrated the truth of this by devoting a good deal of space to what Meredith's critics had written of him, and now Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman drives the argument well home by bringing together twenty-four early appreciations of Meredith, from that on the "Poems" which Mr. William Michael



Mignard, Louvre.

Madame de Maintenon.

From "Madame de Maintenon," by C. C. Dyson. (John Lane.)

Rossetti contributed to the *Critic* in 1851, to Mark Pattison's review in the *Academy*, in 1883, of the "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth." Meredith is not and never was popular with the multitude, but the author who from the publication of his first book has been reviewed in the leading critical organs of the day by such writers as W. M. Rossetti, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, James Thomson, Swinburne, Richard Garnett, Miss Jewsbury, R. H. Hutton, Henley, Mark Pattison, cannot be spoken of as one of the neglected. There is much in these old reviews that is of curious interest—it is interesting, for example, to find James Thomson condescending to Dickens, and evidently considering that he eulogises Meredith highly by placing him a little lower than George Eliot. Mr. Forman has done timely and useful work in this volume, and done it very thoroughly; it is something that all who are interested in Meredith and his great career will be glad to have on their shelves.

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. Vols. I. to VII. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)

Messrs. Methuen are issuing a uniform edition of the works of Oscar Wilde in twelve volumes; the first seven, which have now been published, contain (1) "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and "The Portrait of Mr. W. H."; (2) "The Duchess of Padua"; (3) Poems; (4) "Lady Windermere's Fan"; (5) "A Woman of no Importance"; (6) "An Ideal Husband"; and (7) "The Importance of Being Earnest." These four comedies of Wilde's have been compared, for their wit and epigrammatic brilliance, to the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley; there is a good deal to be said for the comparison—they have the wit, the sparkle, the gay humour of Congreve without anything of his occasional unsavouriness; and if they lack certain robust qualities of the Restoration dramatists, they have a subtlety and refinement, touches of sentiment and seriousness, and a large sympathy with humanity that are beyond the scope of their predecessors. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is sheer farcical absurdity; but the

other three are legitimate and exquisite comedy, mordant social satire edged with fantasy and epigram, and with something of melodrama running through to give them a warmth and colour of life. They have a good story to tell, and it is told with so rare an art that we have found even more delight in reading them than in seeing them acted: they are the first comedies that count as literature since Goldsmith wrote and Sheridan. But for some of us the greatest of Wilde's work is in his poems, in one particularly, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which is included in this collection. Perhaps it is because so much has been said of his flippancies, his affectations, his insincerities, that it comes upon new readers with a shock of surprise, the profoundly human note that is continually sounding through his work. It is an elusive undertone in the comedies, it lives in the fine but somewhat hysterical tragedy of "The Duchess of Padua," it recurs everywhere through his poetry, in such sonnets as "Easter Day" and "E Tenebris," in "The Burden of Itys," in many of his lyrics, and it throbs in every verse, in every line of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"—one of the very few poems in which the pathos and the heartbreak of human suffering are so rendered that you literally feel them whilst you read; there is no poem in the language more instinct with the beauty and passion of pity and repentance:

"The vilest deeds like prison weeds
Bloom well in prison air,
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there.
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the warder is Despair. . . .
"And thus we rust Life's iron chain,
Degraded and alone,
And some men curse, and some men weep,
And some men make no moan
But God's eternal laws are kind
And break the heart of stone.
"And every human heart that breaks,
In prison-cell or yard,
Is as that broken box that gave
Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
With the scent of costliest nard.
"Ah! happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from Sin?
How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?"

This edition of Wilde's works is a cheap one in the best way; the books are as well printed and as tastefully bound as if they cost double the money. The remaining five volumes are, we gather, to be published at short intervals between now and the end of the year.

AN EDITOR'S CHAIR. By Ernest Foster. 2s. 6d. net. (Everett.)

Mr. Ernest Foster was for twenty years the editor of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*. No man could edit any paper for so lengthy a period without gathering knowledge and experience that was well worth placing on record, and in these pages Mr. Foster tells very pleasantly of the joys and sorrows that beset the editor of a popular weekly. He met and had dealings with a number of interesting contributors, and relates many good anecdotes concerning them, and many equally good concerning the distinguished scientists, actors, artists, lawyers, poets, and men of letters who were interviewed from time to time on behalf of his journal. It is the sort of book that the general reader will find curiously attractive and that the general reader who is ambitious to become a writer will find distinctly helpful, for Mr. Foster has a good deal of sound advice for him as to how an editor should and should not be treated, as to the wisdom of trying to suit the paper you are desirous of contributing to, and as to the observance of a dozen other little points of tact and policy the observance or neglect of which makes all the difference between getting your MS. accepted and having it rejected.

Notes on New Books.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

A triumphant collection of beauty and usefulness lies in the pages of the new anthology which the Oxford University Press has just issued. In a serviceable volume named *The Pageant of English Poetry*, and at the mere cost of two shillings, they have included 1,150 poems and extracts of poems by three hundred authors. Everything in the way of alphabetical order, indexes, and general arrangement has been done with a view to making it a handy book for reference. It is certainly admirable for this purpose, and as a book for pleasure it is equally so. The contents have not been rigorously selected as examples of poetic genius, but the standard is high, and many beautiful and unfamiliar poems and parts of poems have found a place here. It is, indeed, a thoroughly fascinating collection to add to the shelf on which already stand "The Golden Treasury" and "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

MR. W. HEINEMANN.

A handsome and altogether charming volume has been compiled by Mr. Henry Van Dyke under the title of *The Poetry of Nature* (6s. net). He has gathered sixty poems into his pages, poems showing Nature in all moods and seasons. Clouds, snow, rain, sun, birds, flowers, and the great lessons of the earth and sky are described here by poets of England and poets of America. Many an unfamiliar gem has been included in this Nature chain. We ourselves came with an excitement of pleasure upon a poem which has haunted us for many years, authorless and nameless, viz. "The Sandpiper" by Celia Thaxter. We must not forget to mention the noticeable beauty of the numerous photogravure plates; these illustrations are direct from Nature, and they hold the mists and gleams of the varying year from spring to winter.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

A bright novel which will please scores of readers is *Her Suburban Highness*, by Gurner Gillman (6s.). The author has taken a lovely and lively German princess, set her for a while in the midst of coercion and foolish matrimonial arrangements, and then spirited her off to suburban England to mystify and check her royal parent and his advisers and assert her own rights of choice. The Goddess in the Car in the tale is the aunt of the princess, Duchess Buda, and together they bring about the very end which every one—even the Kaiser—desired. The princess is rather surprisingly slangy sometimes when she is angry, but her love-story is never dull, and the pictures of Germany and Suburbia are sharply drawn and amusing.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Thrills, sensations, and adventures are packed with generous skill into *An Imperial Marriage*, by A. W. Marchmont (6s.). This is a modern story of life in Berlin, and the man who ostensibly tells the story is the lately resigned Berlin Special Correspondent of the *London Newsletter*. How he, Herr Bastable, became gradually and dangerously netted into the intrigues which sprang up in connection with a certain arranged Imperial marriage is ingeniously and attractively related. A capital book for dull, or tired, or unoccupied persons; its first chapter will take them at once into another environment and give them a complete change of air and scene.

A volume from the pen of Mrs. Marie C. Leighton always promises a real plot and some sensational reading. Her latest novel, *Deep Waters* (6s.), is well up to her usual standard; and from the very first page we feel that there will be serious trouble before our two happy lovers, Brian Howard and Aline Darcy, are allowed to fulfil the promise of the first scene in the little country church where their banns are read for the third time. For a while trouble crowds upon trouble, and, seemingly, crime upon crime. But we know Mrs. Leighton too well to doubt her. "There is no happiness like the happiness that comes after sorrow," said the bride's father, as he watched his daughter and his son-in-law after the long-delayed ceremony had taken place; and all her readers will approve of the authoress when she rings down her curtain to the sound of three separate wedding-peals.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus send us a most attractive edition of R. L. Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* (7s. 6d. net). It is illustrated in colour by Noel Rooke, and has very interesting and enlightening map-plans for its endpapers. Perhaps none of Stevenson's works was more truly Stevensonian than this description of his travels. "The journey which this little book is to describe was very agreeable and fortunate to me," wrote Stevenson to Mr. Sidney Colvin; and the spirit of the happy philosopher shines now through

the pages. Mr. Noel Rooke, who has followed in Stevenson's footsteps (but without his affectionate but capricious Modestine), seems also, by the grace and tenderness of his illustrations, to have felt the charm of the Cevennes.

Mr. Henry Frowde has produced just the very right series of booklets for Christmas gifts. In the *Oxford Moment Series* (1s. net each) we have good material most elegantly presented. Four little volumes lie before us, each in a different binding. "Omar Khayyam" is charming in soft dull green velvet-leather; "Marcus Aurelius" is equally pretty in soft brown embossed leather; Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are daintiness itself in white silk with a design of violets scattered over it, and "Dickens" (extracts) is in white vellum with a medallion portrait. Each tiny volume contains a delicately coloured portrait in "miniature" style, and the end papers are particularly pretty. Altogether a most daintily attractive quartette.

We are glad to welcome Messrs. Seeley & Co.'s new edition of *Aspects of Modern Oxford*, by A. D. Godley (2s. net). Mr. Godley offers, quite rightly, no apology for reprinting his "Modern Oxford" after sixteen years, without additions. We wanted the same book again, for it is a sane and amusing and entertaining volume; and as for the things which have altered—in page and in illustration, it is interesting both to find and to miss the little changes in thought and fashion.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s *People's Library* (8d. net and 1s. 6d. net) continues its useful career. Among its new volumes are Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," Charlotte Brontë's "Villette," Dumas' "Black Tulip," Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park," Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and many another treasure. It provides a splendid library, and may be obtained in cloth and in leather.

Messrs. Longmans' *Pocket Library* (2s. 6d. net, 3s. 6d. net) is one which stands out noticeably in the numerous series of reprints. It presents in handy, inexpensive form books of varied style but unvaried worth. The two latest volumes are "The Light of the World," by Sir Edwin Arnold, and "German Love" ("Deutsche Liebe"), by F. Max Müller.

Henry Seton Merriman's works have remained impressed upon our memory as fine, absorbing novels, books of good writing and good material, intensely interesting, and marked by a certain dignity and sense of proportion. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are issuing a most tempting series of his works in small, attractive form. *The Sowers*, *Roden's Corner*, *Flotsam*, *In Kedar's Tents*, and *With Edged Tools* are among those already published (2s. net and 3s. net).

Mr. H. H. Cunynghame's volume on *Time and Clocks* (Constable, 2s. 6d. net) has triumphantly reached another edition, and has proved by time and its usefulness that it is miles removed from the work of the bookmaker. His subject is one which so easily might have tempted a man to "mug it up," but, instead, it tempted Mr. Cunynghame to put his whole heart into tracing the subject from the beginning, and by giving us not only a history of the measurement of time, but the science of it too. And—he has made his book very interesting as well as thorough.

New Books of the Month.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BOWNE, BORDEN PARKER. *Studies in Christianity*. 6s. net. (Constable)
 CAMERON, ADELAIDE M. *Christ in Daily Life. A Consecutive Narrative of the Life of Our Lord*. For Daily Reading. 1s. 6d. net. (Allenson)
 CLARK, REV. HENRY W. *Laws of the Inner Kingdom*. 3s. 6d. net. (R. Scott)
 Confessions of St. Augustine, The. Translated by Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D. Edited by Temple Scott. With Illustrations by Maxwell Armfield. 7s. 6d. net (Chatto)
 CRAUFORD, REV. A. H., M.A. *The Religion of H. G. Wells, and Other Essays*. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin)
 Expository Times, The, Vol. XX. 7s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark)
 FORSYTH, P. T., M.A., D.D. *The Cruciality of the Cross*. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
 FOTHERINGHAM, REV. DAVID ROSS, M.A. *The Writing on the Sky, and Other Sermons*. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington)
 HOLDEN, J. STUART, M.A. *The Pre-Eminent Lord, and Other Sermons*. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
 JACKSON, GEORGE, B.A. *Studies in the Old Testament*. 3s. 6d. net. (R. Culley)
 MILLER, ANDREW, M.A. *The Problem of Theology in Modern Life and Thought*. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
 PLUMMER, REV. ALFRED, M.A., D.D. *An Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Matthew*. 12s. (Elliot Stock)
 SCOTT, REV. J. J., M.A. *The Apocalypse. Six Lectures*. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray)
 SWETE, HENRY BARCLAY, D.D. *The Holy Spirit in the New Testament*. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan)

SOME AUTUMN BOOKS FROM WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS. A NOTABLE LIST.

TRAVELS IN THE UPPER EGYPTIAN DESERTS.

By ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL, Chief Inspector of the Department of Antiquities, Upper Egypt. With numerous illustrations, 7s. 6d. net.
Five thousand years ago the Upper Egyptian Deserts were the scene of great activities. Mr. Weigall describes, in a manner far from official, the secrets he has unearthed from the sands, and the history of the Greek, Roman, and Byzantine antiquities, of which there is still plentiful and intimate evidence. A most interesting book.

THE PASSING OF THE SHEREEFIAN EMPIRE.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, Author of "The Siege and Capitulation of Port Arthur," etc. Illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.
Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett knows Morocco well, having been special correspondent in that country in 1907 and 1908, when he had interviews with both Abdul Aziz and Moulay el Hafid. Readers of his other books will know with what vividness and interest Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett can write of those events with which he has become familiar.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FRIENDS.

By FLORENCE MACCUNN, Author of "Mary Stuart" With Portraits, 10s. net.
A book of the greatest interest to all lovers of the Great Magician. It contains chapters on Old Ladies of Sir Walter's Youth—Parliament House Friends—Makers of Minstrelsy—Buccleuch Group—Literary Ladies—Abbotsford Household—Scott's Relation to other Poets.

LADY WAKE'S REMINISCENCES.

Edited by LUCY WAKE. Illustrated with Portraits, 12s. 6d. net.
Like Archbishop Tait and her other brother, Sheriff Tait, Lady Wake possessed force of character and intellectual ability, and to the end of her long life she preserved her great interest in the world around her. Of her young days she retained the liveliest recollection, and in her "Reminiscences" she gives a very graphic and amusing and often touching account of life in Scotland in the beginning of the nineteenth century. During the Revolution of 1830 she was close to Paris, and her recollections of these days are particularly vivid.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN STUART BLACKIE TO HIS WIFE.

With a Few Earlier Ones to his Parents. Selected and Edited by his Nephew, A. STODART WALKER. 12s. 6d. net.
This year is the centenary of the birth of one of the most picturesque personalities that Scotland has produced, and in these letters may be found the secret of Professor Blackie's amiable characteristics, the story of his love for all things Celtic, and his fellowship with the greatest scholars and notable men of his day. Among these last were HUXLEY, TYNDALL, CARLYLE, RUSKIN, BROWNING, FENNYSON, BISMARCK, MANNING, NEWMAN, IRVING, and GLADSTONE.

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By ALFRED NOYES, Author of "Drake: an English Epic," "Forty Singing Seamen," "The Forest of Wild Thyme," etc. 5s. net.

Messrs. BLACKWOOD have an interesting List of FICTION, and Novels that will be found well worth reading are the following, price 6s. each.

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By MAUD DIVER, Author of "Captain Desmond, V.C." Mrs. Diver's previous books have reached a circulation of over 100,000 copies.

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By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "The Warden of the Marches," etc. "A rattling story of the sort that all can read with pleasure." *Liverpool Daily Courier*.

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By IAN HAY, Author of "The Right Stuff," etc. "A bright fresh book all through, with plenty of go and plenty of humour." —*Times*.

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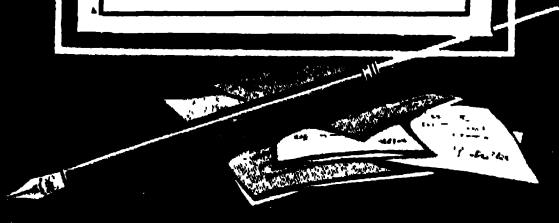
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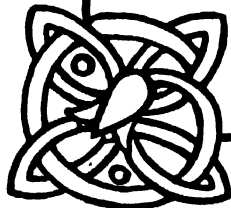
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In the matter of Christmas, editors and reviewers are twice blest (though they do not always appreciate this): they eat their cake and have it. All through November we have been looking at, reading, and thinking, talking, writing and reading about nothing but Christmas books, until we come to breathe the very atmosphere of Christmas and feel when, at length, the December Number is out, that the season is done with. Then, in another few weeks the real Christmas, with real snow and real pudding and beef and holly, is upon us, and we realise that before we were only dreaming, and now have wakened to find our dream come true. With the signs and influences of that first Christmas still surrounding us, but with an eye to the real one that is approaching, we give our readers the season's greetings, and wish them all a Merry Christmas.

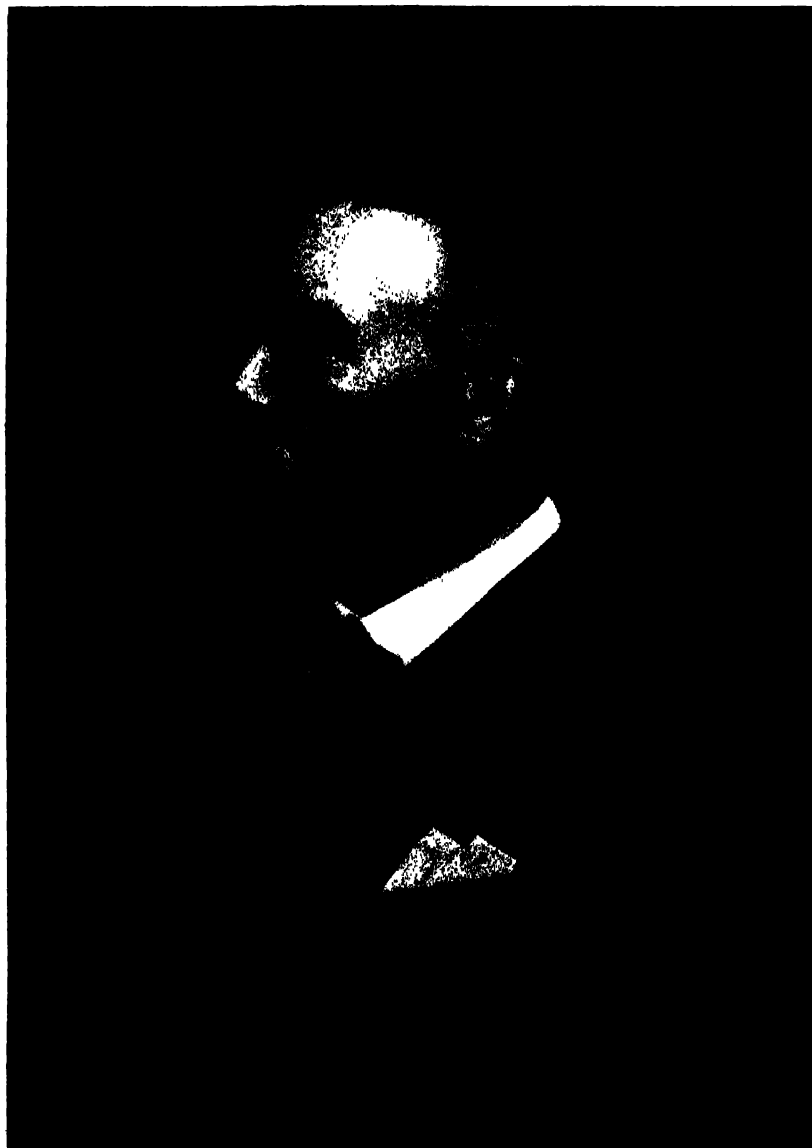


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Sir Frederick Macmillan.

we have ever published, and we venture to think that with its large and beautifully illustrated Supplement it fulfils very adequately its function as a useful guide to all the best gift-books of the season. We are presenting with this number a portfolio of drawings in colour by W. Heath Robinson, illustrating Kipling's "Song of the English"; our frontispiece in colour, by Edmund Dulac, is reproduced from Messrs. Hodder &

Stoughton's edition of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; and the two other full-page colour plates in this issue are by Arthur Rackham, reproduced from Mr. Heinemann's new edition of "Undine," and by Willy Pogany, from Messrs. Harrap's new edition of Omar Khayyam.

The knighthood that the King has conferred on Sir Frederick Macmillan is a fitting and gratifying recognition of one of the most distinguished of English publishers. Sir Frederick is chairman of the famous house of Macmillan & Co. that was founded by his father and his uncle, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, and that under his control has developed and maintained its high reputation until the name of Macmillan on the title-page of a book is a sure guarantee of its literary excellence. Sir Frederick is a man of many activities; he has served as President of the Publishers' Association, and has

This is perhaps the fullest and most lavishly illustrated Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN

taken a prominent part in the work of divers organisations connected with the book world; he is a familiar figure in society and in the hunting field, a good after-dinner speaker, a keen golfer, an enthusiastic supporter of the opera, and, in particular, has given zealous and untiring attention to the efficient governing of the National Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy. To name only the authors and books one associates off-hand with the firm of Macmillan—they were Tennyson's and Kingsley's publishers, and published the poems of Matthew Arnold; among the several admirable series they have given us are the invaluable "English Men of Letters" biographies; now-a-days they are Kipling's and Frederic Harrison's publishers, and they published Lord Morley's monumental *Life of Gladstone*. We congratulate Sir Frederick on a well-earned honour and the book-trade on the distinction accorded to one of the most popular and thoroughly representative of its chiefs.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole has a new book coming out shortly with Mr. Fisher Unwin. It is the story of a horse, "*Garryowen*," and the scenes are laid in Ireland and in England. This is to be Mr. Stacpoole's last novel of the social comedy type; he will in future devote himself to romance. The first



Mr. Max Beerbohm.

of these romances, "*The Drums of War*," which has been running very successfully as a serial in the *World and His Wife*, will be published next year by Mr. John Murray. Also, Mr. Stacpoole has a volume of poems which he thinks of publishing next year, but he has not yet made up his mind about it.

All lovers of good romance will be glad to know that Mr. Rider Haggard is just now engaged upon two books that have to do with the experiences in love and war in youth and early middle life of a certain late Mr. Allan Quartermain, as related in MSS. of his that have recently been discovered. In the meantime, Mr. Haggard has ready for next spring "*Morning Star*," a romance of ancient Egypt, that deals with the love story and strange adventures of one of that country's queens. The book will be published by Messrs. Cassell, and will be followed in due course by "*Queen Sheba's Ring*," which is at present appearing serially in *Nash's Magazine*.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, whose new book of essays, "*Yet Again*," we are reviewing in our next number, is not a voluminous writer. His books are few and not large; we wish they were more and larger, and are glad to know that we may possibly have another one from him in the spring, though he warns us that if it does appear—and he is not sure about it—it will only be a small one.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is engaged upon a work which he proposes to call "*What is Wrong*." The

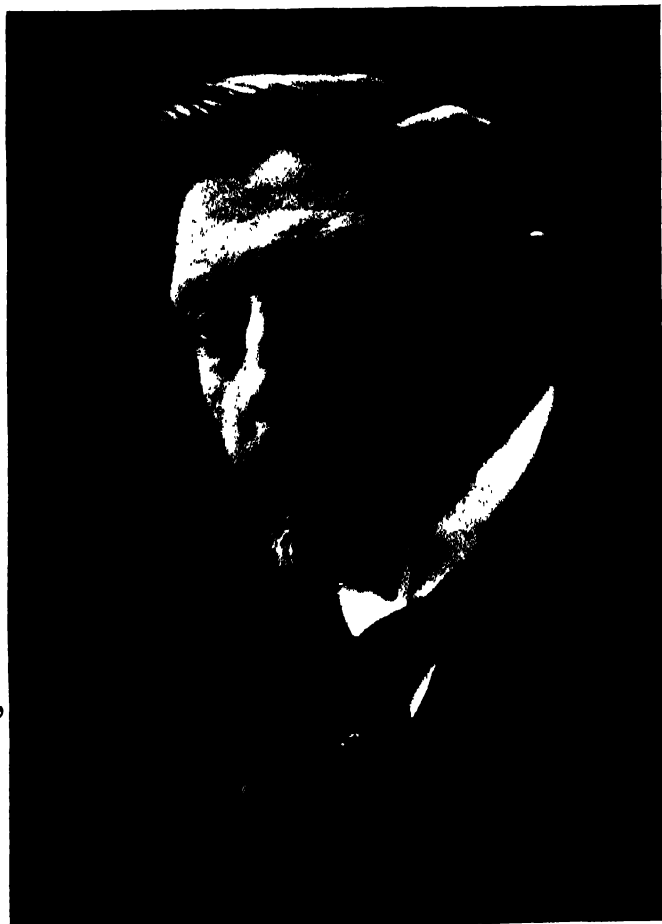


Photo by Hoppé.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard.

Whose new novel "*The Lady of Blossholm*," is reviewed in our Illustrated Supplement.

title is suggestive, and will arouse keen interest in his large circle of admirers. Beginning with an introduction, "The Homelessness of Man," Mr. Chesterton deals with "Imperialism: or the Mistake about the Man," "Female Suffrage: or the Mistake about the Woman," "Education: or the Mistake about the Child," "Science: or the Mistake about the Universe," "Socialism: or the Mistake about the State," "Individualism: or the Mistake about the Individual," "Anthropology: or the Mistake about the Savage," "Criminology: or the Mistake about the Criminal," "Art: or the Mistake about Beauty," and concludes with "The Home of Man." The book is to be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in the spring.

Messrs. Constable are publishing early next year an English version of the diary and reminiscences of H  l  ne von Doenniges, giving the full story of her relations with Ferdinand Lassalle. She was, as every one knows, the "Clotilde" of Meredith's "Tragic Comedians."

Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, whose new poems, "Rose and Vine" (Elkin Mathews), we reviewed in our last number, was born in Aberdeen, and spent all her earlier life there. She studied at the Aberdeen University, and always says that her literary sense owes much to the teaching of Professor Grierson. After her marriage, she lived for some seven years in Dundee, and took an active interest in the social, political, and educational life of the town. Her first book was published by Mr. John Lane in 1904, and the beauty and power of many of the poems contained in it were at once and warmly acclaimed. Since February Mrs. Taylor has made her home in London.

"True Tilda," Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch's latest novel, has been amongst the best selling novels of the autumn. Mr. Arrowsmith already announces a fourth reprint.

Also among the best-selling novels of the year, if not at the very head of the list, is Mr. Ralph Connor's stirring romance of North-West Canada, "The Settler," which is already in its two hundredth thousand.

"By Divers Paths: The Note-book of Seven Wayfarers" is a new anthology of prose and verse that Miss Annie Matheson has compiled and edited and that Messrs. Gay & Hancock are publishing this month. The volume is arranged in twelve



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor.

sections, one for each month of the year, and opens with some verses and "A Christmas Prologue" by the editor.

Mr. John Long announces a second edition of Mrs. Mary E. Huddy's "Life of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany." It is an extremely able study of a great personality and a memorable period. This is the only adequate record in English of the career of the "Grande Contessa" of Tuscany. It met with an entirely favourable reception at the hands of all the leading critics, and, as this second edition indicates, has found equal favour with the reading public.

The 29th of this month is the hundredth birthday of W. E. Gladstone, and Mr. Herbert Paul's centenary article in this number on "Gladstone as a Man of Letters" rounds off a wonderful year of literary centenaries. The January Number of THE BOOKMAN will contain a special illustrated article on J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*. Other important articles in the same number will be "The Making of a Man," by Sir George Douglas, Bart.; "The English Essay," by Thomas Seccombe; "The Novels of Meredith," by M. Buxton Forman; "Maria Edgeworth," by Roger Ingpen; and "Irish Ways," by Shan F. Bullock.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 18, 1909.

AMERICAN humour is, according to the English idea, as characteristic a national feature as waffles or pork and beans. The English person is inclined to regard the American joke with a sort of awe, as if it were something incomprehensibly dangerous. We Americans, on the other hand, are inclined to taunt the Englishman as being lacking in a sense of humour because he is amazed, rather than amused, at our local hits, national slang, and violent, if innocent, mendacity.

It would take a Solomon to determine whether we are the buffoons you sometimes think us, or you are the dullards we sometimes think you. The curious thing, considering the circumstances, is that the chief American humorist is one of the most popular of us all in England, both as an author and as an individual. I mean, of course, "Mark Twain."

Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") has of late not been very well. He is, therefore, I learn at first hand, doing very little literary work of any kind at present. In his home in Connecticut Mr. Clemens spends most of his time "reading, playing billiards, and perhaps scribbling now and then." The subject of his scribblings is, more often than not, for his own amusement, rather than for public occasion. "Some of these things," I am further informed, "may see the light of print some time, but certainly not very soon."

People who like to wonder about things - and wasn't it Stevenson who said there is something very wrong with anybody who does not? - are speculating as to who is the anonymous penitent who has just given out, through an American magazine, a statement called "The Confessions of a 'Best Seller.'" This nameless one, who has been variously identified as Meredith Nicholson, Harold MacGrath, and Kate Douglas Wiggin, states that he has in the past six years been so fortunate as to have his name appear fifteen times as author in the list of the six best selling books which the American cousin of this magazine (the *Bookman* of New York) prints each month.

The most interesting part of these confessions concerns the methods by which a book becomes a "best seller" - every one must realise it is not always the best story which attains this good fortune, even if we use the term "best story" in its lowest sense. This author -- and certainly his experience gives him the right to speak with authority -- says that the catchiness of the title and the name of a popular illustrator are valuable. Reviews, he thinks, for such books as these, are of little account. Advertising, on the other hand, is of great importance, while the enthusiasm of the retail book-seller, the man behind the counter, is the greatest factor of all. Indeed, so important is the attitude of this person in shaping the fate of a popular novel that the author of these confessions backs a startling theory to the effect that the chief purpose of book advertising

is not that it shall catch the eye of the public, but that it shall inspire the retail dealer. According to this theory, the chief value of a publisher's advertisement is that it proves to the retailer that the publisher believes in the book. The dealer, thus invigorated, recommends it with all sincerity to all his customers, and the month's end finds it a "best seller."

• Over here, we have been considerably agitated at the reports that have reached us about Mr. William Watson's sensational poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." Possibly the accounts of England's excitement in this matter have been exaggerated in transmission to us, at any rate no one could have exaggerated our excitement. We have been quite childishly worked up over it. One manifestation of our interest has been the publication in a halfpenny paper of a poem by Richard Le Gallienne, intended as a reply to Mr. Watson. This is entitled "The Poet with the Coward's Tongue" and the following are sample lines:

"O, Poet with the Coward's Tongue,
Come to New York, and you shall know—
O, Singer of the Coward's Song—
His fate who sings a woman so!"

This is unworthy of Mr. Le Gallienne, from the standpoint both of art and intelligence. Presumably he wrote it in a great hurry. Of other work I understand he has much on hand, having lately heard his plans from him while he was at East Aurora, a place not very far from New York, where that curious character, Elbert Hubbard, has a summer colony for his followers. Mr. Le Gallienne is writing a play, a series of fairy tales, and a novel, and has moreover a volume of essays ready for the press, as well as two books of verse entitled respectively "New Poems" and "October Vagabonds."

The complaint is often heard in England that, since compulsory education has come in, the ranks of the writers have become crowded to suffocation, and that the mass of so-called literature produced by the compulsorily educated is choking England. The people who utter these complaints ought to visit America; they could then go back to their homes contented in the realisation that a paltry million or two of embryonic Board-school Carlyles and Keatses are a mere flea-bite compared with the state of things America has to put up with.

I do not know why it is that practically everybody in America is bent on writing. Our nearly universal belief in our literary abilities may come from that sweet self-confidence which is our most striking national characteristic-- that same touching self-confidence which moved a fond mother of my acquaintance to say to me once in all sincerity, "Of course, even if Elizabeth is unable to find a position as teacher, she can always write."

Or it may be that we all write because there are so

many outlets for written matter. They used to say the New World was paved with gold. Nowadays they could fairly say it was paved with magazines. One of those newspaper statisticians who make a practice of giving out showy statements, such as that all the table-napkins used in New York in twenty-four hours would make, if piled one on the other, a heap as high as the Metropolitan Life building tower, and that the cost of soap required to wash them would support all the orphans in the East Side for a week, has stated that there is, in this country, a periodical of some kind for every three adult inhabitants. If anything approaching this is true—and I am inclined to believe that it certainly is—then it is easy to see why so many Americans spend their leisure in writing.

Writing, at any rate, is a favourite diversion, especially in the country districts, and there is a huge class made up of amateurs, who write largely, sell sparsely, and serve to crowd professionals in the magazine market. For this class, America in her usual practical way has provided hand books, reference books, record books, correspondence schools, and all sorts of conveniences. Especially remarkable, amongst these conveniences (nothing corresponding to which is to be found, I imagine, in England) is the magazine called *The Editor*, an entertaining little monthly intended to be helpful to the literary beginner, and doubtless fulfilling its mission.

My introduction to this publication, however, was such as to make me regard it in a rather absurd light. I chanced to be in the office of a person who has, in this country, a certain business connection with Mr. Maurice Hewlett. What was apparently a circular was in my presence delivered to this person. It bore Mr. Hewlett's name, and on tearing the wrapper it was found to be the current number of *The Editor*. Apparently it had been sent as a "sample copy," in the idea that Mr. Hewlett might become a subscriber. Glancing over the pages I could not but wonder what this accomplished artist would say when he discovered in his morning's post this magazine, and read, for example, an article entitled "The Art of Making Notes," containing the following suggestion: "The practice of describing sunsets night after night is of inestimable value," and, under "Correspondence with the Editor," a note from a nameless genius in Indiana to the effect that "through your criticism and assistance I have recently been enabled to place my work with four magazines."

Speaking, by the way, of the gambols of the popular statistician, I am reminded of a statement made by one of these gentry recently which may be of interest in England. This statement was that the average of books printed and published in New York each year was 26,000,000. These figures are said to represent eight-tenths of the total book-production of the country.

GALBRATH.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS.

ONCE read a book that I liked and disliked equally. It was about a young writer who lived in Chelsea and suffered from a very curious and rare disease, the gradual effect of which was to turn him brown all over. There was a certain grip and intensity about the book, though it struck one as of the kind that did not matter; a mere *tour de force* of a clever writer. I was a writer of sorts, and happened to live in Chelsea myself, and the book impressed me to the point of an examination of my own complexion in the glass. I seemed no dusker than usual, and forgot about the book. That was my first introduction to the work of Mr. Morley Roberts.

Mr. Roberts has nearly forgotten that particular story himself, but then he has written forty-six others, and most of them very much better ones. One pictures the man who has written nearly fifty books before he is fifty himself as a sort of literary recluse; as one who, like Ste. Beuve, immures himself within four walls for six days and nights in every week, his table and floor bare of everything save papers, his walls of everything save books. Thus Morley Roberts startles one when he admits that the best years of his life have been wild, untrammelled years—years spent in the open in strange countries and on strange seas, and that till he was thirty

he never put pen to paper save to scribble down odd verses. Before he was twenty he was away to the Antipodes in the steerage of an ill-found and insanitary "wind-jammer," on a nightmare voyage that was followed by years of herding sheep and cattle; of finding himself by turns butcher, boundary-rider, railroad hand, tramp, and "sundowner." But he learnt some useful things: how to ride, how to drive a bullock team, how to shear a sheep, and kill it and cut it up when necessary, and how to look after himself. Sometimes he starved, sometimes he nearly died of thirst. Always he contrived to manage without any money to speak of. He knew himself for a wanderer, a nomad; he gloried in his freedom and the strength and health that it brought him.

In the son of an Inland Revenue officer who was compelled by the exigencies of his profession to be for ever conveying his family from one part of England to another, this wander-instinct seems not altogether unnatural. It is a similar restlessness that displays itself in his ungovernable dislike of conventions, of restraint of any sort. For Morley Roberts is a rebel, a scorner of the hard-and-fast restrictions of society, and even of civilisation. If you dubbed him an

Anarchist he would not very much mind. I believe that he calls himself a Socialist Individualist. To live at home during the period of early manhood demands a certain suppression of natural instincts, and to win favour with the authorities of a University calls for a similar cramping of individual growth. As he felt uninclined to do either of these things, at eighteen Morley Roberts kicked over the traces and exchanged home and Owens College for the steerage cabin of the *Hydrabad*. That was in 1876. He was a raw boy, perhaps, but he did not lack education, and he had brains. The spiritual force was there, seeking and finding communion with the finer souls around it, for his greatest friend then was George Gissing, and it was only Gissing's death that severed that friendship. Already he loved books, and he knew a little of foreign tongues - knowledge that was responsible for a humorous enough little episode. Among the mixed Oriental crew of the *Hydrabad* was a Pondicherry boy, who with his mates talked the usual mixture of Hindustani, Malay, and Tamil, though his native tongue of course was French, of a sort. Meeting him on deck one day it occurred to Mr. Roberts that this must be so. His greeting of "*Bonjour, Pondicherry!*" had an astounding result. Pondicherry dropped the burden he was carrying, with an awe-stricken look, held out both hands to embrace a fellow-countryman, and exclaimed, "What, do you come from Pondicherry?" The answer he could not believe; he was filled with a profound grief that his new-found compatriot should be ashamed of his own country. He continued in a state of mournful suspicion, brightening up only when French was spoken to him. At parting he made a final attempt to get at the truth. "Oh, sahib, tell me *now* where you learn Pondicherry." Disappointed once more, he retired, but even as the *sahib* was steaming away in the tender he waved his hand from the rail. "If you were not there," he shouted over the widening stretch of water, "how, *how* can you speak it?"

At twenty-one, a boy no longer, Morley Roberts came home, and it was characteristic of him that he should ship before the mast, as an able seaman. He

had been at pains to master the rudiments of seamanship on the outgoing voyage, and a desire to save money instead of spending the little he had prompted him boldly to avow himself a skilled sailor. It is equally characteristic of him that he should have come through a very difficult ordeal with credit. No one on board, save one confidential friend, knew that "Edward Mitchell, A.B.," was unhardened by the years of experience that his work and behaviour seemed to warrant. After three years of roughing it the ties that bind even the most adventurous of her sons to the mother country still seemed strong, and Mr. Roberts made some attempt to settle down to the sedentary kind of life that

most young Englishmen are almost forced to adopt. He stuck doggedly for a while to uncongenial and ill-remunerated work as a writer in the War Office, at a time when Wolseley was Quartermaster-General. An attempt to enter the permanent Civil Service came to nothing, mainly by reason of an attention diverted by increasing fondness for the production of poetry. Earlier efforts of this sort had been sent over regularly from Australia for the criticisms of Gissing and W. H. Hudson, another early friend. Then came a further temporary appointment, that was to last for two years, as a writer in the Indian Store Department, followed by a breakdown in health, the hurried collection of a few pounds, and a wild rush to Texas, of all places. There was freedom again, but it implied even harder work



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Morley Roberts.

and more fatigue and misery, mental and bodily, than Mr. Roberts ever experienced in the more sparsely populated regions of the great Australian continent. The New World was overrun with men seeking work, and for the new chum there was little help and no sympathy. From New York he worked his way to the Texan prairies, up again to Chicago, thence into the heart of the fastnesses of British Columbia with the new railroad then being constructed, and from thence in turn to California, and the culminating horrors of three months' starvation during an unsuccessful search for work in San Francisco. If Morley Roberts is a little of a pessimist, it is due, I think, to the lasting strain of those hopeless months. There is a sketch of his that describes with an extraordinary vividness his

state of mind as he sat through a watch-night service in San Francisco, unmoved, bitter, and callous. I would quote from it if I had space, and in default of that I repeat a few lines descriptive of what his feelings were in the weeks that followed :

"My sacrifices were rejected, my fires quenched, and the heavy smoke ran low in the air, portending storm. I was raging, nihilistic, anarchist, a mutineer against gods and men, a sneerer, a scoffer, atheist even as to Nature and Loveliness : a misanthrope, a misogynist, a reviler of all things, a Sadducee, a Philistine. For the iron entered my soul. And I walked like a whirlwind, with a pestilence and despair in me, self-contained and wrathful. I ate in silence or went hungry in silence. I rose up in starvation, and lived on apple orchards like a bird of prey forced to hateful fruits, lacking blood and flesh. I passed men on the road and spoke not."

A meeting with a human being, a man who spoke softly and was kind, changed that mood. "The air was bright and kind and large," and the out-of-work tramp found that he could breathe. He came up from Avernus for a while, sat down, took out his Virgil, and read part of the Sixth Book. This Virgil, a *Sartor Resartus* read and re-read till it was got by heart, a collection of Emerson's Essays, and another book or two, were in Mr. Roberts's pack during most of those American wanderings. The Emerson he gave away to a woman who showed him kindness, but most of the others he has still. On a Californian farm he fell on his feet at last and found good employment, but he had done with America, and there was only to save up the passage money and come home. Though he has wandered in South Africa, where he met Kruger, and through the Pacific, where at Apia he enjoyed a not-to-be-forgotten talk with Stevenson, it was in America that Mr. Roberts learnt the bitterest lessons of the roughest of all lives, that of the man destined from birth to be a wayfarer, a pilgrim of the world.

So far I have said much of Mr. Roberts and his personal experiences, and but little of his work. After all, it stands for itself, though there is much that one might say of it. Following the early poems, many of which have been collected in a little book, "*Songs of Energy*" (Lawrence & Bullen, 1891), he wrote, mainly owing to the persuasions of those friends who had hung upon the recital of his travels, his first book, "*The Western Avernus*" (Smith, Elder, 1887). That book was written in twenty-six days, and brought him in fifty pounds. There have been two further issues, in 1896 and 1904. Mr. Roberts found that he could write, and worked at home for a year. At thirty he settled down in Chelsea, where for two years he toiled and starved. He wrote art criticisms for the *Scottish Art Review*, and worked for *Murray's Magazine* at the time when W. L. Courtney and Edwin Arnold were together on its staff. A novel, "*In Low Relief*," came out in 1890. His autobiographical "*Land Travel and Sea-faring*" was published by Lawrence & Bullen in 1891. In the next four years came nine novels and collections of short stories, of which "*King Billy of Ballarat*," a collection

of eleven stories that proved his first success, was written in seventeen days. Mr. Roberts, for all his careful workmanship, is a wonderfully fast writer, and the end of 1900 saw him with fourteen more books to his credit, a rate of production he sustained until the appearance of what I think is his finest work, "*Rachel Marr*" (Nash, 1903). All these years he had been trying to please almost the only man whose artistic opinion he cared about, George Gissing, whose literary judgments, always sincere, were founded on the severest and most fastidious standards of criticism. This time Gissing was satisfied. I have seen the letter that he sent to his friend, a letter of the most whole-hearted delight and appreciation. George Gissing owed much to careful study of the literary methods of Turguenev, as did his friend, for the Russian novelist and Flaubert's disciple, de Maupassant, had from the beginning been Morley Roberts's models where the technique of his art was concerned. To take up the comparative standpoint again, "*Rachel Marr*" suggests Hardy to me more than any other author, for its sincerity and power, its inevitable tragedy that is shadowed forth with real sympathy and understanding for the woes of humanity. "*David Bran*," only published last year, an even more difficult book in the writing, whose development seemed to its author "like scaling one inaccessible peak after another," comes very near to it in point of merit, though not, I think, a better book. It is my belief that Thomas Hardy has never written a novel that deserved to rank above either of these.

Morley Roberts the writer is so extraordinarily many-sided a person that one feels almost bound to go on drawing attention to each of the many departments of fiction in which he seems so equally at home. His humorous studies of sailor-men justify an appreciation that space will not permit of. I can only draw attention to "*The Blue Peter*," a delightful collection of sea-comedies (Nash, 1906), though there are several others. Magazine readers will be familiar with those short stories with rather *outré* and extraordinary settings that Mr. Roberts excels in. But then he excels in so many things, and after numerous surprises I was still startled to come across a slim little book of delicate and carefully-wrought essays, "*The Wingless Psyche*" (Mathews, 1904), whose musical and ordered prose seemed like a far-away echo of Sir Thomas Browne.

I do not believe for a moment that Mr. Roberts intends that the book he is now engaged on, his forty-eighth, should be anything like his last. Nor do I know for certain that he will go on living the usual life of the town-dwelling author. But that he has formed the home-ties that most men make for themselves as the years go by, I could picture him one day shaking the dust of London from his feet, and thereafter up and away, with the "few pounds" in his pocket, his pack on his shoulders, and his face towards the hills and the sea.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

GLADSTONE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

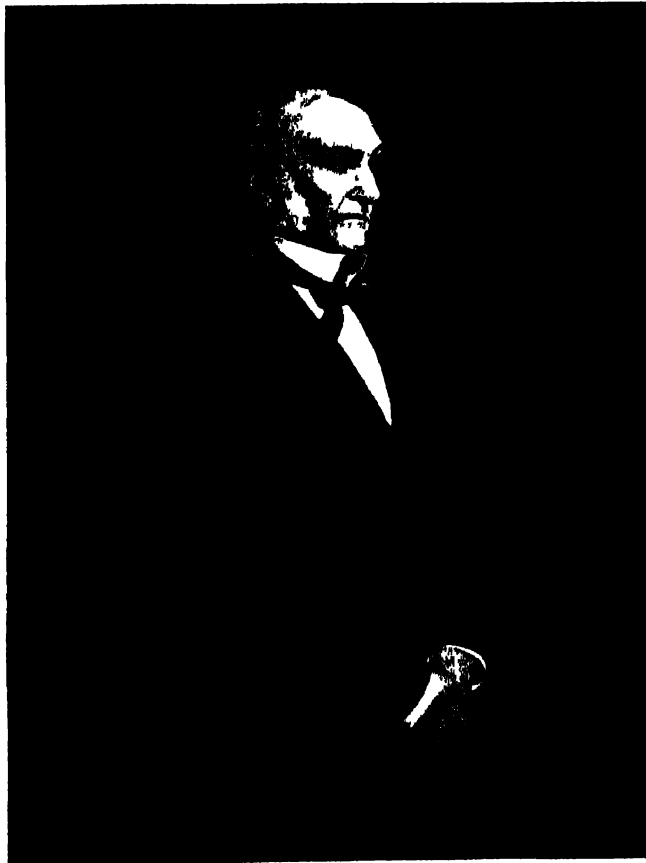
By HERBERT PAUL, M.P.

MR. GLADSTONE once told me that he was first led to write on Homer by indignation at the freedom with which the German critic Lachmann had tampered with the text of the Homeric poems. Lachmann's great services in restoring the integrity of Lucretius are universally acknowledged by scholars. But Lucretius had fallen into a state of hopeless corruption which was never the lot of Homer. Homer and Dante, as every one knows, were the poets that Gladstone most profoundly studied. I have heard him say that he owed more to Homer's German translator, Voss, than to any Homeric commentator. Dante's severe terseness was more foreign to Gladstone's own style than Homer's natural and expansive fluency. But no doubt he was powerfully attracted to Homer by the strange, mystical, almost Christian significance which he deduced from the Homeric mythology. He would not hear of the notion that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were compiled by various ballad-mongers at different epochs. He had the courage to maintain that one man composed both poems substantially as we have them now. He had not in literature a critical mind, but a mind eminently receptive and capacious. Among his contemporaries there was probably no one who knew Homer and Dante better. But he could not realise the impossibility of finding in the old Greek epics a coherent system of definite theology.

To understand Gladstone's position as a man of letters, we must consider his training and associations. At Eton he read simply the Greek and Latin classics. At Oxford he took up also mathematics, with the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. After his double first and his degree, Parliament and politics absorbed a large part of his time. He retained, however, what Gibbon calls an invincible love of reading, and even mastered the works of St. Augustine while he was a young member of the House of Commons. His two works on Church and State, of which the first is the subject of a famous Essay by

Macaulay, were probably written under the influence of scholastic and patristic ideas. It was these books that introduced Gladstone to the reading public as an eloquent controversialist of great rhetorical power. Macaulay's criticism of "The State in its Relations with the Church" is almost entirely destructive. It is indeed as fatal to his own Whig Erastianism as to the form of ecclesiastical polity which Gladstone at that time considered an attainable ideal in public affairs. Gladstone argued that the Church of England could be made paramount in the administration of the country without recourse to any penalty of a material kind for rejecting the ordinances of the Church. Macaulay had little difficulty in pointing out the numerous contradictions to which this doctrine led. When he came to the constructive part of his Essay, he found that the easiest and simplest way out of the dilemma was to have no theory at all. Erastianism and the Voluntary System can be readily put into a philosophical, or at least a theoretical form. Any other principle of the relation between Church and State is mere patchwork, which may be justified on practical or historical grounds, but cannot stand the fire of scientific criticism. These early efforts of Gladstone's genius are valuable and interesting because they show his resolute determination to get at the roots of things. The second book, the book on "Church Principles," was almost entirely theological in character. But the two together indicated a taste for investigation which is very seldom found to be compatible with a political career.

There has been of course one great and conspicuous instance on the other side. Edmund Burke was well known as a writer before he entered Parliament, and abstract propositions, though he often abused them in terms, had a strong fascination for his mind. If it were said that Burke spoke as if he were writing, and that Gladstone wrote as if he were speaking, the paradox would be intelligible. But a good deal could be added



Gladstone in his seventieth year.
After the painting by Millais (National Gallery).



W. E. Gladstone at the age of thirty.
After the painting by William Bradley.

by way of comment. Burke never held an important office. He was not brought into much contact with the real business of administration. Gladstone was always strongest in the concrete, and weakest when he strayed into generalities. The style of Burke's pamphlets and the style of his speeches are exactly the same. There is in both the splendour, the turgid rhetoric, the felicitous phraseology, the instructive and yet often tiresome digression. He was a great man, made of one piece. No one would gather from Gladstone's "Gods and Men of the Homeric Age" that he was a politician at all. He did occasionally write political pamphlets. Burke's literary productions are altogether different. At one notable epoch a book of his own did affect Gladstone's public career. When in 1845 Sir Robert Peel proposed an additional grant to Maynooth, the Irish training college for Catholic priests, Gladstone resigned office before voting in its favour, that his motives for abandoning the doctrine of his work on Church and State might not be misunderstood. But as a rule he kept the two sides of his mental activity entirely distinct. If he had not been a famous statesman, he would still occupy a niche in the temple of honour as a subtle and eloquent master of polished and elaborate English. By a curious coincidence he had an especial admiration for the severely simple style of Swift. His own method was altogether dissimilar. He had a remarkable gift for threading his way through the most complicated sentences without dropping the grammatical clue. He was fertile in illustration, ample in argument, ingenious in analogy. He always maintained a high level, discarding instinctively whatever would have brought the subject down

to a lower pitch. At the same time he was never monotonous. One of his chief merits as a writer is that he varies his treatment with each phase of the theme, and meets fresh points with new kinds of reasoning. His vocabulary was large, and he was a nice student of meanings, so that his books deserve to be studied from a philological point of view. Although he never wrote without a definite purpose, he was an artist in words, carefully choosing them, and combining them with great skill. His translation of Manzoni's Ode to Napoleon is a very fine piece of rhetoric, and as much like poetry as any translation can well be.

When he wrote about Homer, Gladstone showed a knowledge of his subject which could hardly be surpassed. He showed also a singular faculty of ingenious and subtle inference from literary observation. If we had any evidence about Homer, we should probably find that Gladstone had reasons for many of his conclusions in regard to matters which cannot now be tested by any definite means. As it is, the book is valuable chiefly because it impresses upon the reader the multitude of ideas that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" contain. In this respect Gladstone's mind was extraordinarily comprehensive. He took in all aspects of a subject. He had studied Homer until the Homeric world was as familiar to him as the world in which he lived. Then he set his imagination at work, and engrafted upon the simplicity of a mythical or semi-mythical age a variety of complicated ideas which belong to an altogether different stage of human progress. But the value of the picture is not impaired by the fanciful nature of the criticism. What Gladstone has done is to express in modern language the story and the illustrations of wonderful old poems. What he has failed to do is to construct upon them a definite theory of systematic religion. No one, after reading his book, feels Homer to be less poetical. Gladstone does nothing to materialise the fancy or make the legends prosaic. If he lays upon Homer's poetry a weight which it will not bear, he has done more than any other writer to bring out the full extent of the majesty, beauty, and variety which the Homeric poems contain.

The volumes of Gladstone's "Gleanings" show the extent and variety of his studies. His essays range over a large number of topics, few of which can be described in the strict sense as literary. Gladstone always had a strong leaning towards theology, and he devoted much space to proving that "Ecce Homo" was framed in accordance with the method of the synoptic gospels. This essay is a curious illustration of his sympathy with religious views which he did not himself hold. He endeavoured to show that the treatment which Christ's teaching received in "Ecce Homo" was peculiarly suited to the age, because it brought the reader down from abstractions to the plain truths inculcated by the Founder of the Christian religion. In order to make his point good, Mr. Gladstone subjects "Ecce Homo" to the closest scrutiny, comparing it at every

step with the gospels, and explaining how it could be brought into harmony with them. Nothing was more remarkable in Gladstone than his power of concentration, of giving his whole mind to the work upon which he was at the time engaged. On the other hand he sometimes allowed himself to be so far carried away by his subject that he magnified its importance, and wrote as if a book he happened to be reviewing were a momentous epoch in the history of thought. His infinite capacity for taking pains, which was Carlyle's definition of genius, is at once the strength and the weakness of his literary efforts. Nothing was too great, and nothing was too small, for the

grasp of his mind. If some of his reflections upon "Ecce Homo" seem petty, his speculation upon the influence of Christian teaching is vast and profound. In his remarks upon Theodore Martin's Life of the Prince Consort he touches very small points in the working of the British Constitution, and very large questions in the theory of government. So again in the essay called "Kin Beyond Sea." Part of it is occupied with quite minute criticism of the constitutional system of the United States, the other part with the widest contrast between the old world and the new. This sort of double operation is characteristic of Gladstone, at once as a student and as a man of affairs. It is no special peculiarity of this or that writing. It may be traced throughout his long period of literary production. He always went to the heart of the matter, and at the same time he collected by the way an abundance of anecdotes or illustrations, each with its individual place and meaning. In his "Chapter of Autobiography," which was mainly designed to show that he had abandoned the leading principle of "The State in its Relations with the Church" more than twenty years before he pronounced for the Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, he contrived to embody an interesting survey of the changes in ecclesiastical sentiment during the forty years which had passed since he left the University of Oxford. There are few better specimens of Gladstone's

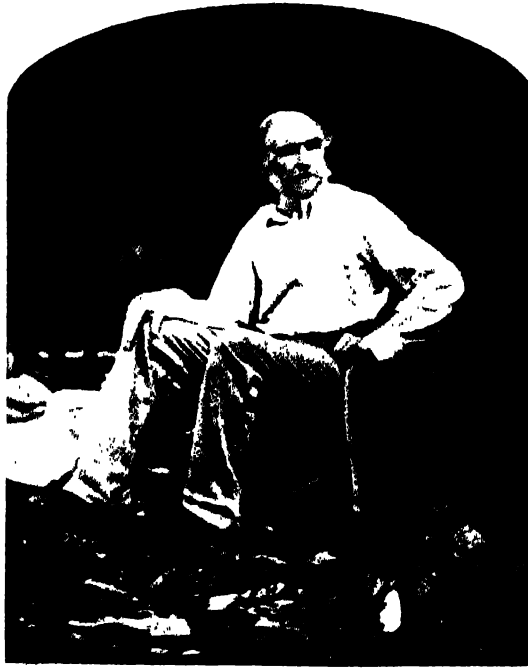


Photo by L. J. Lavell, Balham, S.W.

W. E. Gladstone.

Taken at Hawarden in 1887.

written style than the concluding paragraph of this personal essay :

"It is, then, by a practical rather than a theoretic test that our Establishments of religion should be tried. In applying this practical test, we must be careful to do it with those allowances which are as necessary for the reasoner in moral subjects as it is for the reasoner in mechanics to allow for friction or for the resistance of the air. An Establishment that does its work in much, and has the hope and likelihood of doing it in more : an Establishment that has a broad and living way open to it into the hearts of the people : an Establishment that can commend the services of the present by the recollections and traditions of a far reaching past : an Establishment able to appeal to the active zeal of the greater portion of the

people, and to the respect or scruples of almost the whole, whose children dwell chiefly on her actual living work and service, and whose adversaries, if she has them, are in the main content to believe that there will be a future for them and their opinions : such an Establishment should surely be maintained. But an Establishment that neither does, nor has the means of doing, work, except for a few, and those few the portion of the community whose claim to public aid is the smallest of all : an Establishment severed from the mass of the people by an impassable gulph, and by a wall of brass : an Establishment whose good offices, could she offer them, would be intercepted by a long unbroken chain of painful and shameful recollections : an Establishment leaning for support upon the extraneous aid of a State, which becomes discredited with the people by the very act of lending it : such an Establishment would do well for its own sake, and for the sake of its creed, to divest itself, as soon as may be, of gauds and trappings, and to commence a new order, in which, renouncing at once the credit and the discredit of the civil sanction, it shall seek



Mr. Gladstone's Study at Hawarden : The Empty Chair.

From "The Life of Gladstone," by H. W. Massingham. (Illustrated London News Office, London.)



By McClure Hamilton (Luxembourg).

W. E. Gladstone.

its strength from within, and put a fearless trust in the message that it bears."

It has been said that the chief object of style is to bring the exact meaning of the writer before the mind of the reader. Gladstone's purpose rather was to

procure assent for his own arguments and conclusions. He was not of course a man of letters pure and simple, or even a man of letters in the first place. He could never cease to be practical, even when he was most apparently remote from the living issues of the day. His mind was penetrated with the thoughts of the best writers in Greek and Latin, in English and Italian. But it was their thoughts rather than their language that he had made his own. He wrote to impress his meaning, not to try experiments in phraseology. He exercised his faculties, when he held the pen, not so much in turning sentences and rounding

periods, as in preparing the way for the inferences that he wished his reader to draw. The distinctive merit of his literary work is that it unites dialectical skill with argumentative force in such a way as to make logic and rhetoric sustain and amplify each other.

CHRISTMAS HUMOUR.

WE have so often told each other there is a great scarcity of humour in modern literature that I am afraid some of us are beginning to believe it. If it were true, it would scarcely be surprising, for we do not encourage the humorist; we give him occasionally more money but always less respect than we give to the poet, and that is not saying much. The fact is, most of us have no real sense of humour; otherwise we should neither take the solemn ass seriously nor condescend to the humorist. As it is, we do both, as a mere matter of course. The general notion seems to be that if a man makes jokes he cannot also make literature, or have any feeling for it or knowledge of it; yet I suppose no man had ever a finer literary taste than that incorrigible punster and frivolous jester, Charles Lamb, and Shakespeare, our greatest of poets, was also our greatest of humorists. Humour, indeed, is a form of poetry; it is a matter of moods and emotions; your humorist, like your poet, is born, not made, and it is possible to be as subtly and greatly artistic in comedy as in tragedy, but red is not so impressive as black. We take our literature sadly and our authors by weight; when they are light we value them lightly. If a quite serious writer composes a high-class guide-book, or mugs up the record of some dead person who, at the best of

times, was more scandalous than famous, and compiles an obese, uninspired volume concerning him, or her, we are prepared to count that writer as a literary man and classify his book as history; but if another, not gifted with this barren seriousness, writes some book of original humour, a creative work so far as it goes and not a mere hash of other men's thoughts and other men's writings, it does not occur to us that this may be literature, and we dismiss it in a patronising paragraph or so as something that is amusing but not dignified. Melancholy is always more respectable than merriment; a grave man looks wiser than a genial one, even if he is not. We take off our hat to the tragedian, but we pat the comedian on the back, and this familiarity breeds contempt in us, because, as I say, we have no right sense of humour and so are apt to mistake fun for folly, and serious folly for intelligence. If Hood had never written any Whims and Oddities, we should have been able to realise his greatness as a poet. Chesterton's criticisms would lose none of their acuteness if he ceased to edge them with laughter, but if only he would leave off laughing and become a solemn humbug, we might enjoy him less, but we could believe in him and admire him ever so much more and reverence instead of archly tolerating him. If we had a right sense

of humour, indeed, we should know how to value our authors who are humorists and our authors who over-value themselves because they are not.

Howbeit, in spite of all such discouragements, and whilst we are lamenting the lack of them, humorists do still flourish amongst us and are so far from being scarce that they are probably as plentiful and as various as they have been at any period of our literary history. To name only the few that occur to one readily at this moment of writing, we have Anstey, W. S. Gilbert, Barrie, Jacobs, Jerome, Chesterton, Lucas, Belloc, Max Beerholm, Shaw, Owen Seaman, Pett Ridge, Inglis Allen, Barry Pain, J. J. Bell, Zangwill, Wells, Walter Emanuel, Anthony Hope, Percy White, Storer Clouston, and Kipling, whom I was almost omitting, for of late he has grown prodigiously serious. So has Zangwill, for the matter of that, and so have one or two of the others; and whether this access of gravity is but the shadow of approaching middle-age, or whether it has been unconsciously induced by the discovery that in this country the serious author is more honoured than the humorous, is a nice point that I shall not attempt to resolve.

The humour of Barrie, of Anstey, of Gilbert, and of most of the others is happily unfailing; if you read "They and I,"¹ you will know that Jerome's has grown mellowed and fuller-flavoured with the passing of the years: Barry Pain was as shrewdly whimsical as ever in his recent "Proofs Before Pulping,"² and Jacobs in his new collection of stories, "Sailors' Knots,"³ is still at his best.

Jacobs has already had more imitators than you could number on the fingers of both hands, but not one of them has succeeded in capturing his secret. You open at the first page here:

" 'Sailormen ain't wot you might call dandified as a rule,' said the night-watchman, who had just had a passage-of-arms with a lighterman, and been advised to let somebody else wash him and make a good job of it: 'they've got too much sense. They leave dressing up and making eyesores of themselves to men wot 'ave never smelt salt water; men wot drift up and down the river in lighters and get in everybody's way.'

"He glanced fiercely at the retreating figure of the lighter-

¹ "They and I." By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

² "Proofs Before Pulping." By Barry Pain. 1s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

³ "Sailors' Knots." By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by Will Owen. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)



" 'Where's Henery Walker?' he says in a loud voice."

From "Sailors' Knots," by W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen.)

man, and turning a deaf ear to a request for a lock of his hair to patch a favourite doormat with, resumed with much vigour his task of sweeping up the litter."

Then he proceeds to relate the history of the most dandified sailor he ever knew. It seems simple enough: there ought to be no secret about it at all. No eccentricity of manner; no irritating puns; no straining after epigrams; just a reproduction of the native humour of the characters who are introduced. You would think any one might loiter by the water-side, pick up the tricks of speech, the jests and wry, rough humour of the people there, and come away and write a story of this kind without any difficulty. Yet nobody has done it, and nobody seems able to do it except Jacobs. When you have said that half the humour of his tales lies in the situation, and the other half in the dialogue, that is as much as you can profitably do in the way of analysing them; it is very much better merely to read and enjoy them. There are a round dozen in this fresh volume; all of them are good, and "Deserted" and "Keeping Up Appearances," "Odd Man Out" and "Double Dealing" are as delightfully absurd, as irresistibly funny, as anything Jacobs has ever given us.

Arnold Holcombe's name is new to me. "The Odd Man"¹ is the first book of his, anyway, that I have come across, and I shall be very glad to get hold of another. His story is of how John Hicks, "born just in time to secure the advantages of cheap education," inherits from his father the shabby old thatched cottage in which he had been born. This cottage and its garden ground are all his wealth; but he is fond of books, and has no taste for work, and so long as he can pick up a sufficiency of odd jobs to keep him in food and literature he is perfectly contented. His cottage, however, stands in the centre of the village, and when much of the adjacent property has been purchased by a local magnate who is bent on developing the place, and there are two imposing villas neighbouring his land and depreciated in value because of that contiguity, it is felt that John's crazy cottage must be bought up and done away with; but John cannot be persuaded to sell. This is the pivot on which the whole story turns. His easy obstinacy thwarts the plans of the pompous capitalist, and neither threats, nor

¹ "The Odd Man." By Arnold Holcombe. 6s. (John Lane.)

flattery, nor money are of any avail with him. The respectabilities of the neighbourhood resent his presence in their midst; he is despised, ostracised, and abused until—well, in the end an uncle of his dies out in America, and makes John a millionaire, and the neighbourhood promptly revises its opinions, but John is a man of character and does not want the sort of friendship they are now eager to offer him. The whole thing is done in a spirit of admirable comedy, with a pleasant little love affair to throw the humour of it into sharper relief.

Directly the new Harnsworth publication, "The World's Great Books," began to make its appearance, I began to look out for parodies of it. Smart, popular, aggressively daring, it was the sort of literary prodigy that simply cried out loud to be parodied, and Keble Howard was the first to answer the cry with his "Potted Brains, or Quick Culture for All."¹ Mr. Howard has been satisfied with the lightest suggestion of parody; his main purpose has been to get plenty of fun out of the idea, and he has undeniably got it. His preface on "The Inner Purpose of this Work" is broadly satirical, and instead of attempting to burlesque the abbreviated books of different authors he devotes himself to telling you about the authors themselves, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Keble Howard and John Hassall, of whom he tells you "Mr. Keble Howard is a young, earnest writer who is waiting, as patiently as may be, for the simultaneous demise of Mr. Jerome, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr.

Pett Ridge," whilst "Mr. John Hassall is an artist who designs posters with his right hand, paints works of art with his left, and illustrates books with his teeth. His right hand works a good deal faster than his left and, therefore, brings home more money at night." It is all most excellent fooling; both author and artist have worked in the liveliest irresponsible vein, and the result must move Messrs. Lucas and Graves and George Morrow to look to their laurels.

Or would do, only that here, close in the wake of "Potted Brains," they are looking to them already, and taking particular good care of them. "Farthest from the Truth"² is as gloriously, irrepressibly farcical as any of its famous predecessors. You open it thinking "They have done it four times; they surely can't do it again," but you have not read a couple of pages before it begins to become sufficiently apparent to you that they *have* done it again, and done it as well as ever. This time it is the Cook and Peary event that suggests the line of treatment, and you have a series of "dashes" for prominent topics of the hour, interspersed with excellently absurd advertisements; and well-known persons in the book world, and in every other kind of world, are handled with a freedom and gay impertinence that can move even its victims to nothing but laughter.

Mr. C. L. Graves is represented, by the way, in the "Later Poems from *Punch*,"³ for which Mr. Arthur Waugh has written an admirable preface, touching on the perishable quality of most humour, on the kind of humour that passes and the kind that endures. "Tricks of phrase vanish; superficial witticisms wither; but the heart of humour is the same, under Edward as under Elizabeth," says Mr. Waugh, and in this pleasant volume he presents "to lovers of the merry heart a collection of light verse characteristic of our own generation." The twenty-nine contributors include Owen Seaman, R. C. Lehmann, St. John Hankin, John Kendall, E. J. Milliken, A. A. Milne, C. L. Graves, G. K. Menzies, A. St. John Adcock, A. A. Sykes, and Jessie Pope.

But Miss Jessie Pope has just published another book of humorous verses all to herself. "Airy Nothings"⁴ she calls them. They are delightfully airy, and may be nothings, but it is certainly something to have written them. "Any Woman to Any Suffragette" and "Any Suffragette to Any Woman" are on the borderland between jest and earnest, but the other poems in the book sparkle



"I been pretending to be a lion whilst entertaining Mr. Archer."
From "Potted Brains," by Keble Howard. (Stanley Paul.)

¹ "Farthest from the Truth." By the Authors of "Wisdom While You Wait." Illustrated by George Morrow. 1s. net. (Pitman.)

² "Later Poems from *Punch*." Introduction by Arthur Waugh. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

³ "Airy Nothings." By Jessie Pope. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

with the same delicate fancy, the same quite irony and gay humour that made "Paper Pellets" one of the most successful among recent collections of light verse.

The first time I came across the name of William Caine it was on the cover of a book published by Arrowsmith, and bearing the unpromising title of "The Confectioners." He was part author of that book, and I am ashamed to confess that, at the moment, I cannot recall the name of his partner; but I remember it vividly as the most original, fantastic, laughter-compelling book I had lighted upon for many a long day. Mr. Caine has since given us off his own bat—or, more correctly, off his own pen—"The Pursuit of the President" and "The Victim and the Voter," and now he is here again with "Boom! A Novel of the Century."¹ I shall not attempt to outline his story. It is dedicated "To My Conscience," and there is no denying that the dedication is well deserved. For the rest, "my book is devoted to showing that, in this twentieth century, A lvertisement is the surest and speediest method of attracting attention, of achieving any object whatever," remarks Mr. Caine, and he holds you with a capital burlesque that has a deal of cold truth underlying it to enforce his argument. Everybody who reads it will rejoice in it unless he happens to be the original of one of the characters—for I have reasons for suspecting that some of them *have* originals.

It is too late in the day now to be praising the Savoy Operas, particularly these four of the most popular of them that are published by Messrs. Bell.² Many of their countless admirers will be glad to have "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Princess Ida," and "The Yeomen of the Guard" so well printed and so beautifully illustrated as they are in this large and handsomely got-up volume, a specially interesting feature of which is the Foreword, in which their author relates divers notable or amusing incidents in connection with the writing and production of them. Coming to "The Yeomen of the Guard" he says:

"The genesis of this libretto was a placard advertisement of the Tower Furnishing Company, in which a Beefeater was a conspicuous figure. I was on my way from Uxbridge to Paddington, and having missed my train at Uxbridge, I had an hour to wait, and so it came to pass that I had plenty of time in which to study the advertisement on the walls. The Beefeater on the placard suggested to me that an effective libretto might be constructed, the scenes in which should represent two views of the Tower of London, with a body of Beefeaters as male chorus. My first idea was to make the piece modern, with young ladies, guardsmen, a Lieutenant of the Tower, and so forth; but a picture



"Alas, my poor Folio."

From "Farthest from the Truth," by the Authors of "Wisdom While You Wait" and George Morrow. (Pitman)

of a jester in a magazine which I bought to read while I was waiting suggested to me the advisability of putting the piece back into the sixteenth century in order that I might be able to weave that effectively dramatic figure into the story. I had christened the piece 'The Beefeaters,' but Sir Arthur Sullivan considered 'Beefeaters' to be an ugly word; so at his urgent insistence the title was altered to 'The Yeomen of the Guard,' notwithstanding the fact that the Yeomen of the Guard, properly so called, have no association with the Tower of London."

Sir William Gilbert adds that this piece was a special favourite with Sullivan; he himself regards it as the best work he and Sullivan produced together, and is also "disposed to believe that if I had not missed that train I should never have written that piece." Mr. Flint has not aimed so much to depict the tricky, grotesque fantasy of the plays as to illustrate their picturesqueness, their quaintness, and those scenes and characters whose grace or beauty or dramatic effectiveness made them fitting subjects for his delicate art.

"The decay of originality in England at the moment is obvious," says Marmaduke, in his "Maxims,"³ and he puts it down to the undue cultivation of the warehousing properties of the brain. "There are the warehousing and the manufacturing minds," he reasons; "it is a grave error in our system of education that it cultivates the former in preference to the latter. When there were comparatively few books, the warehousing mind was invaluable; the 'learned' collected, stored, and conveyed knowledge which might otherwise have been lost. In the altered conditions of our time it is the manufacturing faculty that should be cultivated; we should develop the creative power of the brain." That is perfectly true; it is an important facet of the very truth I tried to enunciate when I wrote the opening paragraph of this article. But there is a rich supply of all sorts of truth in Marmaduke's "Maxims"; they are a very mine of truth, much of it compressed into tabloid form and flavoured with wit and irony and sly sarcasm and epigrammatic humour. The score or so of sketches and essayettes on a variety of subjects, ranging from "The Gods of Belgravia" to "The Art of Self-Advertisement," are delightfully witty and outspoken; but we can more easily sample the book by stealing some of the maxims that bejewel the earlier pages:

"It is not the mischievous that do the most harm: it is the mistaken."

"Man is the Lord of Creation; woman the Lady of Recreation."

"Genius is Nature's millionaire."

"We never forgive those who cannot hurt us."

¹ "Boom!" By William Caine. 6s. (Greening.)

² "Savoy Operas." By W. S. Gilbert. 32 Illustrations in Colour by W. Russell Flint. 15s. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

³ "The Maxims of Marmaduke." By C. E. Jerningham. 5s. (Methuen.)

"Frequently the extraordinary man is only the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances."

"Cleverness without self-confidence will scarcely bleat : self-confidence without cleverness will roar so that to most it appears a lion."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss : it gathers gloss, however, which is considered to be altogether preferable in these days."

"Ability will out—in England, generally at the elbows."

"Pit cleverness against character : character wins."

"Well-bred incivility should seldom exceed the limit of delicate inattentions."

Talking of civility, you may get some acute satire and some excellently flippant hints on points of etiquette from Harry Graham's "Departmental Ditties."¹ He starts with you at birth, and proceeds thereafter to furnish you with outrageous advice as to your behaviour in childhood, the way to propose, how to conduct your marriage, on table manners, politeness in general, dancing, and how to comport yourself in various circumstances that the genteel man of the world ought to be prepared to face. He sandwiches between his satirical counsels appropriate anecdotes about his relatives or friends, as thus, in the middle of a dissertation on Politeness :

"My cousin John was most polite,
He led short-sighted Mrs. Bond,
By accident, one winter's night,
Into the village pond.
Her life perhaps he might have saved,
But how genteelly he behaved !

¹ "Departmental Ditties." By Harry Graham. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. 3s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

"Each time she rose and waved to him,
He smiled and bowed and doffed his hat ;
—Thought he, 'Although I cannot swim,
At least I can do that.'—
And when for the third time she sank,
He stood bareheaded on the bank !"

There are fifteen of these "Departmental Ditties," written with a neatness and rollicking drollery that make delectable reading, and twice that number of "Other Verses" that are equally good, and over sixty drawings by Mr. Lewis Baumer that are as clever and as humorous as the very best of the verses.

One time and another, I have read five of Mr. Horace Wyndham's novels ; whatever he writes is well worth reading ; and I thought that in "Reginald Auberon" he touched his high-water mark. But his new novel, "Chetwynd's Career,"¹ will rank with his highest ; if it were not that it becomes a little less probable towards the close it might even have surpassed it. Chetwynd is a brilliant piece of characterisation ; he portrays himself and is made to betray all his weaknesses unconsciously with a skill and cynical humour that are at times almost cruel. He is not such a callous brute as the inimitable Auberon, who reappears in these pages married again and sedately settled down, nor is he quite so much of a snob, but he is equally vain and selfishly careful of his own interests. It is the autobiography of a cad, but Chetwynd is an interesting

¹ "Chetwynd's Career." By Horace Wyndham. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)



"I didn't become a head-jeller because I liked head-jelling."—Wilfred in "The Yeomen of the Guard."
Reproduced from colour illustration in "Savoy Operas," by W. S. Gilbert. (Bell & Sons.)



"He smiled and bowed and doffed his hat."

From "Departmental Ditties," by Harry Graham. (Mills & Boon.)

cad; you despise him, but cannot deny that he is uncommonly entertaining. Mr. Wyndham has insight, a wide knowledge of life, and a great gift of irony; withal he works with so light a hand that though you cannot say any of his characters are pleasant people, his novel is one of the pleasantest as well as one of the ablest novels of the year.

"Two on a Tour"¹ is the light-hearted record of a cycling tour that was "hatched in Arcady," and gone upon by "Christopherson and I," two sober married men who had been on similar journeyings before. There are many adventures and some hearty laughs in it. There are hearty laughs too in "The Humour of the Post-Office"²—far more than you would perhaps think could be extracted from so business-like a quarter. Some of the incidents and anecdotes related of the postal service are indeed so farcical that it was necessary Mr. Hyamson should assure us in his preface that they are all authentic and he has not drawn on his imagination for a single one of them. I had intended quoting one or two that I have chuckled over, but my space is running out, and I can only advise you not to miss the book if you are looking for amusement. Another amusing miscellany of a totally different order is Mr. Alfred H. Miles's "Drawing-Room Entertainments."³ Here you have a number of monologues, duologues, and dialogues by various authors, admirably suited for drawing-room and platform use and sure of a warm welcome from amateur entertainers who are seeking good recitations and playlets for their Christmas repertoires.

Among the most charming of Christmas booklets are the series of "Cecil Aldin's Little Books of Life and Sport"⁴ that come from Mr. Heinemann. These include Steele's tales of "The Perverse Widow" and "The Henpecked Man"; "Wives," "The Widow," and "Bachelors, and A Bachelor's Confessions," by Washington Irving; and the perennial "Jorrock on

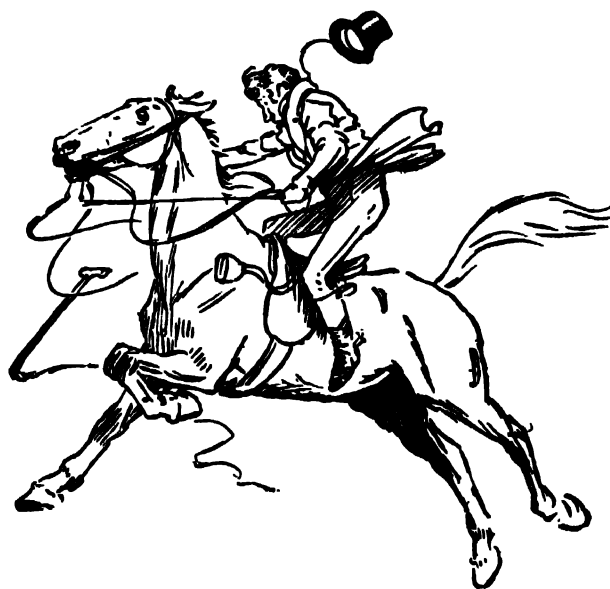
'Unting," by R. S. Surtees. Aldin's colour pictures, full of the old-time atmosphere and alive with jolly old men and stately dames and dainty damsels, to say nothing of his inevitable dogs and horses, are a sheer joy.

Even the children are liberally provided with humorous reading in these latter-day Christmases. Once upon a time they had little more than a choice of mild fairy stories, moral tales, cautionary poems, and the queer, familiar humour of the nursery rhymes. There is a curiously agreeable flavour of that far-away era in "The Daisy, or Cautionary Stories in Verse. Adapted to the ideas of Children from four to eight years old,"¹ and the quaintly simple verses and suitably quaint illustrations cannot fail to fascinate the small persons of the nursery for whom they are intended. "Powder and Jam"² appeals to readers of the same ages, and if the conceited boy whose neck stretches until his head is above the clouds, and Wee Winnie Wankie who wouldn't use a hankie and had something astonishingly inconvenient happen to her nose, are ineffective as awful examples to the youthful reader, they will at any rate easily succeed in keeping him thoroughly amused. There is less of wildly fantastic fun and more of adventure in "The Story of Little Black Bobtail,"³ which is really a narrative of three little black children who lived in a little house by a river and were one day overtaken by a flood, and escaped on a raft made out of a ladder and had some quite exciting experiences. It is a capital little yarn, and the illustrations are exactly as odd as they ought to be.

¹ "The Daisy, or Cautionary Tales." With Illustrations by Ruth A. Hobson. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

² "Powder and Jam." By Mary Bisgood. With 32 Coloured Plates by the author. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

³ "The Story of Little Black Bobtail." By the Author of "The Story of Little Black Mingo." Illustrated in Colour. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)



"Youngsters should be cautious o' spurs; they may use them wot is called incontinently, and get into grief."

From "Jorrock on 'Un Inz." Pictures by Cecil Aldin. (Heinemann.)

¹ "Two on a Tour." By Walter A. Mursell. 1s. (Alexander Gardiner.)

² "The Humour of the Post-Office." By Albert M. Hyamson. 1s. net. (Routledge.)

³ "Drawing-Room Entertainments." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

⁴ "Cecil Aldin's Little Books of Life and Sport." Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by Cecil Aldin. 1s. net each. (Heinemann.)

"The Story of Simple Simon"¹ is of course the immortal old favourite that we all know—or think we do. I must admit my education was so far neglected that I never knew there were more than three verses of it, and here I see there are seven, and Frank Adams's full-page colour pictures and smaller black-and-white sketches catch the fun and spirit of them all completely. The same artist does the fullest justice, too, to Mr. Gurney Benham's "Arthur and the Boilybird"² a startlingly up-to-date alphabet book in which A stands for Arthur himself, and B for the Boilybird whose portrait must be seen before you can believe in him.

Then, for the youngsters also, there is the tale of the merry doings of the "Farm Babies,"³ who are all chickens and animals, and are sketched with Cecil Aldin's characteristic humour; and it is Cecil Aldin again who draws and paints pictures for "The White Kitten Book,"⁴ wherein you may read how the white kitten Snow had trouble with the black kitten Soot, and a rascally funny dog whose name was Sweep. The humour of "Dollikin Dutch"⁵ is quieter, and there is a touch of pretty sentiment about it, so that you laugh at what

happened to Dollikin, who had one of her wooden legs tied on and had to walk with a crutch, when she was given away to Piet, the little Dutch boy, and went to help him and his sister Nella—but you laugh sympathetically.

"The Land of Nod"¹ brings you round to adventures again; a full, long story and a capital one, and one that older children will enjoy no less than their younger brothers and sisters. It is the story of how Tinkle and Tess were taken to the Land of Nod one Christmas Eve by the Sand Man, of the many unexpected things that happened to them there, and how amongst other and much stranger people they met with Santa Claus and were allowed to go over his workshop. It is a merry and ingenious narrative, skilfully unfolded by Mr. Walker McSpadden, and as skilfully illustrated by Mr. Edward L. Chase with brush and pencil.

These, it goes without saying, are but a small selection of the humorous books of the hour; I have spoken only of such as chance to have come under my own notice. Others are dealt with elsewhere in THE BOOKMAN, and I am satisfied that those and these together are enough and good enough to demonstrate that if we tell each other again that Christmas is growing duller, that our humorists are dying off and there is a dearth of humour, it is merely because we are anticipating the pudding and mince-pies and are suffering from a premature nightmare and shall not know any better until we wake up.

DRAYTON FORD.

¹ "Simple Simon." Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 2s. (Blackie.)

² "Arthur and the Boilybird. An A.B.C. Story." By W. Gurney Benham. With Colour Pictures by Frank Adams. 1s. 6d. (Blackie.)

³ "Farm Babies." By Cecil Aldin. 3s. 6d. and 5s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁴ "The White Kitten Book." By Cecil Aldin. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁵ "Dollikin Dutch." With Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

¹ "The Land of Nod." By J. Walker McSpadden. Drawings by Edward L. Chase. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)



"And when night came they all squeezed into one big basket and tucked themselves under the blankets and slept sweetly under the moon and stars."

From "The Story of Little Black Hobtail." (Nisbet.)

HOW I SPEND CHRISTMAS.

WITH SOME REMARKS ON CHRISTMAS AS DICKENS DREW IT.

BY BARRY PAIN, ARTHUR RACKHAM, JEROME K. JEROME, KATHARINE TYNAN, W. PETT RIDGE,
MRS. HENRY DUDENEY, TOM BROWNE, R.I., JOHN GALSWORTHY, HAROLD BEGBIE, JOSEPH
HOCKING, W. HEATH ROBINSON, MAX PEMBERTON, AND JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

BARRY PAIN

is reticent about personal experiences.

Doubtless, in writing of Christmas, Dickens followed his habitual practice of saying rather more than the truth. But Christmas of the Dickensian kind existed and still exists. Nor does it seem to me excessive that for one day in three hundred and sixty-five we should, under the stimulus of certain festive indulgences, consent to lay aside our usual rancour.

I regret that I cannot forward any personal experiences for publication.

BARRY PAIN.

ARTHUR RACKHAM

keeps Christmas where there is turkey.

I imagine I am correct in assuming that your Dickens Christmas in part, if not mainly, depends on the presence of snow, ice, turkeys, and plum-pudding. Also potations to be finished under the table, and poor relations who keep in bed all day in the unsuccessful endeavour to get rid of the effects of these.

I hate keeping in bed all day, but I *do* "keep Christmas," and I keep it where I believe there is turkey and am sure there is plum-pudding of sorts. But, Lord! I don't care so long as the real old-fashioned English Dickensy Christmas is made possible by the presence of snow and ice galore—there's six feet of snow there already, they say, so that's all right. NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!

"Keep Christmas," indeed! I should think so.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

JEROME K. JEROME

thinks it does us good.

I hold that the effort made by quite a number of persons at Christmas to be amiable cannot but be beneficial to them.

JEROME K. JEROME.

KATHARINE TYNAN

tells some Christmas memories.

I should say that the Dickens Christmas has always been kept, and is still kept, wherever there are children. I remember quite Dickensian Christmases in my own childhood—a Santa Claus father coming home laden with good things on Christmas Eve, a Christmas tree, a magic lantern show: all sorts of romps culminating in the pantomime somewhere about Twelfth Day. That was a real Dickensian father who took some eleven of his offspring to the pantomime, taking up at least half a row of seats in the old Dublin Theatre Royal, and

requiring some four cabs for transport. I can quite well remember sitting under a Sheraton sideboard, hidden in the obscurity from my elders, on a day whose evening was to bring the pantomime. I had a large pink sea-shell clasped to my bosom in whose depths I used to delight to hear the sea murmur, but I was not listening to it, not I. I was staging my small heart on its rugged edges, holding myself in lest I should scream for joy. And what pantomimes! Little they know of them in this age of tights and double-entendres. What rosy and azure and emerald forest glades there were, dwindling away into mystery! What lovely fairies with tier upon tier of gauzy skirts, as modest as flowers! Once the spirit of Christmas impelled some adventurous children to escape from the house in the dark of a snowy morning of Christmas Day. One at five years old gave away the escapade by making a hullabaloo because her clothes were mysteriously turned black in the darkness of the morning and was put in Coventry afterwards by her elders. After childhood and through young womanhood, Christmas, beyond the gifts and the Christmas cards, did not make for my much happiness; but the Dickensian Christmas set in again when there were children to keep it for. It is now set for us all like a golden rose in the middle of the winter. Do we keep Christmas? Most certainly we do. With Christmas early services, if not midnight services, with all manner of gifts, with a quiet mid-day meal, but an uproarious evening one—with crackers and parlour-fireworks, roast turkey, champagne and all the rest of it. Nor is there flatness to follow: for there is yet to come the Christmas tree, which we make a feature of the season. The children gave it up when their ages were between six and nine as being "too kiddish," but they have now returned to it. And there are any number of children's parties to follow. The question—was there ever a Dickensian Christmas outside Dickens?—seems to be an absurd one. There *was*, and there *is*. With goodwill, with joy in giving and receiving, with always a thought of the Child who is the King of children, and the centre of the festival, the loveliest festival of the year.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

PETT RIDGE

thinks the Christmas guest is more soberly inclined than he used to be.

I think I have spent many a Christmas that has been as happy as any described by Charles Dickens, although the procedure differed, and the calls upon pantry and cellar were less. The Christmas guest is

more soberly inclined than in the forties, and less disposed to—as the little girl said in Phil May's sketch of the boy who was purchasing his second halfpenny ice—make a God of his stomach.

W. PETT RIDGE.

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

thinks the Dickens Christmas never existed.

As the incurable optimist, I buoyantly insist to myself that the Dickens Christmas did not, and does not, exist outside his pages. For was it not a cheap blend of over-feeding and wishy-washy sentimentality? Call it a sticky compound spread thick over the pure metal of a significant festival!

I do "keep Christmas" yet not that way! And probably people, reading this (if they trouble to), will say, "How bitter and dyspeptic this woman is!"—which she really isn't, either!

ALICE DUDENEY.

TOM BROWNE

is looking for an old-fashioned Christmas.

The Dickens Christmas has always existed in my own fancy, but somehow there it stops. I don't mean that I have not had good Christmases in good spots, among good friends, but to my mind the world has got soured and cranky, and too old for merrymaking. The spirit of festivity—the proper simple kind of festivity that was content with a roaring fire, a sprig of holly, and a sip of punch—seems to have died out, and nothing will waken it. I would go a long way for an old-fashioned Christmas. Kindness, welcome, friendship, and hearty good cheer were the main ingredients of the festival, with a simple delight in the fact that it *was* Christmas. Of course, it is not the fault of Christmas; it is the fault of ourselves. We get hard and selfish and cynical. Tiny Tim's toast has no meaning to us. We need a wakening up like Scrooge had. Then we might believe in the observation:

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours the great with the small."

TOM BROWNE.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

prefers Christmas at Dingley Dell.

I have certainly never spent such happy Christmases as those I have passed at Dingley Dell. But that is only to say once more that art is life quintessentially expressed.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

HAROLD BEGBIE

enjoys and defends the Dickens Christmas.

Those who condemn the characters of Dickens's novels as exaggerations inhabit drawing-rooms and move in an orbit of rigid formalism; no one who escapes from the conventions of his coterie and moves,



"Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale."

From "Simple Simon" Illustrated by Frank Adams. (Blackie.)

even if it be but a little, on the wide sea of a various and almost infinite human nature will bring so dull a charge against the great novelist. Likewise, modern incredulity concerning the Dickens Christmas exists only in particular and the most narrow sets of a formal society. The Dickens Christmas, as Christmas shops attest, flourishes throughout Christendom, and will certainly continue to flourish, albeit with the alterations of custom and the changes of spiritual progress, so long as human nature moves at all in "the first ferments of the great affections."

It must be remembered that Scrooge himself did not believe in the Dickens Christmas; his unbelief was justified so long as he remained in the stagnant circle of his own insular existence. One must step out from one's self to see how other people live. This is what the critic finds so hard to do; this is what the great creative novelist could not help but do.

For myself, I can remember no Christmas except a Dickens Christmas. My boyhood in retrospect has two clear memories—cricket in summer fields, and wonderful joy and high excitement at Christmas. We hung our stockings to the bed-post; we smuggled candles and matches under our pillows; we pretended sleep while our parents went round the midnight house with gifts; by candlelight in the small hours we opened boxes of crystallised fruit, examined our toys and books, and in an atmosphere of oranges and almonds and raisins, which haunts me to this day, fell asleep with our excitement unabated. And on the great day the house was always decorated, we made our gifts, we received tips from uncles and aunts, we went to church and sang "Hark, the herald angels sing!" we came back to the most splendid dinner, concluding with fiery pudding and delightful crackers, we were solemn over the toast to brothers in India and "absent friends," we recovered our gaiety at an inexhaustible

dessert, and we spent the rest of the day in family games, music, good humour, visits to cottagers, and in discussions as to what we should buy with our tips. How we counted again and again the large half-crowns! how we contemplated the bright sovereigns! In the pockets of our knickerbockers those precious coins became as hot as mince-pies!

Of course one remembers the Christmas when elder brothers protested that the festival was a pagan bore, and when, for the first time, consciousness reeled under the staggering idea that there was something indecent in that magnificent dinner. But lightly lies the recollection of this phase on my memory of Christmas. The retrospect is sacred with parents' love, and glad with innocent and delightful joy. A grateful and a pious memory! And now one takes great pleasure in making Christmas a time of merriment for those who are growing up under one's own protection. God keep the Christmas Day afar off when there shall be no joy in our house.

The over-eating and the over-drinking of the Dickens Christmas are largely the dark imaging of the atrabilious critic. There was no downright beastliness at the table of Bob Cratchit. One may say to the critic what Coleridge said to him who asked what was the spiritual good of such and such a text in the Bible: "It proves that nothing can be so trifling as not to supply an evil heart with a pretext for unbelief."

It is not difficult to see that the Dickens Christmas must offend people who live in a hot-house atmosphere of artificiality, and who regard frigidity of soul as one of the aims of evolution. But if for a month before Christmas these sad, anæmic, feeble servants of convention would go into the outer real world, and, throwing aside their carefully folded garments of formalism, set themselves either to double-dig an acre of stiff soil, or to make a broad swath through a forest, they would discover in themselves not only a new appetite for wholesome food, but a new appetite for large and generous joy; they would soon "take the Plie" of a Dickens Christmas. It is the law of human nature that without labour, hard bodily labour, deep and abiding joy is hard to come by; and I think that true vision is quite difficult for those who follow the wholly artificial existence of a social civilisation. One must live with nature even to see the narrowness of drawing-room walls.

Where men work hard for daily bread, and the family life is pure and innocent, and the influence of Christ is human, simple, and happy, Christmas will



In Santa Claus's Workshop.

From "The Land of Nod." By J. Walker McSpadden (Harrap.)

be found to be a festival of delight, a time for the receiving and the giving of a most pleasant joy. And—it is far older than Dickens.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

JOSEPH HOCKING

believes in the Dickens Christmas.

I do not agree that the Dickens Christmas never exists outside Dickens's pages. I can scarcely remember a Christmas during my life when Christmas has not been "kept." Moreover, in my capacity as minister of religion I have had to visit many homes at Christmas time, and almost without exception practically all the festivities associated with the great novelist's pictures have been duly observed.

As to my own home, we never miss making Christmas a great festive occasion. The house is full of visitors, and all the games, and many more, which Scrooge saw in his dream are played with great gusto. Thank God for it.

I wish some great novelist would write some truly Christmas stories.

JOSEPH HOCKING.

W. HEATH ROBINSON

talks gloomily.

Alas! I have principally one impression of Christmas, an impression so sad and overpowering as to nearly obliterate others from my memory.

It grieves me therefore very deeply, to have to tell you that I feel hardly qualified to answer the questions you put to me. [See picture.]

W. HEATH ROBINSON.



Mr. W. Heath Robinson taking his Christmas Cheer.
(Drawn by himself.)

MAX PEMBERTON

finds the Dickens Christmas in the country.

I do not at all agree with the pessimists. Perhaps I should have done had I continued to live in London, but I have found an old-world village of Suffolk where I think that Christmas is much as Dickens described it. In this part of the world Nature does her best to bless us with a frosty element which puts the Christmas card to shame. Dickens wrote as an idealist, of course, but I find a world of kindness and goodwill quite in keeping with his teaching, and I am sure that many of these village folks do know a real joy of Christmas which even the superior person might find infectious. The old traditions live well in the village of which I am speaking; there are bell-ringers at midnight and children's voices in the early morning. We skate and slide and eat a good deal too much. Let me add happily that I think we drink in moderation.

MAX PEMBERTON.

JOHN HASSALL

keeps it up for a whole week—tree and all.

The most charitable way to think of people who say that Dickens's Christmas only existed in his imagination is to imagine that they were never children at all.

Ever since I can remember, Christmastide has been

the same in my circle, and so far from diminishing since 1870, when Dickens died, I fancy the festivities have become more elaborate. Some misguided waits, I'm told, have started already (November 3), but perhaps they've got the date mixed up with Guy Fawkes' day. I am quite sure that in every home where there are any children it would be nothing less than a catastrophe if Santa Claus failed to fill the stockings at the bedsides, or even to put the surplus of gifts around the bed as near as possible.

The number of Christmas trees at Covent Garden shows that the idea is still alive—and the mistletoe and the holly; and all the other signs, such as the poulterer's decked up to the roof, the butcher's festoons and rosettes, and all the other shops should show that so far from dying out it is more of a festival now than it was fifty years ago.

In the country, of course, as modern education has developed the idea of appearing ridiculous, the yule log has died out, I believe, but that's the only significant loss. In my private circle it lasts for a whole week—tree and all.

JOHN HASSALL.

CHARLES LAMB'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY ELLEN MOXON.

"WE are not of Alice nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name."¹

Few who read the immortal conclusion to Charles Lamb's reverie, "Dream Children," can repress a sigh for what might have been; for his was a heart which would have leapt out in glad response to the laughter and the charm of childhood. He had set before himself the sacred task of standing between a misjudging world and his sister Mary, and the ordinary household ties and joys could never be his. But, although he was not to know the thrill of clinging baby fingers, there came into his life as the years passed onward a little girl who so endeared herself to him that he ended by adopting her.

Most of our knowledge of Emma Isola is gleaned from the letters of Charles Lamb;² those tantalising precious letters, which, by reason of the strange and wondrous way in which their earlier editors set about their task, have called forth the tears and smiles and imprecations of so many subsequent editors.

Emma Isola stands a faintly outlined figure in the early editions of the letters; but with the labours of each succeeding editor the place she occupied in the hearts and household of Charles and Mary Lamb has become more clearly defined.

She was born in 1800, and was of Italian parentage, being the daughter of Charles Isola, one of the Esquire Bedells of the University of Cambridge. It was in this city that Lamb first met her, at the house of the aunt with whom she resided after the death of her parents. Apparently she was a sprightly child, full of laughter and fun, and the Lambs took an immediate liking to her. They invited her to visit them in London, and from that time

it became an established custom that her school holidays should be spent with them.

When she left school she became a member of Lamb's household, and Charles took her education in hand himself. She had a smattering of French, music, and Italian, and he set to work to teach her Latin. He seems to have found it a hard but very diverting occupation. She had eyes, he said, for everything but her book, and when he made her sit with her back to the window he declared she must have eyes in the back of her head, as she still continued to see every one who came down the road.

"I am teaching Emma Latin," he said, "to qualify her for a superior governess-ship which we see no prospect of her getting. 'Tis like feeding a child with chopped hay from a spoon. Sisyphus! his labours are as nothing to it. Actives and passives jostle in her nonsense, till a deponent enters like Chaos, more to embroil the fray. Her prepositions are suppositions; her conjunctions copulative have no connection in them; her concords disagree; her interjections are purely English 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' with a yawn and a gape in the same tongue; and she herself is a lazy, blockheadly supine. As I say to her, *Ass in præsenti* rarely makes a wise man *in futuro*. But I dare say it was so with you when you began Latin, and a good while after."

Mary Lamb contributed a poem to *Blackwood's Magazine* in June, 1829, in which she playfully alluded to Emma Isola's difficulties in learning Latin. In the course of it she advises her to dry her falling tears, and expresses the hope that she will some day rival her friend Sara Coleridge, who was an experienced linguist.

Just about this time Emma set up an album. Charles

Lamb took endless delight in it, and the task of extorting contributions for it from his numerous friends gave him quite a new interest in life. None of his wide circle was safe from him: each was pounced upon in turn. He wrung a few verses out of J. B. Dibden, and wrote the following note of thanks:

"Your verses are very pleasant, and have been adopted into the splendid Emmatic constellation where they are not of the least magnitude. . . . Emma has just died, chok'd with a Gerund-in-dum. The King never dies, which may be the reason that it always *reigns* here.

"C. L. his orthograph.

"What a pen!

"The umbrella is cum bak!"



Charles Lamb at the age of fifty-one.

From a copy (in the National Portrait Gallery) of the painting by Henry Mayer at the India Office.

From "The Works in Prose and Verse of Charles and Mary Lamb," Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. (Frowde.)

¹ "The Collected Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. 5s. net. (Frowde.)—"Essays of Elia." 1s. net. (Collins.) "Essays of Elia." 8d. net. (Cassell's People's Library.)—"Essays of Elia." 1s. net. (Dent, Everyman's Library).

² "Letters of Charles Lamb." Edited by Alfred Ainger. 2 vols. 8s. net. (Macmillan.)—"Letters of Charles Lamb." 2 vols. 1s. net each. (Dent, Everyman's Library).

Verse-hunting was more than a passing fancy with Emma Isola ; she kept an album for years, and succeeded in obtaining contributions from Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, Southey, W. S. Landor, Barry Cornwall, George Dyer, Carey, T. Noon Talfourd, Keats, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

Meanwhile, she had obtained a post as governess to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Fornham in Suffolk. Presumably her uncle, as Lamb liked her to call him, had by this time instilled into her some elements of the Latin tongue. She was very happy in her new life, both Mr. and Mrs. Williams treating her with every possible consideration. Lamb visited her on several occasions, and became himself a prime favourite in the clergyman's household.

Once when he was visiting Emma she took him into a corner and lectured him. "Now don't drink any more, for my sake," she said. "Do check yourself after dinner ; and when we get home to Enfield you may drink as much as ever you please, and I won't say a word about it." This remark is often quoted against Lamb by those who like to look upon him as more or less of a drunkard. We may gather that he did not regard himself in that light from the evident relish with which he tells this story against himself. But he knew, and the child of his adoption knew, that while he was very far from being a drunkard, there had been social occasions when a very slight indulgence had necessitated his being carried home to bed—a contingency which Miss Isola naturally wished to avoid.

Towards the end of February, 1830, Charles Lamb received a rude shock in the form of a letter from Mrs. Williams, stating that his adopted daughter was lying seriously ill with brain fever. The state of agitation into which this news threw him is evidenced by his reply :

"DEAR MADAM,—May God bless you for your attention to our poor Emma ! I am so shaken with your sad news I can scarce write. She is too ill to be removed at present ; but we can only say that if she is spared, when that can be practicable, we have always a home for her. Speak to her of it, when she is capable of understanding, and let me conjure you to let me know from day to day the state she is in. But one line is all we crave. Nothing we can do for her that shall not be done. We shall be in the terriblest suspense. We had no notion she was going to be ill. A line from anybody in your house will much oblige us. I feel for the situation this trouble places you in. Can I go to her aunt or do anything ? I do not know what to offer ! We are in great distress. Pray relieve us if you can, by somehow letting us know. I will fetch her here or anywhere. Your kindness can never be forgot. Pray excuse my abruptness. I hardly know what I write. And take our warmest thanks, Hoping to hear something.

"I remain, dear Madam,

"Yours most faithfully,

"C. LAMB."

Mrs. Williams's next letter was more hopeful, and Lamb wrote in reply :

"DEAR MADAM,—We cannot thank you enough. Your two words, 'Much better,' were so considerate and good. The good news affected my sister to an agony of tears ; but they have relieved us of such a weight. We were ready to expect the worst, and were hardly able to bear the good hearing. You speak of her so kindly, too, and think she may be able to resume her duties. We were prepared, as far as our humble means would have enabled us, to have taken her from all duties. But far better for the dear girl it is that she should have a prospect of being useful. . . . She will make up for this sad interruption of your young friend's studies. I am sure she will she must—after you have spared her for a little time. Change of scene may do much for her. I think this last proof of your kindness to her in her desolate state can hardly make her love and respect you more than she has ever done. . . . Madam, I trouble you with my nonsense, but you would forgive me if you knew how light-hearted you have made two poor souls at Enfield that were gasping for news of their poor friend.

"Believe me, dear Madam,

"Your ever-obliged servant,

"C. LAMB."

When Emma was able to be moved Lamb went to fetch her home. He makes some amusing comments on their return journey, in a letter to Mrs. Hazlitt :

"We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage coach that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriage by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my tormentor by getting up on the outside ; when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me : 'What sort of a crop of turnips do you think we shall have this year ?' Emma's eyes turned to me to know what in the world I could have to say ; and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied that 'it depends, I believe, upon boiled legs of mutton.' This



From a print by permission of Milton Meyers.

Enfield Town early in the nineteenth century.

When the Lambs were living there.

From "A Guide to Enfield and its Neighbourhood," by Alfred H. Hyatt. (Samuel Short, Enfield.)

clenched our conversation ; and my gentleman, with a face half wise, half in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation, scientific or philosophical, for the remainder of the journey."

When Miss Isola reached Enfield, a certain Dr. Asbury was called in to attend her. One morning he received the following characteristic epistle from Charles Lamb :

"DEAR SIR,—Some draughts and boluses have been left here which we conjecture were meant for the young lady whom you saw this morning, tho' they were labelled for

MISS ISOLA LAMB.

No such person is known on the Chase side, and she is fearful of taking medicines which may have been made up for another patient. She begs me to say that she was born an *Isola* and christen'd *Emma*. Moreover, that she is an Italian by birth and that her ancestors were from Isola Bella (Fair Island) in the Kingdom of Naples. She has never changed her name, and rather mournfully adds that she has no prospect at present of doing so. She is literally *ISOLA*, or single, at present. Therefore she begs that the obnoxious monosyllable may be omitted on future phials—an innocent syllable enough you'll say, but she has no claim to it. It is the bitterest pill of the seven you sent her. When a lady loses her good *neme* what is to become of her? Well, she must swallow it as well as she can, but she begs the dose may not be repeated.

"Yours faithfully,

"CH. LAMB (not Isola)."

Emma went back to Farnham for a time, but a new interest had come into her life in the shape of Edward Moxon. He was in the employment of Longmans, and had been a constant visitor of Charles and Mary Lamb for some time. Lamb described him as an honest young Yorkshireman, rather too honest for his trade, and something of a poet. He took considerable interest in him, and endeavoured to promote his interest on every occasion. Moxon was not satisfied with his position, and desired to set up as a publisher on his own account. Lamb introduced him to the poet Rogers, and the latter generously lent him £500 to start with, and also gave him some of his own books to publish. One of Moxon's earliest publications was "The Last Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.

Young Moxon was an ever-welcome visitor, for he had much in common with both Charles and Mary Lamb. With Charles he discussed the old Elizabethan dramatists he loved so well, and to Mary he brought the news of all the latest novels. "He is a friendly, serviceable fellow," says Lamb, "and thinks nothing of lugging up a cargo of the newest novels, once or twice a week, from the Row to Colebrook to gratify my sister's passion for new things. He is her Bodley."



The Cottage at Edmonton where Lamb died.

From "The Letters of Charles Lamb" (Dent, Everyman's Library)

Naturally Edward Moxon and Emma Isola saw much of each other, and to Lamb's delight their companionship gradually ripened into love. He interested himself very much in the love-making, he was in his element plaguing the lovers and devising plans for their meeting.

"Emma has teased me to take her to the gallery of an Opera on Tuesday," he writes to Edward Moxon, "and I have written for orders. Can you house and bed us after the opera? Miss M., maybe, won't object to sharing half her bed, and for *me*, I can sleep on straw, rushes, thorns, Procrustes' couch! or anywhere. Do not write if you *can take us in*—write only if you can't."

Lamb's frequent notes to Moxon concerning the publication of his books contain urgent invitations to visit them. At the close of one of these notes he writes: "I had sneaking hopes that you would have dropt in to-day, 'tis my poor birthday. Don't stay away so. Give Forster a hint. You are to bring your brother some day—*sisters* in better weather."

Edward Moxon and Emma Isola became formally engaged in 1833. In announcing it to Wordsworth, Lamb writes "I am about to lose my only walk companion, whose mirthful spirits were the 'Youth of our house,' Emma Isola. . . . With my perfect approval, and more than concurrence, she is to be wedded to Moxon at the end of August—so 'perish the roses, the flowers,' how is it?" By way of postscript he adds: "Moxon has introduced Emma to Rogers, and he smiles upon the project. I have given E. my *MILTON* (will you pardon me?) in part of a *portion*. It hangs famously in his Murray-like shop."

One of Edward Moxon's presents to Miss Isola was a watch. Concerning this Lamb writes:

"For God's sake give Emma no more watches: one has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment hand. She hugs us out into the fields, because there the bird boys ask you, 'Pray, sir, can you tell us what's o'clock?' and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time in looking to see 'what the time is.' I overheard her whisper, 'Just so many hours, minutes, etc., to Tuesday: I think St. George's goes too slow.' This little present of time—why—'tis Eternity to her!"

"What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch? She has spoiled some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away 'half-past twelve,' which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

"Well, if 'love me, love my watch,' answers, she will keep time to you."

"It goes right by the Horse Guards. Dearest M—, never mind opposite nonsense. She does not love you for the watch, but the watch for you. I will be at the wedding, and keep the 30th July, as long as my poor months last me, as a festival, gloriously."

Lamb had been present at the marriage of Hazlitt, and he said that he had like to be turned out several times during the ceremony. "I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places," he says in his essay on "The Wedding." "I cannot divest me of an unreasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands."

We hear of no misdemeanours on Emma Isola's wedding-day, so we may presume that for once he smothered the chuckles which he said both funerals and weddings excited in him. He tells us that he returned from the wedding, calm, happy, and half as sober as a judge. Miss Lamb was unable to be present at the wedding, but she wrote a pathetic letter of congratulation—the first letter she had been able to write for months:

"MY DEAR EMMA AND EDWARD MOXON. —Accept my sincere congratulations, and imagine more good wishes than my weak nerves will let me put into good set words. The dreary blank of unanswered questions which I ventured to ask in vain was cleared up on the wedding-day by Mrs. W. taking a glass of wine, and with a total change of countenance, begging leave to drink Mr. and Mrs. Moxon's health. It restored me from that moment, as if by an electrical stroke, to the entire possession of my senses. I never felt so calm and quiet after a similar illness as I do now. I feel as if all tears were wiped from my eyes, and all care from my heart."

The honeymoon was spent in Paris, and Lamb speaks of Moxon "flaunting it about *à la Parisienne*, with his new bride, our Emma, much to his satisfaction, and not a little to our dulness."

Edward Moxon wrote a sonnet to his wife which he sent to Lamb for criticism, along with other poems. Both Charles and Mary were charmed with it. Lamb writes:

"I have only allowed myself to transpose a word in the third line. Sacred shall it be from any intermeddling of mine. But we jointly beg that you will make four lines in the room of the last four. Read 'Darby and Joan,' in Mrs. Moxon's first album. There you'll see how beautiful in age the looking back to youthful years in an old couple is. But it is a violence to the feelings to anticipate that time in youth. I hope you and Emma will have many

a quarrel, and many a make-up (and she is beautiful in reconciliation!) before the dark days shall come in which we shall say, 'there is small comfort in them.' You have begun a sort of character of Emma in them, very sweetly; carry it on if you can, through the last lines."

He concludes the letter with an earnest request for their company:

"Tell it not in Gath, lest the daughters triumph (Emma). I am at the end of my tether. I wish you would come on Tuesday with your fair bride. Why can't you? Do. We are thankful to your sister for being of the party. Come, and bring a sonnet on Mary's birthday. Love to the whole Moxonry, and tell E. I every day love her more, and miss her less. Tell her so, from her loving uncle, as she has let me call myself. . . . I am well and happy, tell E."

Within a very few months of writing the above Lamb passed away.

"The frolic and the gentle
Had vanished from his lonely hearth."

On Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd and Mr. and Mrs. Moxon fell the task of collecting and copying the letters of Charles Lamb: those priceless letters of which Mr. William McDonald says, justly, that it would require preternatural talent to trace them to their present resting-places, and the revenues of a small kingdom to buy them back.

Edward Moxon had the honour of publishing some of the earlier works of Tennyson, and of helping the young poet on at least one occasion out of financial difficulties. Tennyson was not unmindful of this in later years; Moxon died suddenly leaving his wife and children ill provided for, and Tennyson anonymously provided them with an annuity.

Not by reason of her own personality alone does Emma Isola lay claim to our regard. She cheered a path that had sad need of cheering; she brought laughter and youth into touch with one of the saddest struggles that was ever waged.

Not what *she* was then, but what the gentle Elia was, must be one's chief excuse for bringing together these widely scattered references to Emma Isola, references which bear upon their face the quaint hall-mark of the master of smiles and tears—the whimsical great-heart, the man with the heart of gold, whom to know was to love.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best advice from literature on gift-giving.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to E. M. FORREST, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S., for the following :

HOW TO STUDY THE STARS By L. RUDAX
"Come into the garden Maud!"
TENNYSON, *Maud*.

We also select for printing :

THE PREMIER AND THE SUFFRAGETTE By NAHUR
HAWKE.

"Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair."
COLERIDGE, *Christabel*.

(Mildred Emerson, The Bank, Barnard Castle.)

THE PREMIER AND THE SUFFRAGETTE
"Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead" - POPE.
(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

A QUESTION OF QUALITY. BY MADAME ALBANESI.
"You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole,
He had but one eye
To ogle ye by,
Oh, murther! but that was a jew'!"
A fool
He made of the girls, did O'Toole!"
THACKERAY, *Phil Fogarty*.

(Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN.
"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell."
HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown*.

(Miss Jessie Gresham, 2, Dean Avenue, Newton Heath,
Manchester.)

MY RECOLLECTIONS. BY EUGENE STOCK.

"I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, 'Aha!
When I can talk I'll tell mamma!
And that's my earliest recollection."

FREDK. LOCKER.

(Miss S. Braine, Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W., and
Mrs. I. A. Thomas, Cheriton, Knighton Drive, Leicester.)

- II. This Competition has proved a remarkably popular one: it has brought in a large number of very good replies. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best Christmas greeting in four lines of verse is awarded to THOMAS LAW, of School House, Holytown, for the following :

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Health and wealth with wisdom to use them,
Joy and peace, with love to diffuse them,
Books, the best, with leisure to read them,
Lots of friends, and never to need them.

Among the best of the others received are :

Herewith a greeting fair and true
To each remembered friend,
May Christmas bring this year to you
All that my heart would send.

(M. F. Lusty, Clayton Hospital, Wakefield.)

Good luck! my friend, to your journey's end,
In Destiny's aeroplane
May you rise to the height of joy and might
And never come down again.

(J. E. Bell, 7, Woodland's Avenue, Redhill, Surrey.)

We specially commend also the verses sent in by K. E. Mold (Banbury), Betty Thoms (Withington), George Williams (Penzance), Mary L. McCallum (Streatham, S.W.), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Winitred K. Lodge (Norwood), Miss E. Chapman (Chesham), Miss V. Huish (Derby), G. Kendall (Godalming), James E. Ruddle (Tunbridge Wells), Mrs. Kirkland (Glenfarg), May H. Timms (Northampton), Miss Parry Okeden (Walsingham), Miss I. J. Bryant (Ilminster), Mrs. R. Wood (Box Hill), Marion Burd (Solihull), Mollie Kennedy (Banbury), L. B. Wood (Bowdon), Miss A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Norma Hamilton Baird (Suntford Mills, Nr. Banbury), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), J. P. Wynne (Manchester), Oscar Bewton (Blackpool), A. M. C. Hooper (Shepton Mallet), Mrs. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), George Brown (Edinburgh), Miss D. Allen (Liverpool), Eleanor Kennedy (Hornsey Lane, N.), Alice Whitehead (Norbreck), F. Harold Buss (East Dulwich), and Chas. Campbell (Glasgow).

III.—The best review sent in is of "The Reformation and the Renaissance," by Miss Annie Jones, but it runs to a hundred and fifty words and is therefore disqualified. The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded for the following almost equally good paper sent in by Miss V. HUISE, 103, Kedleston Road, Derby:

OPEN COUNTRY. BY MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan.)

One thing is certain. The writing of "Open Country" was a labour of love. If Mr. Hewlett is not in the habit of encamping at park gates and dispensing with dress clothes, it is apparently from no want of inclination. Those in sympathy with Senhouse in quest of a golden girl will welcome his book. No orthodox conventionalist need apply. We think of Locke's "Septimus" and Crawford's "Cigarette Maker," and we see it is necessary a man should be a little mad, "and yet a gentleman," to be altogether delightful.

Of the others, we have room to print only:

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND. BY G. F. G. MASTERMAN. (Methuen.)

Mr. Masterman's observations on the Conquerors, the Suburbans, the Multitude and kindred subjects have some flavour of pessimism. In fact, we Suburbans alone come out of the ordeal with respectability, though bereft of many other virtues, and are "the most hopeful promises for the future." But Mr. Masterman's pessimism is stimulating. It shocks and disturbs us on every page with the most agreeable sense of life. We commend the book to all, even to optimists, not only for new ideas and originality of thought, but that they may be stirred to a consideration of the condition of England.

(Ethel J. M. Milner, Lawn House, Atkin's Road, Clapham Park, S.W.)

BELLA DONNA. BY ROBERT HICHENS. (Hememann.)

Were it not that we believe Mr. Hichens to be too great an artist to write that tearful thing, a novel with a purpose, we should be strongly inclined to regard his latest work as an attempt to portray the misery of wickedness as personified by Mrs. Chepstow. As a matter of fact no one can help pitying her for having married such a thorough well meaning prig as Nigel Armine. The whole book teems with very real "human interest," and it is a nice psychological question whether Mrs. Armine's ultimate "treatment" of her husband is consistent with her character as worked out by the author.

(Jack Hedley, Straymede, Harrogate.)

GREECE. BY EDITH A. BROWNE. (A. & C. Black.)

"... Greece as it is ... under normal native conditions." This the authoress endeavours to set forth in the latest addition to that excellent little series for children "Peeps at Many Lands." Such points as the physical aspect and architecture of the country; its people at work and at play, their customs, manners, festivals, and means of transit are instructively dealt with; the whole being interspersed with true stories of the writer's own wanderings and adventures, interestingly told. There are twelve illustrations in colour and a sketch map of the country, a useful adjunct to a book of travel too often omitted. (Gertrude Brown, 28, Shardeloes Road, New Cross, S.E.)

We also select for commendation the reviews sent in by Halbert McGowan (Blairgowrie), P. E. Deggan (Gloucester), Florence Graham Stirling (Cowrie), Edith Cowell (Bishops Stortford), J. Murray Watson (Edinburgh), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Constance M. Kerr (Dirleton), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood, S.E.), Irene Lalonde (Weston-super-Mare), M. C. Murray Browne (Gloucester), G. Howard Pearman (York), G. L. Elwood (Grimsby), John Hood (Ayr), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. Ward (Southsea), Francis P. Hardeman (Newcastle, Staffs.), Elsie Rippon (Hull), Joan Mainwaring (Brockley, S.E.), Noel T. Methley (Bristol), and Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MRS. JOHN ADAMS, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

V.—A BEAUTIFUL PRESENTATION EDITION OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," illustrated in colour by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., has been awarded to MISS LAURA A. WILKS, 15, Avenue Victoria, Scarborough, for the following list of twelve most humorous chapters from books in the English language:

1. "Cutting the Knot," from *Una Versa*, F. Anstey.
2. "A Whitewashed Uncle," from *The Golden Age*, Kenneth Grahame.
3. Chapter XIV, in *A Master of Craft*, Jacobs.
4. "Enter the Aunts and Uncles," from *Mitt on the Floss*, G. Eliot.
5. "Buying of a Horse," from *Out of the Huts*, Bully, Max Adeler.
6. Chapter XVIII, in *Dolly Dialogues*, Anthony Hope.
7. "The Remise Door," from *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne.
8. "In which the Daughters of the Great Mel have to digest him at Dinner," from *Peep at Harrington*, Meredith.
9. "A Brief Account of the Progress of the Action Bardell v. Pickwick," from *Pickwick Papers*.
10. "The Queen's Croquet Ground," from *Alice in Wonderland*.
11. Chapter II, "The Horse Deal," from *David Harum*.
12. Chapter VII, "Visiting," from *Crawford*.

The best of the other lists submitted are those of Miss Mackerchnie (St. Andrews), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Miss Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Mrs. Lemon (Shinall), Mrs. J. D. Watson (Tyburn), and Alice Whitehead (Norbreck).

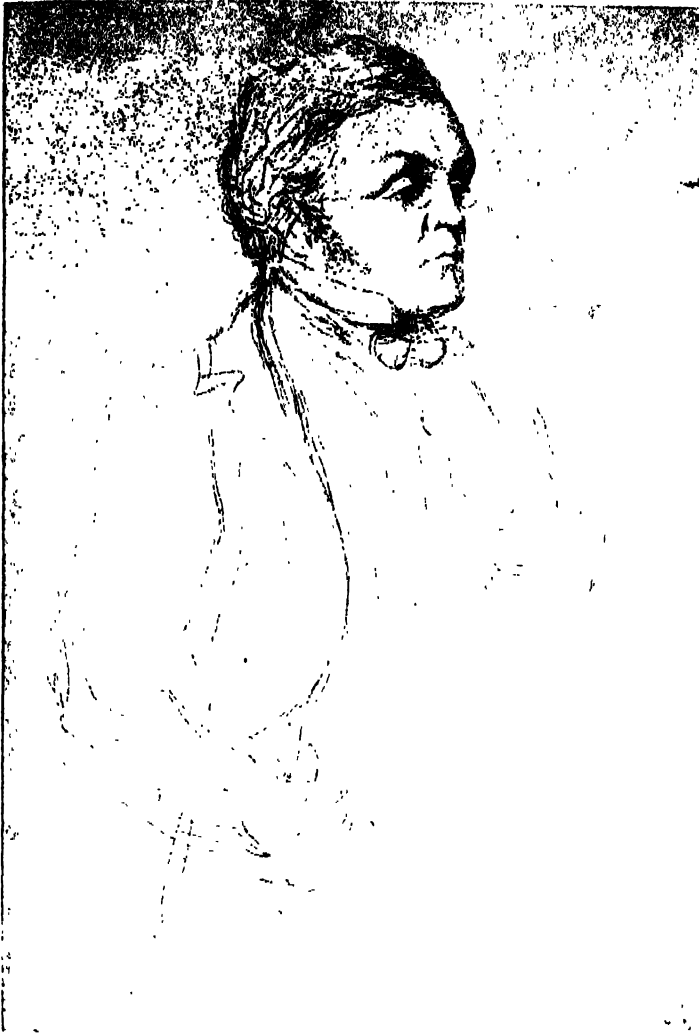
New Books.

THACKERAY.*

Although we are all prone to say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and although there is no more painful way of taking pains than doing a piece of work over again from the beginning, it is by no means always the case that refashionings are improvements, and they are perhaps allowed to be so rather less often than they really are. But it must be a very incompetent or a very "difficult" judge who does not admit that Mr. Lewis Melville has made a very great advance, in this present Life of Thackeray, on that which he wrote ten years ago. He has wisely aimed at making

it not a new edition, but a new book, and has succeeded. The method is greatly improved; the information is greatly enlarged; and in certain respects, which we shall notice in more detail later, the two volumes are made almost indispensable companions—certainly most valuable helps and guides—to any edition of Thackeray's Works, complete or incomplete. The book could only be superseded in its own way either by that official biography on which the great novelist laid his embargo, or by a complete collection of the letters published and unpublished—a collection which cannot, even in the former case, be achieved till periods of copyright, in some cases very long, have run out. As it is, Mr. Melville has drawn as much as possible on this one infallible source of biography, a source which it is very difficult even for the letter-writer himself, however cunningly he "writes for pub-

* "William Makepeace Thackeray: A Biography." By Lewis Melville. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)



William Makepeace Thackeray.

From a pencil sketch by Richard Doyle, in the British Museum.

lication," entirely to foul and which in the case of a man like Thackeray, with his unconquerable impulsiveness and his horror of publicity, is nearly pellucid. But he and any one who, like him, is interested in Thackeray must envy the future Boswell or Lockhart who, though not enjoying the personal advantage of his antitypes, will be able to weave the whole, with comment and connection, into a perfect web.

Next to the letters—but at a very long distance in some cases—come the anecdotes and remarks of Thackeray's acquaintances. Some of these, the present writer confesses, he would not himself put before the public without a large and conspicuous salt-cellar by their sides—in other words, without very distinct caution as to their possible fallaciousness. But it is of course, in the circumstances, impossible to dispense with things of the kind, and Mr. Melville has done his weaving with perfect good taste and feeling.

He has not attempted much criticism, electing rather to make the book mainly if not wholly a study of the life; but it would have been impossible to abstain altogether, and the critical remarks given—generally on wider rather than narrower points—are sound and good. One need only object mildly to the phrase "glorious nonsense" for "The Rose and the Ring." For "glorious," *passé*; but if "The Rose and the Ring" is "nonsense," where, my brethren, are we to look for sense? In Martin Tupper? On the same page a remark makes one rather curious to know whether it is made quite *obiter*, or founded on deliberate examination. Mr. Melville says that Thackeray "was one of the few men of genius who could dictate their work." Is the faculty so rare? Milton certainly dictated: it may be said that he could not help it, but it seems to have been no trouble to him, I think there is evidence in Boswell that Johnson did not dislike dictation in this sense also. To collect the evidence

might not be the idlest task for a person of the type and tastes of the elder Disraeli.

On the whole Mr. Melville may be pronounced to have the first requisite of a good biographer—that is to say, a rational though sincere sympathy with his subject. Neither his admiration for Thackeray's work nor his affection for Thackeray's character is pushed to the point of foolishness, though he is farther still from that kind of "picking-to-pieces" which has sometimes succeeded foolish praise as a biographical characteristic. He points out, very well and very truly, what comparatively few critics have pointed out before him, that though it is ridiculous to accuse Thackeray of choosing bad characters by preference, the defect of being "disagreeable" in subject does apply, with a rather singular pervasiveness, to the work of his earlier and unsuccessful time. So too, though by no means Pecksniffian, he is almost severe on the reckless way in which the novelist "burnt the candle at both ends," expending money, time, and energy on things that were not precisely necessities and tasking his energies unnecessarily to supply the money and make up the lost time. One can only reply—indeed, Mr. Melville admits nearly as much himself—that you must take a man as you find him; and that one of Thackeray's own phrases, "Grudge myself good wine! as well grudge my horse corn," probably contains (though it would not do for everybody to urge it) a pretty sound argument. In a strictly regulated and economical life, his genius would probably have moped and pined like a lark in a cage. With the pathos of the end the biographer has managed to deal excellently. It could hardly have been better done, precisely because it could hardly have been done more simply and yet with adequate expression.

Five sixths of the second volume, however, are occupied with matter of the nature of appendices—the matter referred to at the beginning of this review—and in regard to this it is difficult to praise Mr. Melville's diligence and discretion too highly. In the first place he has collected together all the attainable reports (and in some cases the prepared drafts which were never or only partially delivered) of those speeches in public which supply not the least of the many ironies, little and great, that made up the life of this great ironist. It is well known that as an after-dinner speaker, or as a speaker on any public occasion when he had not to deliver a regular "lecture," Thackeray was what may be called a certain misfire. His failures, indeed, do not seem to have been always as bad as he thought they were; but he scarcely ever had a success, and not seldom sat down plump, giving up the whole game when he had uttered half a dozen sentences. As, though disliking it almost as much, he became an excellent lecturer, it is not improbable that more frequent practice would have conquered his stage fright in this kindred matter, but he never actually got over it. Here we have a baker's dozen of his speeches, delivered in some half-score years, and including the never yet reprinted speech from the Chair at the Theatrical Fund Dinner of 1858. They are certainly curious to read. There is no better form of "speech" than the quiet, discursive, conversational one—and of this it may be said that in every page of his writings Thackeray has shown himself a master. Yet when he had to do it as a speech, he could not manage it. Even on those which were regularly prepared—those which came nearest, in short, to actual lectures—the frost seems to have thrown its baneful influence and prevented delivery.

But this addition of the speeches is but a small part of Mr. Melville's *bonuses* to his readers. He has given the fullest list of portraits of Thackeray that the present reviewer knows, and *apropos* of this it is time to mention that the whole book is freely illustrated with such portraits, with views of places, etc. Some of the sketches, especially the two by Maclise which form the frontispieces to the volumes, are from the (American) collection of Major Lambert, and have never before been published. They are of great interest, especially the second, which was

taken as late as 1857, and being absolutely full-face, disguises the broken nose without altering the expression.

There is also a full list of Thackeray MSS. in their present homes, a generous ditto of "authorities," and finally an admirable bibliography. There is of course no doubt that bibliography, at one time unduly neglected, has of late years become something of a fetich with some people, and, like all fetiches, an object of disgust and contempt to others. But in the peculiar circumstances of Thackeray's life, fortunes, and reputation, it acquires an importance which it rarely has elsewhere. And Mr. Melville is a model bibliographer. As a conscientious one, he cannot indeed forgive publication where it is certain. But though it is difficult not to think that not a little that Thackeray wrote need not be *republished*, the fact of its original publication cannot be too carefully registered. And Mr. Melville is not of the restless and reckless tribe who are always hunting out possible, or what they think possible, additions to the already recognised works. His canons of admission and rejection seem perfectly sound. The book, therefore, deserves recognition as a thoroughly craftsmanlike piece of work—one which must have given its author far more trouble than flashier things give theirs, but one where that trouble is not thrown away, as it is in some cases, because it has saved its readers trouble in the same proportion and has given them in abundance what they ought to want.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOCIALISM ON THE MARCH.*

Despite the "thunder of the captains and the shouting" few Englishmen know what Socialism is, or what it proposes to set up on the ruins of our present economic system. By the usual irony which lurks in popular discussion, the crowd imagines even that when the day comes our Collectivist rulers will share out the whole property of the nation in equal parts to man, woman, and child. This would be precisely the opposite of all that Socialism has in view; and yet on such a misapprehension argument is carried forward in clubs and newspapers. Smely it is time that the largest movement of our age were studied in its own writers and its principal doctrines exhibited in their true light. The rank and file who march whither the *Clarion* is leading them are not always clear as regards the goal or the route of that enterprise. Many are still Utopians, dreaming of a happy Lubberland where they shall lie, like gods together, enjoying their lotus after brief toil, but how the thing is to be done they know not. However, learned or ignorant, friends or enemies to the great secular Evangel, I would advise them all to read Miss Jane T. Stoddart's "New Socialism," and thereby to make themselves acquainted with its later, more practical phases during the past ten years.

This "impartial inquiry" is a good sample of the book which intervenes between newspaper literature and the scientific treatise. It sums up, explains, and labels for reference the ten thousand articles wherein the church of Karl Marx and the sects which dispute over his dead body proclaim their several creeds. For an English work it has the rare merit of being in compass and outlook European. Its record of printed matter bearing on the questions handled is astonishingly full. And its tone and temper seem to me admirable. Miss Stoddart sets down naught in malice, certainly; she writes as a social reformer, a Christian, and an Anglican (if I do not fail in my interpretation), but she feels the pathos in a life such as that of Marx, who was heroically poor and a martyr to his convictions; and she never can forget the sad phenomena, the world-wide misery which, even though it blunders in means and principles, the Socialist movement is attempting to heal. Her style is that of the reporter—present tense,

lively sentences, quick change; it reminds me of the best German pamphlets and echoes many of the battle-cries that have been flung upon the breeze, or, as I say, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. Altogether, the book answers its purpose excellently well.

Now let us understand that Socialism, pure and plain, is the negation of private capital in favour of public or State control. It is at least so much as this: it may be more, and may extend even to Communism, which would be the negation of all private ownership; but the central doctrine is "No capital in private hands." How to attain it? Karl Marx answered, "by revolution." He was a prophet and foretold catastrophe on a scale so much wider than the upheaval of 1789 as the working-class numbered more millions than the bourgeoisie. Marx lived on the thought and was inspired by the memory of that year of violence, 1848, when the Social Republic appeared for a moment in France. But the revolution tarried in its coming; either vision failed the prophet or he did not measure the horizon aright. He grew old; his creed began to show crumbling walls and rusty cannon; the younger battalions of Socialists turned their fire upon his very citadel, and it is the conflict ensuing that our book describes. In 1861 the Congress of Erfurt renounced the methods of blood and iron; the vote was to take the place of the rifle, and Parliaments were to be captured, not blown up. In 1866 an Austrian ex-Minister of Finance, Prof. von Böhm-Bawerk, published a small but decisive critique of the older Socialism, entitled "Zum Abschluss des Marx'schen Systems"—"The End of the Gospel according to Marx." In 1897 Eduard Bernstein opened the campaign in "Die Neue Zeit" against the Marxian theories and prophecies, which broke German Socialism to pieces. Then the Frenchman, Georges Sorel, terrified at such a transformation of the war between classes to parliamentary intrigues and alliances, rose up to affirm that Marx and Marx alone was the genuine Messiah. Sorel has become the leader of a movement which identifies the "people" with the manual labourers, which renews the strife of classes, scorns political action, and would promote a universal strike as the one straight way to overturn Capitalism. Hence we may look on Sorel as Marx come to life again, or the Revolution in the workshop at deadly odds with politicians like Jaurès and Clemenceau in France, like Bebel at Berlin, and Ferri among Italians. It is the street against the academy; the horny hand of toil rejecting the friendship of the kid glove.

What does all this controversy portend? It means, we answer, a struggle between the Moderates who believe in taking as much as they can get during the period of transition (or as Germans would say, the Interim) and the "Enragés," who cannot wait until the millennium shall be decreed by Act of Parliament. These want their Utopia now. Moreover, half a century of research and experience has taught many that were once unmitigated Marxians a little wisdom; they foresee difficulties in front, dangers to freedom, to culture, nay, to progress, in a strictly organised régime where officials would be only too prone to exercise "sovereign sway and masterdom" over the subject masses. And so they have degenerated into scrupulous Socialists who cannot feel perfect confidence in the democracy. Such men, I take it, among ourselves would sympathise with Mr. Graham Wallas and enjoy the vigorous assaults lately made on his former companions in arms by Mr. H. G. Wells. But indeed, our English writers can never long maintain the uncompromising theories which find favour abroad. If Socialism passes into social reform, what is left of Marx? It is that threatened breaking of a cast-iron system which alarms the old school and has called a new one—of the Syndicates or fighting Trade Unions—into being. The man with the red flag becomes the Right Hon. John Burns with a seat in the Cabinet, and the red flag does not wave over his department. M. Briand, who spoke out boldly for the universal

* "The New Socialism." By Jane T. Stoddart. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

strike, is now French Prime Minister; but if workers under Government struck to-morrow he would call out the military and suppress them. As for the manual labourer, can we suppose that he is fitted by education or gifts of nature to carry on the social system without aid? We must fall back at last on Edmund Burke's definition of "the people" as consisting of all classes in an ordered society, rather than accept Mr. Keir Hardie's idea that public opinion, the guide of State-policy, means the opinion of the working-man. But to Karl Marx the working man was everything, for labour alone gave a value to commodities. This mechanical theory, which reduces mind to foot-pounds, and takes from realities their intrinsic worth, is of a piece with that other which declares all men equally important to the world at large. It is the fallacy upon which Marxian Utopias will ever be wrecked. And these ten years of war to the knife between Socialists prove that if one of their sections came into power the rest would form an opposition, driven to protest in the name of freedom, of untrammelled effort of genius, and of humanity itself against a dogmatic tyranny more intolerable than any the world has yet seen.

WILLIAM BARRY.

FRIENDS OF SIR WALTER.

Mrs. MacCunn has produced a really interesting and readable book on the subject of Sir Walter Scott's friends. It seems invidious to select some, and to reject others, but the task could not have been accomplished otherwise, at least within the limits of a single volume. Scott's friends are legion even if we only take those enumerated by Lockhart, and Lockhart did not exhaust the catalogue by a long way. It is a pity, however, that some of the more prominent of these have been omitted. Take the Ballantynes, for instance. James and John Ballantyne were among Scott's earliest friends and friends all through, despite their later troubles. A highly profitable section might have been devoted to those publishing friends of Scott, including Constable, who is only casually mentioned, and Cadell whose name does not occur at all. Miss Edgeworth, the real inspirer of the Waverleys, is left out in the cold on the ground that her biography has been already published. As a matter of fact, not one, but two monographs on the "divine Maria" have appeared quite recently. A page or two for all that, could well have been afforded to one who was certainly the most outstanding of Scott's intimates among the literary women of his time. Susan Ferrier also is overlooked. It was of her that Lockhart wrote that she "knew and loved Scott well, and had seen enough of affliction akin

to his, to be well skilled in dealing with it." We miss Lockhart himself, to be sure, but as Mrs. MacCunn rightly says, "Lockhart's spirit and Lockhart's judgment are present in every paragraph that deals with Scott and Scott's intimates." One is tempted to cavil at the absence of Washington Irving from this list of Sir Walter's friends: and surely there should not have been lacking from such a portrait-gallery of men and women whom association with Scott has made immortal even a brief sketch of one whose practical friendship was valued so highly—Joseph Train, to wit. The world hardly knows what Scott as a writer of romance owed to the Galloway exciseman.

Omissions notwithstanding, this is an admirable piece of literary craftsmanship, and a useful addition to the ever-increasing literature which the magical name of Scott has called into being. Mrs. MacCunn does not tell us much that is new, but the old facts, drawn from an extraordinarily wide area of information, are so exceedingly well digested that the ordinary reader will find here almost all he wants to know about the more representative, at all events, of those whose fortune it was to be styled friends of Sir Walter. There are others, again—a considerable number—who could never be content with this (as it must necessarily be) somewhat *réchauffé* method of meting out the Scott pabulum. The phrase is used in no disparagement of the writer's ability to put together in sound business-like English the captivating story she sets herself to tell. No one knows better than Mrs. MacCunn the hopelessness of being original nowadays on almost any of the Scott topics. And if there is little that is fresh and novel, there are all the evidences, anyhow, of a writer's painstaking upon every page of the book. This book has not been dashed off at a white heat, but is the result of long and careful planning, and of thorough familiarity with the whole gamut of the Magician's life and work.

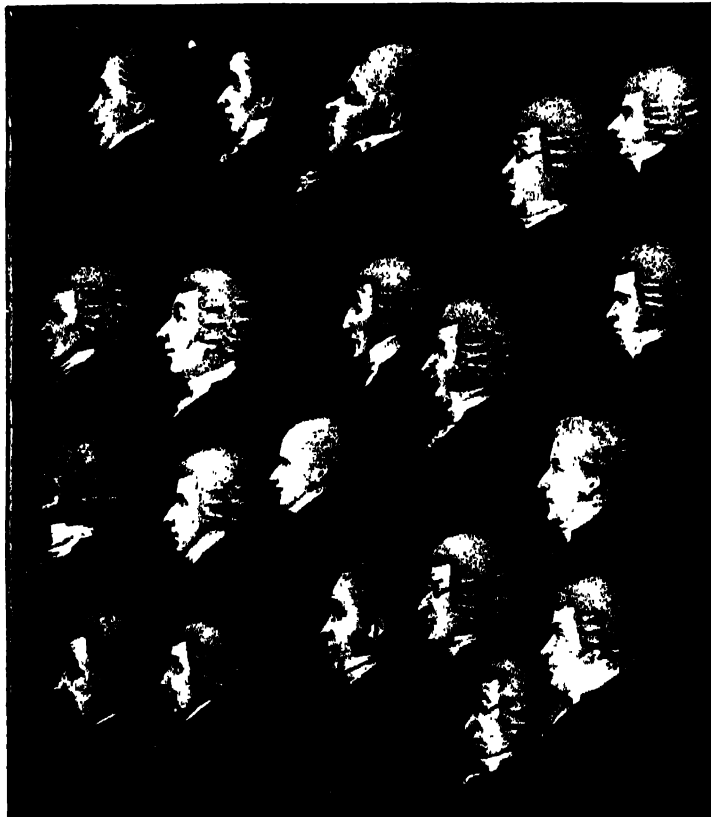
Of the great literary men of any age, Scott had, perhaps, the most abundant and the most abiding friendships. He counted the King amongst his friends, and his domestics, it was said, were more his friends than his servants. He

was on friendly terms with the gangs of gypsies and gaberlunzies who gathered at his gate day by day. And of his affection for children the "Eppie Daddles" and "Pet Marjories"—there is nothing more delightful in the multitude of kindly acts which fill his whole career.

Among the best things in Lockhart, and among the best things in Mrs. MacCunn's volume, are the recital of the Tom Purdie and the "Pepe" Mathieson incidents, and of the overwhelming devotion which existed between Willie Landlaw and the master of Abbotsford. The chapters descriptive of the Abbotsford household are, indeed, far and away the finest in the book.

Of the humbler friends of Sir Walter, the Ettrick Shepherd must always hold front rank. Conceited to a degree, once actually telling Scott to his face that as "King of the Mountain and Fairy School" he could never

John Ballantyne, James Ballantyne, Andrew Skene, R. Whigham, P. Robertson, Dundas, P. Tait, and
Moncrieff, J. Stuart-Moore, John A. MacCunn, Sir Walter Scott, P. Robertson, Dundas, P. Tait, and



Lord Eldon, R. Forsyth, Cockburn, Cranston, Fullerton, Thomson, G. J. Ball, Alison, J. A. Murray, Lord Gillies

Parliament House Group.

From "Sir Walter Scott's Friends," by Florence MacCunn. (Blackwood.)

* "Sir Walter Scott's Friends." By Florence MacCunn. 10s. (Blackwood & Sons.)

play second fiddle to the author of "Marmion"; once daring to address a letter to Scott under the shameless apostrophe of "Damned Sir," it was amazing how Scott kept his temper, how his admiration—nay, his love—for the "poor herd body"—Carlyle's sneer at Hogg—suffered practically no eclipse. As the phrase goes, Scott "liked" Hogg. Some of the most pleasant hours of his life were spent at Mount Benger, the Shepherd's home amid the Yarrow uplands. Scott, we know, had a profound respect for Hogg's wife, and Margaret Laidlaw's affection for Scott shines out no less in Lockhart's pages than in Hogg's own narrative of the friendship. Lockhart, however, has taken too much for granted, if we are to trust his statements as to James Hogg's behaviour. Rough and boorish as Hogg, undoubtedly was in some ways, he could be gentle and gentlemanly on occasion; could look to his manners when he chose. After what Laidlaw has said, there are several passages in the Biography which are manifestly the outcome of a false prejudice on Lockhart's part. Laidlaw declared that some of Lockhart's charges were absolutely without foundation, and Willie Laidlaw's word was aye as good as his bond. That Scott and Hogg, quarrels and rivalries notwithstanding, were at heart the best of friends, is hardly to be doubted. And there is no more touching episode in Hogg's memories of his friend than his own account of that beclouded autumn afternoon of Scott's funeral: "I followed my friend's sacred remains to his last narrow house, remained the last man at the grave, and, even then, left it with reluctance."

But Mrs. MacCunn chronicles with equal felicity Scott's friendships in the higher grades. He was the bard of the House of Buccleuch, a scion of the family, and his weight and influence with more than one bearer of the title were constantly used for the welfare of other people, and other schemes than his own. Up to the last of life Scott's affection and interest revived at any mention of Buccleuch. Mrs. MacCunn imagines, along with Lady Louisa Stuart, that Frances, Lady Douglas, sat for Scott's study of the character of Jeanie Deans. That, however, is not likely to be the case. As Helen Walker was Jeanie's prototype in the actual incident on which her story is founded, the probability is that Helen's character was also that which is so effectively reproduced in the novel. We know, at any rate, that Helen Walker was just such a woman as Scott has depicted, drawn, not from the daughter of a ducal house, but from a simple and modest peasant maiden of the Border.

It is impossible to remark on each and all of the personages who flit through the pages of this fascinating record of noble and true friendships. Scott's Parliament House friends, George Cranstoun and Will Erskine, are duly noted. Cranstoun's sister Jane Anne, by the way, Scott's confidante in his youth, and in after-life the Countess von Purgstall, may easily be the original of Di Vernon, despite Lockhart's denial thereanent. Lockhart, good, discerning man though he was, did not know all the ins and outs of Scott's mind, and in the Life there are passages connected with some of the characters of the Waverleys in which Lockhart is distinctly in error. Basil Hall's claim for the Countess is assuredly well argued and appears to carry conviction with it. Of the makers of the "Minstrelsy," John Leyden demands the highest place. Surtees and Sharp were, if the phrase be permitted, little better than sharpers, palming off on Scott, more than once, new wares for old. Had Leyden lived, no man would have been prouder of his achievements than his quondam college acquaintance, Walter Scott; nor would any man have more sincerely rejoiced over the fortunes, or mourned the misfortunes, of the author of "Waverley" than the author of the "Scenes of Infancy."

Mrs. MacCunn mentions the "Marmion Group," in which are embraced such figures as the impressionable valedudinarian William Stewart Rose and George Ellis, whom Scott termed his "sheet-anchor": Forbes, the banker,

father of Scott's successful rival in love, and Skene of Rubislaw. Morritt of Rokeby (which should be pronounced Rookby) has been assigned a sort of nondescript place in this galaxy of more or less brilliant satellites. It is doubtful if Scott had a more honourable or a more trusted and sure friend amongst the many who gloried in the name. Perhaps nowhere is there a gentler expression of old and tried friendship than in the letter Morritt wrote to Scott on his retirement from the Court of Session in 1830:

"You think you will tire of solitude in three months, and, in spite of books and the love of them, I have discovered by experience the possibility of such a feeling; but can we not, in some degree, remedy this? Why should we be within two days' march of one another and not sometime together as of old? How I have enjoyed in your house the *summum bonum* of Sir W. Temple's philosophy—something which is not home and yet with the liberty of home; which is not solitude and yet hath the ease of solitude, and which is only found in the house of an old friend. . . . Well, then, for auld lang syne will you not, now that the Session has no claim on you, combine our forces against the possibility of ennui? If you will do this I will positively hold myself in readiness to do as much by you in the next November, nor shall the month ever pass without bringing us together. If I plead thus strongly it is because I feel the advantage to myself. Time has made gaps in the list of old friends; . . . young ones, though very cheering and useful, are not and cannot be the same."

There are some slips which should be put right in the next edition of this truly refreshing repertory. Ettrickshall, repeated more than once, ought to read Ettrickhall; Halyards, Hallyards; Reggersburg, Riegersburg; Tullietudlem, Tillictudlem; and Sir Adam Ferguson's name is persistently printed with a double, instead of a single s.

W. S. CROCKETT.

TO THE FROZEN SOUTH.*

"From pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy" we pray to be delivered. But surely the framers of this ancient supplication did not mean that we should take no pride in such a stupendous achievement as is represented by these two weighty and handsome volumes; if they did, then they must have had a most parochial view of human nature. Because we do take a huge pride, in which there is neither vanity nor hypocrisy, in the success that resulted from the heroic efforts of Sir Ernest H. Shackleton and his party of devoted followers to cap all previous explorations in the Antarctic. Yet, given anything like fair fortune, he has done no more than what was expected of him at home here. When accompanying him down the Thames in the *Nimrod*, some of us fell to discussing his chances of success; and, arguing from those British physical characteristics of his, his manner and method of directing this or that, and his experiences with Captain Scott, we found it impossible to get a level bet on the issue of the venture. The odds were largely that he would either go farther than any other man had gone, or he would never come back—unless the expedition should be attended by an unusual series of setbacks ere the great plateau journey could begin. As a matter of fact, that long tow from Lyttelton to the edge of the ice-region, 1510 miles, put the stout, old, tubby *Nimrod* into an unpleasantly leaky condition. And what else could be expected with a sea of forty-odd feet running and that terrible strain everlastingly on the aged sealer's bows? There was no wonder that "Oyster Alley," the passage in the cabin, became a confused jumble of all the wet things imaginable under the circumstances. But what did this, or the shrieking gale, or the huge seas that broke aboard from time to time, smashing bulwarks and stables

* "The Heart of the Antarctic: Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-9." By E. H. Shackleton, C.V.O. With an Introduction by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc. An Account of the First Journey to the South Magnetic Pole, by Professor T. W. Edgeworth David, F.R.S. 36s. net. (Heinemann.)



The Four Ponies out for Exercise on the Sea Ice.

From "The Heart of the Antarctic," by F. H. Shackleton. (Heinemann.)

—happily named "Cavalry Club"—and sending all hands to the pumps: what did all this matter to men who could still keep up their evening "sing-songs" and a constant stream of humour? The wanderlust of the Anglo-Saxon was on and about them. In the air and in their veins there was that spirit of "go one better" which has so far kept the nation (and let us pray that it ever will keep it) in the forefront of such things. And, scarcely to be more defined than grasped, coming from the white unknown and whispering incessantly within them, there was that magic call of the vast silences of polar latitudes—a call that is even more imperative to the man who has been there than it possibly can be to the man who is drawn away by the mere spirit of adventure. Thus in their hearts chanting the song of the Never-give-in when the wind slackened between the gales they made the decks "a second Petticoat Lane" with drying chattels. But Sir Ernest and a few others, being old sailors, knew that "the fewer things you have to get wet the fewer you have to get dry."

And so it was that they came to the Great Ice Barrier, that still unsolved mystery of the Antarctic, which made some of the old-time navigators turn to the Arctic, saying that the Barrier was so impassable that the south polar regions would never be explored, and ignorant of the fact that the probing of its mystery will most likely open up some of Nature's secrets. Then, after being re-buffed at wintering on King Edward VII's Land, such diversions happened as "Chinaman" (one of the ponies) falling between two floes and being dragged out just as they came together, to be given half a bottle of brandy as a revive, or an ice ledge breaking away the moment after all their scientific instruments were removed from it—and of other casual occurrences of the kind. As to their wintering in the hut, more quietly merry or human reading could not be desired; and, allowing for the excitement of slips in "th' imminent deadly breach" of frozen snow, much the same could be said of that perilous ascent of Erebus. Indeed, every member of each party seems to have seized all possible occasions for jokes and laughs; as if there had been a clause to that effect in the agreement, and every man was determined to fulfil it to the letter.

Then we come to the great southern journey, with the success of which the whole civilised world has been ringing for some months; where "Chinaman," "Gris," "Socks," and the rest of them did their share of hauling, then died to become food, that the four men might go farther. And here it is, more than in the general fitting out and commanding of the expedition, in his method of furthering the

advance and at the same time providing for the return, that Sir Ernest has proved his qualities as a polar explorer. Of the heroism, the fortitude, and the exceeding good-fellowship of that journey, what can be said here? For these things, as for the plain human telling of it all, its thrills and its wondrous interest, the reader must go to the book itself; there he will find that although the motor-car was a practical failure for the long journey, in nine hours three men did as much haulage with it as six men would have done in three days without it. Concerning the great venture on the plateau, one gets a glimpse of its magnitude by the fact that while Captain Scott's advance of 207 miles on the previous farthest south was counted a wonderful feat, Sir Ernest and his three companions went 363 miles

further still. One fine point in the whole stirring narrative is the unstinted praise that the leader gives here and there to his various followers. In itself that journey is, as was Captain Scott's before it, an epic of heroic perseverance far greater than some that have furnished material for world-wide and deathless pieces of imaginative literature.

As to the important scientific results of the expedition, these are amply stated by Professor David, Dr. Marshall, Mr. James Murray (biologist), Mr. R. E. Priestly (geologist), Mr. Douglas Mawson, B.Sc., and Lieut. Adams (meteorologist). Of the illustrations the least that one can say is that they both the photographic contributions which are particularly numerous and the colour-sketches of Mr. G. E. Marston, surpass as a whole, anything of the kind in any previous book on polar exploration. Besides, there is an additional value lent to the whole work by a remarkably condensed summary on Antarctic ventures and discoveries from the pen of Dr. H. R. Mill.

J. E. PATTERSON.

SHELLEY.*

Mr. Clutton-Brock is a careful critic and a sound and graceful writer, and his book of three hundred pages is not only an excellent introduction to the study of Shelley, but is serious and new enough to call for the attention of those who are familiar with his life and the criticism of his work. He wrote it to please himself. He is a great admirer of Shelley, whom he calls "the greatest lyric poet of his country, perhaps the greatest of whom we have any knowledge." He has also considered and passed his own judgment upon Shelley's life, his practice and ideas. What that judgment is may be seen from the following passages, or inferred from them:

"It was a part of his imperfection that he believed his will to be omnipotent over his own nature, and saw no reason why it should not be omnipotent over the outside world. He never, in the course of his short life, attained to a full consciousness of himself, never knew that there was any impulse in him except that of will. He was not aware of the animal that existed in him as in all men. He mistook his appetites and instincts for will; they seemed to him to be all spiritual, and he has represented them as spiritual in his poetry. . . ."

But—

"Judged by the standard of ordinary morality he comes off so well that no one need fear to apply it to him."

* "Shelley: The Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton-Brock. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen & Co.)

And yet again—

"His main fault, in the disaster of his first marriage, was that he ceased to love his wife and could not exercise his will and reason to maintain his love for her."

At the end of his book he tells us that he has written about Shelley "as a middle-aged man for other middle-aged men."

All the important passages in Shelley's life are dealt with by a wise use of contemporary sources that does not overpower the writer's own commentary. He presents Shelley fairly, and though his opinions are decided he gives the material for them so carefully that it is still possible to draw from it quite different conclusions. As a narrative it is orderly and pleasant to read, and there is no equally good book of its size. But when Mr. Clutton-Brock tells us that he wrote it to please himself he probably does not mean that it pleased him to repeat and rearrange the facts of the poet's life. His pleasure has been largely in expressing his own opinions. The majority of people will not quarrel with his judgments. They are sensible and kind, and so far as those of a middle-aged living man can be towards a poet who died at thirty, sympathetic. The fault we find with them is that they can do no good. Shelley himself is out of their reach, and equally so, we think, are those who are likely to act in a similar way; it might even be urged that the criticisms of the middle-aged, however sober, heighten the attractions of what they condemn. But that is open to dispute. What seems certain is that Mr. Clutton-Brock writes with the conscious or unconscious assumption that Shelley himself might have been the better for his view, and, furthermore, that he might have adopted it and have left his genius unimpaired or even the same in essentials. The critic admits that the poet's inability to submit to routine was part of his genius. It was like fresh air to him. Take it away and you have something different—something good, possibly better, but not Shelley. And to say that his faults—for example, his desertion of Harriet—had nothing to do with his genius because that had not yet discovered itself, is to say what is very unlikely and cannot be proved; while it is rash, to say the least of it, to imply that if Shelley, which he could not do, had overcome his dislike of Harriet, used "a little sagacity," and gone on living with her, things would have been better or perhaps quite well. Mr. Clutton-Brock says so, perhaps, lest young men might ape Shelley's conduct and think to equal him. We should have preferred a history of the extravagant importance given to the one incident in Shelley's life which is still liable to be called discreditable. It has been dwelt on far too much, at first because, though it may have had nothing to do with it, it was followed by Harriet's miserable suicide, and now because it has become a sort of test case of the "privileges of genius." But at the present day little is left to be said when it is clear that to desert Harriet was as much a part of Shelley's nature as to write "The Witch of Atlas" or to wish to solve "the great mystery" in the sea.

We could wish that the critic had given more space to Shelley's poetry. For he is usually very just—sometimes new, as in his moderate opinion of "The Centaur"—but seldom quite full enough, except in his admirable discussion of "Adonais." We feel that he could have done more towards defining if not explaining Shelley's power. So early as "Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon," he finds something in Shelley's "unlike the poetry of any other poet"; "Lines on Lechlade Churchyard" he thinks "no other poet could have written"; while in "Alastor," he says, the closing lines "written with a music then new to the world." But beyond this and a calm discrimination between what is good and what is not so good, between the short poems and the long ones which are chiefly valuable as shrines for other short ones, he tells us rather little. He does not dwell sufficiently on the intellectual far more than sensuous quality of the lyrics, nor on those sudden transitions which are so characteristic, completing

the effect of the finest, marring that of others. Of his style also Mr. Clutton-Brock says little. He insists upon its swiftness, but takes for granted too much the usual view of Shelley's lyrics, where room might have been found for considering such faulty peculiarities as the use of "lake-reflected," "lake-surrounded," "music-panting," of parentheses and other awkward turns made for the sake of rhymes, of which many examples can be found in his best work. The final effect of Shelley's poetry is often so superb that there can be no harm in showing what clogs cling about its flight. In one detail, perhaps, Mr. Clutton-Brock finds fault where it is not due. Writing of "The Ode to Liberty," he quotes "Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks," etc., with the remark that the conjecture "that she taught the woods and waves to talk of her loss is as meaningless as any frigid fancy of the eighteenth century." But the passage is, from Shelley's point of view, singularly just, since he assumes that Liberty takes refuge with Nature after being exiled from men.

EDWARD THOMAS.

SUSANNA AND SUE.*

There is an indescribable charm about Mrs. Riggs's new book. One would hardly have thought that the main idea would entitle the story to be called charming, yet so sympathetically is it written, and so skilfully is the plot handled, that it more than deserves this term: it is so exquisitely alive with humour and pathos—so instinct with the love of humanity. "I am leaving you, John," Susanna writes to her husband, "to see if I can keep the little love I have left for you as the father of my children. I seem to have lost all the rest of it living with you. . . . I am tired, tired, tired of praying and hoping, too tired to do anything but drag myself away from the sight of you folly. You have wasted our children's substance, indulged your appetites until you have lost the respect of your best friends. . . . and you have made me of late an object of pity: a poor neglected thing that could not meet her neighbour's eyes without blushing." Then, taking her little daughter Sue with her, she makes her way to a small Shaker Settlement a few miles from home. The Shakers welcome her, as they do all wanderers who come to them, and invite her to live amongst them as "company" until such time as she shall decide whether to be "gathered in" and join them, or whether to return to her husband and son. "All you've got to do now's to be 'pure and peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated and without hypocrisy.' That's about all there is to the Shaker creed," they tell her, "and that's enough to keep us pretty busy." Susanna settles down amongst them, and their pure, quiet lives soothe her, and gradually a little of the peace of mind that she has so long yearned for comes back to her. The pictures of Shaker life and religion are exceedingly fresh and interesting, and the characters of the Shakers themselves very cleverly drawn. Here is one type: "Ansel was a slow-moving, humorously-inclined, easy-going Brother, who was drifting into the kingdom of heaven without any special effort on his part. 'I'd 'bout as heves be a Shaker as anything else,' had been his rather dubious statement of faith when he requested admittance into the band of Believers. 'No more crosses, accordin' to my notion, an' considerable more chance o' crowns!'" Ansel is an exception to the general type of Shakers, but he is honest and God-fearing, and "upholds the banner of Shakerism in his own peculiar way." The creed is very strict. Shakers renounce the world, and never marry, and the men and women take up the "cool, cheerful, casual, wholly impersonal attitude of Shaker friendship, a relationship seemingly outside of and superior to sex, a relationship

* "Susanna and Sue." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Reduced reproduction of three-colour cover design of "Susanna and Sue," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

more like that of astral bodies. The little tragedy (to the Shakers) of the two young Shakers who actually fall in love with each other and run away and get married is very finely told. Brother Ansel holds decided views on the subject of women. "Just as long as they think marriage is *right*, they'll marry ye spite of anything ye can do or say. Four of 'em married my father one after another, though he fit 'em off as hard as he knew how. . . . There's no stopping women-folks once ye get 'em started; they don't keer whether it's heaven or the other place, so long as they get where they want to go." Sue is a sweet, lovable little child, and her quaint questions and ideas are delightfully entertaining. It would be unfair to give away the ending of the story, and tell what Susanna finally decides to do after many tears and prayers, and of the wonderful surprise that awaits her; but we can assure all who have read and enjoyed Mrs. Riggs's former books that this one will in no way disappoint them. The book is admirably illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

A NORTHERN QUEEN.*

The three events in the life of Christina of Sweden which have roused fierce discussion are her abdication, her conversion, and the execution of her equerry Monaldesco. They are supposed to supply the key which unlocks the riddle of her perverse and peculiar temperament. Speaking psychologically, Christina was a complex being, full of contradictions, endowed on the one hand with certain masculine mental attributes which were brought to nought by feminine weaknesses and frailties on the other. Above all she was

* "Christina of Sweden." By I. A. Taylor. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

gifted, or perhaps cursed, with an inordinate spirit of self-satisfaction which robbed her of the power to criticise her own actions. Regarded historically, her reign was on the whole an unsatisfactory interlude between that of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus and the new dynasty as represented by Charles X., who was brilliantly successful in war and whose son did much to advance the position of the country. Considering that Sweden was at this time one of the greatest powers in Europe and that no decision on international affairs was arrived at without reference to her wishes, the author might with advantage have given more of a political aspect to her book, yet Christina is chiefly interesting as a woman, and perhaps it was wise to present her in a personal light.

Up to the abdication Christina's story is well known. The brown harsh-voiced infant who showed delight at the roar of cannon before she could speak, who was educated like a prince and outstripped her tutors in most branches of learning, was the daughter of a good king and a foolish mother. Crowned at the age of six, her tendencies were for a time kept in check by her right-hand man, Chancellor Oxenstiern, but presently became too strong for his control. Her refusal to marry, her indiscreet choice of favourites, her lavish expenditure and her predilection for everything French led to the dissatisfaction of her people and brought about the first of the episodes which require the skilful handling of a biographer. Concerning her abdication, the author says: "Religion: a longing for novelty: a weariness of the routine of business and statecraft: a craving for leisure to pursue the studies she loved: a wish to play a striking and original part in these several causes has been attributed a step sufficiently remarkable, especially in a woman of no more than twenty-seven, with life before her, to excite the keenest curiosity and interest. Most if not all these reasons may have had a share in shaping her course, which is a strictly non-committal statement.

Almost immediately upon the abdication came the theatrical march across the Continent, the reception into the Catholic Church and the entry into Rome. Here the author makes clear the futility with which not only this, but most of Christina's acts were attended, unfortunately for herself.

"Rome and Christina," she writes, "had quickly ceased to answer to each other's expectations. An ideal queen had existed in the minds of those who awaited her coming: a queen brilliant in regard to the intellectual gifts which were of world-wide renown, devout, modest, humble, and anxious to sit at the feet of the Pope, and to learn, in the atmosphere of Rome, all the spiritual lore there to be acquired. This dream was dispelled almost upon the day that saw Christina ride into the city upon her white charger."

In fact the people found themselves confronted by a woman the exact opposite of all they had pictured.

The author gets nearest the truth concerning the much-disputed act of violence which brought about the death of Monaldesco. She explains Christina's attitude by stating that "she had never recognised the fact that, in laying down her crown, she had relinquished the rights attaching to it—the right of executing justice upon the guilty being prominent amongst them." Monaldesco had been detected in treachery, his execution would in other circumstances have followed as a matter of course: it was the apparent informality which lent to the episode an element of horror it might otherwise have escaped.

There is a vast amount of material to be sifted, and the author has shown judgment in her selection and has succeeded in writing a very entertaining biography, not the least interesting part being the account of Christina's friendship with Cardinal Azzolino. This is comparatively new to English readers and shows the ex-queen in a more homely and less presumptuous light than is the case in her relations with other friends or ministers. Baron de Bildt's work has been found useful here, and the author appears to have adopted his spelling of names, which in one or two instances is curious.

The pictures are taken mostly from original paintings in Sweden and are very artistically reproduced.

FRANK HAMEL.

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.*

Mr. Symons could hardly have set himself a more difficult and arduous task than that which he has accomplished in his new volume "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." But we think he has needlessly complicated that task by having to explain and vindicate a title which only loosely applies to his book as a whole and by a masterly attempt to define the indefinable poetry. Inasmuch as the romantic element in poetry appears in all great poetry, Mr. Symons warns us that movement must here be understood not in the usual historical sense or with the definiteness with which we say, for example, the Tractarian or the Agarian Movement. Merely as a matter of "convenience" again he has taken the year 1800 as a sort of centre or barrier that admits only such poets (but also all such poets) as were born before that year and lived on into the nineteenth century. Collins and Chatterton are therefore only referred to in his Introduction. What Mr. Symons precisely means by "romantic" the following extracts may in part reveal.

"The quality which distinguishes the poetry of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the poetry which we can roughly group together as the romantic movement is the quality of imagination and this quality is essentially a kind of atmosphere which adds transcendence to beauty."

"Imagination was realised (by the best poets of the renaissance) as being what only Blake quite clearly said, reality and the beauty of imagination the natural element of that which it glorifies."

But even in these shadowy sentences some of the terms used are almost as elusive as that which they define "strangeness" for instance. Mr. Symons's definitions too of poetry are quite as subtle and elusive though quite as sound and incontrovertible for those who are already more or less of the same conviction. But it is pretty certain that if his reader is not quite convinced in his own mind as to what poetry actually is, this extraordinarily interesting introduction will only partially succeed in enlightening him. For after all the one clear lantern which Mr. Symons carries through this maze of infinitely various verse and lifts to illuminate each poet in turn is only his own rare and assured intuition fortified by lifelong study and reflection and not a little practice by as close a scrutiny of the art he deals with as of the world it reflects and transforms. His principles best manifest themselves in this practice.

It will come however as something of a shock to the reader of the Introduction to find on turning the page the names of John Home and of Dr Trismus Darwin blandly and resignedly confronting him. He will probably have forgotten that rather portentous list of names and dates in the index. Romanticism will hardly have prepared him for "The Loves of the Plants." But though we feel that this arbitrary year-by-year progression was not the method best adapted to Mr. Symons's peculiar gifts by no means the least entertaining part of his book is the non-sarcasm and somewhat acrid humour in which he deliberately indulges at the expense of the poets who did their best, quite unaware of the fact that they had really no best to do.

"No one has the right to bore the world or one great poet, with as little excuse as Hayley. He was a rich man and, in the days of patronage, the prodigal patron of his own ineptitudes."

That is a little pompous, perhaps. But what a condensed and mischievous piece of criticism is the following:

"Allan Cunningham has been praised with and without discrimination by many more famous persons, from Scott who christened him 'honest Allan' to Southey, who called him 'Allan true child of Scotland' but he has never been better characterised than by a Mr. McDiarmid at a banquet given in his honour at Dumfries. As a poet he leans to the ballad style of composition and many of his lyrics are eminently sweet, graceful and touching."

And on the other hand how exactly fitting to this quotation from Leigh Hunt's three sonnets called "The Fish the Man and the Spirit" is the comment that follows.

Man's life is warm glad sad, twist love and graves
Boundless in hope, honoured with pang, austere
Heaven gazing, and his angel wings he craves
The fish is swift, small needing, vague yet clear
A cold sweet silver life, wrapped round in waves
Quickened with touches of transporting tear

This poem to me for once to touch and seize and communicate a strange cold inhuman imagination as if the very element of water entered into chill communion with the mind. There at least Leigh Hunt picks the language of poetry and with a personal accent.

Throughout this volume whether apart from the true and greater Romantic poets it deals with Byron or Tennyson or Keats or Eliot with Southey or Moore or Wordsworth or Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges are evident the same personal accent, the same devoted concentration, the same quiet, masterly effort to pierce to the heart of the matter without bias with scrupulous avoidance of anything brilliant and superficial. For the critic to aim at making literature is to take off something from the value of his criticism as criticism. Whether Mr. Symons has aimed at making literature or not there is not a page in his book which is not literature of a true and high kind and the criticism it conveys. It is life at its richest and profoundest with which poetry deals. With every faculty brought to



Mrs. Norton.

From an engraving by F. C. Lewis after a drawing by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

(From "The Life of Mrs. Norton," by Jane Gray Perkins. (John Murray))

* "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." By Arthur Symons. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

bear in a concentration beyond, possibly, all conscious effort to bring about, the poet works. It is therefore life as the critic has found it which with every faculty he possesses of reason, and consciousness and reflective imagination he lays for comparison against the life manifested in the poetry he criticises. In this volume a personality is portrayed as remarkable as the method of its portrayal. And so far as style is concerned in none of Mr. Symonds's books is it so equable flexible and mature so perfectly subservient to his thought and above all so simple and so fresh.

WALTER DE LA MAR.

A FORGOTTEN POETESS.*

There was a time when the *Quarterly* placed Mrs. Norton first on a list of the women poets of her day and Mrs. Barrett second. Her novel never achieved any particular success but much of her poetry was for a long while astonishingly popular. It had just those qualities of high sentiment, histrionic passion and cry melody which make the poetry that pleases the many but does not wear well. Her verses are almost as dead as her novel and it is mainly for the story of her life that she is now remembered.

It is the story from which Meredith drew inspiration for "Diana of the Crossways." Diana is no. Evidently modeled on Mrs. Norton, not on the incident in the novel merely lifted out of her life. Meredith of course used her material with the unminuted imagination of an artist but the centre of her character and of her career are in his poem. Catherine Norton was a granddaughter of Sheridan, she was one of a family of seven children, all of whom were clever and extraordinary good looking. They all married and they all died. They were all precocious scribblers. At the age of nineteen she married George Norton, a poet and a brilliant slow witted but entirely content man who was out of sympathy with her literary ambitions. He enticed her into a false superiority and led his wishes by petty artifice and duplicity and made her unhappy from the outset. In a quarrel in an incongruous argument was bound to. There were many quarrels then a separation and presently Mr. Norton instituted the famous divorce proceeding against the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, and the correspondent. At the trial Mr. Norton's innocence was triumphantly vindicated but though her husband fully admitted that he had never really believed her guilty, the main aspects of her character made reconciliation impossible.

His death in 1875 was more of a relief than a grief to her and two years later, only three months before her death, she married Sir William Stirling Maxwell. To her wit and brilliancy and charm there is ample testimony and the several portraits in this volume show her to have been as beautiful as those who knew her say she was. We have had plenty of gossip about her, much gathering up of scandal and relishing of half truths but not until now a full and authoritative biography of this woman who deserves to be remembered as Miss Jane Gray Perkins say not only for her misfortunes but for the real service she rendered to her own kind in the helping to bring about certain ameliorations in the laws affecting the rights of women. Miss Perkins has done her work sympathetically conscientiously and with no little skill she has produced what is unquestionably one of the most valuable and interesting of recent literary biographies.

THE INCURABLE ROMANTICK.†

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is a delightful writer. No one can deny it. At the same time he has just failed as yet to

prove that he is a great writer. It is not that I am unwilling to afford him his due. He has talent so brilliant as to be almost, if not quite, genius. He is a careful and conscientious craftsman. It is obvious that the way he says a thing is of supreme importance to him and he is particular and nice about the finish of his work to a point further than which no other contemporary novelist has gone. His puppets jig through tragicomedies that are vastly pretty whose movement is vigorous almost irresistible, with the veritable Hewlett glamour over all. But the fact remains that they are often as here only puppets after all.

For this his new story there is Sanchia-Josepha Percival and John Senhouse but especially John Senhouse. Some of us met him in "Hallway House" apparently four years after the occasion of his meeting with Sanchia-Josepha. The interval saw changes in him. At the time of our story he had theories about everything in Nature and Society and practised more of them than you would have thought possible. There was nothing in the civilised world that he was not able to go without. He was educated at Rugby and King's College Cambridge, whence he walked away at the age of twenty without a penny in his pocket worked his way to Holland from King's Lynn wandered through Germany to Poland got himself picked off to Siberia and made a sudden and unexpected reappearance in the home of his father a rich colliery-owner some two years afterwards. He is a full fledged Socialist or rather Anarchist by this time in touch with half the dreamers of Europe. He supports himself by a little journalism (*The Dawn* *The Daily News* *The Internationalist*) and a little painting (after Corot). He has made with his own hands a tent which never leaves him, and in which he convey up and down the world in a tilt cart. He is often to be heard of in California Colorado the Caucasus and Ceylon. One would have thought it cheaper for him to buy a new tent whenever he landed in these parts. When in England he pines on the estates of the nobility and enters of his acquaintance. As the agent of Roger Charnock M.P. for Gravelly at Bill Hill, he meets Sanchia visiting at the neighbouring Lady Munkley's in the wood in circumstances a little romantic. She has no shoes or stockings on for one thing. She is anxious to clear the surface of a water lily pool from unsightly weeds. She pins her outer garments about her middle widens far out and does wonders with a long branch Senhouse painting on the bank introduces himself too to fetch his bel makes a raft of it and helps. Two little vulgar boys though they do go to a public school take a snapshot of the scene with a kodak. At the end of the week they were fast allies at the end of a fortnight inseparable companions sketching together every day and he teaching her to read Greek out of the *Anthology*. At the end of three weeks they were eternal friends. After which they wrote to each other at intervals during two years. The letters of Senhouse we are given. Those of Sanchia-Josepha were burned after having been read.

Sanchia has a mother of social ambitions a father old Tom Percival an East India merchant and four sisters Philippa Hawice Melusine and Vicky. Of these it is really only Vicky of whom we are given to know anything. Different young men fly into the picture among them Mr. Neville Ingram. He reads poetry with Sanchia who passes on the lessons learnt to Senhouse. There are complications and there is Senhouse to the rescue. But for Sanchia wedded there are no more letters.

Open Country is as I have suggested already a delightful book. There are a few Meredithian touches the episode of Mr. Roger Charnock's blue silk socks for one that are really brilliant. What is the matter with Mr. Hewlett is that like Senhouse he is an incurable Romantick and we are sure that he too prefers it with a "k." Does he not also call Epictetus 'an antick sage'? Artificiality may go with mediævalism but the open road and the countryside and their influence upon the gentleman

* "The Life of Mrs. Norton" By Jane Gray Perkins. With Portraits. 12s. net. (John Murray)

† "Open Country." By Maurice Hewlett. 7s. (Macmillan)

gypsy of our own time call aloud for different treatment. Here Mr. Hewlett suggests himself to me as an artist of exceptional talent who has chosen to work in the wrong medium. It is inevitable that the result, however brilliant, should be a little unsatisfactory.

A. G.

THE RENAISSANCE OF RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.*

Time was when Mr. Richard Le Gallienne raised the enthusiasm of a generation of readers who are now pleased to turn their backs upon him as they revel among the fertile pages of Shaw and Chesterton, or relish the prose of Mr. Belloc, or chant the verses of a flight of poets worthy the attention even of the artist of praise who wrote the "Retrospective Reviews." He has almost been a dead-living poet—one who promised much, fulfilled a little, and passed out of ken. But such neglect, doubtless provoked by Mr. Le Gallienne's recent books, is not entirely fair, for any one could point to at least a dozen of his essays, about half as many of his poems, besides a volume or two of literary criticism, which, in spite of the fact that they are half-forgotten now, are destined to be remembered in the future. Perhaps the attitude against Mr. Le Gallienne's work is due to a feeling that he has betrayed a trust. He commenced well, whimsical, self-conscious to a pose, yet well, and he inspired confidence. Then came "The Romance of Zion Chapel" and "The Worshipper of the Image," books obviously evoked by the needs of what Mr. Le Gallienne himself would call "the Muse of Daily Bread," and they wrecked a faith which had been previously, and, as I still think, unduly shaken by the gay irresponsibility of "The Quest of the Golden Girl." The unfairness of which I write lies in the hitherto unobserved fact that during the period in which Mr. Le Gallienne has offended literary taste, he has been doing work which ought to have received the highest approval of those who have any care for good writing. Such delightful essays as "The Blue Jar" and "At Elm," to name but two among his more recent works, have all the bright charm of the best of his earlier "Prose Fancies," and, in addition, a mellowness which should incline one to forget, one could hardly excuse, his callow romances. And now, like the promise of a new Le Gallienne, comes a book of Poems containing more genuine poetry than any volume yet issued by him.

The early Le Gallienne was an unabashed euphuist, an artist in conceits; and although his euphuisms were never so crowded as those of the euphuists of the past, they came at times perilously near spoiling the flavour of his essay; not, however, as in the Elizabethans, by a profusion of sugar, but by an excess of piquant spices, which would, far too frequently, surprise the palate by an irrelevancy which was almost an impertinence. Not even his poetry was safe; but in the present volume the mood which stimulated these whimsies of the pen is never insistent. True, we still hear of "the blue publicity of heaven," as well as a night beneath "an operatic moon," and once in a while the poet draws upon his almost forgotten toy-box of golden, silver, ivory and other girls, moons, pearls, and what not, after his old manner.

"Her face was like a moon-white flower
That sways upon an ivory stem,
Her hair a whispering silver shower,
Each foot a silver gem."

But for the rest the note is higher, the feeling deeper, and the technique surer. With few exceptions the typical Le Gallienne conceit has ripened into an instrument of poetry, it is no longer a trick: and the airy flippancy of his earlier style has been rendered negligible beside the development of that note of melancholy which has hitherto mourned through his works so luxuriously as to have

moved us to nothing but admiration of the way in which it enjoyed itself. Mr. Le Gallienne's life, as we know, has not been without its sorrow, and even tragedy, and it is this more than anything that has mellowed his song; it is, in his own words, the

"Sorrow that breaks and breaks the heart,
Yet makes a music all the while."

Most important of all, however, and despite the fact that these new poems contain many purely personal lyrics of great beauty, is the manner in which the poet allows his sympathy to touch the trials and sorrows of the world. The egotist forgets himself in the tragic life about him, and sings brave songs for prostrate and oppressed nations. And in doing so he certainly sounds a note that will reach across the ages. Those who were fortunate enough to read Mr. Le Gallienne's noble elegy, "Christmas in War-time," when it first appeared during the dark hours of the Boer War, will remember how it interpreted the national sorrow of that time, and some of its haunting lines may have lived with them till now. When they come to re-read the poem in the present volume they will find its beauty unimpaired by the lapse of years, a proof that what is finely contemporaneous in art will live. In his deepened concern for humanity Mr. Le Gallienne sings a song which, by the law of opposites, suggests Kipling. "The Boy of the Little Peoples" is a fine piece of sentiment, occasionally suggesting in its tenderness the modern poems of Ireland:

"O leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass, and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree."

Suggestion of other poets is a Le Gallienne characteristic; he has never got away from his masters, not through weakness but, as I am prepared to believe, from choice. He likes to mingle with his own song memories of the songs of others. It is a kind of homage, and in its way original and not unpleasant. For Mr. Le Gallienne does not copy; his masters step into his songs and take up the refrain. He has himself noted the same thing in Kipling, and he has shown how that poet plays on his banjo the songs of other bards. Mr. Le Gallienne does much the same. But he plays a mandolin—not the mandolin of the suburban drawing-room, but the mandolin of Italy. "New Poems," however, inclines one to the belief that he intends discarding that instrument for the lyre.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

THE INCOMPARABLE SIDDONS.*

Our stage has had comedienues by the score—from Nell Gwyn to Ellen Terry—but, curiously enough, it can only boast one great tragic actress. When we think of Lady Macbeth we think of Sarah Siddons and she stands in a class by herself. Others attempted, she made real, the sleep-walking scene. Somehow or other she thrilled, she swayed, she dominated her audience. It is a little difficult for posterity to understand in what lay her strength, but the tradition she has left behind her is too insistent to permit the suspicion that hers was a mere triumph of declamation or stagey manners. Her eyes seemed to sparkle or glow at a distance, say her contemporaries. She had tones in her voice which could curdle the blood or force tears to flow. Majesty is admitted to have been suggested inevitably in all her performances. Though of little more than medium height, she left the impression of a woman much taller than she was—indeed, goddess-like in stature. Tate Wilkinson declared that if he had wanted to show wild Indians what a queen was like, he would have bidden them look at Mrs. Siddons. Yet Mrs. Clement Parsons, in her new biography of the actress, says, and says with every apparent justification, that Sarah Siddons "stands.

* "The Incomparable Siddons." By Mrs. Clement Parsons. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

* "New Poems." By Richard Le Gallienne. 5s. net. (Lane.)



Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.

From an engraving by Francis Howard after the painting by Reynolds.
 "Indisputably the finest female portrait in the world." Sir Thomas Lawrence to the
 Royal Academy student, 1824.

From "The Incomparable Siddons," by Mrs. Clement Parsons. (Methuen.)

for the mother woman" in combination with the supreme and instinctive artist. It is certainly a fact, when we leave the greatest of her impersonations out of reckoning, that she excelled in characters "in which the motherly and domestic phases of feminine emotion predominate"—Constance in "King John," Volunna, Hermione, and Queen Katharine—not to mention the heroines of half a dozen second-rate tragedies of her day. She was, in some ways, the Mrs. Kendal of the eighteenth century, but of course much more than that. Her life was one of irreproachable propriety, given up to the pursuit of her profession and to maternity, and her art reflected her life. Engaged at sixteen and married at eighteen to her insignificant actor-husband, she passed at once as Mrs. Parsons says, from the state of maid to that of matron, and her well-balanced, perhaps rather cold, nature required no outlets for sex passion save those which were legitimate. Mothering her children was the sufficient preoccupation of her leisure, and any maternal sentiment in her parts always made to her a strong appeal. Yet this staid, home-loving creature, whose favourite note in acting was that of pathos, proved the incarnation of Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. How account for the paradox? No doubt the stateliness of her beauty, the eloquence of her glances, the thrilling quality of her voice, and the majesty of her stage-presence had much to do with the effect. For the rest we can only fall back for explanation on that power of the imagination which always accompanies genius. When in the midst of the domestic tragedy of which her two elder daughters were the victims she had to picture the artificial woes of Mrs. Beverley, she wrote: "It is sometimes a great relief from the struggles I am making to wear a face of cheerfulness at home, that I can at least on the stage give a full

vent to the heart which swells with its weight almost to bursting; and then I pour it all out upon my innocent auditors." So perhaps in her more tragic rôles Mrs. Siddons showed on the stage a side of herself, passionate, tempestuous, savage, which never appeared in her private life.

Her professional career, save for the set-back which Mrs. Parsons appropriately calls "false dawn," was one of almost continuous success. Her début in London was made rather too prematurely—during Garrick's farewell season at Drury Lane in 1775—and it was attended by dire failure. She was nervous, she had had little experience of a big theatre, she had only recently recovered from a confinement, and she made a wrong choice of part, electing to appear as Portia, whereas she was never even in her best days a mistress of comedy, and always somewhat lacked a sense of humour. But seven years later she conquered the town as the tearful heroine of Southerne's "Isabella," and from that time onward she remained the idol of London playgoers till she retired in 1812, nineteen years before her death. Her artistic prosperity, which had as its only irritations the conscienceless meanness and extravagance of Sheridan, was balanced by sorrows and bereavements which came on in a regular succession like blows delivered by a fate jealous of her popularity. Two of her daughters, Sally and Maria, succumbed in the flower of their youth and beauty to pulmonary disease, and both girls had their lives made miserable by the fickleness of the famous painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who made love to both, and jilted both, and then too late fastened all his hopes on Sally. Of the girls' misery, of their mother's consequent distress, and of the father's coldness and reserve Mrs. Parsons has made a most interesting story, drawing largely, of course, on Mr. Knapp's arrangement of the Lawrence

correspondence and in other chapters she writes no less vivaciously of Sarah's too-classical actor-brother, John Philip Kemble, and of the numerous other members of the Kemble family. They were a prolific race, but Mrs. Siddons did not leave a large progeny behind her. Three years after her retirement a son of hers followed his two sisters to the grave, and the retired actress, her biographer tells us, comforted herself by repeating, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," as if the verse served as a narcotic. On that occasion "her sight was almost washed away by tears," so that she did not wholly reserve her weeping for the stage. While acting pathetic rôles she wept profusely. Miss Kelly remembered that when she played Arthur to Mrs. Siddons's Constance, her collar was always soaking wet after the scene between the lad and his mother was over, and Sally told a correspondent that as Mrs. Haller her mother cried so much that she was always ill when she came home. With all her sensibility, however, the tragedienne was a splendid trencherwoman. If her husband nourished her tears on nothing stronger than small beer, she made great play with fork and knife. "Never was such a woman for chops," said her butcher. And Scott's two amusing stories of her summed up in the sentences, "Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord," and "You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer," both turn on her relish for pleasures of the table. Readers will find these and all the other authentic anecdotes in Mrs. Parsons's biography, for which indeed she seems to have ransacked every available authority. The trouble she has taken was worth while, for it has resulted in a most entertaining and brightly written narrative.

* F. G. BETTANY.

THE HAVEN.*

For once Mr. Phillpotts has deserted Dartmoor, and the scene of "The Haven" is laid in Brixham. The central idea of the story is that the descendant of a long line of sea-faring folk must in the end return to the sea not gladly, but because there is no abiding place for him on land. The dominant figure is John Major, the owner and skipper of the trawler *Jack and Lydia*. Generation after generation of Majors had been fishermen working their own boats, never rich and never poor, and John Major's hope was that his only son Ned would follow in his footsteps. But the boy's interests were all in the country. He hated the sea, and though he loyally strove his hardest to become a fisherman, his heart was never in his work. To his father the discovery came as a bitter disappointment, but with all his passionate devotion to the sea, he was too far-sighted to keep his son to an uncongenial calling. The boy turned to farming and thrived amazingly. He married after an idyll of child love charmingly described by Mr. Phillpotts, and in his new happiness he never dreamed of returning to the sea. But a sudden accident robbed him of his young wife, and in his grief he found no solace except on the sea, and the book ends with Ned at work on his father's boat. The young man had found peace, and the old man's faith had its reward.

The mere story in Mr. Phillpotts's books is usually of secondary importance, but the central incident of "The Haven" is worth summarising, because of the light it throws on the difference between Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Thomas Hardy. The comparison of the two men is at once commonplace and unavoidable. At first sight, in method and technique, the younger man seems more than the disciple, almost the successor of the last of the great Victorians. Yet surely Mr. Phillpotts's work is "The Return of the Native." Acute in detail and colouring, with a genuine sense of atmosphere, and a keen appreciation of character, Mr. Phillpotts's work is so good and yet so curiously unsatisfactory that while it can claim to be judged by the highest standard, it leaves in the reader's mind a tantalising sense of comparative failure. It just misses complete success. Perhaps the clue is to be found in a certain want of logical consistency. In "The Haven" the central idea round which the whole book is built is that the sea will claim its own. To parody a popular cry, the idea is "Back to the Sea." But if we examine the story we find that Edward Major's return to the sea is the result of a mere accident. The death of his wife, which is the turning point in his career, is pure chance. It does not follow necessarily from any preceding incident. Mr. Phillpotts does not even lead up to it in any way. It comes like a bolt from the blue, and but for the catastrophe thus arbitrarily introduced, Edward Major might have remained a farmer to his dying day. In Hardy's work the conclusion follows logically from the premises. Every incident is part of the chain, and the catastrophe results naturally and inevitably from the events which precede it. Hardy creates a sense of a compelling destiny by linking up a multitude of small incidents in a logical sequence, till we feel that the individual is powerless against the forces of nature. A catastrophe arbitrarily introduced, such as the unforgettable drowning of Beauchamp at the end of "Beauchamp's Career," is always inartistic in itself, but particularly in such a book as "The Haven," where it weakens the force of the main theme.

That Mr. Phillpotts can challenge a comparison with Hardy argues that his work is enormously above the average of current fiction. Indeed "The Haven," though a sombre and rather pessimistic book, is full of fine work. The picture of the Devonshire fishing village, with its strongly contrasted types, ranging from the puritan Holy

John" with his unshakable faith, to the drunken scapegrace Dick Varwell in whose mouth Mr. Phillpotts places many cynical but shrewd comments on modern society is finely done. The women are hardly as good as the men, but the melancholy Mrs. Michelmore, a Brixham edition of Mrs. Gummidge, is a real and living figure. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Phillpotts uses dialect with good judgment, and the details of the picture are studied with a minute accuracy which again recalls the work of Hardy. It is no mean achievement to write a book which contains no single well-educated character without ever being tedious or indulging in caricature. No one can read "The Haven" without feeling it to be a faithful transcript from life. It carries conviction in every page. It is not easy reading, and Mr. Phillpotts's restraint occasionally makes us wish that he would let himself go. His humour is too grim to lend much relief to the sombreness of the general scheme. But as a study of humble life it would be difficult to find anything in recent fiction more careful and more finished than this.

SHAKESPEARE.*

Two of the most attractive gift books of the season are these charming editions of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice." The delicate art of Mr. Hugh Thomson is exquisitely fitted for the portrayal of the open-air life and scene and lovely scenes of the forest of Arden. His knowledge remains every woman's friend, and winsome, even in her manly disguise, his Touchstone, is the most charmingly illustrated of all his pictures, and his natural simplicity and modesty.

* As You Like It, With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. The Merchant of Venice, With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. D. Appleton & Co., New York.



Shylock leaving the Ducal Palace.

Reduced reproduction of one of Sir James D. Linton's three-colour illustrations to "The Merchant of Venice," (Hodder & Stoughton).

* "The Haven" By Eden Phillpotts, 6s. (John Murray.)



Touchstone: "Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I."

A reduced reproduction of one of Mr. Hugh Thomson's three colour illustrations to "As You Like It." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

that are the keynote of the play. On the other hand, the more ornate brush of Sir James Linton is no less admirably suited to the stately persons and more gorgeous setting of "The Merchant of Venice." Portia and her lovers, Shylock and Jessica, the proud Venetian merchants, the palaces and splendid streets of the city are pictured imaginatively in all the rich, glamorous hues of old Italian days and nights.

Each book is prefaced with a deftly written story of the play by A. T. Quiller-Couch, who gives a brief account of its origin and some concise and suggestive criticism of it. The artistic printing and binding of the volumes are entirely in harmony with the beauty of their illustrations.

AS WE SEE THE FRENCH.*

One afternoon when I was on a walking-tour in Luxemburg, I had occasion to await for certain hours a pleasant little train that curls along the frontier stream and sends up to the hills on either side a struggling cloud of smoke. The whistling and the smoke are not so frequent as to interfere with any dreams that may be dwelling in the grape—this was, indeed, a subject of discussion as we waited through that afternoon. We were in a village of a lovely name, a mile or so above the railway, and our hostess, who had just returned from finishing her education in a convent of Lorraine, our hostess who was sitting in the parlour of her parents' inn put forth a kind of proposition that I should not have expected to proceed from any convent. She

maintained that there was less of virtue in the wine of Luxemburg than in the Moselle wine. But in her presence it was difficult to see the limitations of the wine of Luxemburg. She said the reason was that hardly any trains came through these valleys, while the rush of trains along the banks of Moselle was continuous. Where there is real life, she said, where you are passing to and fro, you send a real life into the wine: but where the vineyard is remote from real life the wine will be insipid. . . . A part of Madame Duclaux's book has got to do with vineyards that she knows quite well, and so there is produced a very pleasant wine. A part concerns itself with distant vineyards, where she is not on such terms of gay familiarity, and here it is that we look questionably at the wine: though, be it understood, not at the moment when our hostess pours it out for us. Now Mr. Sherard is on terms of intimacy, it would seem, with many vineyards; the result should be delectable. But after we have drunk we have our qualms; they are so serious that we begin to ask if he was really intimate—or if alas! we should not have been ready to accept the philosophic illustration of the tavern-keeper's girl of Luxemburg.

Mr. Sherard's book is an extraordinary mixture. Sometimes a page or two fascinates us, as for instance the description of Wordsworth (his great-grandfather) writing in collaboration an official ode for which he had not bargained. Then we come across a page that jars and jars. "William Butler Yeats was there," says Mr. Sherard, "and I was pleased to make his acquaintance." So that Mr. Sherard's intentions, at any rate, were laudable. Then he proceeds: "I admired his striking figure and appearance. He has all the physical advantages which make for success and, as I wrote to him the other day, *quo non ascendas?*" Syngé is called Syng, and in the index "Syng, a dramatist." Seeing that the author of "The Playboy of the Western World" has what Mr. Sherard would call "a foremost place in the literary world," we may be pardoned if we cannot overlook these errors. If the word *continuations* is to be employed instead of trousers, why should it be made conspicuous in inverted commas? Why should the word *deal* be put between inverted commas? For what class of readers is this book produced, since we are told exactly who the authors of *The Wrecker* are? Why should we wish to gaze at the card of Alphonse Daudet, which has (naturally) nothing but his name and his address upon it? And yet in this book there are some pages that have pleased us, not with the opinions or the moralisings of the author, but when he discloses some forgotten fact.

Madame Duclaux's book is not so good as some that she has written. It is not a condemnation if we say it is inferior to "The Fields of France," but when the authoress is telling us about some writer she has personally known, she is illuminating, even if her flash-light is turned off again with startling speed. The last essay in the book is devoted to Anatole France. No mention is made of the illustrious writer's novel in which Madame Duclaux is supposed to be represented. The other books of France are discussed very much as any other sympathetic person would have discussed them. In the very brief essay on Gaston Paris we are delighted with a vivid picture of the great man. But how sketchy it is in comparison with the essays, say, of "La Vie Littéraire" or the essays which Madame Duclaux could give us, if she would. How can a universe like Balzac be depicted in so small a space? Was it wise to make these snap-shots of the French Procession? We might as well try to interview a number of eminent gentlemen while they are walking up the floor of the Senate House at Cambridge to receive their honorary degrees. Imagine the feelings of Louis Quatorze with his four pages of large print! But, unlike him, we are not "inamusable" and we read the book because we cannot help it, because it is by Madame Duclaux.

H. B.

* "The French Procession." By Mary Duclaux. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin).—"My Friends the French." By Robert Sherard. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

THE PROCESSION OF ST. PAUL'S.*

The chronicle of St. Paul's makes a conspicuous thread in the fabric of English history. Canterbury and York may boast their archiepiscopality, Durham its princely privileges, but St. Paul's is the cathedral of the capital, where all great events have their echo if not their issue. First in St. Erkonwald's Saxon fane; then in the stately Gothic church, whose spire pierced further heavenwards than Salisbury's even; finally under the great dome which Wren, playing Lucina to the phoenix, set to rule over modern London, the pageant of our history has been enacted in epitome. There Lanfranc held the first great council of English bishops in 1075, when the question of precedence was settled and London was honourably set on Canterbury's left hand. A hundred years later, when the strife between those angry men, Henry II. and Becket, was at its height, Bishop Gilbert Foliot, who took the king's part, was excommunicated at his own high altar. In St. Paul's, as elsewhere, the decree which shut the churches against all Englishmen was read, and there, a few years later, John made his ignominious surrender to Rome. It was presage of the new times when Wycliffe stood before proud Bishop Courtenay to answer for his opinions; but with him came the unpopular Duke of Lancaster, between whom and Courtenay were angry words, and what should have been an examination ended in a riot. During the wars of the Roses the cathedral saw many oaths made which were afterwards to be broken, and in the early years of Henry VIII. there were many gilded pageants. But the new times were indeed at hand when in 1530 six hundred of the clergy resisted the king's decree and their bishop's and rioted in the Chapter House; and when, three weeks after Anne Boleyn's death, Latimer of Worcester "shot his bitter arrows" from the pulpit of the cathedral. Then came the terrible days of the burnings, and in 1561 the spire and roof of the great church were themselves destroyed by fire from Heaven. Repairs were still in hand on the arrival of the busy Commonwealth, which had no use for such relics of mediævalism and converted St. Paul's into a cavalry barrack. But the Restoration soon put a stop to this bad work, and the Great Fire swept away its traces. And then came Wren to build the temple wherein Marlborough's splendid victories were to be celebrated, Nelson and Wellington to be buried with pomp.

Thus, to one who is no specialist, the history of London's cathedral presents itself, as a pageant of events, a procession of memorable men: Ralph de Diceto, with his "Imagines Historiarum"; Bishop Pecock, who, too early, held that the Christian religion was not a matter of demonstration but of probable argument, and chose recantation rather than martyrdom; Colet, the scholar, friend of Erasmus and More and the rest of that gracious company of the Renaissance; the brilliant Pace, whom his troubles drove mad; Bonner, Mary's imbrued left hand; Ridley the martyr; Donne, dean and poet, whose whimsical shrouded effigy survived the fire; Laud, Juxon and the others, a company too great to enumerate.

In his "Memorials," partly as the dome itself, Archdeacon Sinclair tells the story of these men and many another, from the shadowy Restitutius to Dr. Winnington-Ingram and Dean Gregory. Nor is it only of men and events that he writes. He skilfully reconstructs the old cathedral, and four chapters are devoted to Wren and his work. Such matters as sources of revenue and the personal staff are discussed. The book bristles with facts and dates.

Archdeacon Sinclair is, of course, indebted to Milman's "Annals," from which he quotes at great length; but Milman's book was published forty years ago and much

history has been made since then and left its mark on the records of the cathedral. Of matters peculiar to the church there are, for example, the decoration by Sir William Richmond and the introduction of the Order of St. Michael and St. George into the south-west chapel. To each of these a chapter is given. The story of the last half of the nineteenth century is told from the diary of Robert Green, who was Dean's Verger for that period and kept a faithful record. Separate chapters treat of "Organists, Organ, and Music," "Library, Bells, and Clock," and not the least useful are those which list the memorials and burials in the old and new cathedrals. There are also useful appendices, a bibliography, and, of course, an index. Mr. Louis Weirter's drawings, best, perhaps, when least imaginative, make an acceptable garniture.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Novel Notes.

BELLA DONNA. By Robert Hichens. 2 vols. 4s. net. (Hennemann.)

The East, which is so much older and so much wiser than us, which creates great religions where we propound pale philosophies, commits great crimes where we play with petty sins, has a tremendous fascination for certain types of Western mind. Yet it has become a truism that between East and West a great gulf is fixed. Even Mr. Kipling has penetrated little further than the fringe of the Orient. He has written of the East in contact with the West. Mr. Hichens does still less. He only writes of the West in contact with the East. Yet what an Englishman may know of Egypt it seems (to one who knows nothing) that Mr. Hichens knows. In "The Garden of Allah" he created the magic of the desert in a manner at least artistically convincing. London, Sicily, and Egypt are the three lands—for may not London be described as a land?—which Mr. Hichens has selected for the background of his fictions. The scene of his latest novel, "Bella Donna," passes from the first to the last. It is a study of racial temperament. Like all its author's books it moves slowly, much of the development of the story going on within the minds of the characters. And it is characteristic of Mr. Hichens that his subjectivity is not confined to one of his creatures. So many psychological novelists put themselves into the brain and nerves of one of their characters and draw but an external portrait of the rest. Mr. Hichens's greatest virtue is his imaginative insight, which not only gives all his men and women the warmth of life, but sets them also in a real atmosphere. "Bella Donna" is the name given to a certain Mrs. Chepstow, once famous, afterwards notorious for her beauty. When the story opens, her thirty-eighth birthday has dawned many times. There are possibilities here which Mr. Hichens has used to their utmost. Besides this woman there are only three other people in the book of importance. One, Nigel Armine, is a northern idealist to whom Egypt means land to be reclaimed from the desert, and Mrs. Chepstow means a woman whose goodness has only to be cultivated. It is, again, very characteristic of Mr. Hichens that of the two other men one is a successful London physician, whose name is Meyer Isaacson and in whose veins the Eastern blood is ever ready to grow clamant; while the other, the Egyptian, Barondi, was born of a Greek mother and is thus in touch with Europe. How Mrs. Chepstow, feeling her dominion over men to be failing, marries Nigel Armine, who takes her to the East, how she is affected by the East, with its codes so different from ours, and the part Meyer Isaacson plays in her life, is the tale of Mr. Hichens's telling, and a tale well told.

* "Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral." By William MacDonald Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London, etc. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

**Mr. Henry Baerlein.**

ON THE FORGOTTEN ROAD. By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Murray.)

This "Chronicle of the Crusade of Children, which Happened in the Year 1212" is a very remarkable piece of work. Mr. Baerlein presents the history of a forgotten folly in the form of a narrative from the mouth of one of the principals of the crusade. This gentleman is very far from being a hero, but he impresses the reader with a sense of actuality. It is the lighter side only of the crusade which is dealt with, and in this Mr. Baerlein displays a deftness and humour which are worthy of all praise, while a note of pathos is occasionally struck with a sure hand. An extract from the interview with King Philippe Auguste of the narrator and his son, who was responsible for the crusade, will serve to give an idea of the manner and the elusive attractiveness of the story: "Philippe Auguste looked upon the floor and scowled and scowled. And then I got the grand idea, which rescued us. 'O King,' I said, 'is there a hole perhaps in one of your two stockings?' And I gave an explanation that in our part of the country when you have a hole in either of your stockings there will be a letter coming to you. 'Prithee,' said a courtier, 'let me fling him forth. He is a ribald ruffian.' But very luckily there was a hole. The King himself had found it and it made his joy. 'Give me your letter,' said the King. And there he learned of our crusade. So much of simpleness had soiled the previous crusades, for many who were not adventurers had been commanded by the Church to travel thither as a penitence, seeing they were men of sullied lives. Where they succumbed the children would succeed. Assuredly they would succeed." Mr. Baerlein has written what is emphatically a good book, which, though it costs no more, is worth a dozen novels.

GRANITE. By John Trevena. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

We are not quite sure whether Mr. John Trevena has made out a really strong case in favour of the "trilogy" form as compared with the sequel which the old mid-Victorian novelists tried with some patience and discarded. Why three? Why not thirteen? The epic of Dartmoor seems indefinite. Our best story-tellers to-day are not agreed about it. If you have followed the works of Mr. Eden Phillpotts you will assuredly find it hard to plunge without a decent show of reserve into the stark, staring

realism of Mr. Trevena. Or, if you appeal to the written records of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, who has spent a whole lifetime of honourable and honoured service as Rector of Lew Trenchard, you will turn quite impatiently aside from "Heather" and from "Furze the Cruel" and from "Granite" and class them heatedly as the product of a perfect nightmare of mental disorder and physical indigestion. Yet Mr. Trevena is, in some respects, like the Ancient Mariner. He has the power of holding you with his glittering eye, and he has, in addition, a pretty little knack of his own, wherein he takes you captive at the outset by a piece of weird but striking symbolism, so captive indeed that you find to your own surprise you plod relentlessly through all the moorland bogs and quagmires he strews about your feet at other stages. Why? Probably because he startled you with some questions like these: "Has not a plant a soul? Has it not comprehension and discernment? Has it not passions? Watch the passionate embrace of the love-apple? Consider the sun-dew," and you were honestly puzzled about his answers. There is, in addition, a strange set of characters in "Granite," ranging from the son of the quarryman who becomes a preacher and tries to fight the drink traffic; a light o' love with the call in her eyes, Patience, who "was always kissing or desiring to" and who "went hot-foot to the Three Towns and to ruin"; her heroic but marticulate sister Temperance; and the curate, Gerald Spiller, weak in knees and in character, an easy victim of a melodramatic type of squire who seemed to consistently love ways that were dark and evil, and readily made Spiller a slave to intemperance. These persons are used to illuminate strange unwholesome depths of depravity and waywardness in the life of a remote moorland, but the result seems to us to be unutterably morbid and depressing.

THE WRONG SIDE OF DESTINY. By Edith Mary Moore. With a frontispiece by Balhol Salmon. 6s. (Cassell.)

Here is a fine tale of that true love which suffers and is strong: the sort of love one meets more often in the novels of other days than in those of our own, but interpreted in the most modern of terms and the most up-to-date of settings. Mrs. Moore lives in a suburb of South London, and it is in such a suburb that her tragi-comedy mainly works itself out. Rose Esquilant, whilst a very young woman (with a temperament), is married to a perfectly correct and stolidly affectionate man of business some years her senior. Then she falls in love with Leveson Garland, who becomes the godfather of her two boys David and Richard. Her passion for Garland (a passion largely, if not wholly, spiritual) is held in check by her joy and pride in her boys and her sense of duty to them. She is then chum and they her devoted worshippers. But they grow up: Richard to become a prosperous person in the City, with a comfortable little wife at Framley and a perfect baby; David to become a journalist and poet and to fall in love with Janet Hawksford, woman-writer, who has a dipsomaniac husband in an asylum. Rose Esquilant is confronted with an awkward problem when Janet frankly returns the love of David, and there is talk of their living together on the Continent. But, believing as she does that their love is greater than the conventions, Rose goes to Janet's room and says that she understands. Janet leaves, and David enters, misconstrues the attitude of his mother, and—shoots himself! The conclusion seems to us needlessly brutal and scientifically unsound. Heredity ought to count for something in such matters surely; and Rose and her husband both in their different ways are peculiarly level-headed. Why should their son be mad, even though he write verse? Besides, there is no earthly reason, so far as Mrs. Moore has made things clear to us, why David should have failed to understand his mother's position; an allusion to "Paolo and Francesca" should not have sufficed to send him astray. This irritating finish

apart, and a degree of extravagance in some of the conversations duly noted, "The Wrong Side of Destiny" calls for warm praise. It is written with singular grace and it is full of kindly wisdom and observant humour.

ARSENE LUPIN. *The Novel of the Play.* By Edgar Jepson and M. Leblanc 6s (Mills & Boon)

This tale of how Arsène Lupin robbed the millionaire is told with the note of audacious make-belief peculiar to the rest of the now well-known "Lupin Tales." The book, so one of its sub-titles informs us is "the authentic novel of the play," and makes interesting reading of its kind. Arsène Lupin appears here as the Duke of Chameillac and as the true identity of the hero villain is never really hidden from the reader, we are not giving the story away by venturing so much. The Duke is engaged to the uncomfortably vulgar daughter of Millionaire M. Gourhay-Martin—the man he is planning to rob. One day the millionaire receives a letter from Arsène Lupin telling him to pack up and send off to him certain valuables to which he has taken a fancy. In the event of the said valuables not being delivered by a certain time Arsène Lupin will call on a specified date and remove them in person. The rest of the story resolves itself into a detailed account of how the millionaire attempted to preserve his property from the thief and of the methods adopted by the latter to secure the goods despite all precautions. In addition to the general mass of plot and counter plot there is a little thread of a love story running through it all; the interest of the book is very distinct and is well worked up in the final scenes where Arsène Lupin and Guerchard the detective fight matters out to a finish.

STRADELLA. By J. Marion Crawford 6s (Macmillan)

This is a Venetian love story set in the time of Charles II after the restoration. Stradella the hero—the celebrated Maestro Alessandro Stradella of Naples—is engaged by the Senator Michele Pignaveri to give lessons in music to his niece Ortensia who is seventeen and very beautiful. As the Senator is fifty and by no means a lovable man his intention to marry his niece (the relationship is not a blood one) is frustrated by the girl and the maestro falling in love with one another and to escape marriage with her uncle—the beautiful Ortensia runs away with the handsome musician. To recover his niece the Senator hires two bravi to pursue the eloping couple, kill Stradella and bring the girl back. Meanwhile however a lady of Venice has fallen in love with the maestro and she likewise hires the same two bravi to pursue the runaway couple, kill the girl and bring the graceful musician "bound hand and foot," to her villa on the Brenta. The story then proceeds to tell of the chase of the lovers by the bravi, and how, when the bravi reach the town where the couple are, it is to find that Stradella has been imprisoned on a false charge, and that Ortensia has taken refuge in a convent. It is interesting, and in some ways amusing, reading to learn how the intending murderers rescue their prospective victims from prison and the convent and actually facilitate their marriage, yet, apparently, fully intending to earn their pay as bravi. At this point there comes into the story another character, who is related to the Pope. He conceives a great passion for Ortensia, and arranges that she shall be decoyed by one of the two bravi to a lonely house, and there left to his mercy. This is accomplished; but, at the last moment, the bravi turns upon the would-be seducer, and throws him out of the window. There follow further complications, but without giving away the end, we may say that all works out to happiness. We can recommend the book as a very pleasing love-story; though, as can be seen from the run of the "incident," somewhat melodramatic in type. The telling is good; and we feel a very genuine regret that we shall read no more from the same pen.

THE GREAT APPEAL. By Joseph Keating. 6s (Everett)

We are informed that a weekly journal has discovered an "insult to the King" in the pages of Mr. Keating's new novel. The reviewer, who has accordingly read the book with some care has, however, come to the conclusion that the accusation is unfounded. Nevertheless, if it helps to draw readers to a good novel it will not have been without its uses. Though undeniably melodramatic, Mr. Keating's book would appear to have been written "with a purpose." In rather stilted language the author puts forward the case for the classes which inhabit the slums of our great towns with a lucidity that is not always untinged with bitterness. The story portion of the book is clever and is well developed, but its main interest lies outside the story, readable though that is. Well known statesmen figure under more or less thin disguises and as a political tract "The Great Appeal" is effective and apropos. We recommend our readers—and particularly those of Liberal tendencies—to get it.

THE SINKING SHIP. By Eva Lathbury 6s (Alston Rivers)

It were almost superfluous to say that Miss Eva Lathbury's latest story is full of delicate and distinguished phrasing, that the mere wording of it will give pleasure to the reader with a cultivated literary palate. The central idea of the tale also is very beautiful, it shows us the redemption of a creak of egotistical and worldly minded people by a child's unquestioning faith, it ends with a marriage made in heaven. Moreover there are fine pieces of description and some notable essays in character-drawing, and yet the story as a whole does not satisfy, judged by those high standards which Miss Lathbury's former books compel us to set up. She has attempted to blend the two conflicting atmospheres of mystical religion and the popular theatre and the task has proved too much for her. The result is vagueness if not vagidity. At the same time though it puzzles. The 'Sinking Ship' must interest all those who ask for something beyond mere ingenuity of plot and tolerable writing in their fiction. The domestic side of the brighter sort of theatrical star is strikingly realised, Vanda the woman of genius doomed through long years to live and play beside a man whom she has ceased to love and who never loved her and to suffer in silly comedies whilst conscious that she was born to the greater drama is a fascinating creation if somewhat shadowy toward the end, Renshaw the new dramatist is less convincing although full of fine touches and Sybil, Vanda's daughter and Lydia Vanda's mother are suggestive if incredible figures. There is a lot of humour, broad and narrow in 'The Sinking Ship' which was the name of a play as well as presumably a stroke of symbolism. We have heard worse definitions of genius than that given by the footman-valet who says: "A genius is a pussion as lies in bed all mornin' rests in the hafternoon, and gets lively towards tea-time, it turns night into day and day into night . . . there's no haccountin' for 'em, no trustin' 'em, no pleasure in workin' yourself to death for 'em."

THE MOUNT. By C. I. Keary 6s (Constable)

"The Mount" is an old house, once a manor, which has been surrounded and almost submerged by the encroaching tide of cottages which has transformed a small country town into a huge industrial and mining centre. The old house stands incongruous and alone, out of harmony with all its surroundings, and symbolises the position of Wilfred Ingram, the last of "the Ingrams," the local magnates who have failed to keep pace with the changes in their environment. Mr. Keary makes us realise with considerable power the social and intellectual loneliness of Wilfred Ingram, out of sympathy with his neighbours, keenly sensitive and pathetically incapable of coping with the altered conditions of Hartlebury. Hartlebury is on the

fringe of the district known as the Potteries and it would not be difficult, if it were worth while to guess the real name of the town which Mr. Keary has chosen for the background of his grim but powerful story. For the details are manifestly studied from life and to the social historian the transformation of industrial England is a fascinating subject. This sombre and depressing background is a fit setting for a story which would be melodramatic but for the sincerity with which it is treated. For Ingram falls in love with a young girl a girl of the people a designer whose art training at Munich has brought her in contact with a Bohemian set whom it would be charitable to call non-moral. Ingram finds to his horror that she is the mistress of her employer in ex-mayor of Huddersley and his bitterest political opponent. He is so carried away by the shock of this discovery that he kills her seducer partly from hatred begotten of a frustrated passion and partly from a childrous devotion to the girl. Ingram's state of mind at the moment of his crime and the revulsion of feeling which follows it are described with a true power of psychological analysis. For by a convenient but unconvincing stupidity on the part of the police Ingram escapes detection and is left to expiate his deed in prison to the dictates of his own conscience. This summary is unjust to Mr. Keary because it suggests that the book is sheer melodrama. But in reality melodrama is more a matter of treatment than of plot and in this case the murder is introduced not as a mere incident but for its psychological interest. The Mount is not light reading nor is it meant to be but it is sound and careful work.

JENNY PETERS. By C. H. Dudley Ward (Clarendon Press, Oxford).

This Realistic novel of Society and the Slums in spite of its strength and sincerity misses the mark as an indictment of social conditions. It is all true as far as it goes but it does not go far enough. The Slums where Jenny Peters was born and bred are not entirely peopled by the savage animals whom the author describes with such bitter frankness. The politicians of Society are not all gross libertines or fools of the smart set. Municipal corruption is not so openly triumphant in our manufacturing towns and the eight years devoted ministry of a slum clergyman like the Rev. Richard Smith is not so easily crushed as Mrs. Dudley Ward would have us believe. There is humour and heroism and much kindness in the slums as elsewhere, and honesty and decency in good sense are to be found even in the habitations of Conservative peers. There is the weakness of Jenny Peters then the leaving out of the picture of all vice, violence and folly. The clergyman is the one clean man in the book in his mission is made to be a failure. If only our realistic novelists could observe with sympathy the play of human passion and feeling in the world around they would not write having the fuller outlook with less but greater force. There is much that is admirable in its directness in Jenny Peters, notably Lord and Lady Midlands' battle for the unemployed (it would seem that the misery of the poor can always be an excuse for pleasure amongst the rich) is the parson's reflection) the difficulties of tolerable housing in our industrial towns and the speech of Mr. Vibart, M.P., to his constituents. The unrestrained carnal appetites of certain men and women are shown with no less directness in this fierce denunciatory novel of our degenerate age.

TROUBLED WATERS. By Headon Hill (Stanley Paul) 6s.

Mr. Headon Hill is certainly up-to-date. The plot of his new book—as usual, one of sensation—may not be particularly original, but its hero a Labour Member of Parliament, is of a type which we have not met before in sensational fiction. Will Carwardine is a very taking young man, who has managed to defeat his employer in a fight

for what has always been regarded as a safe seat for the Conservatives. Sir George Lipscombe appears to take his discomfiture in good part but shortly afterwards he is found dead with a revolver by his side. The theory of suicide is quickly disposed of but the murderer cannot be traced. It is sufficiently obvious to the reader that this is none other than the villainous Lord Wargrave. The author however manages to supply a great deal of exciting incident before the aristocratic criminal is successfully cornered. It is perhaps a pity that the reader's credulity is unduly strained in the attempt to bring about a very complete triumph of outraged virtue but that is the only serious fault in a capable story which it is difficult to put down when once started.

THE PALADIN: As Beheld by a Woman of Temperament. By Horace Annesley Vachell (6s. (Smith Elder)).

There are two Paladins in Mr. H. A. Vachell's new book: one of them the self-imagined Paladin armed cap-à-pie in shining armour superbly mounted and challenging the world the other a very Paladin though 'disguised and doot'. Both are finely conceived and superbly realised figures alive and memorable. There are two women that matter also, and these likewise are vital and arresting. Indeed in characterisation The Paladin ranks at least equal to the best of Mr. Vachell's previous work, in sustained interest it shows no falling off from his highest level. Society the stage the laboratory and the hospital are all here and all effectively displayed. The story is built about the personality of Harry Rye of His Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Service and Esther Yorke daughter of Douglas Yorke fraudulent banker and suicide and the forgotten woman loved outside the law by Yorke before his great days and his startling downfall. Had Harry not been brought up by his designing mother Lady Matilda, to 'muck time' in face of any momentous decision, no doubt he would have offered his hand and heart to Esther immediately on the crime and death of her father becoming known and all might have gone differently. But he hesitated and thought it over. Subsequently he proposed to Esther more than once but she would have none of him. Instead she determined to try to earn her own living on the stage. She got no further for awhile in this direction however than an introduction to Henry Fitzroy, the actor manager and his recommendation to the training establishment of Miranda Jagg. There she met Sabrina Lovell disillusioned actress and married woman living apart from her husband. Together they started a West End hat shop. Sabrina fell ill and died under an operation, and the business collapsed through the failure of wealthy women to settle their bills. Esther penniless but independent of spirit went on tour with a theatrical company, but was stranded and almost starved to death. Harry discovered her in a state of physical and mental collapse at a Southern port took her to France and again entertained the possibility of matrimony but put it into words again too tardily. Esther disappeared and became a nurse. Harry by this time Lord Camber—married Alice Godolphin the popular dancer in a moment of pique. The Duchess was unfitted to Harry and he to her. She sickened mysteriously and was placed under the charge of Dr. Napier and 'Nurse Yorke'. Harry had not ceased to love Esther (so far as it was possible for him to love any one besides himself), his wife learnt that he was paying attentions to her nurse and died, and Esther married the doctor. In brief the plot smacks of melodrama, and the treatment in parts especially in the closing chapters is quite transparent. But the tale as a whole is brilliantly dressed with clever phrase and picturesque incident and delightful irony, and it should appeal alike to the lover of "a good story" and the more sophisticated reader who is pleased to see the follies of the time neatly lashed and the Pharisees of our day unveiled to themselves and to others.

THE PATIENCE OF JOHN MORLAND. By Mary Dillon
6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

Mrs. Dillon has recalled an old story of American political life in the time of Andrew Jackson for the subject-matter of her latest novel. The fascinating and much-talked of Margaret O'Neill afterwards Mrs. Timberlake (here called Kitty McCabe) is the heroine and John H. Eaton of Tennessee Jackson's Secretary for War is John Morland the hero of the book. We are put on good terms with many eminent politicians of historical importance notably with President Jackson the autocratic and honest old general with Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun Daniel Webster and John Randolph. All that relates to public affairs and cabinet difficulties is thoroughly interesting and of course the atmosphere at Washington is the right thing. If John Morland's patient courtship leaves us comparatively unmoved it is because we are all a little tired of the slow constant lover who is never rewarded before the end of the story. We feel all the time that John (he is generally called 'John') must be made happy if there is any sense of justice left among novelists for it is only writers of Mr. Thomas Hardy's rank who will dare to disappoint us. However it is ungracious to grumble when Mrs. Dillon writes so well and gives us such a good time and there are many readers who will enjoy this long novel which is certainly considerably above the average. The coloured illustrations by C. M. Relyer are a pleasant feature in the book.

JOHNNY LEWISON. By A. I. Jucomb. 6s. (Melrose)

Here we have a good sound novel well constructed on the old-fashioned simply told lines. Two young men in love with the same young woman are the leading characters and there is a capital selection of relatives and friends for the rest of the company. The course of true love runs with sufficient smoothness to avoid tragedy and no one can doubt that Miss Wakchum makes the right choice. Of course we are all sorry for Johnny Lewison but after all with such a father what could he expect? There was too much of Mr. Samuel Lewison excellent man that he was in every way and no self-respecting young person like Marjorie Wakchum could have endured him for a father in law. The Lewisons father and son and Aunt Maria Marjorie Wakchum and her mother Lieutenant Chard and the benignant old Rector and the less important personages are all drawn in excellent taste and with understanding. The descriptions of the country are quite pleasant. Johnny Lewison in fact is a piece of careful work by an honest and capable novelist.

THE FOOD OF LOVE. By Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Nash)

Mr. Frankfort Moore's latest novel seems to us to labour under the disadvantage of a highly unattractive title. Nor is the title even accurate for so far as we could see the book contains no definition (perhaps fortunately) of what is the food of Love. However novel readers will not we hope be turned against the book by the title for Mr. Frankfort Moore is always readable. The Food of Love introduces music in large doses but we are not well enough up in that subject to say more than that it seems all right and that the author makes it fairly interesting. The plot is a little thin and well worn but some of the minor issues which arise from the placing of Herr Griesbach a virtuoso of the first order in a staid and proper English "county" society are extremely amusing. Herr Griesbach indeed is in his way a creation but the novel's hero a rising violoncellist is rather an ordinary and unconvincing figure. The book begins so well that it is disappointing to find that the author has not anything very special to say, but it is distinctly recommendable for the high order of its comedy.

THE PALACE OF DANGER. By Mabel Wagnalls. 6s. (Long)

There is a certain type of historical novel which is sometimes described as the "costume" story. In that classification we should venture to include Miss Wagnalls' 'Palace of Danger' which is a good stirring story told in the right spirit and with the requisite dash but without much originality or much appreciation of the atmosphere of the period treated. The only respect in which the book differs from the large number of this type which have already come before the public is that the author includes a few historical notes which give the authorities for some of the incidents she brings into her plot. This shows that at least she has read up her period. The plot of the book in which Madame de Pompadour figures prominently, is adequate and unobjectionable and the minor incidents adventurous and exciting. The Palace of Danger makes good reading for an idle hour or so but it can hardly be treated seriously.

PLAIN BROWN: A Summer Story. By Cosmo Hamilton. 6s. (Chatto & Windus)

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton seems to possess two literary moods when he is not concerned about journalism or the theatre. Under the influence of one phase of emotion he produces ston books scarcely fit meat for babes—under the titles of *Adam's Clay* and *The Blindness of Virtue*. When he is possessed by the second he becomes a gay irresponsible light hearted trifler. He sketches his characters merely by the description of a feature and the recital of an epigram and although he does not reach that state of literary grace of his boyhood wherein we will assume he saw sermons in tone and food in everything, he is always bright and witty and optimistic and no critic will be surprised if some day he throws aside the motley and unites his present day literary methods in one firm and consistent medium that will conceivably place him in a high position as a story teller. Meanwhile with a characteristic touch of whimsicality he has chosen to publish this summer story in the depth of winter. *Plain Brown* however does not depend upon its atmosphere or the sun of July the unmistakably July sun for its appeal to the public. It is in point of fact a diverting comedy played out at Sumptermead the country mansion of Sir Joseph Cressage the next Lord Mayor of London and the characters are the worthy baronet and his placid and restful wife two sons that would look well behind the footlights two daughters perfectly distinct types thrown into excellent relief by a niece with a Rossetti like face and a keen sense of humour various servants and *Plain Brown* the hero who enters the household as a groom and is believed by the baronet and his family to be a missing gentleman of birth and fortune. The story is excellently contrived and there is a genuine surprise sprung on the reader at the finish.

The Bookman's Table.

VERSIONS AND PERVERSIONS. By G. Tyrrell. 2s. 6d. net. (H. K. Mathews)

In a charmingly whimsical preface Father Tyrrell says frankly that the translator is a sort of parasite in the literary body, humbly useful in his right place, mischievous and irritating out of it. Like Jacob's angels he has no wings of his own but like angels of the transition period he borrows those of an eagle and flutters about as best he may often in a way to make eagles and full-fledged angels weep. His theory of the right way of translation is 'to catch the poem's one dominant inspiration—be it an imaginative idea or an emotion, or no more than a mood or a fancy—to re-embody it as best he

can in some similar or analogous form," and though he adds on the next page, "like most theories worth anything, mine has been invented for the emergency, to conceal difficulties and justify irregularities," you will find in his "Versions and Perversions" he has carried it into practice with results that are often brilliantly successful. One-half of the book is given over to translations from Heine that catch the mocking, tender, wistful spirit of the original with rare sympathy and skill. The remainder of the volume contains admirable renderings of various French, German, and Italian poets, and one can best indicate the grace and scholarly care with which these are done by quoting, and we choose from them almost at random Sallet's "Ergebung":

"Put out my eyes; but when you've done
See if you can put out the sun;
Thrust me in gaol and turn the key,
Freedom shall win, nor tails with me.

"Fetter these hands that wield the pen -
The sword most feared by knavish men;
Some hand, some pen renews the strife,
While throbs one heart for God and Life.

"What tho' my fire-touched lips were dumb,
Sealed in the darkness of the tomb,
Ten thousand voices thunder loud,
Shall mine be missed in such a crowd.

"You think the Spring is dead, of course,
Its light, its song, its sap, its force,
Because your stupid hands prevail
To strangle one poor nightingale."

These are the translations of a poet and are living poetry because something of his own vision is enshrined in them, and something of his own fine humanity.

PEACOCK'S MEMOIRS OF SHELLEY. Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press.)

This is a very welcome reprint of those reminiscences of Shelley that Peacock first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and that have never before been reprinted except in the three-volume edition of Peacock's works. No account of Shelley's early life is of more importance than are these memoirs; Peacock was an intimate personal friend of his, understanding and sympathising with him, but by no means blindly admiring him. His judgments are admirably sane and impartial; nothing that has since been written on the vexed question of Shelley's treatment of his first wife is of such great value or so convincing as Peacock's story of that unhappy business. The book contains also



Thomas Love Peacock.

over thirty letters from Shelley to Peacock; and a brief account of Peacock's career and of his relations with Shelley, in an admirably written introduction by Mr. Brett-Smith.

JOHN DEE (1527-1608). By Charlotte Fell Smith. With Portrait and Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"No charlatan or pretender, but a true devotee of learning, gifted with a far insight into human progress." In these words is summed up Miss Charlotte Fell Smith's case for one who is somewhat loosely described on the wrapper but not on the title-page of her book as "An Elizabethan crystal-gazer." Born in 1527, the son of a gentleman-server to Henry VII., John Dee was educated at Peter Wilegh's school at Chelmsford, graduated B.A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, was one of the original Fellows of Trinity, and, after taking his degree of M.A. at Cambridge, studied at Louvain, and lectured on Euclid at Paris. Known to many of the great personalities and scholars of his "spacious" period at home and abroad, and specially favoured by Elizabeth, he devoted much time to travel as well as to severe and continued study. He appealed to Mary Tudor for the recovery and preservation of ancient writers and monuments. He collected a library of 4,000 volumes, to which his biographer devotes an interesting chapter. Studying the refraction of light, he foreshadowed the telescope. He suggested that the officers of the army should be provided with perspective glasses. He advocated the establishment of a "Petty Navy Royall," so that in time of need the nation should not be "forced to use all fresh-water soldiery," and some remedy should be found for unemployment. He condemned the export of gunpowder and saltpetre, asked for a "Grand Pilot Generall of England," outlined a scheme of navy pensions, and appreciated the significance of sea-power. He wrote upon navigation and history, logic, travel, geometry, astrology, heraldry, and genealogy, and formulated a plan for the reformation of the calendar. As chemistry was then as closely associated with alchemy as astronomy with astrology, and mysticism with both, it is hardly surprising that he dabbled with the occult in his thirst for knowledge. Lytton and Lombroso in later times have done no less. If he was not blind to Edward Kelley's character at first, it is undeniable that he allowed this worthy to obtain a deplorable hold upon his credulity. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that one who, if he did not "see" visions, believed in the "visions" others, including the "skryer" Kelley, alleged that they saw, came to be regarded by the common people as a dealer in magic and spells. In writing his *Life*, Miss Smith has not only given us an intimate study of a very human and supremely picturesque character, but has also called into being a moving picture of the stirring yet superstitious times in which he lived. If she has offered worship to her subject on "the other side" of idolatry, if on some points we may be inclined to differ from her conclusions, finding, for example, in Simon Forman a more likely model than John Dee for Jonson's character of Subtle in "The Alchemist," it cannot be denied that she has made us her debtors for a valuable and conscientious contribution to our knowledge of Elizabethan biography.

A HISTORY OF STORY-TELLING. By Arthur Ransome. With 27 portraits by J. Gavin. 10s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Mr. Ransome warns you at the outset that this "History of Story Telling" is not a history in the ordinary sense of the term. He never meant it to be, but sat down merely to write of story telling as a man might write of painting or jewellery or any other art he loved. "I was to take here a book and there a book and notice the development of technique the conquests of new material, the gradual perfection of form. I would talk of old masters and



Samuel Richardson.

From "A History of Story Telling" by Arthur Ransome (L.C. & F.C. Jack)

modern ones and string my chapters like beads a space between each, along the history of the art.' Some of these chapters we have reviewed already in *THE BOOKMAN* when they appeared as introductions to certain of 'The World's Story-Tellers' volumes, they are here revised and fitted into their proper places in the general scheme of the book with additional chapters including a critical dissertation on the origins of story telling and a final survey of the development of story telling and its future possibilities. Passing from a discursive essay on origins Mr Ransome devotes his second chapter to 'The Romance of the Rose' and, limiting himself mainly to English and French authors and omitting those who do not appeal to him personally or whose work does not in his opinion carry the development of the art any farther he traces the growth of story telling down through the centuries almost to within reach of our own day. It is a careful and scholarly work but Mr Ransome writes with a lightness and charm of style that lead you to lose sight of his scholarship and hold you delightedly interested in his subject. A word of special praise must be added for the clever and distinctive portrait studies of J. Gavin.

THREE PLAYS. By Mrs W K Clifford 6s (Duckworth)

It is a little difficult to understand why these plays of Mrs. Clifford's were published. That is not a condemnation, let us hasten to add. But it is a fact that the public to whom they will appeal, though it flocks to the mild matinee, does not read plays. Mrs Clifford's plays have little literary interest. Neither their intellectual nor their emotional value is strong enough to give them life on the printed page. They will not compare with the other triplets—Galsworthy's, Barker's, Maschfield's—which have recently been brought to birth. On the other hand, they have qualities which would make them very acceptable on the stage to a public that does not like to be made to feel too much or to think at all. Their sentiment rapidly degenerates into sentimentality;

the dialogue, though not brilliant, is lively; and the situations are well worked out. "Hamilton's Second Marriage" which was acted not long since at the Court Theatre is on the whole, the least satisfactory of the three. It seems to strike rather a false note, and is the only one which can be charged with sentimentality. "Thomas and the Princess" though it hinges on a somewhat obvious coincidence is far better. It has a touch of poetry and pathos which redeems it from the commonplace. But on the whole we prefer "The Modern Way," a kindly satire on modern sex relationships, financial marriages and platonic friendships alike. The young people who indulge in the latter luxury are particularly well drawn—the ingenuous youth who confides his love affair to his heroic friend who advises him to fortify himself for the fateful proposal with Rossetti and Browning. We should like to see *The Modern Way* on the stage always provided that the good British actor treated it as farce and not as sentimental comedy.

THE STRIPLING THAMES. By Fred S. Thacker 8s 6d net (Thacker)

Mr Fred S. Thacker is in the unusual and (probably) enviable position of being at once the author, printer and publisher of this book. The result of his versatility is a most attractive and readable volume with a great deal of matter in it. Few people know much of the river above Oxford and astonishingly little has been written upon the subject. Mr Thacker has knowledge and enthusiasm, two of the essentials for a book of this sort and his work shows evidences of wide reading. His writing is clear and straight forward but we think that the form of the book might have been improved. The author's method has been to give separate sections to the various villages and small towns with which he deals as well as with the river. This we think makes the book a little too informative—not quite light enough in fact for the ordinary reader who is not acquainted with the country treated and does not intend to explore it for himself. Mr Thacker might have let himself go rather more than he does. He might also have included a full size map in his volume. But these are small defects compared with the amount of work and the spirit in which it has been undertaken which help to make *The Stripling Thames* a most acceptable contribution to the literature of the river. The book has a large number of illustrations and a word of praise should be given to the drawings of Mr Charles J. Beadon.

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From 'The Evolution of Italian' Sculpture
(John Murray.)

APOLLO AND DAPHNE,
BERNINI, ROME.
(Photo by Alinari.)



From 'The Life of Joan of Arc'
(John Lane).

JOAN OF ARC.
From a painting by Deruet.

Bernini, but the main beauty of this group is beyond contradiction. There is no space in this Supplement to review this book as it should be done, as a serious contribution to the literature of sculpture, but as a beautiful book and a sincere piece of writing, thoughtful, and full of knowledge and good taste, we must give it generous praise.

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By ANATOLE FRANCE. Translated by WINIFRED STEPHENS. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

The Maid of Orleans is one of the long list of women whose name and fame are undying. We English, indeed, in these days consecrate to her memory, as M. Anatole France says, a pious zeal which is almost an expiatory worship. In the two fine volumes before us the author has told the story of Joan of Arc yet again, has told it from a thoughtful and rational standpoint, has told it fully, and one may say impartially. It is of small use in this century to produce a mere story of the "Maid's" inspiration and valiant deeds for any reader beyond the age of childhood, and M. Anatole France, recognising this, has searched the evidence most untiringly; but at the same time he has allowed his biography to be a story in the best sense of the word. His labours have, obviously, been immense, and chapter and verse are given for every statement; but no one need fear to lose the fire and spirit of the narrative in the marshalled facts which are included, but are not obtruded. "I have restored the Maid to life and to humanity," says the author. It is true, and his book may not be overlooked. We reproduce Deruet's beautiful and dignified painting of that still wonderful mystery, the Maid of Orleans.

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It is good for us to have such a book as this published and brought to our notice, for the majority of us are inclined to take our National Gallery as simply one of the show-places of London, always there for us if we have an odd hour to spare, but not of any stirring interest unless a sudden danger makes us realise that an effort is needed to save a masterpiece for the nation and house it within the well-known (from the outside) walls. The present

volume will teach us what it means for us all when a public-spirited man leaves ten thousand pounds to our great Gallery, as Mr. Thomas Denison Lewis did in 1863, and what it means to have directors possessing not only taste and judgment, but sense and resourcefulness alertness and enthusiasm, to spend the sums at their disposal. The main intention, however of Mr. Brockwell's volume is to tell us of the entire treasure which Mr. Lewis's bequest has purchased, and give us a biographical account of each painter and a description of each picture. It is a book to send us afresh to our two great galleries here in London, and kindle or rekindle an individual enthusiasm within ourselves a confidence in the men who lay out the bequests and a pride in our great national collection of masterpieces.

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From Queen Christina of Sweden
(Hut him on)

POPE INNOCENT
(Reviewed on p. 151)

heroes and fittingly closes with an interesting survey of the Romance Literature of divers nations. Mr. Guerber is to be congratulated on the skill and charm with which he has retold some of the finest and most fascinating of the world's stories. Sixty excellent illustrations by celebrated artists add much to the general attractiveness of the volume.

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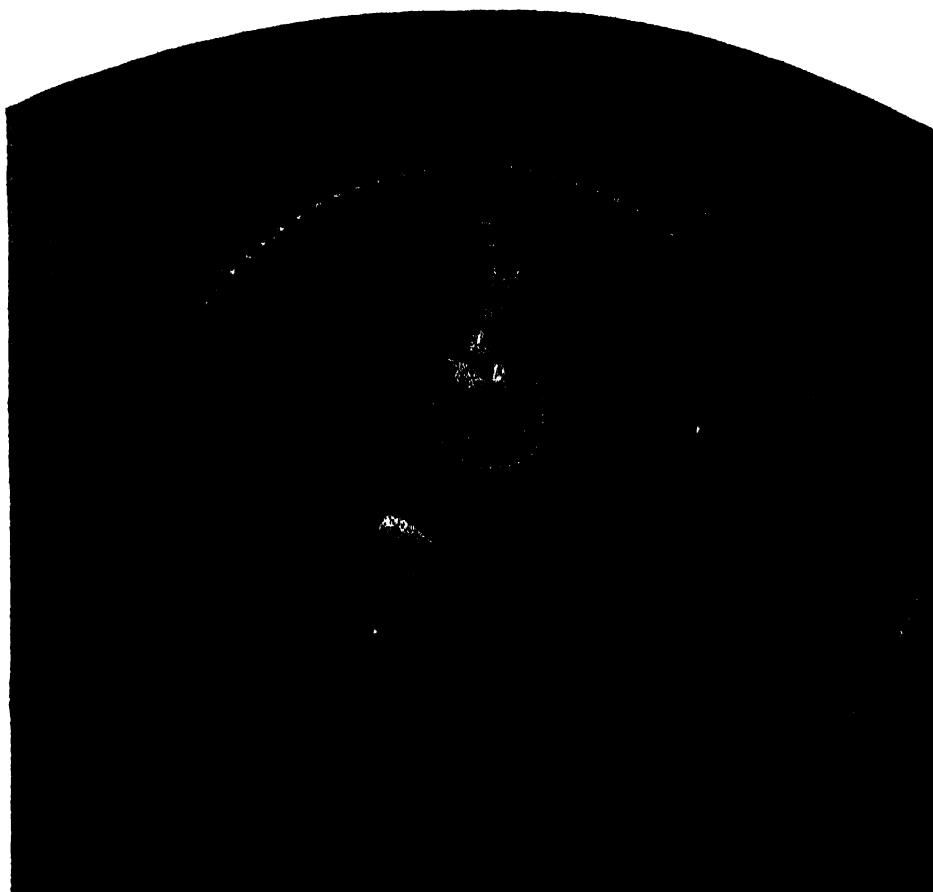
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It has been aptly said that the cathedral of Chartres is the very thought of the Middle Ages made visible. Six cathedrals had already been built upon the same site and were successively destroyed by fire when in 1144 moved by a wave of popular enthusiasm, the whole population of the province laboured at rebuilding it once more on an extended scale. Another fire in 1194 burnt down all but two newly built towers and the west front which are now the only parts remaining of the twelfth century church. Again the clergy and people of Chartres set themselves to rebuild their cathedral and in 1200 the present building was consecrated. The upper parts and the gables and galleries of the west front and the transepts were constructed later in the fourteenth century and a new stone spire was raised on the New Tower early in the sixteenth, the choir screen being carved a little later still. The sculpture and decorations are an intimate part of the architecture which represents the highest point reached by mediæval art at two distinct periods and the most complete expression of mediæval symbolism. This book, the text of which is in English and in French, describes minutely and vividly the beautiful



From The National Gallery:
Lewis Bequest
(G. Allen & Sons).

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE
INFANT ST JOHN (FRA BARTOLOMEO)



From The Medici
(John Murray).

ELEONORA DI TOLEDO WIFE OF COSMO I AT TWENTY
By Bronzino
(Palazzo Vecchio, Florence) (Photo by Alinari)

sculpture and decorations of a uniquely interesting cathedral that has often been judged to be architecturally the finest in France. The photographic illustrations are excellently reproduced.

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duplicity. Colonel Young has not written these volumes for students of Italian history, but he has obviously striven to sift the evidence and present the facts impartially for the twentieth-century reader to meditate over, and view with justice if not with leniency. Incidentally the author has written a most alluring book, well proportioned and fair. There is no denying that he is on the side of the Medici that wonderful family which rose from obscurity and swayed by its wealth and power the fortunes of Italy for so many generations. But he has every right to be on their side for there are writers enough ranged against this family all must admit and whatever evil the Medici may have done they did great and good things in the world of Art and Letters. These volumes are rich in illustrations which show the people, their city and their citizens throughout those wonderful centuries when for good or ill the Medici were a people to be reckoned with. This is a book to stir excellent criticism but it is mainly a book which will give genuine and unbiassed pleasure.

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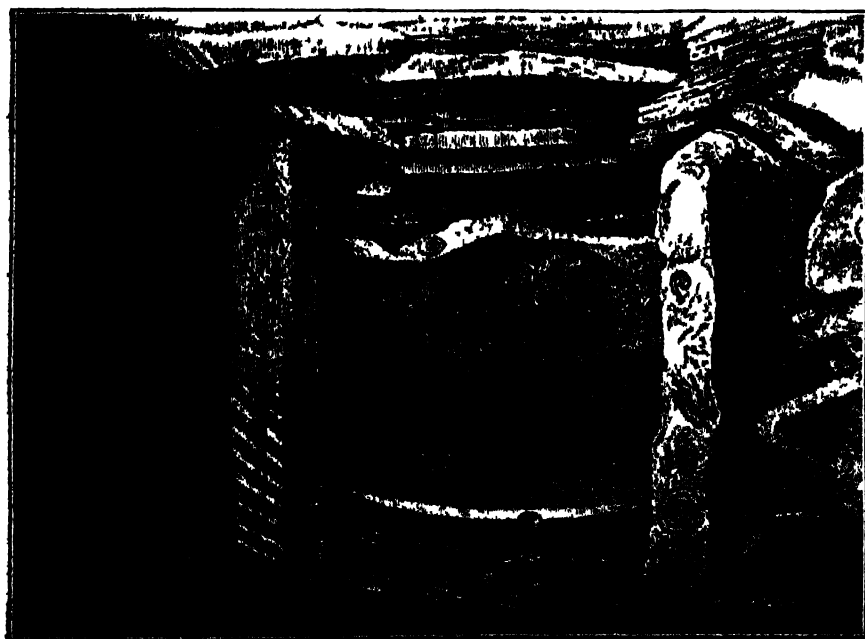
They carved it the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through their helmets barred.

but if Mr. Houliques assures us that this was poetic licence, we must reconstruct our ideas. The fact remains that for all practical purposes it is best to know the truth and the truth is what we get in this volume.

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A RELIC OF THE PAST

tory. Mr. Rhead has traced "to its source in the dimmest past the chequered history of this little toy, once the pride and glory of kings, and now the plaything of queens." He traces it to its beginnings in ancient Rome, in Palestine, in Egypt, when it was used for winnowing grain, and as a sacred instrument by the priestesses of Isis to fan the flame on their altars; shows what fantastic developments it underwent in the Far East and among primitive peoples, and how it reached a new era in its career in the sixteenth century when the folding fan was introduced into Europe and, without altogether outgrowing its early Oriental influence, took on a character and style of its own, reflecting the artistic conditions of its epoch and surroundings. It is a curiously fascinating subject, and Mr. Rhead writes of it with enthusiasm, and with an amazing fulness of knowledge. The care and pains he must have taken in the acquisition of that knowledge, in the discovery of the very beautiful specimens of fans with which he illustrates his



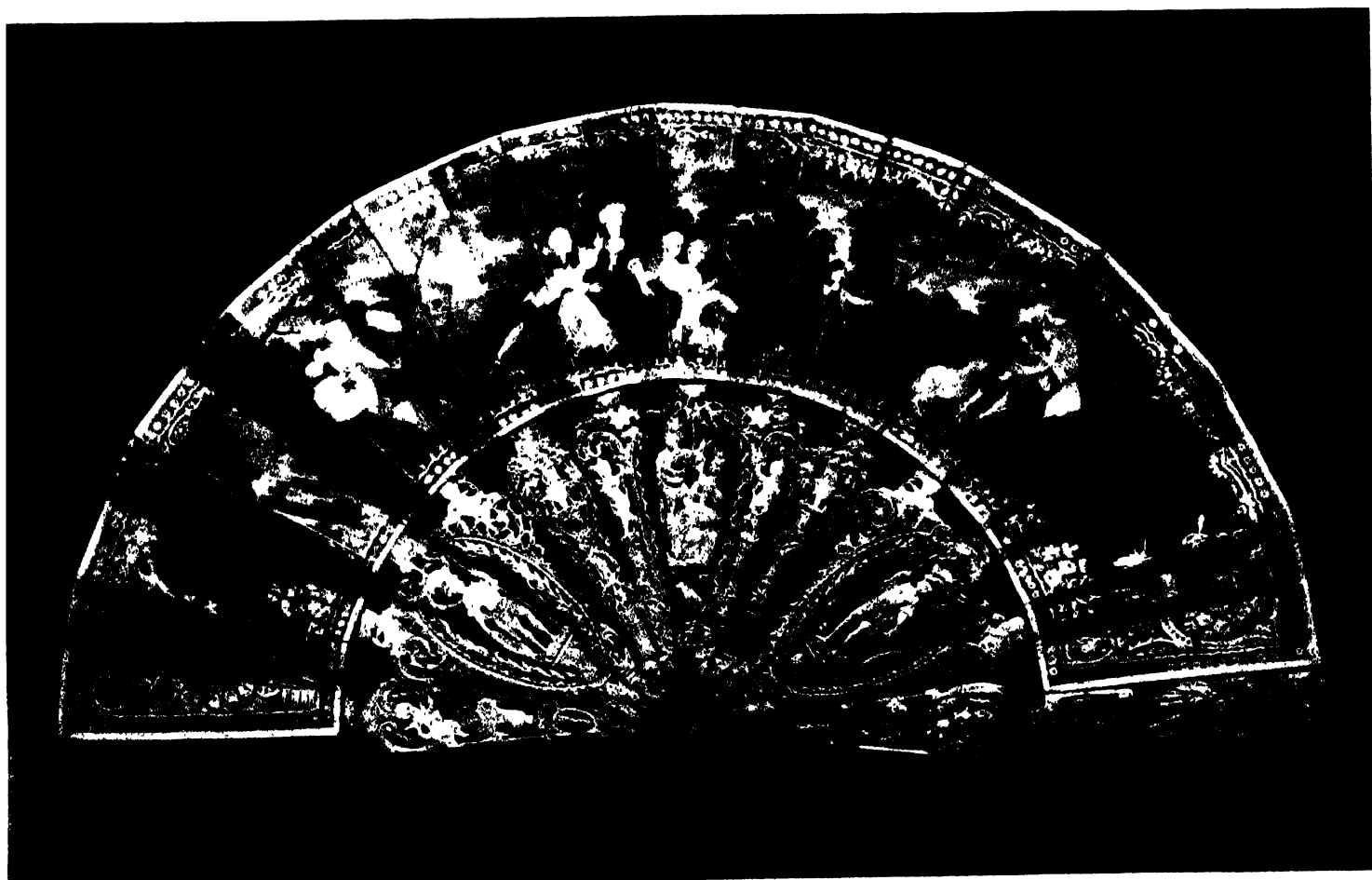
From *Armour and Weapons*
(Clarendon Press).

JOUSTING ARMOUR OF CHARLES V., MADRID.
(Photo by Hauser & Menet.)

artists, and publisher alike congratulated.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909

work, and in the photographing and accurate colouring of them are sufficiently obvious. Many of the fans that are pictured here are private property - one of the loveliest and most exquisitely painted belonging to the Princess of Wales. The painting on it depicts Rinaldo in the Garden of Armida. It belongs to the Louis XV. period, has a skin mount, mother-of-pearl stick and jewelled guards. King William IV. presented it to the Duchess of Cambridge, and it was left by her to her granddaughter Victoria Mary. The colour-plates which reproduce this and twenty-six other of what are surely some of the loveliest and most delicately artistic fans in the world are the very perfection of such art. In addition to the twenty-seven illustrations in colour, there are a hundred in half-tone and nearly a hundred in line. Ably and entertainingly written, and sumptuously and artistically produced, this is a book on which author, artists, and publisher alike are to be unreservedly



From *The History of the Fan*
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PASTORELLA, SPANISH, C. 1780.
Skin mount, tortoiseshell stick, gilt incrustations.
H.S.H. Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg



From The Home Life of a Golden Eagle
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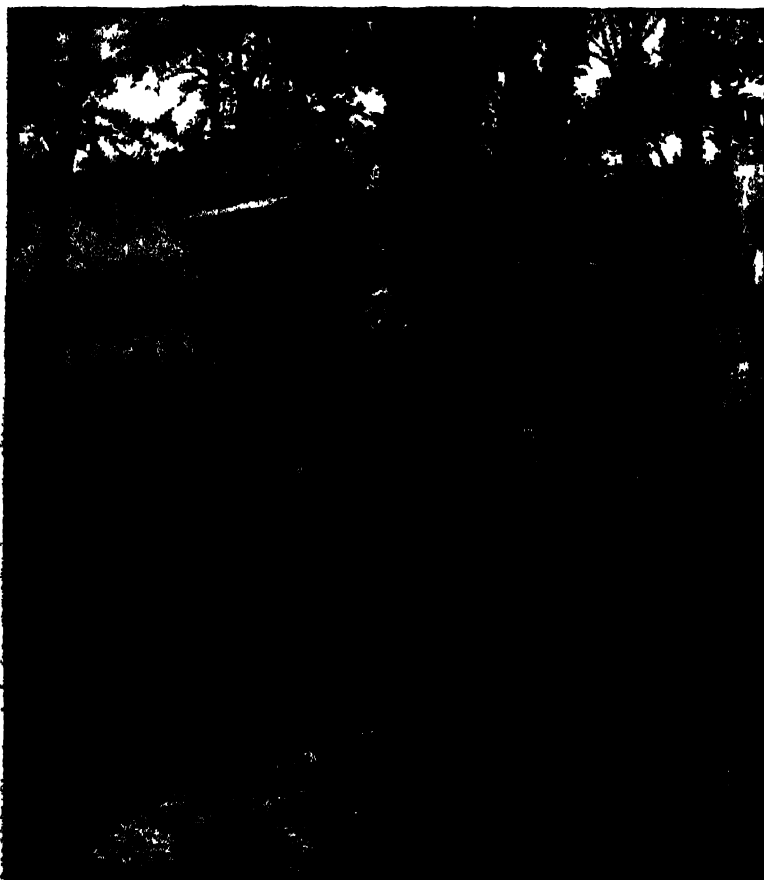
PECKING AT THE PREY WHICH SHE HELD IN HER FOOT

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handsome volumes. Speaking of the origin of the screen, Mr. Bond says that the chancel screen stands pre-eminent among the many features of archaeology in its universality and the antiquity of its use. In pre-Christian temple, in Jewish tabernacle or pagan building there seems always to have been the symbolic or sacred enclosure. The tracing of the history of these

screens from their primitive form to their latter development is a fascinating study and in these pages are included



From *Rood-Screens and Rood-Lofts*
(Litman & Sons).

ROOD-SCREEN, BRIDFORD.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909

exquisite work are too well known by this time to need announcement or criticism; but to this particular volume we must give hearty commendation; its chapters will teach more of the country of France, its "monasteries, abbeys, and sacred sites," than will half a hundred dull guide-books; while the illustrations, numbering nearly two hundred, are a revelation of the consummate beauty of France's architecture from end to end of her lands.

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The History of her Foundations. Translated from the Spanish by SISTER AGNES MASON, C.H.F. With a Preface by the RIGHT HON. SIR E. M. SAROW, G.C.M.G. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Cambridge Press.)

Spain as it was in the later Tudor period is not so familiar to most of us as it ought to be, and probably there is no more interesting and intimate account of what Spanish life in general society as well as in the cloister was at that time than is to be found in the *Life of St. Theresa* and in this lesser-known sequel to it. The *Life* brought her story down to the completion of the first foundation, that of St. Joseph's Convent at Avila, and the *History of the Foundations* goes on with the record from that point. This is a careful and very adequate translation of a work that is perhaps even more valuable historically than the famous *Life* itself.



From *Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral*
(Chapman & Hall).

ST PAUL'S
(see p. 158)

to illustrate the subject nearly ninety full-page collotype plates and upwards of three hundred other illustrations. By word and picture the intensely interesting subject has been faithfully covered, and not the least interesting items in the book are the examples to be found in the remote villages in England.

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From *French Cathedrals*
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PORTAIL DE LA CALENDE, ROUEN.



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From St. Theresa: The History
of Her Foundations
(Cambridge University Press)

CONVENT BY
BRANCA.

and opens in the winter of 1535 with the fierce effort of old Sir John Fotrell to save his lands from the rapacious Abbot of Blossholme and with the dastardly murder of Sir John by the Abbot's creatures Cicely his orphaned daughter is left to cope with the unscrupulous Abbot's cunning and violence, but she does not lack bold and true friends in her hour of need Before the Abbot can assert his wardship and get her into his hands she rides off with her foster mother to her father's friend and her own Sir Christopher Harflete and marries him and rides away with him towards London From that point onward the story develops rapidly and moves at a gallant and stirring pace, adventure follows close on the heels of adventure; the Abbot so nearly realises his rascally aims that Cicely is caught in his toils and is doomed to death at the stake and her husband is drawn into peril as imminent and as deadly, but eventually their courage and high resolve triumph over the subtleties and sly villainies of the avacious Churchman and the end is what the end of so wholesome and robustly imaginative a romance ought to be The story is vigorously and vividly written the fighting is described with wonderful dash and realism and the love scenes for all their turbulent environment are charming. No more picturesque or more virile tale of love and adventure has made its appearance this season

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From *Men and Manners of Old Florence*
(T. Fisher Unwin).

FLORENTINE COSTUMES AT THE TIME
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From the fresco by Simone Martini, Chapel of the Spagnoli,
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(Photo by Alinari.)

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From a miniature in the French
version of the "Decameron" made
in 1414 by Laurent le Premierfait.
MS. late XV. century. (Brit. Mus.,
Rothschild Bequest, MS. XIV.)



From *The Face of China*
(Chatto & Windus).

CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE.

baby and largely influenced him; the prim little old maid, Miss Pizey, adopted the child to save it from going to the workhouse. As the boy grew up her love for him increased; but she had no right understanding of children and her training was too narrow—it cramped and warped his nature and threatened to make a detestable prig of him instead of a true man. Rhys Jenkins did what he could to

counteract this; brought David to a love and appreciation of the great poets, but led him also to dark doubtings and final atheism, so that he comes to reproach poor little Miss Pizey with the harm she has done him and for a while forgets the enormous debt that he owes her. He thinks it is his duty to find his father and devote himself to him; and does so with disastrous results. The scene in which, with all the past in his mind as well as the misery of the present, he strikes his incorrigible father and turns him out of the house is perhaps the most thrillingly dramatic in the book. How in the end, softened by the love of the girl for whose love he scarcely dares to ask, and spiritually regenerated, David rises on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, is vividly and movingly related in Mr. Begbie's pages. It is a powerful and profoundly interesting story, written in a spirit of profound earnestness.

THE FACE OF CHINA.

By E. G. KEMP, F.R.S.G.S. With Illustrations by the Author. 20s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss Kemp is in the fortunate position of being her own illustrator, and the result of her labours with pen and brush is a very readable and attractive volume. The author's two journeys in China were both long—the first from Shanghai by boat to Kiaochow and thence by land to Peking and Tai-Yuen, the second from Tientsin southwards through Central and South-Western China to Burma. Miss Kemp does not profess to describe the soul of the Chinese people; all that she attempts is to "try to set down faithfully the things I have seen, that they may lead others to study China for themselves." In this she has been eminently successful, and the present record of her journeys is both suggestive and interesting. The only thing we deprecate is an attack upon Germany and her influence in China. The attack may or may not be merited, but it is not justifiable in a volume of the kind that Miss Kemp has written. The author's numerous sketches, of which the majority are in colour, seem to us to be somewhat uneven in merit, but all are successful in catching the peculiar Chinese atmosphere. Their reproduction is unusually well done, and the volume is in every way a worthy addition to Messrs. Chatto & Windus's series of topographical colour-books.



From *By the Waters of Egypt*
(Methuen & Co.)

"THE TALL BENT MASTS OF THE NILE SAILING BOATS."

charms into her pages as the artist has into his, and that is saying a good deal: for let any one turn from the white delicacy of the Dome and the fountain of St. Peter's, for instance, to the soft moonlit "Island on the Tiber," or from the gorgeous "Winter in the Baths of Caracalla" to the tender monotone of the "S. Maria dell' Anima," and he will render ungrudging admiration to the eye which saw and the hand which depicted the beautiful



From China: its Marvel and Mystery
(G. Allen & Sons)

AT WONG-DONG: CORMORANT FISHING

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It would be an injustice to speak carelessly of this volume as merely a "colour-book." It possesses colour, certainly, gorgeous, fascinating colour, colour of Roman night and Roman day. But it is also a most delightful book, and a most instructive book, presenting such a charming blending of ancient Rome and modern Rome, of stern fact and keen observation, that whether we take it up for recreation or reference, it meets all needs, and we are absorbed in it for a dozen different reasons before we put it down again. The writer has worked as many colours and

scenes here included. Mr. Douglas Sladen contributes an Introduction, and the artist contributes an interesting and amusing essay to this desirable volume.



From The Colour of Rome
(Chatto & Windus).

• SAN GIORGIO IN VELABRO

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909



From Rubaiyat of Omar
Khayyam, Junior
(Gay & Hancock).

"ONCE IN A DREAM 'TWAS
GRANTED UNTO ME
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DISE TO SEE."

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HIM SOUND THE RECK."

of an imaginary son of Omar, the tent-maker and Persian poet. Omar, Junior, was forced to quit his native soil because Naishapur had become a temperance town, and it was necessary for him to try his fortunes in "a land so remote that the dissolute record of his parent could no longer hound him." In tobacco, this young man found a lasting substitute for the wine which played so large a part in the elder Omar's life and philosophy. Mr. Irwin's Introduction and Notes are as good as his verses, he is sufficiently serious in manner to make his fooling "bite," and the information conveyed in his last quatrain makes us pleased:

"Let those who to this dædal Valley throng,
And by my tumid Ashes pass along,

Let them be glad with this consoling Thought:
I got a Market Value for my Song."



From The Lady of Blossholme
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"SO, TOO, I CURSE YOU
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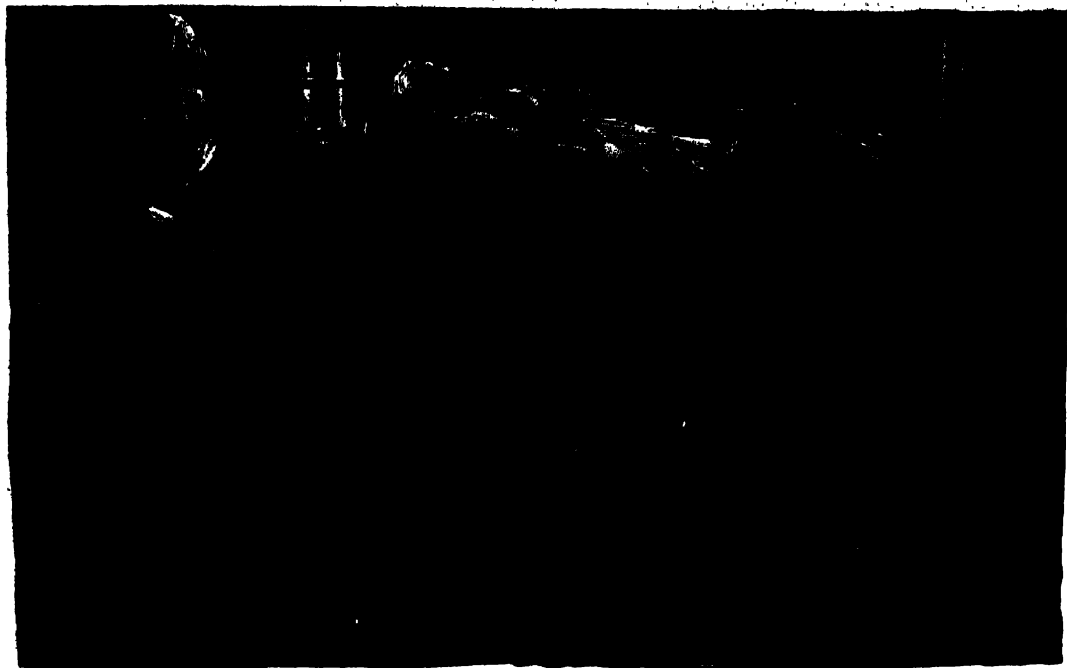
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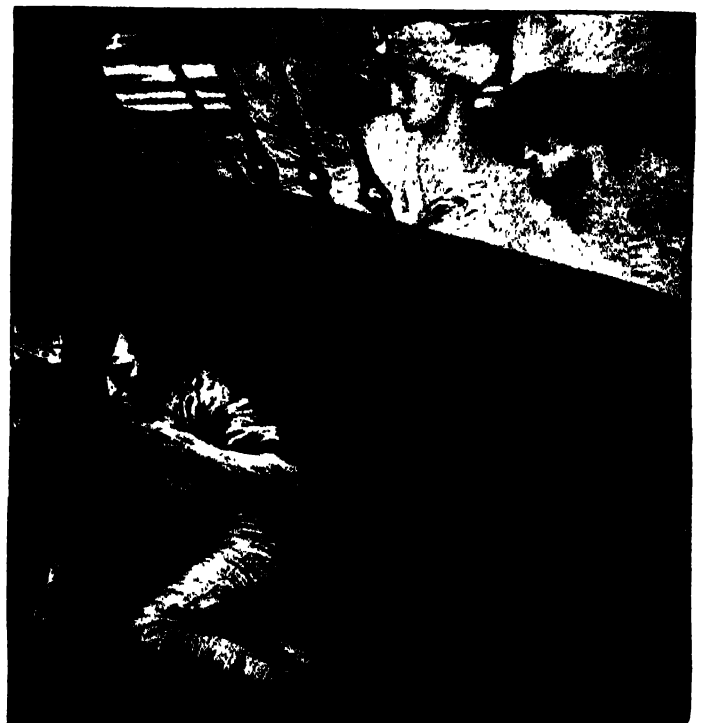
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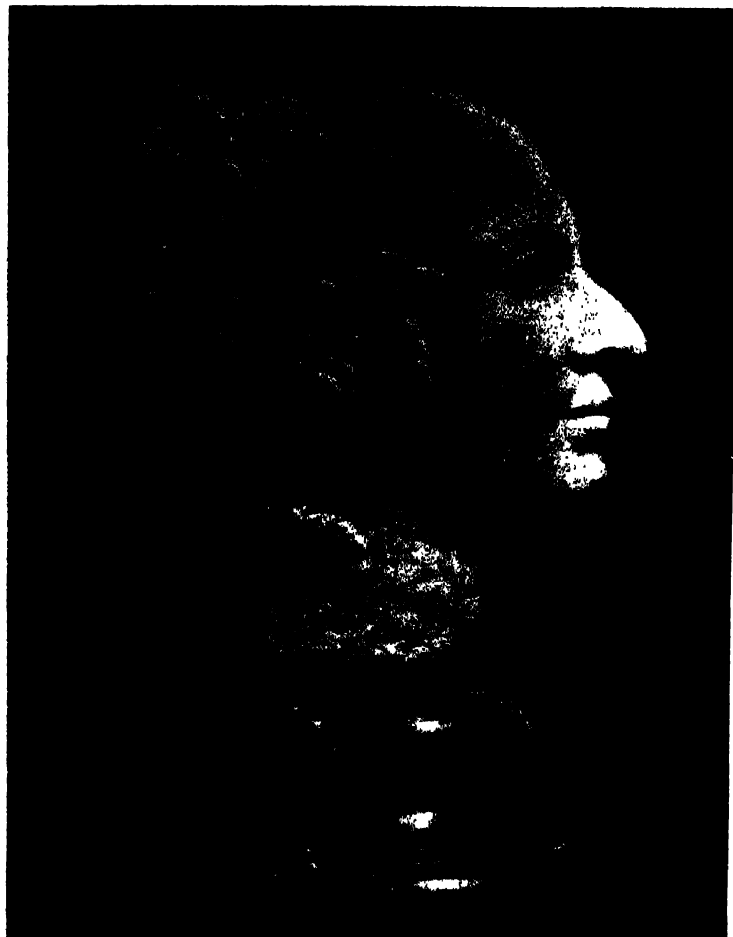
come quite as a relief to some readers, for in spite of the enthusiasm of those writers who worship at the shrine of the Oriental and love any country better than their own, it does occasionally cross the meditative mind that much of the "charm of the East" would be strongly denounced

by these same writers as "crying evils" if found at home. "Close proximity with the real place" writes Mr. Harris, "disillusions even the enthusiast. The beautiful blue sky is but a canopy over indescribable filth and sordidness, which the scorching sun festers into disease of every kind. The poet and the artist but idealise their subject, and all discordant notes are omitted." When we come to Mr. Harris's book, however, we forget the detailed discomfort in the excitement and peril of his gongs. He started from London a year ago "to interview and sketch Mulai Hafid, the new Sultan of Morocco." It looks a simple matter in print, but it was a dangerous and disobedient undertaking in reality, and the account of the journey and all that it entailed, the accomplishment of the main task, and the perilous journey home again, is as thrilling and unreal to our stay-at-home minds as some of the pages in "The Arabian Nights." Mr. Harris's style of writing is colloquial but



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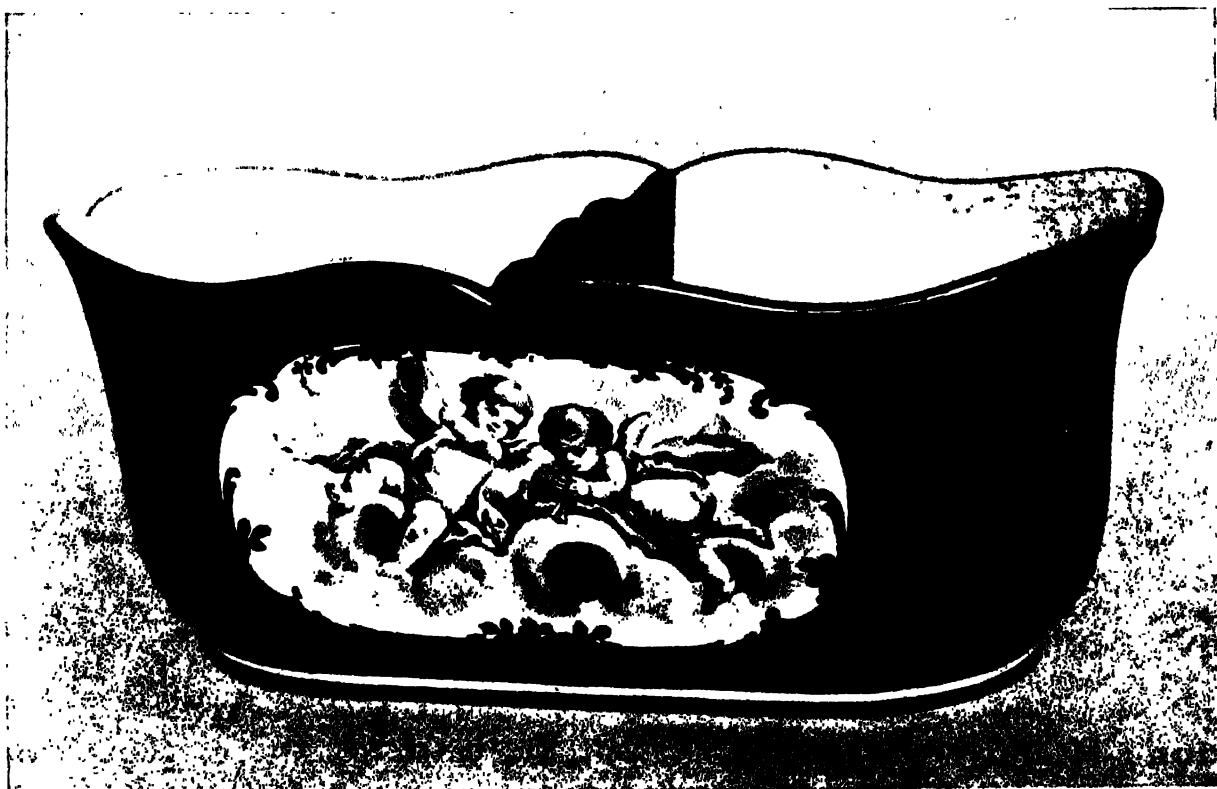
We admire Mr. Sergeant for what he terms his "experiment." Judging by the reception which the reading public

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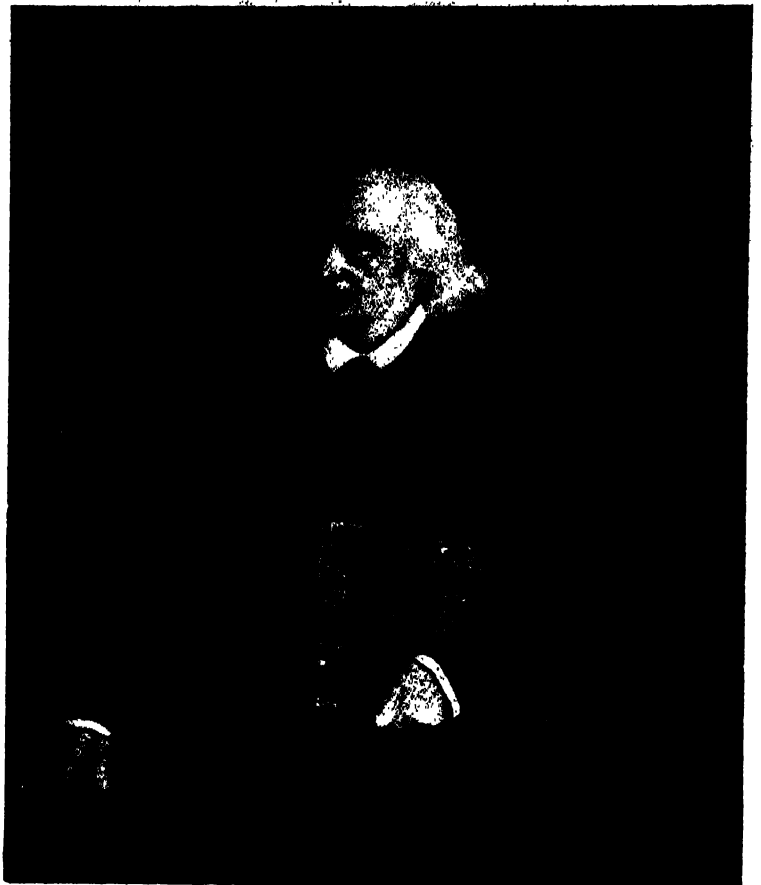
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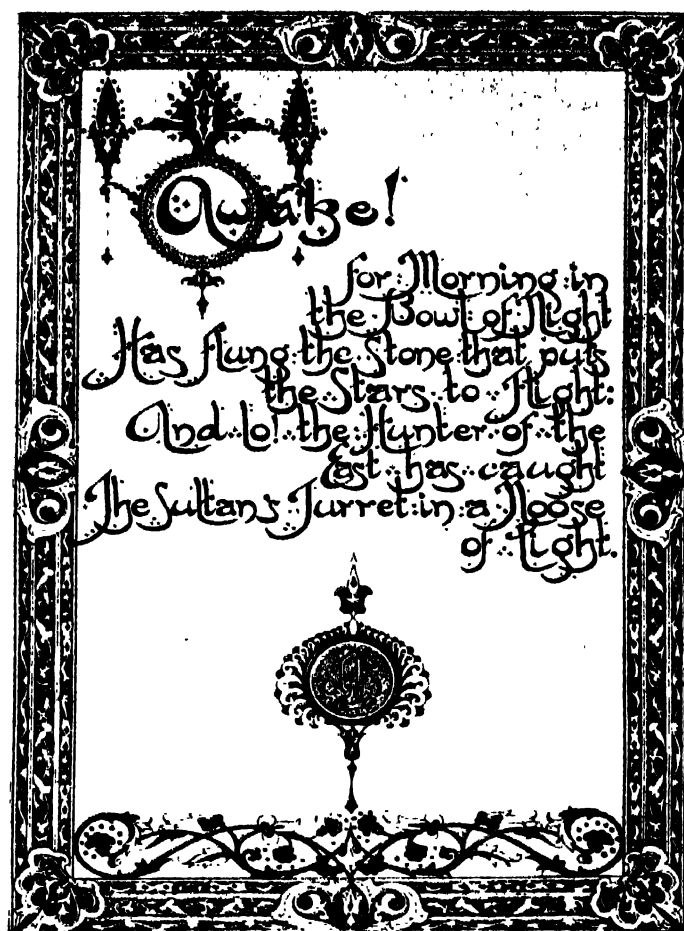
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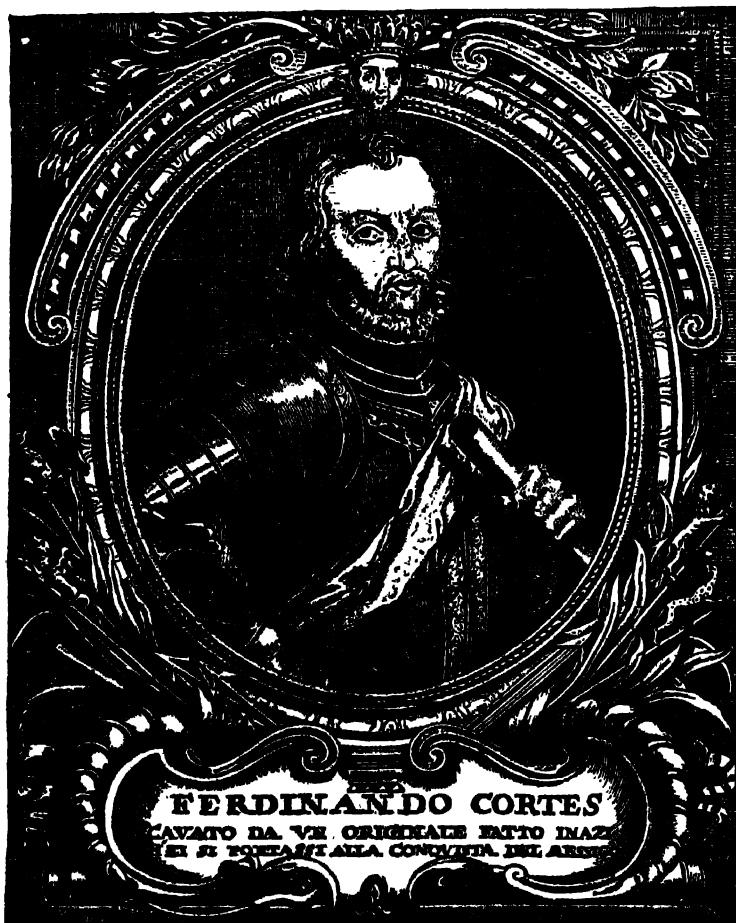
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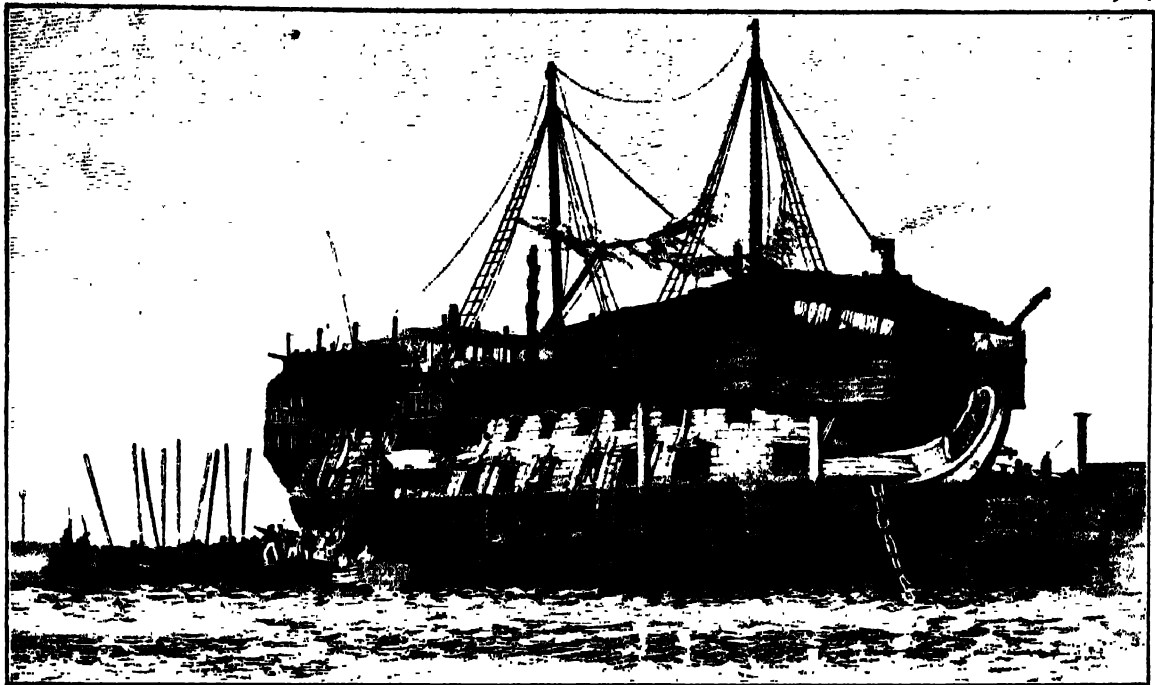
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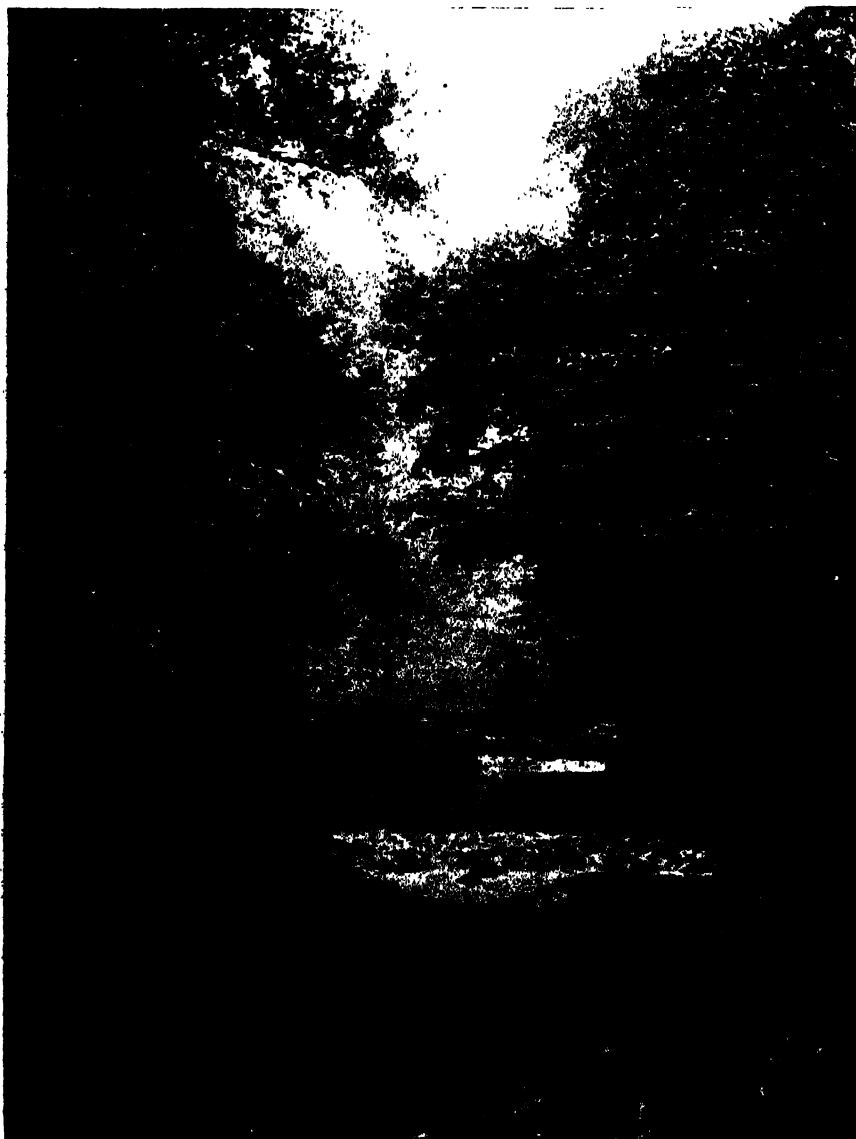
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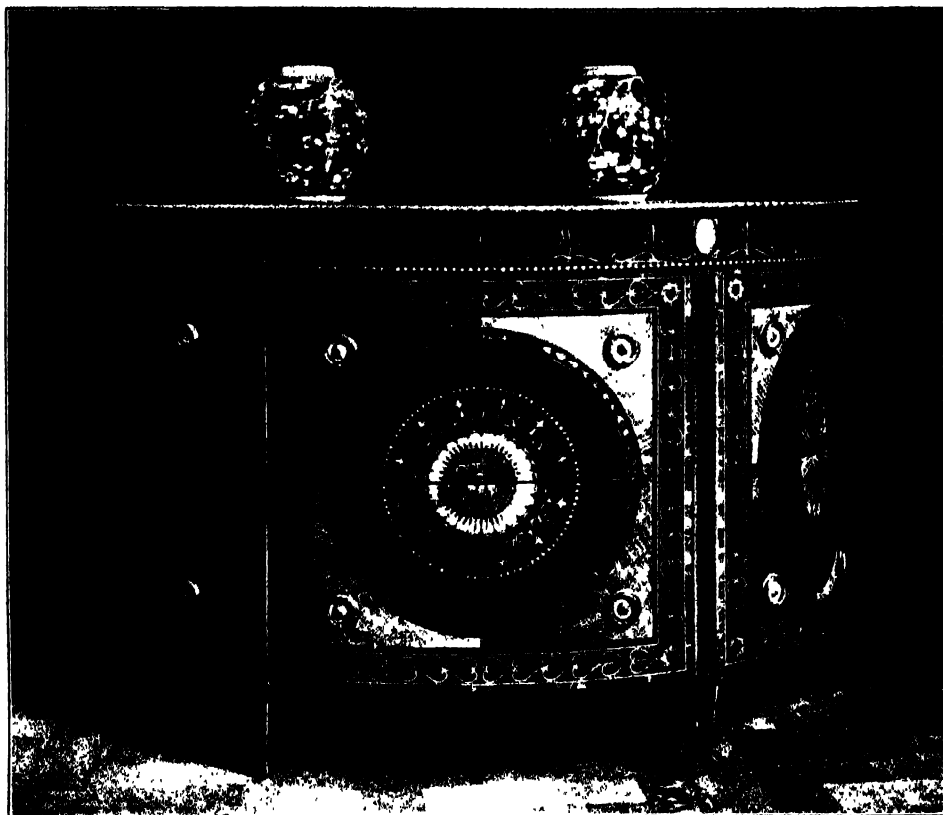


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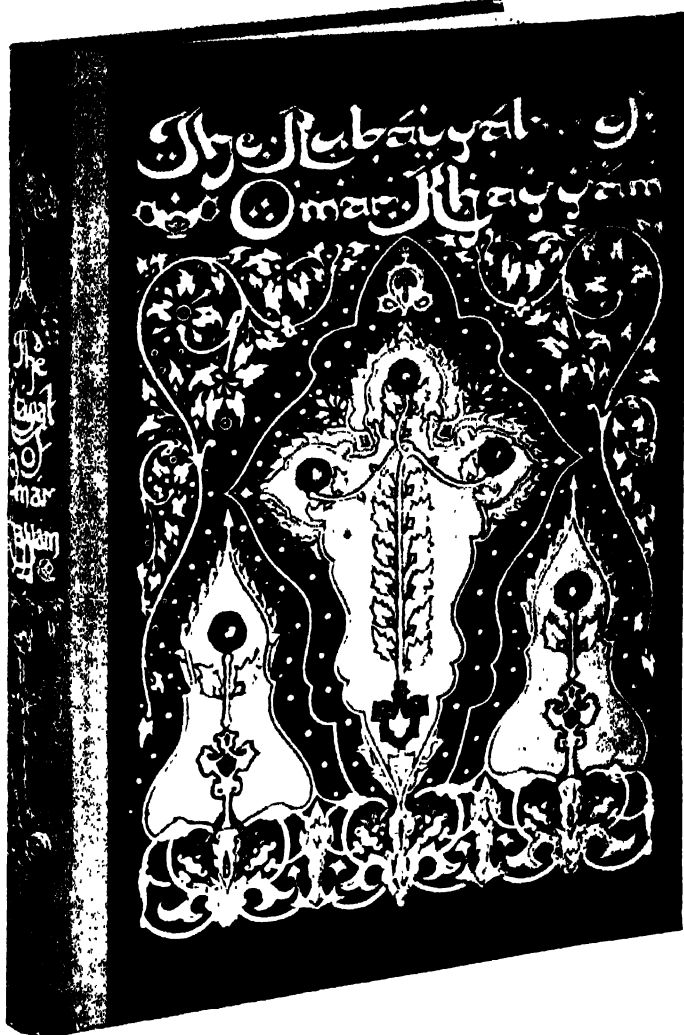
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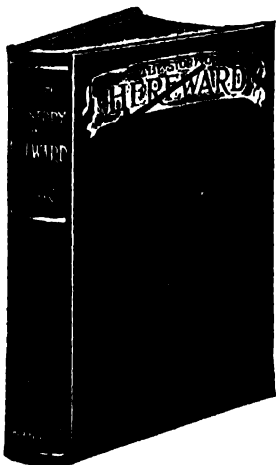
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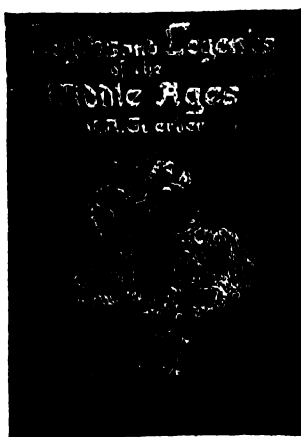
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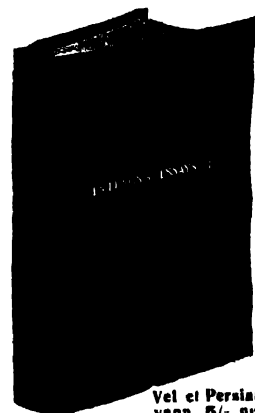
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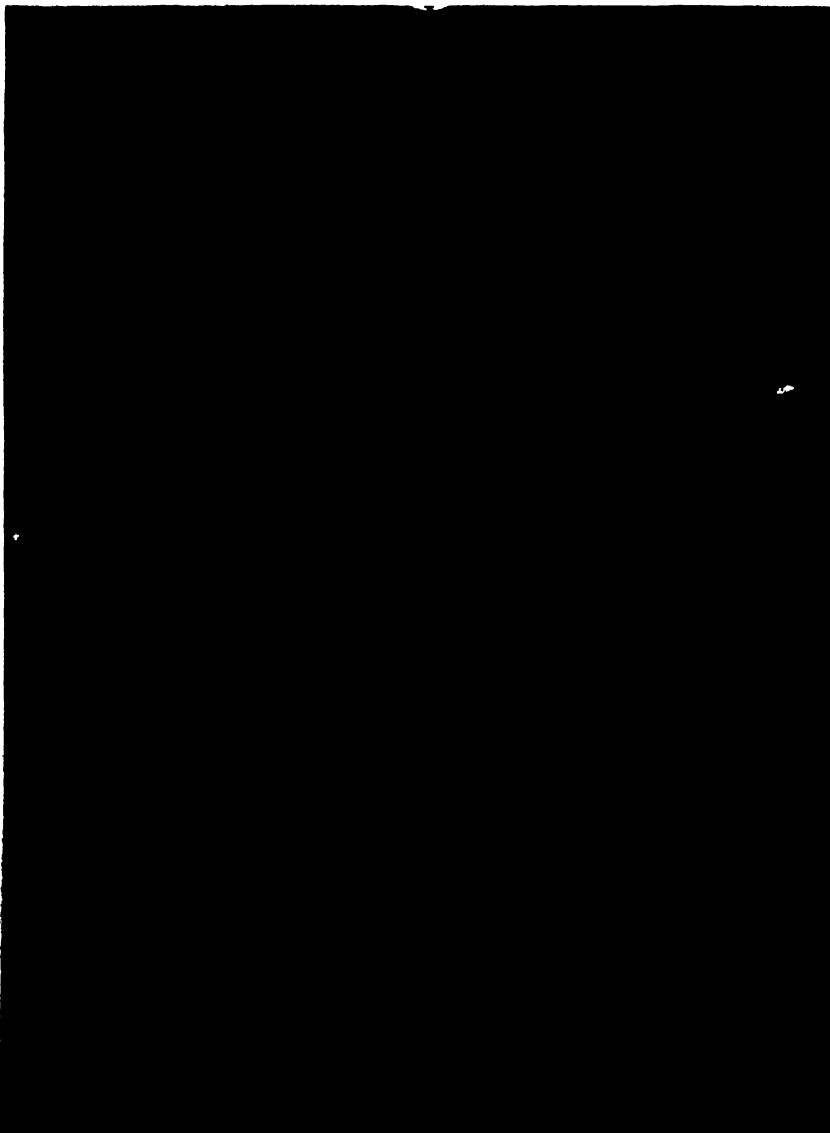
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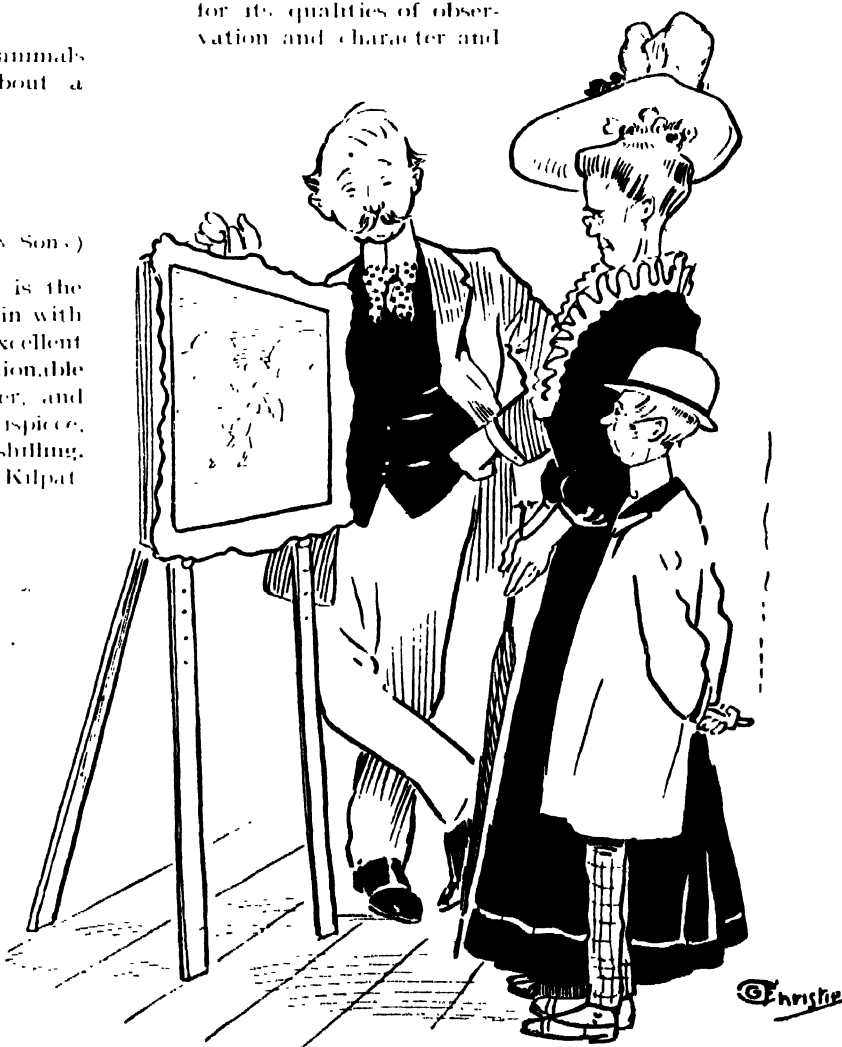
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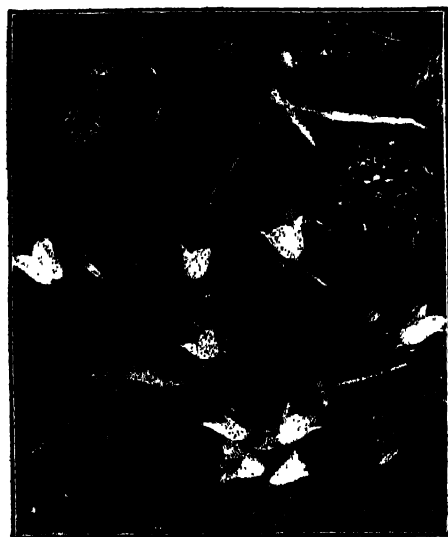
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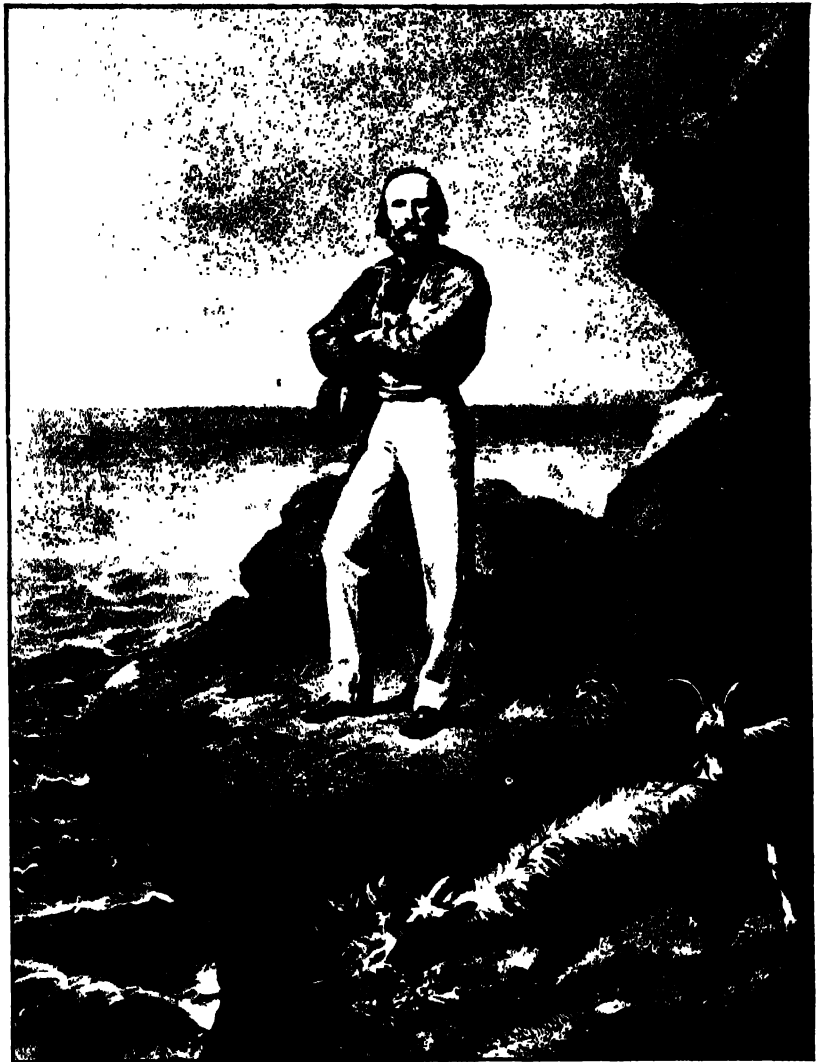
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By WALTER JERROLD. With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The newest addition to the "Highways and Byways" Series is devoted to a survey of Middlesex, the smallest but one of the English counties, "the suburbs at large of London," as it has been called. But though the smallest but one, it is not by any means one of the least interesting counties, and the story of its past and of its present as related by Mr. Walter Jerrold and pictured by Mr. Hugh Thomson makes one of the most fascinating volumes in an altogether admirable series. Mr. Hugh Thomson has found in Middlesex a large and pleasant variety of excellent subjects for his graceful pencil, and Mr. Jerrold proves himself an ideal guide: his descriptions are good, his historical gossip is good, and good too are the anecdotes that he scatters liberally through his pages. If you never go through Middlesex, you should not miss the pleasure of reading about it, and if ever you do go through Middlesex, you are not likely to find anywhere a more careful, ampler, or more enjoyable guide than this.



From Little Sister Snow "A FERVENT WHISPERED PRAYER"
(Hodder & Stoughton).

BOTANY OF TO-DAY.

By G. F. SCOTT JEFFER. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Seeley & Co.)

However many books on botany a reader may have,



From Highways and Byways in
Middlesex
(Macmillan & Co.)

RUISLIP



From Botany of To-Day
(Seeley & Co.)

THE JACK FRUIT TREE.
(Photographed by Skeen & Co.,
Ceylon.)

it is safe to say that he will be the better for adding this one to his store, for Mr. Scott Elliot not only talks about plants and plant life, but he has here given a most readable account of recent notable discoveries in the world of botanical science. With all this, his book is so written that it will gain praise and respect from the men of science and prove intensely interesting to the general reader. Mr. Elliot treats of all manner of plants—sea-weeds, mosses, lichens, ferns, nettles, grasses, European and tropical, Alpine and Antarctic plants—and he also treats of bacteria, climate, insects, atmospheric conditions, electricity, plant-breeding, and biometrical researches. We like to read in these utilitarian times of such a man as Luther Burbank, who played with flowers in his cradle, and fondled a cactus rather than an animal; who can tell from the leaves of a plum-tree whether its fruit will be worth keeping, and will lay out his gardens by the mile. We are interested in the pleasant effects upon plants of

poison in small doses, and the results which training may bring about. But it would be impossible to tell of all the attractions of this widely interesting book; we can but conclude by saying that it is essentially the book for "to-day," and that it helps, teaches, and provokes thought.

LIVES OF THE BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. With Illustrations.
7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

So much is told us, year by year, of the lives of our painters, yet so little has been told to us hitherto of the lives of their brother artists, the architects. And, after all, if the painters admittedly make the interiors of our churches and homes beautiful, it is the architects who are answerable for the buildings themselves. Mr. Beresford Chancellor in this volume has certainly filled the "long-felt want." We have had more elaborate accounts before of architecture and the architects, of course, but this volume gives concisely, attractively, and carefully biographies of British architects from the days of William of Wykeham to the days of Sir William Chambers. It is a fine list which is comprised in those centuries; some names are unknown to the general reader, some are household words. Every one knows of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, and the Brothers Adam; but fewer know of Thorpe and Christmas, Webb, Hooke, Bell of Lynn, Wood of Bath, Vardy, Dance, Aldrich, and Brettingham, and a host of others. The very interesting illustrations include both portraits and results of architectural talent, and the book forms a good history of men, work, and events.

CALENDARS AND ALMANACS.

Id. to 1s. (Mowbray.)

Akin to books are the beautiful booklets and calendars which are published at this season, and Messrs. Mowbray, of Oxford fame, have again prepared a very attractive selection. This firm specialises in devotional books and calendars and cards, as is well known, and their novelties for this Christmas, ranging from the book to the bookmark, are well chosen and most refined in style and workmanship. Calendars which may be localised are one of their special cares, and no better "Christmas card" could be sent, for the general use of the home, than one of these. They abound in information, and are beautiful in themselves.



From Lives of the British Architects
(Duckworth & Co.)

PRISON PARK, BATH.



From Black Tournai Fonts in England
(Elliot Stock).

FONT IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

BLACK TOURNAI FONTS IN ENGLAND.

By CECIL H. EDEN. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Elliot Stock.)

Credit belongs to Mr. Cecil H. Eden for having produced the first illustrated book ever published dealing exclusively with the group of the black Tournai fonts in England. There are seven of these blue-black marble fonts of Belgian origin and dating back to the late Norman period: they are to be found respectively at Winchester Cathedral, St. Michael's, Southampton, East Meon, St. Mary Bourne, Lincoln Minster, Thornton Curtis, and at St. Peter's, Ipswich. Mr. Eden devotes a chapter to the description of each of the fonts and gives a list of fonts of a similar type that exist on the Continent. It is a work of great archaeological interest; the photographs illustrating it are clearly and beautifully reproduced.

BRITISH MOUNTAIN CLIMBS.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM. With Illustrations and Outline Drawings. 7s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

A book to read during the winter and act upon when the early summer comes is this neat, compact volume of advice and information on the subject of mountaineering at home. Mr. Abraham speaks enthusiastically and with the right which experience has given him of the joys, the sufficiency of danger, and the grand excellence of the rock-climbing of Cumberland, Scotland, and North Wales. He maintains that there is as true mountaineering to be had in overcoming the North Climb on the Pillar Rock, for instance, as in overcoming some of the climbs in the Alps, and that the term "rock-gymnastics" may be as justly applied to the ascent of Kern Knotts Crack on Great Gable as to that of the Aiguille de Grépon at Chamonix. He tells us then of an elderly Alpine expert who had had scant patience with the "crag-climbing craze," but who, after going to Wastdale just to have his "last climb," was so fascinated by his experience that he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Ah, the half has never been told. That's the finest day's climb of my life. What I have missed!" This volume is serious, sensible, practical, full of good things and the best ways to get them. It has gradual, classified lists of courses and all the help that a climbing book by a man who knows can give.

THE SCANDALOUS MR. WALDO.

By RALPH STRAUS. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

Novels written in the diary form are seldom enjoyable,

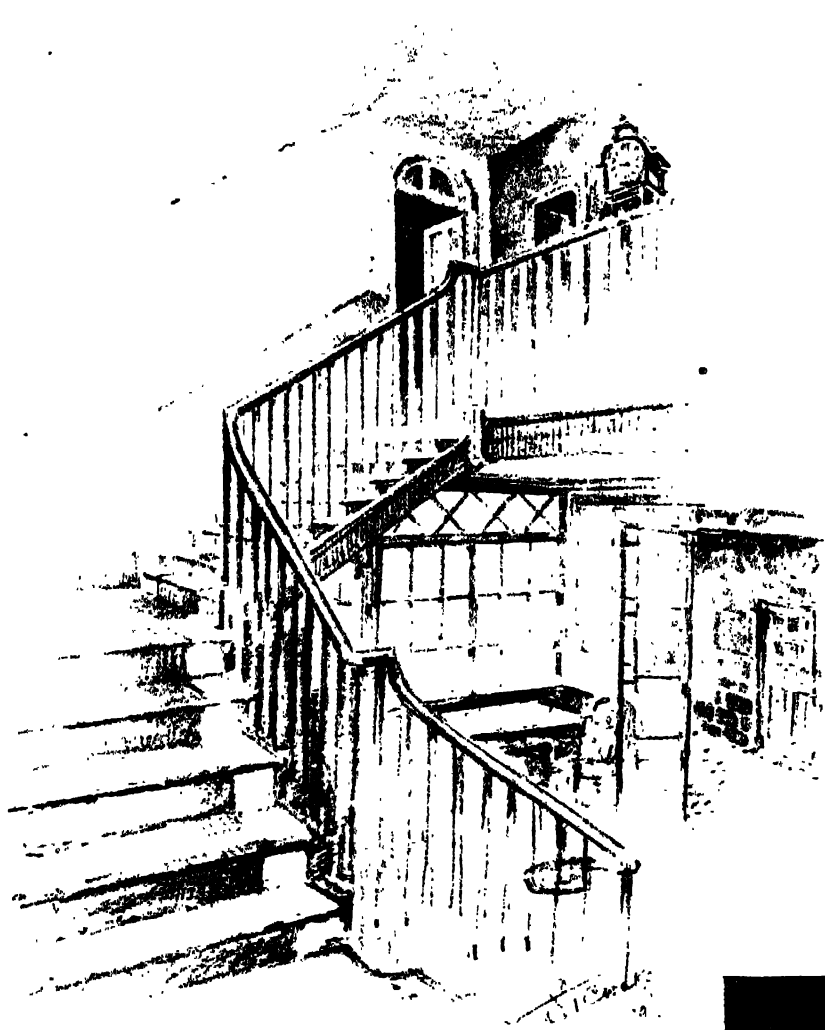
but "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" is a very pleasant exception to the rule. It is a novel of present-day life with a likeable bibliophile as its chief character. Its plot is so extremely simple (yet adequate) that it is impossible to tell it without giving everything away. Suffice that Mr. Waldo—not perhaps so reprehensible a person as the title might lead one to expect in rapid succession entangles himself with three girls. He marries the right one in the

end, of course, but it is only after much difficulty that his troubles are set right. The first two or three chapters are inclined to drag, but when the author has warmed to his work the book makes unusually good reading. Its humour is quiet, but none the less effective, and its character-studies, especially of the hero and his chauffeur, are delightful. We congratulate Mr. Straus on his most amusing and readable novel. Being in Mr. Heinemann's new "Library of Modern Fiction," it is both cheap and of attractive format.



From British Mountain Climbs.
(Mills & Boon.)

ON THE CHERRY RIDGE:
THE BLANK.



From *The Pickwick Papers*.
Topical Edition
(Chapman & Hall).

THE STAIRCASE OF THE BULL,
ROCHESTER, ON WHICH JINGLE
AND DR 'SLAMMER' MET.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

By CHARLES DICKENS. With 43 original illustrations and 223 additional pictures of originals and characters and places, scenes and incidents, curious topical allusions, references and analogies and fac-similes. Collected and annotated by C. VAN NOORDEN. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The new and handsome edition of "The Pickwick Papers" which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have just issued is to all intents and purposes an extra-illustrated edition of Dickens's immortal work. To the Dickensian, as well as to the historian of the manners and customs of the early Victorian era, no more appropriate Christmas present in the way of a book could be found. Here we have not only the original text with all the prefaces and introductions, with illustrations of the book's history and the 43 original pictures by Seymour and Phiz but some 250 additional ones illustrating the originals of the characters, the places, the incidents; the allusions, the analogies and references to the then current events, ideas, and metaphors. Whenever and wherever possible, the pictures are contemporary ones, many of which have not been used for the purpose before, and only where no such pictures are available have illustrations been especially drawn or modern photographs been employed. All these have notes to connect them with the text, and the volume contains an introduction by C. Van Noorden bearing on the extra illustrations in general. To realise adequately the value of the book, one must go steadily through its pages, carefully examining the wealth of illustrations which form pictorial annotations to the text. It is impossible, in the few lines at our disposal, to indicate the extent of research that has been necessary to bring about this completeness, and we can only

recommend our readers to make a point of asking their booksellers to show them a copy, for we are sure that anything we might say would not convey to them what a perusal for a few minutes would do.

WILD NATURE WOODED AND WON.

By OLIVER G. PIKE, F.Z.S., and MAGDALEN F. P. TUCK. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

The boy or girl who has any love of nature and the wild creatures of field and wood will be delighted with this very simply, very charmingly written book, and may learn from it that the country is a far more beautiful and wonderful place than the town, and that by treating them kindly and convincing them of your love and goodwill for them you may make friends of the wildest of our English birds and animals, and find them very lovable and fascinating little friends indeed. There is a delightful tale here of two little tame mice, Brownie and Bottle-Brush; another equally taking of a small rabbit, "the one and only rabbit ever owned by a pair of the most hopelessly confirmed animal-lovers in the world"; a capital story, too, of Johnny the Jackdaw, usually known as Mag's Mag, the one rebellious little wild thing that would not make friends with humans, and worried the dogs out of their lives. The book is, indeed, crammed with such stories, so told that the child reading them is all the while getting knowledge in the best way, for it is not likely to occur to him that he is doing anything more than amuse himself. The photographic illustrations are remarkably good.



From *Wild Nature Wooded and Won*
(Jarrold)

"HE SAT AND WAITED
AND THOUGHT"

MY TWO EDINBURGHES.

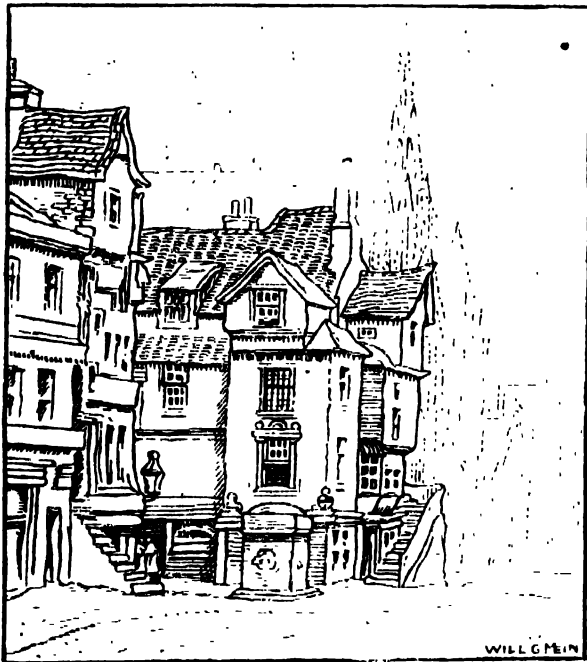
By S. R. CROCKETT. 2s. net. With Illustrations. (The Cedar Press.)

In this very pleasant little book Mr. S. R. Crockett throws "searchlights through the mists of thirty years" and sets down the reflections of a certain boy of fifteen "who had s'trange thoughts and made curious observations"—that boy being, of course, himself. He tells of his first wondering glimpse of Edinburgh, of his first year at college, and his adventures in the glamorous old town. He ends by glancing at Edinburgh as he sees it now. It is slight, gossip, delightfully personal; there are many happy touches of Mr. Crockett's characteristically quaint humour, and Mr. W. Gordon Mein's drawings of Edinburgh scenes are admirable.

THE MERRY PAST.

By RALPH NEVILL. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Ralph Nevill's book is a collection of anecdotes of



From *My Two Edinburghs*
(The Cedar Press).

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE

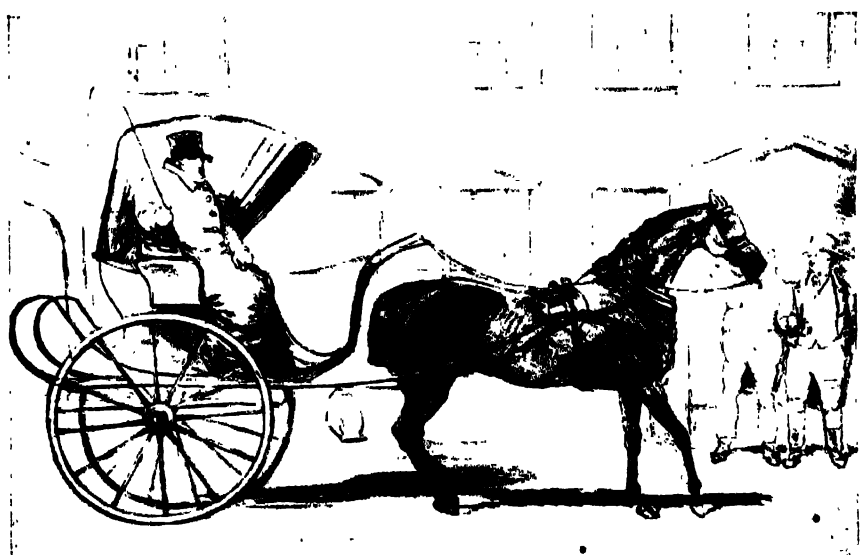
past times and manners. The majority of the anecdotes is concerned with sport in particular with hunting and coaching, and there are also chapters upon the sailors and the women of the time. Mr. Nevill obviously does not believe in padding, and he intrudes his own views upon the reader on few occasions, though he can write forcibly enough when he likes. Among so large a collection it is only to be expected that some of the stories should be "chestnuts," but three-quarters of the book will probably be fresh to the ordinary reader. Taking everything into account, Mr. Nevill has done his work in a most laudable manner—and there must have been a great deal of labour in gathering together so large an amount of material. We heartily recommend "The Merry Past" to our readers—with the warning that it is not entirely a book for young persons. In view of the present state of political affairs, the following is not altogether malapropos: "The political views of old squires . . . are best shown by the election address



From *The Nightside of Paris*
(T. Werner Lane).

THE RED MILL.
(See p. 46.)

issued by one of the last of them. 'Countrymen' (it should be added that a friend suggested 'gentlemen,' but the candidate had retorted, 'Damn gentlemen they are not all gentlemen—say countrymen'), 'I'm for the King and Constitution; I'm for the Church, but not for tithes, unless they go to the landlords; if I get a seat, I'll keep it as long as I can, so I'm for long Parliaments. I'm for nobody but gentlemen learning to read, but let them work that there may be no poor-rates. I'll vote for corn at 100s. per quarter, and none of your mouldy foreign stuff; that every squire shall have as many horses and dogs as he likes without paying taxes; and that every poacher shall be hung or shot. God save the King!'



From *The Pickwick Papers*, Topical Edition
(Chapman & Hall).

A CABRIOLET OF 1827.
From a drawing by H. B. John Doyle.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909 STORIES FROM THE FAERIE QUEENE.

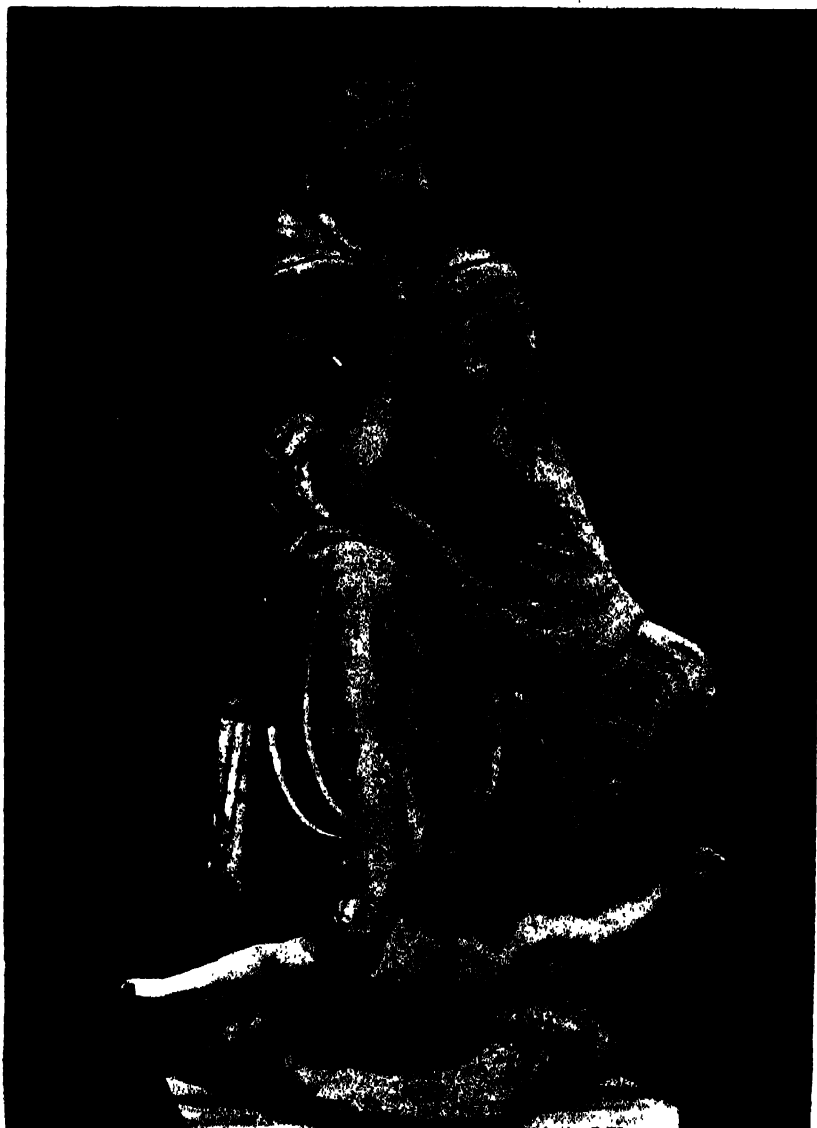
Retold from Spenser. By LAWRENCE H. DAWSON. With Illustrations in Colour by GERTRUDE DEMAINE HAMMOND, R.I. 5s. net. (G. G. Harrap & Co.)

Unstinted admiration goes out to these well-told tales. Children who could not read and follow with ease the "Faerie Queene" as Spenser wrote it will come later to the great romance with love and eagerness when they have learnt the stories from this pretty book. And what stories they are! As the present editor says, this is "not at all an exposition of the moral lessons to be found in Spenser's great allegory. Nevertheless, you . . . will have wandered but a short way from Gloriana's Court before you perceive that in truth an underlying moral is in every tale and every adventure here related. . . . The stories will be interesting for themselves alone, but the morals will be sufficiently obvious for you to discern for yourselves." The telling of them in this volume is direct yet romantic, and Mr. Dawson in his words, as Miss Hammond in her pictures, has caught the true Spenserian spirit. Miss Hammond's bold free lines hold delicacy as well as strength, and imagination as well as life.

HAPPINESS.

By MAUD STEPHEN RAWSON. 6s. (Methuen.)

James Telham is the new squire of Fettiplace, and with him is his son Jim—a big, powerful, easy, warm-blooded, irresponsible man, and his nephew Strachey—the latter a dark, restrained, strong-willed type, and agent of the estate. Unfortunately, Jim Telham acts foolishly with one



From One Hundred Masterpieces of Sculpture THE CITY OF ANTIOCH (Methuen & Co.)



From Stories from the Faerie Queene (G. G. Harrap & Co.)

"QUESSA DISPELLED THE ENCHANTED CLOUD."

of the village girls, and there is a tragedy. Meanwhile, both Jim and Strachey have fallen in love with Pansy Lessimore, and she inclines to Jim; but on hearing the news of his relations with the village girl, she accepts Strachey Ruscombe "on the rebound," as it were. The result is more or less obvious. A life of loving restraint on the part of the man, and much sufferance, alternately fretful and patient, on the part of Pansy. Then Jim comes once more into her life, and in the end the real love in her conquers. The story is very much above the average, and has been handled firmly and cleanly; but it is a sermon, rather than an epic, and has the fault of a seeming failure to realise that love is not bound always to suffer at the hands of sensualism or of aetherealism; but then, as we have said, the epic is sacrificed to the sermon; and though we close the book with a feeling of strong respect for the ability of the author, we do so also with a little ache of disappointment that the book should come so near to the splendour of real human love, and just miss—divide, as it were split, and shoot past on each side. The workmanship in portions of the book is exceedingly good, and many of the minor characters are clear, and of vivid, if minute, interest. The story, as a story, is of course but a variant of one told many times; but we do not complain at this; for it is obviously meant to exist far less for any originality of conception or story-plot than as a necessary vehicle for the writer's thoughts, opinions, and the expounding of her text—"Happiness." This is essentially a book for the grown man and matron, and not for the "children" of the house.

Christmas Books for Children



"A Boy with a Rabbit." (Raeburn.)

From "Beautiful Children," by C. Haldane MacFall. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Reproduced by permission of the Publishers.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

By C. HALDANE MACFALL. With 50 Coloured Plates. 218. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Here we have indeed a pageant of childhood. In one of the most beautiful books of the year we see childhood as the painters saw it, passing from century to century. Some saw it in Belgium, some in Holland, some in Spain, some in Germany, some in France, some in Britain, but all saw it truly when once their eyes had been opened (and not too soon did that happen)—saw it clearly, delightedly, and with most exquisite results. Mr. MacFall has written chapters which tell of the painters of this glorious procession of children, and of the children themselves. Although portrait-painting in the earlier days was more a luxury confined to kings and queens and nobles, the list of child portraits here reproduced is by no means entirely royal or ducal. Now and again a painter would choose for sheer pleasure to paint his own child, or his pupil, or some now unknown child who had caught his fancy. And so, turning the pages of this entrancing volume, we emerge from the masterpieces of stiff formality in which the little round child-faces look out from close caps or tightly-bound hair to the freer loveliness of our own eighteenth and nineteenth century, the masterpieces of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Raeburn, Millais, and Sargent. All the pictures are excellently reproduced in colour, which we are unable here to repeat, but we venture to think that Raeburn's "Boy with a Rabbit" is beautiful enough to bear the loss of colour and yet give an idea of the attractiveness of the book.



From *The Forest Foundling*
(Duckworth & Co.)

"GILBERT SPRANG UP ANGRILY AND SHOUTED.
THE FOX CHUCKLED QUIETLY TO HIMSELF."

varying experiences of a small boy who was lost as a baby and found by the Forest people. Each bird and beast takes the small Gilbert and trains him for six months, so that climbing and swimming, and all the knowledge of the birds and animals (except flying), and even their language, are taught to him. By degrees he learns of the treatment of animals by humans, and he grows fierce for the animals' sake. After a time, however, he finds his home and parents, and in spite of a period during which he yearns again for his free forest life and goes back to it, he learns that animals are every whit as cruel to one another as human beings are to animals, and by degrees the human element in him grows stronger and stronger and in the end he makes his way home to his own people—though he always keeps his love for the animals. Mr. Rountree's pictures are an ever-new pleasure. He seems able to do what he likes with colours, and has a truly magical touch for bringing the very brightest of them into a soft and impressive subjection. This must be one of the certainties for the children at Christmas.

THE TWINS.

By CECIL ALDIN. With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Two's company, so they say. But I should like to remark that it entirely depends upon the two." That is how Mr. Cecil

TOMMY'S ADVENTURES IN NATURELAND.

By SIR DIGBY PIGOTT, C.B. With Illustrations in Colour and Otherwise by the Author and ALEC CARRUTHERS GOULD, R.B.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Witherby & Co.)

We are always pleased to see a scientist opening the realms of his knowledge to children. Ruskin did it, Charles Kingsley did it to some extent. In giving an honest story rather than a lesson, Sir Digby Pigott resembles Kingsley rather than Ruskin. Those children who have already read the author's earlier book, "The Changeling," will know something of his style. Tommy, the hero, is a small boy who actually becomes, for the time being, the bird or animal which "Johnny Fairy" wills him to be. Tommy's adventures are varied and good, and he learns much by them; and so do we, for not only are they told with verisimilitude, but the author is a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, and in this nature story for boys and girls "all that Tommy heard and saw among the wild creation is drawn from, and the writer hopes is true to, Nature."

THE FOREST FOUNDLING.

By S. H. HAMER. With Illustrations by HARRY ROUNTREE. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

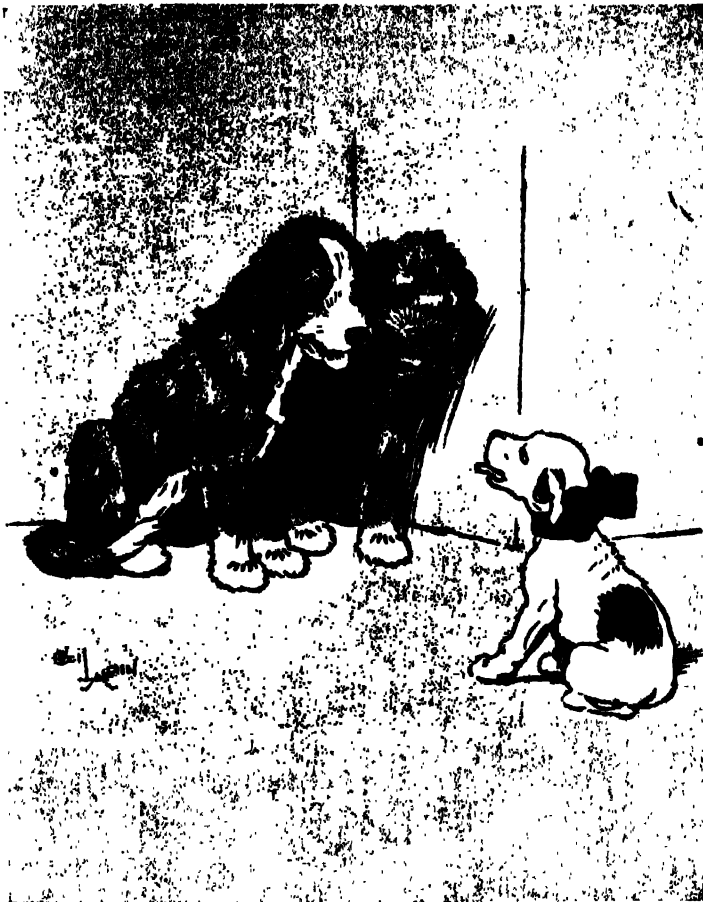
A most lovable book is this contribution by those famous partners, Mr. Hamer and Mr. Rountree, to the delights of Christmas. Mr. Hamer, who was long the hero of readers of *Little Folks*, has here told of the many and ever-



From *Tommy's Adventures in Natureland*
(Witherby & Co.)

"IT WAS STALKING THE WALRUSES."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909



From *The Twins*
(Frowde and Hodge & Stoughton).

SNORUM IS A BABY IN A
GREEN BIB AND TUCKER HE
WANTS TO KNOW WHICH OF
US IS WHICH

Aldin's twins (whose portraits may be seen upon this page) begin to introduce themselves to the reader. There is certainly no doubt about the companionableness of Snip and Snap. They are eager to have something to say to everything, whether it be green footstool, or terrier pup, or fat hen (they preferred to have *nothing* to say to "Old Cockadoodle"), or rabbit, or geranium bed, or clothes-lines. Mr. Cecil Aldin's grand full-page scenes in the life of the twins are inimitable. No one can look at them without feeling that the world is gayer for their existence (within covers). Snip's last remark is rather sad: "It is a terrible mistake to be a twin." But after a careful perusal of the lively episodes in this bold volume we take leave to differ from the engaging, clumsy brown pup. We are convinced that twinship has many and varied compensations.

THE ANIMAL WHY BOOK.

By W. P. PYCRAFT. With Illustrations in Colour by EDWIN NOBLE, R.B.A. 5s. net. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

Mr. Pycraft knows all about animals, and can answer all the "Whys" and "Hows" that children ask about them. He does not actually live in the Zoo itself, but he spends much of his time in the Zoological Department of the British Museum, and therefore there could not have been a better person than Mr. Pycraft to start out to write a book which answers all our questions before we have asked them—again: "Why does a sheep have a woolly coat?" "Why does a cow chew the cud?" "Why do cats' eyes alter with the light?" "Why do bats fly by night." All these things are told and many besides. That would be enough to make the book a treasure to possess; but when we look upon the actual volume we see much more to excite and delight us, for in Mr. Noble



From *The Animal Why Book*
(Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

"WE THINK OF DOMESTICATED CATTLE, OF
FARMYARDS AND SUNNY MEADOWS."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909

Mr. Pycraft has found the very right artist to carry out his ideas. We have seen nothing this year or for many years past which in its own line can surpass the excellent work in these illustrations. They are admirably bold, strong paintings of each animal which Mr. Pycraft discusses. The whole book is printed on a pleasing paper of brown tint, and the numerous pictures are mounted on plain pages. Our own choice lies, perhaps, with the pigs, but the cows and the sheep are strong rivals. Altogether, this is a volume by no means to be missed, for it is calculated to give joy to the children, and no small amount of definite help to the "grown-ups."

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. With Illustrations in Black-and-White and Colour by GEORGE SOPER. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

Among the evergreen books for children, "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" has long held a firm place. It is one of the volumes which every child must have in the nursery library. So, for the nurseries which as yet have the unfilled place on their shelves, here is a fine alluring edition. With the text, for our comfort, no one need tamper, but in the matter of illustrations, of course, artists have a free hand. Mr. Soper, in this comely volume, has interpreted the re-told plays in an honest and properly Shakespearean temper. We turn from the widely differing plots of "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Taming of the Shrew," of "Pericles" and "The Tempest," of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," and in each case we note his sympathy with his subject, his versatility, and his right sense of the dramatic. In addition to this admirable equipment for the task his illustrations reveal an understanding of structural beauty, and the value of colours for the interpretation of moods. It is a delightful volume, which will often be missed from the nursery, we think, for it makes a strong appeal to the Shakespeare lovers of all ages.



From Lamb's Tales
from Shakespeare
(Headley Bros.)

"HER EXCEEDING BEAUTY
SEEMED TO BREAK LIKE
THE LIGHT OF THE SUN
IN THE EAST."

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

With Illustrations by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
15s. net. (Constable.)

What a book for any child, big or small, to find on Christmas morning as its new property left by Santa Claus! This beautiful red volume, with a picture wherever a picture can be put and forty full-page coloured plates, is a possession which will win him the envy not only of his brothers and sisters, but of all the grown-ups too. Mr. Rackham is an artist we look for eagerly now year by year, his strong, exquisite lines, his tender ivory-tinted colouring are treats which we promise ourselves when the book parcels come in. Of this collection of Grimm's Tales (a subject which, we remember, is an old friend with Mr. Rackham) we cannot speak too highly: that child is a privileged being who is able to come to the stirring tales for the first time with such truly artistic interpretation as this as an adjunct, Mr. Rackham's earlier "Grimm's" were very good, but this is a finished achievement of which he may well be proud.

A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. With Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White. 6s. net. (T. Nelson & Sons.)

Miss Yonge herself could, we think, have had no idea of the beautiful volume in which her tale of beautiful deeds would find itself enshrined. Messrs. Nelson have taken



From Grimm's Fairy Tales
(A. Constable & Co.)

ASHENPUTTEL GOES TO THE BALL

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

By W. M. THACKERAY. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Fireside Pantomime which Mr. Titmarsh wrote for children, big and little, more than half a century ago, has never become stale and out of date. To those of us who know it as an old friend, it comes still quite fresh and unhackneyed; and to those who have never yet read it, it will come bubbling with fun as new as if it had been written yesterday. Certainly no child's education is complete without a knowledge of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," and here is the very edition with which he or she can make its acquaintance. Mr. Gordon Browne has thoroughly caught the author's spirit when Thackeray first created the "set of Twelfth Night Characters" and composed a history about them. Mr. Browne's King of Paffagonia is perfect, and as for Gruffanuff and his Countess—but the book itself is waiting for inspection, so we will only assure would-be readers that they are about to be made happy if they get it.

A LITTLE FLEET.

By JACK B. YEATS. With Illustrations. 2s. net and 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Simplicity can no farther go than Mr. J. B. Yeats goes in this his little book for children. Apparently he has some sterling friends of no great age; and these friends set to work to build a fleet—a varied fleet—with such materials as were within their reach; cardboard boxes and bits of wood were the staple materials. The fleet amounted to five in all:—The Monte, The Moby Dick, The Theodore,



From *A Book of Golden Deeds*
(T. Nelson & Sons).

ST. GENEVIEVE AT PRAYER
From a study by Gilbert James, after the painting by Louis de Chavannes in the Pantheon, Paris.

the original stories and made of them a veritable pageant of bravery, illustrating each noble action, each achievement, each triumph of endurance or of valour by noble pictures from the world's great galleries. The stately margins of this stately book are decorated by vigorous and appropriate sketches, and the golden deeds become doubly impressive when the painter's thoughts and skill are added to those of the writer.

THE WATER-BABIES.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY. With Illustrations in Colours by WARWICK GOBLE. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

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AND WHO SHOULD COME RIDING INTO
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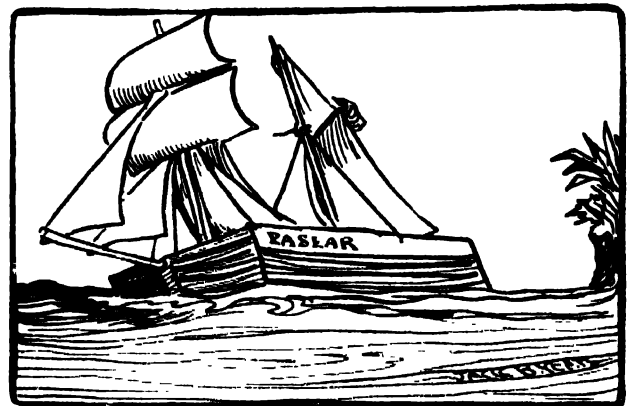
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THROUGH THE HEART OF TIBET.

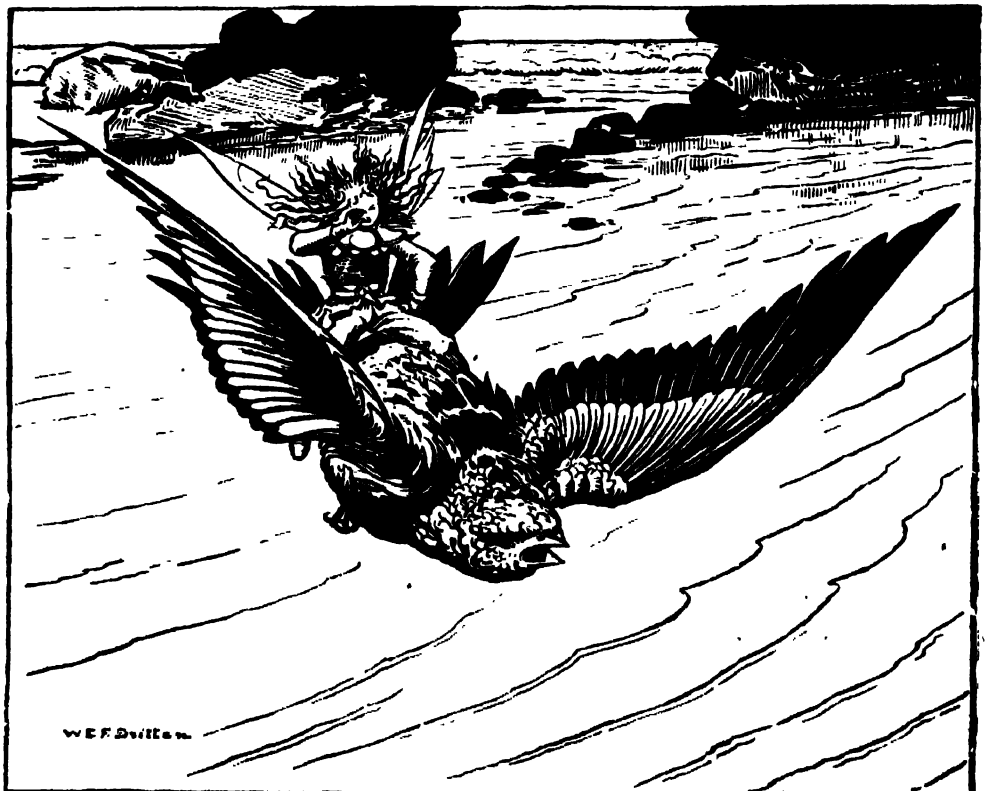
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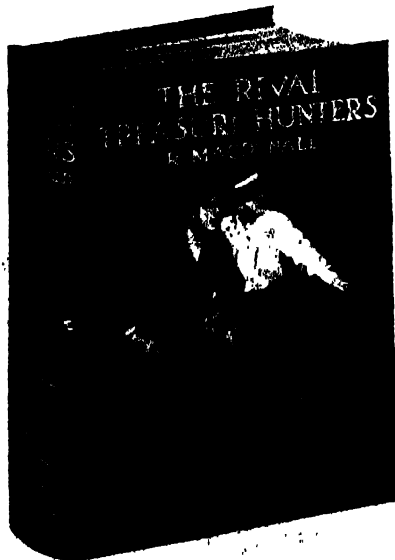
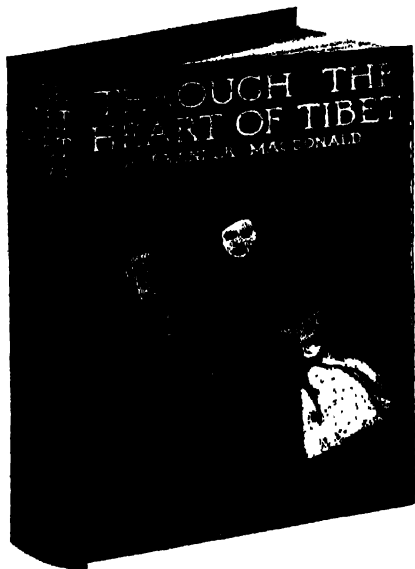
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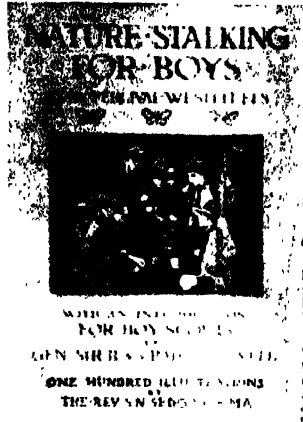
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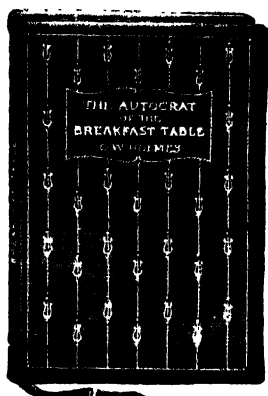
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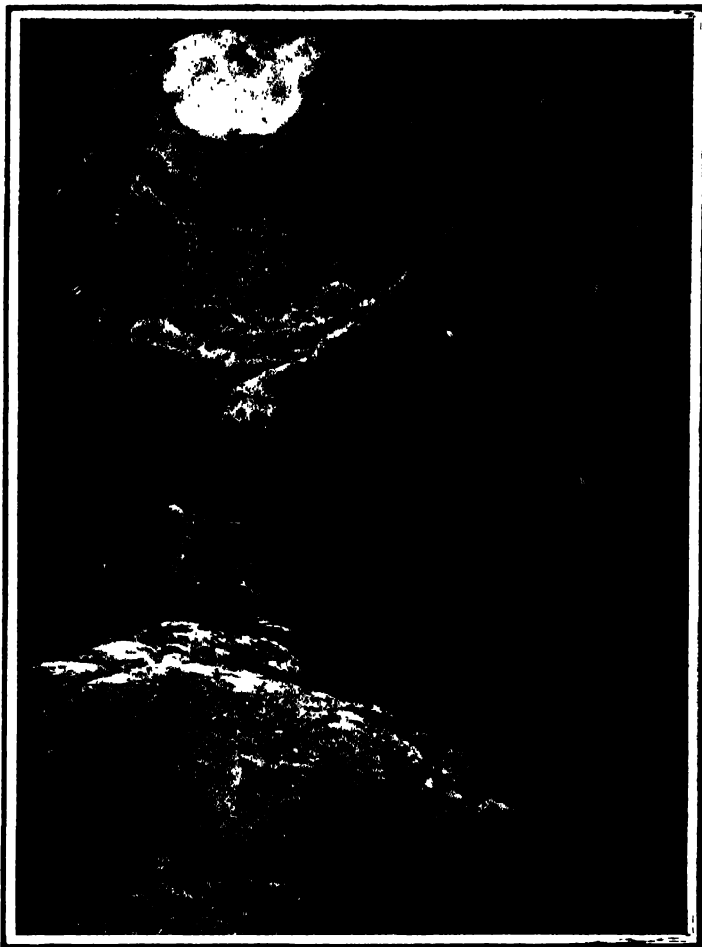
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All children who love animals, and very few children do not, will be enchanted with this story of Mokey the Donkey as told by himself. His life was not made up of happiness only; he had his troubles and disappointments; one of his owners used to hire him out to children of the neighbourhood, and they were not always kind to him; but the little Pauline loved him, and cut some of his hair off to put in her locket. Little Jacques too was fond of him, and Medoc the watch-dog became his staunch friend, after he had run away from some wicked farm people who ill-used and half-starved him. Mokey himself was not invariably so good as he should have been, but in the main he deserved to be as happy as he is when you hear the last of him. Mr. Stokes's illustrations are capital. (See Illustration, p. 85.)

LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE,

and *Other Tales.* By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. With Illustrations in Colour by ALICE WOODWARD. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

We are grateful to Messrs. Bell for issuing in such charming style the uniquely pretty stories by Mrs. Ewing. In their "Queen's Treasures" Series, of which "Lob" is one volume, we have felt as each "treasure" was issued that publishers and illustrators have thoroughly entered into the intention of the authors, and also have thoroughly sympathised with the fears and needs of their admirers. Most



From *The Meadows of Play*
(Elkin Mathews).

"WHERE DOES THE WIND LIVE?" GRETSEL SAID
"I HEAR HIM ROARING OVERHEAD
DOES HE LIVE UP IN THE FAR SKY
ASTRIDE THE GREAT CLOUDS SAILING BY?"

of us know the inner protest which rises as we look upon an old friend in a new guise. But though we yield to none in our affection for Mrs. Ewing, Miss Alcott, and Mrs. Gaskell—all of whom have been included in this series—we have been



From *The Red Book of Heroes*
(Longmans & Co.)

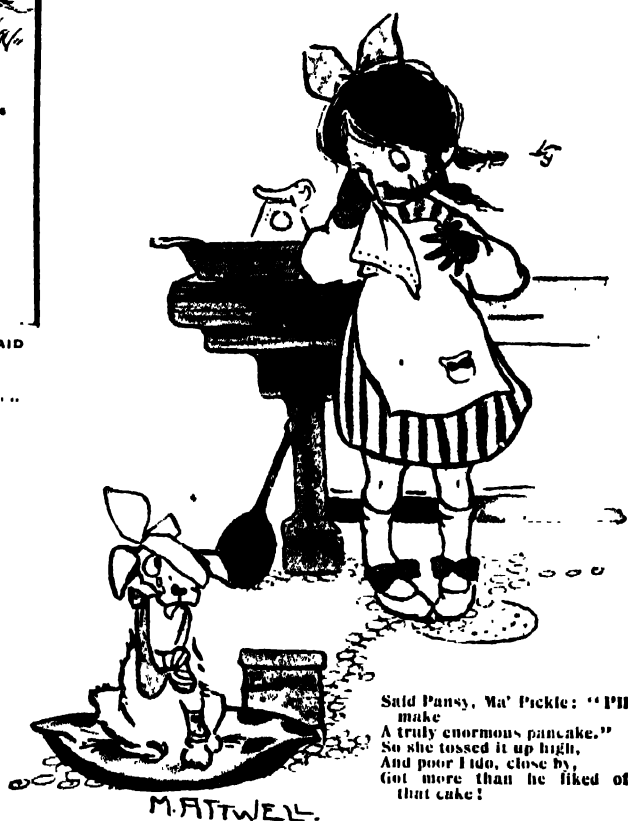
"QUEEN DIDO CAME FORTH WITH A
GOLDEN CIRCLET ROUND HER HEAD."

able at once to offer honest approval and admiration to the volumes as they came to us. Mrs. Ewing's stories had always the good fortune to have worthy illustrations, and Miss Woodward has carried on the tradition well.

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The glamour of the life-history of that splendid Saxon, Hereward, has caught Mr. Stedman, and we may be glad that such is the case. This is not his first publication which has Hereward for hero, and evidently the fascination of the subject has not lessened with time. The story of this great champion of England is one which every English boy not only needs to know, but will want to know when he sees this attractive book. Mr. Stedman goes to the



From *The Playbox Annual*
(The Amalgamated Press)

Said Pansy, Ma' Pickle: "I'll
make
A truly enormous pancake."
So she tossed it up high,
And poor Pido, close by,
Got more than he fiked of
that cake!

fountain head for his facts and he has become steeped in the romance and vigour of the time. Hereward's thrilling deeds and adventures—from the day when he sat by the quay of Boston in Lincolnshire, and flinging out his arm towards a Viking ship, cried, "I shall own one of those one day," till he dies, as a brave man would choose to die, fighting his enemies—are told in these pages not only with dash and spirit, but with an effect of truth combined with an easy, unarchaic style of writing. The illustrations deserve special praise; they are beautiful beyond the average of what is found in an "Adventure Book."

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THE MEADOWS OF PLAY.

By MARGARET ARNDT. With Illustrations by EDITH CALVERT. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

There are quite a large number of the poems in this pretty book which are written really for the children.



From *The House in the Wood*
(F. Warne & Co.)

"DEAR CHILDREN, WILL YOU SWEEP
OFF THE SNOW FROM MY FUR?
SO THEY GOT THE BROOM"

Mrs. Arndt has evidently learnt from the children themselves what are the things which they can love and understand. Some of the items in her table of contents are, it is true, written from the mother's point of view—quite permissible, of course; but the real charm of the book lies in its too uncommon merit of being concerned with the things of the child world, without any second or unduly subtle thought. Added to this charm is Mrs. Arndt's undeniable poetic touch. We have read several times "O there are doors to Fairyland," "Birthday Baby, one-year-old," "The Meadows of Play," "Where does the wind live?" "Gretel said," and "Cuckoo, Cuckoo," and we know that these are of the right stuff, absolutely simple, yet presenting pictures for baby minds with a poet's pen. Miss Calvert's illustrations are well in keeping with the verses, and Mr. Chesterton has written an introduction to the book in the shape of a letter to his god-daughter, the little Barbara of the poems.

THE RED BOOK OF HEROES.

By MRS. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS. 6s. (Longmans.)

"Honour and courage," says Mr. Andrew Lang, "were the masters of the men and women whose stories are told



From *The Squire's Young Folk*
(Partridge & Co.)

"I GAVE HIM A PUSH, AND HE FELL
AND WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE
ICE INTO THE WATER"

in this book," and these men and women were different from each other in many ways. Mère Angélique, the child abbess, ruling in her convent and striving against older



From *The Ivory Mouse*
(Partridge & Co.)

THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER LAID THE
FRAGRANT PETALS IN HER SKY-BLUE-
AND-WHITE BOWL"



From *My Lady Bellamy*
(J. Nisbet & Co.)

“THIS PILLAR OF ICE THAT'S DRIPPING
HERE IN FRONT OF YOU HAS THE VERY
GREAT HONOUR TO BE YOUR LADYSHIP'S
GROWN-UP HUSBAND.”

abbesses who lack her earnestness, would seem at first to have nothing in common with such mighty warriors as Hannibal, so gallant a hero as Montrose, though there may be resemblances between her and the noble, high-minded General Gordon. There may seem to be no connecting link between the life of Florence Nightingale and the crime of the great Emperor Theodosius, though it is not so hard to make comparisons between her work of mercy and the self-sacrificing labours of Father Damien among the lepers. But the stories of these and of others are brought together in this fascinating volume, and through all of them runs the strong note of courage and of devotion to duty that brings them into harmony with each other. The tales are told very simply and attractively, and the book is cleverly illustrated with colour plates and black-and-white drawings by A. Wallis Mills.

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THE SQUIRE'S YOUNG FOLK.

By ELEANORA H. STOOKE. With Illustrations. 6d. (S. W. Partridge & Co.)

Miss Eleanora Stooke in her pretty story of child-life in a country village has made a somewhat new departure in her drawing of the character of Bob Wills, the young nephew of the farmer, and of his attitude towards Rupert Coker, the son of the Squire. Both boys are capital in their way, and each is the better for knowing the other. The little story deals with child pleasures and child troubles, with accidents, plans, and adventures, but the crowning incident is concerned with Lilian, the elder little daughter of the Squire, who is blind. Lilian is quiet, gentle, and unselfish, but on occasion she could be braver than any of the rest of the “young folk,” and her pluck and perseverance in the face of storm and danger are the means of saving life and property and proving her to be a true heroine. Miss Stooke has made her story bright, homely, and natural, and one sure to be appreciated as gift or prize.

THE IVORY MOUSE.

By STANHOPE E. WARD. With Illustrations. 1s. (Partridge & Co.)

Here is another volume of new fairy-tales for those who want a change from the old ones. The story of the Ivory Mouse, which is the first in the book, is about the son of a Baron and Baroness, whose nurse set a trap to catch a mouse, and by mistake the trap caught the tail of one of the pet white mice of the dwarf, Gollbrung, who lived in a black castle by the sea. Of course the dwarf was furiously angry, and his revenge was taken by turning the son of the Baron and Baroness into an Ivory Mouse. He was an Ivory Mouse for many years; his father died and his mother grew old, and then— but there is the



From *Children of China*
(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier).

KINDERGARTEN PUPILS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909



From *The Children's Book of Art*
(A. & C. Black)

RED RIDING HOOD
From the picture by G. F. Watts, in the Birmingham Art Gallery

ledge than can be the case in grown-up books written about the Chinese Empire, books which have so many serious and social sides of Chinese life to discuss which scarcely touch child-life at all. Mr. Brown has written this book about children for children, and has dedicated it to children, and we think that many young folk will find it as interesting as a story. The infant Chinamen and women have a fairly happy, merry time on the whole, especially the infant Chinamen. Girls, in the past, have not been much wanted; but lately the fortunes of girl babies have grown sunnier, for they have become rather scarce, and consequently more valuable. The illustrations in this book show many a smiling face and, in some cases, even a broad grin, and the chapters show us that these little Eastern folk have quite good games, that they have affectionate parents, and many feasts and toys. But Mr. Brown shows all sides of Chinese child-life, and their religion, their schooldays, their superstitions, and their sorrows and wrongs are not by any means passed by.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF ART.

By AGNES ETHEL CONWAY and SIR MARTIN CONWAY.
With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. (A. & C. Black)

Not only children, but the unawakened elders, may give to this delightful book a glad welcome, for it explains so much that is needful to kindle an understanding of the earlier masters, so much that is needful to lead on to a full appreciation of varying forms of excellence in art. Miss Conway does not merely describe pictures; she gives interesting accounts of the state of the countries, of men's minds, and of painting as an art at the time when certain great painters lived and worked. In untechnical language she reveals the traditions and influences which moulded the men who created the pictures, and reveals also a score of meanings and details in the pictures themselves which would never be seen by the untrained eye. The volume

book to tell the tale to all who want to know the rest. There are many stories in the book, including a very pretty one about Stradivarius, the violin maker. There are pictures too, eight full-page ones, with fairy-land in the lines.

MY LADY BELLAMY.

By DOROTHY A. MOORE. With Illustrations. 5s.
(J. Nisbet & Co.)

Even those who do not care as a rule for historical stories will break through that rule if they read this tender yet vivacious tale of the time of William of Orange. My Lady Bellamy is just eleven years old when the story begins, and she is, as she herself declares, "a married lady with a grown-up husband." But the grown up husband has left his little wife in the care of stern cousins for two years after the wedding, and it is only a series of exciting and desperate circumstances which bring them together again. The husband did not remember the little nine-year-old child he had married, nor she him; but she overhears plots against him and she goes to save him. The pluck and intrepidity of this strangely matched husband and wife are delightful, and the manner in which the daring husband shelters his child-wife and keeps her with him in the midst of risk and danger is stirringly told. Brave little Lady Bellamy is kissed by the Queen at the last, and determines to stitch and sew for her grown-up husband until he shall come home from his mission to claim her.

CHILDREN OF CHINA.

By COLIN CAMPBELL BROWN. With Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

A child is on the throne in China, and this gives the children of China an extra interest in our eyes, and it seems fitting that they should be, as in this pretty volume, brought more definitely to our know-



From *Robinson Crusoe*
(G. Bell & Sons).

"I MADE ME A SUIT OF CLOTHES WHOLLY
OF THESE SKINS."



From *The Little Tin Soldier*
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"HALT! MARK TIME!"



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"MY LITTLE BRUUVER KISSED
ZEM FIRST."

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From *Little Women*
(G. Bell & Sons).

"'OUGHT THEY TO SMOKE LIKE THAT?'
ASKED BETH, FROM HER PERCH ON
THE BED."

they did the imaginations of those men and boys who lived nearer to the days of the great original, Alexander Selkirk. We must, however, give honest praise to this capital edition, for it appears to fulfil all the needs of the boy or girl reader. It is handy in size, it is clear of type, and its numerous illustrations, mostly in colour, are admirable; they seize just the most telling or the most dramatic moments, and add impressiveness to a book which has already been impressive enough to live in men's minds generation after generation.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1909



From *The Coming of Navarre*
(J. Nisbet & Co.)

"MADAM, YOU SHALL NOT ASK JEAN
MERÉ FOR AN ESCORT IN VAIN."

old Mammy Grab is lightened by his friendship with Jasper Duggan, an old soldier, who teaches the little fellow not only the words of command and the method of drill, but also courage and honour, faithfulness and self-control. The Little Tin Soldier marshals and drills his little companions of the slum, and buffets on his tiny way, till, one day, something happens, and then all the future is changed for him. The second part of this winning story is every bit as good as the first. The change in his circumstances does not alter the character of Jasper's little pupil. He is staunch and brave throughout, and though he sometimes commits impulsive actions which bring him into trouble, his faults are but the mistakes of a true-hearted boy, and as Lord Welton he loves his old soldier and his other great friend, Aunt Alley, as faithfully as when he was the ragged little urchin nick-named "The Little Tin Soldier."

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It is late in the day now to call Miss Alcott's "Little Women" a classic. It is safe to say that from the year of its appearance it has been one of the most-loved stories in every girl's heart. When it was published it inaugurated a new style of book for girls; it came to England with all the piquancy and freshness of American homeliness; it made its way straight into every English girl's affections, and even now it stands out in a position all its own, as one of the very best stories of domestic life ever written for the young. The only thing which "Little Women" has lacked heretofore has been an adequate illustrator; indeed it has seldom, in our experience, been illustrated at all. But we venture to affirm that not a single lover of Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy (and old friends are often hard to please) will have anything but a cordial welcome to offer to the truly charming illustrations by Miss Wheelhouse. She has differentiated the four sisters with a true knowledge of their several characters, and she has kept in her pictures the home-charm which first gained for "Little Women" its lasting fame.

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This is chiefly the story of two little brothers who were born in February, and one was four years old when the other came. Rolf, the elder, is angry, hurt, jealous, and disappointed when he hears of the "birthday present" which is being brought home to him by the father and mother who are away. Rolf had wanted a pony, not a brother. There is much of interest in the pretty story, for two sisters and an aunt, besides father, mother, and nurses, fill Rolf's little world. But the main interest lies in the doings of the February boys, and of Rolf's gradual adoration of his tiny brother, an adoration which grows with his growth, and is so strong that when Rolf goes to school, Chris has to go also (under special arrangements); for, as Beryl brusquely puts it, "They're as bad as our love-birds." It is a fine friendship, though, and the story is wholesome and home-like.

THE COMING OF NAVARRE.

By O. V. CAINE. With Illustrations. 5s. (J. Nisbet & Co.)

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From *The Red Caps of Lyons*
(W. & R. Chambers).

"IT WAS A CASE OF EVERY
MAN FOR HIMSELF."

within a few months of ascending the throne of France when this story ends, and of all that happened before that desired result was attained Mr. O. V. Caine tells in these gripping pages.

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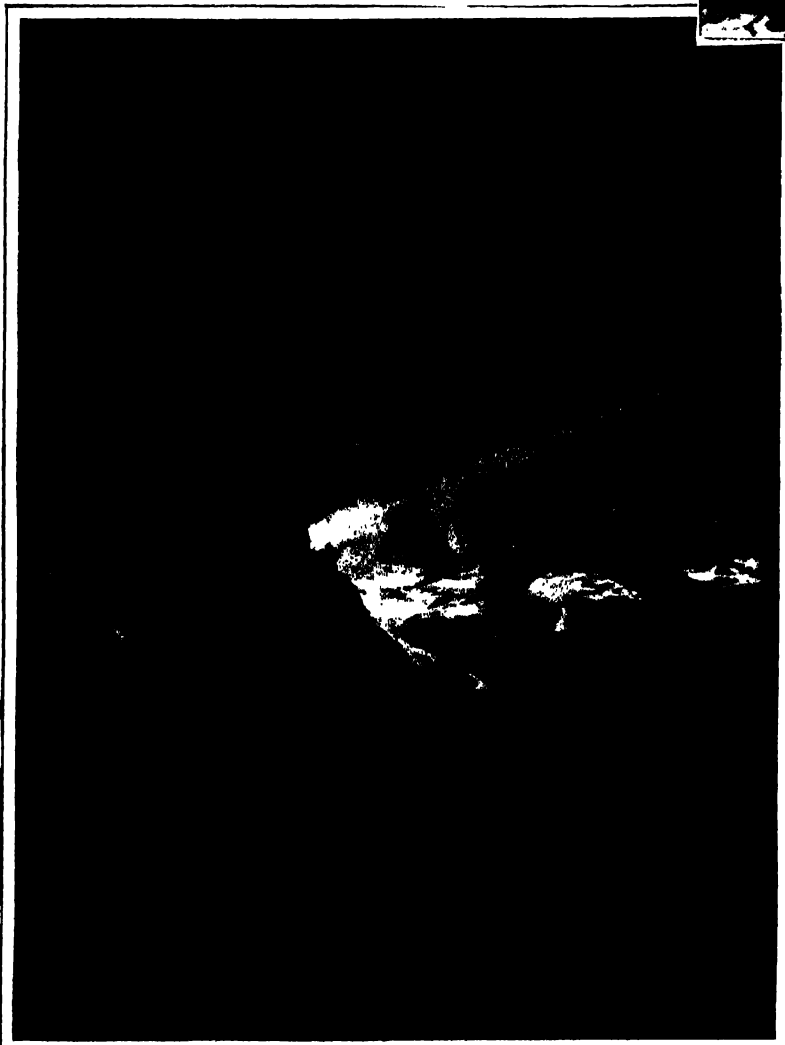
"RHODOPE DREW THE SLIPPER FROM HER BOBOM AND HELD IT UP."

would be unkind to tell the story here, but we may divulge the fact that an American and an Englishman raced the last quarter of a mile to the coveted foot of land, that they shook hands over the spot, and that there were sufficient witnesses. For the rest the book is packed with incident; there is a badly needed quarter of a million of money at stake, and there is some treachery which goes near to ruin the whole adventure. All dog lovers will agree that one of the chief heroes of the book is "Loot chik-na," the big husky; indeed, if it had not been for his great intelligence the Pole would never have been reached by these expeditions. The book ends with general happiness, and we have a younger member of the party laying plans which may interfere with those of Sir Ernest Shackleton himself.

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From *First at the Pole*
(Cassell).

"IT WAS THE GIANT OCTOPUS, THE GUARDIAN OF THE CAVERN."



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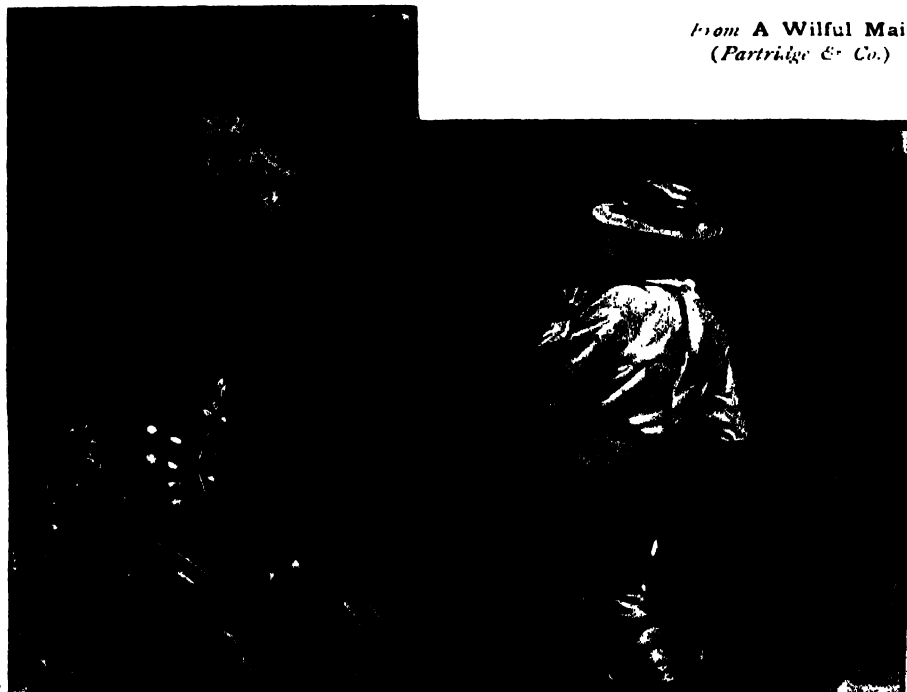
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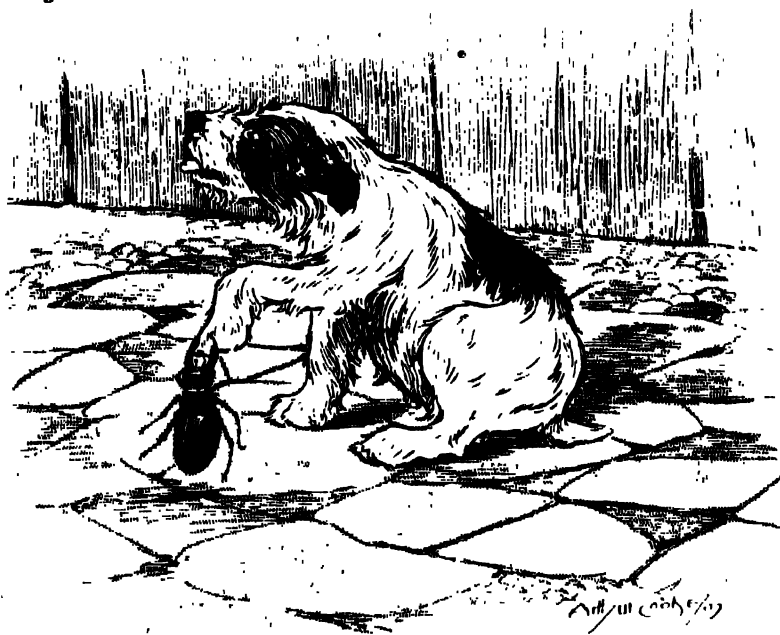
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